

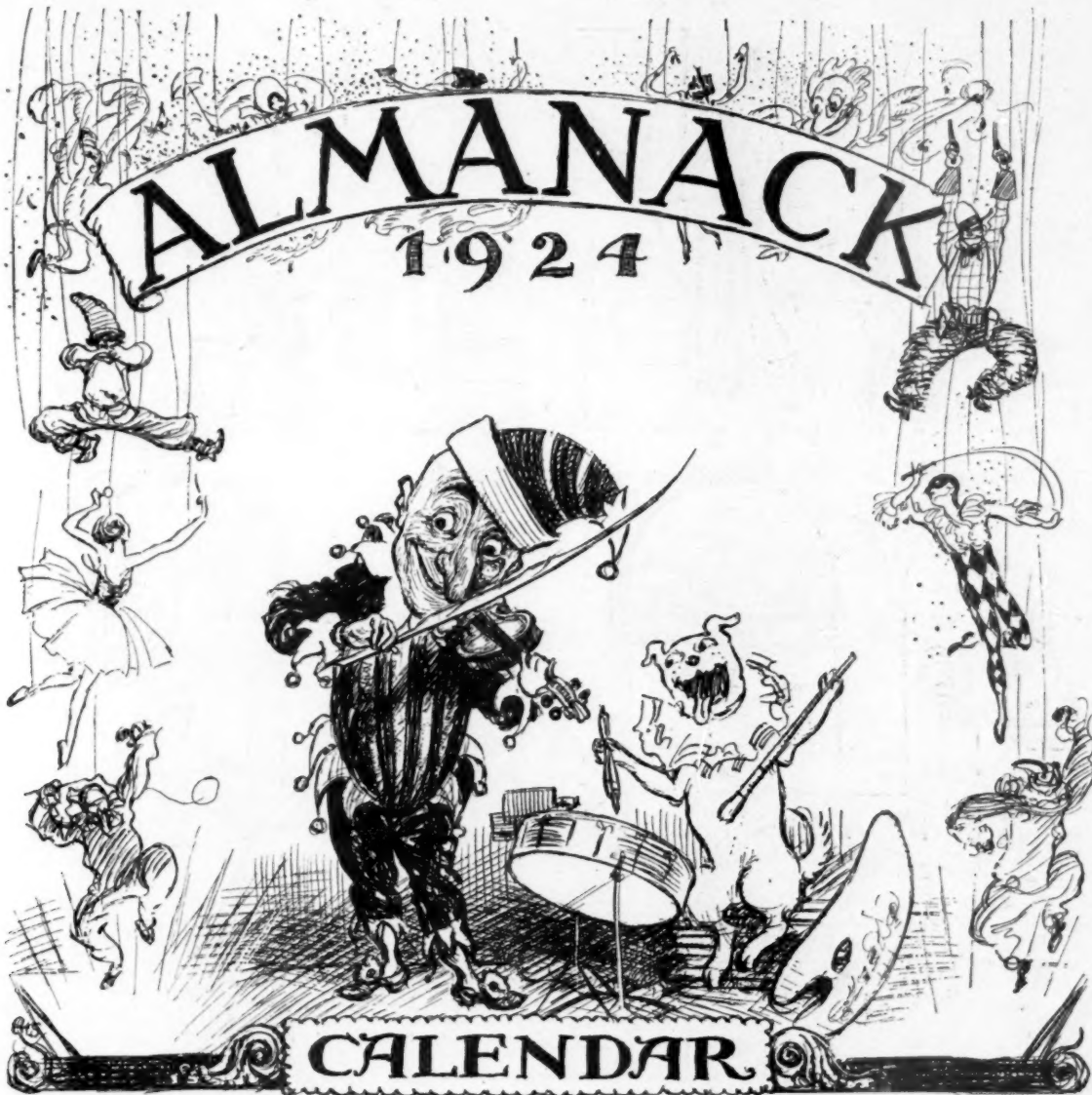


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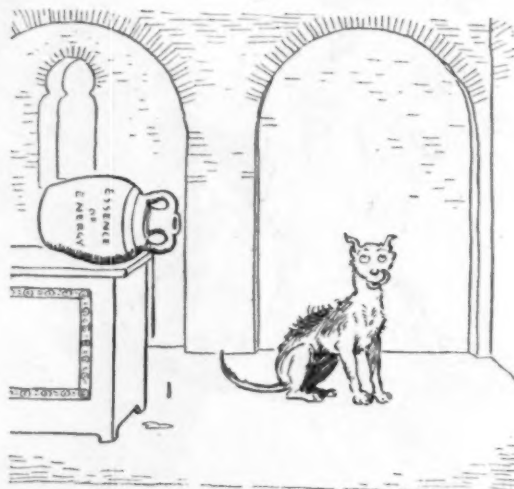
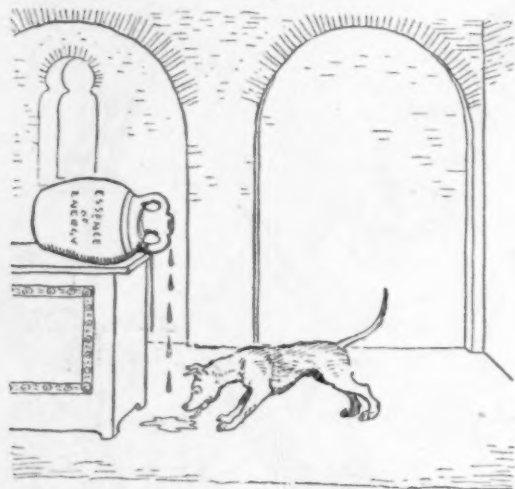
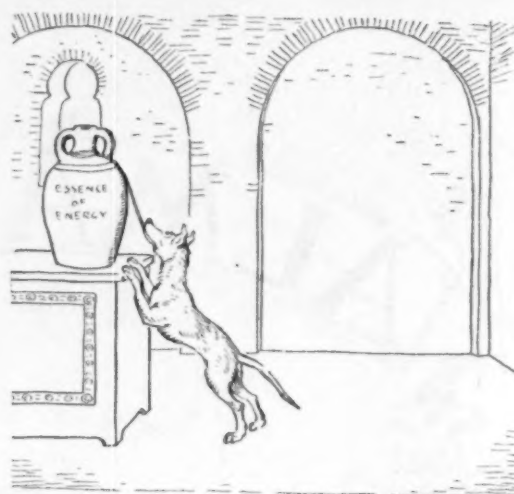
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Punch's Almanack for 1924.



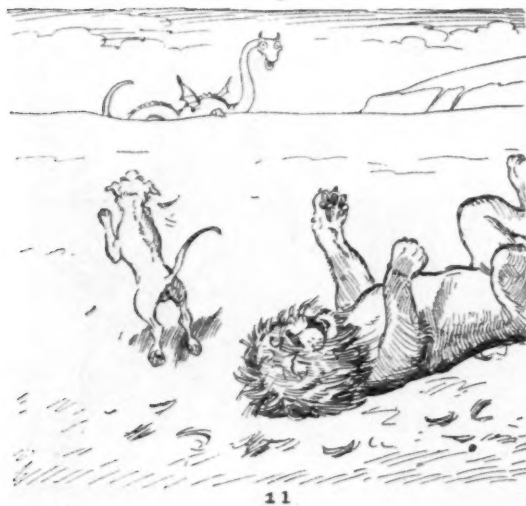
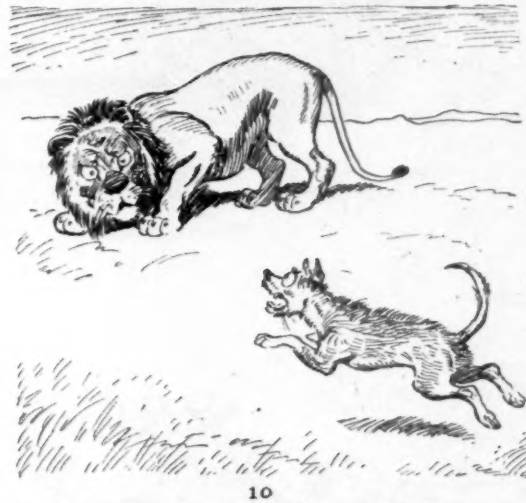
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Punch's Almanack for 1924.



THE DOG AND THE DOPE

Punch's Almanack for 1924.



THE DOG AND THE DOPE.

Punch's Almanack for 1924.

AMATEUR TABLEAUX.



HOWEVER BRAINY THE WORK OF THE PRODUCERS MAY BE—



IT IS THE OTHER MEMBERS OF THE COMPANY—



ANXIOUS ONLY TO LOOK BEAUTIFUL—

Punch's Almanack for 1924.

AMATEUR TABLEAUX.



OR EXCRUCIATINGLY FUNNY—



ACCORDING TO THEIR SEX—



WHO MAKE THE REPRESENTATION (EVEN OF SUCH A WELL-KNOWN EPISODE IN ENGLISH HISTORY AS THE EXECUTION OF LADY JANE GREY) PUZZLING TO THE AVERAGE AUDIENCE.

Punch's Almanack for 1924.

MINCE MEAT.

(By our Charivariety Artistes.)

"CHRISTMAS is coming," says a weekly paper headline. The common opinion in pessimistic haunts is that there is nothing to stop it.

We understand that, in order to meet the recent shortage of ghosts during the past few seasons, arrangements are being made by the B.B.C. to broadcast a few.

There is a superstition that it is unlucky not to remove Christmas decorations by Twelfth Night. Boys who retain mincemeat on their ears after that date come to no good.

In hunting circles disappointment is felt that no date has yet been fixed for the Whaddon Chase Dispute Ball.

A firm of manufacturers advertise a toy drum which they describe as "unbreakable." This is the sort of foolish braggadocio that puts the British boy on his mettle.

In connection with the suggestion for a limitation of armaments a chronic dyspeptic has suggested that the League of Nations should turn its attention to Christmas puddings.

The custom of pouring brandy over Christmas puddings has practically died out in Scotland. It is now established that the pudding rather spoils the taste of the spirit.

"A Merry Christmas," said Dr. VORONOFF, the gland specialist, to one of his patients, "and thousands of them."

Many cases have been known of life-long teetotalers winning bottles of whisky in Christmas sweeps. This

shows that even the joyous and festive season has its pathetic side.

It is rumoured that quite a number of postmen have again decided this year not to solicit Christmas-boxes next year.

It is only in the interests of his family that we refrain from giving the full name of the mean fellow who, when

a surprise for householders this Christmas," announces an evening paper. Some people don't seem to know the difference between a surprise and a shock.

"Hot whisky for influenza," announces a headline. We gladly accept the exchange.

According to Professor MARTIN of New York the world will end during December of next year. Small boys and turkeys are anxious to know whether it is to be before or after the 25th.

Next year being Leap Year, women will have the right of proposing marriage, just as they have had in any other year since the War.

Senator HIRAM JOHNSON has referred to Britain as a great country. Hiram, you said a jugful.

American rum-runners complain of being undercut by Scotsmen. The patriotism of consumers is appealed to for the support of a home industry.

An English woman has recently returned to London after a journey through Central Africa, during which she once fought, single-handed and successfully, with fourteen savage Soudanese women who

attacked her. The Winter Bargain-Sales Committee is seriously thinking of lowering her handicap.

People are said to be going to theatres more and more. This comes of having wireless apparatus installed in so many homes.

It is pointed out that women are not availing themselves of the revised Divorce Laws. Perhaps when the Christmas shopping is over—



The new Butler (who has been taken out stalking). "THEY TOLD ME IT WAS A COUNTRY PLACE, BUT THEY DIDN'T SAY AS 'OW THE COUNTRY WAS ALL SET HUP ON HEND."

asked for a tip by the hotel waiter, replied, "Certainly. Back Crimson Wanderer both ways for the three-thirty to-morrow."

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"Waits playing bagpipes are to be

Punch's Almanack for 1924.



"MUVER'S COMPLIMENTS, MRS. 'ADDICK, AN' WOULD YOU CARE TO TIKE A DAY ORF FROM BUSINESS AN' GO A-SINGIN' CAROLS WIV 'ER?"



First Vocalist. "I'M GOIN' TO SING 'CHRISTIANS, AWAKE.'"
Second Vocalist. "I AIN'T—I'M GOIN' TO SING 'SHEPHERDS WATCH THEIR FLOCKS.'"
Leader. "YOU CAN BOTH SING WOT YER LIKE, SO LONG AS YER SINGS IT IN CHUNK."

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Hospitable Aunt. "WOULD LITTLE THEOPHILUS LIKE SOME MORE OF THIS LOVELY PUDDING?"
Theophilus. "IF YOU PLEASE, AUNT. A SEGMENT OF FIFTEEN DEGREES WOULD SUFFICE."



Uncle George (who imagines himself to be making the children's party a success, at the climax of his favourite trick). "NOW, AS YOU ALL OBSERVE, MY HANDS DO NOT TOUCH THE FLOOR AT ALL AS I ABSTRACT THE PIN WITH MY TEETH."

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TAXI-WINDOWS.

TAXI WINDOWS FALL NATURALLY INTO THREE CLASSES—



(a) THOSE WHICH—



ARE SHUT—



AND WON'T—



OPEN;



(b) THOSE WHICH—



ARE OPEN—



AND WON'T—



SHUT;



AND (c) THOSE WHICH—



MOVE—



PERFECTLY—



FREELY.

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[The dancing authorities seem unable to provide us with a really new darce. We offer a few suggestions.]



I.—THE "JANUS GLIDE "



II.—THE "THYROID TROT."

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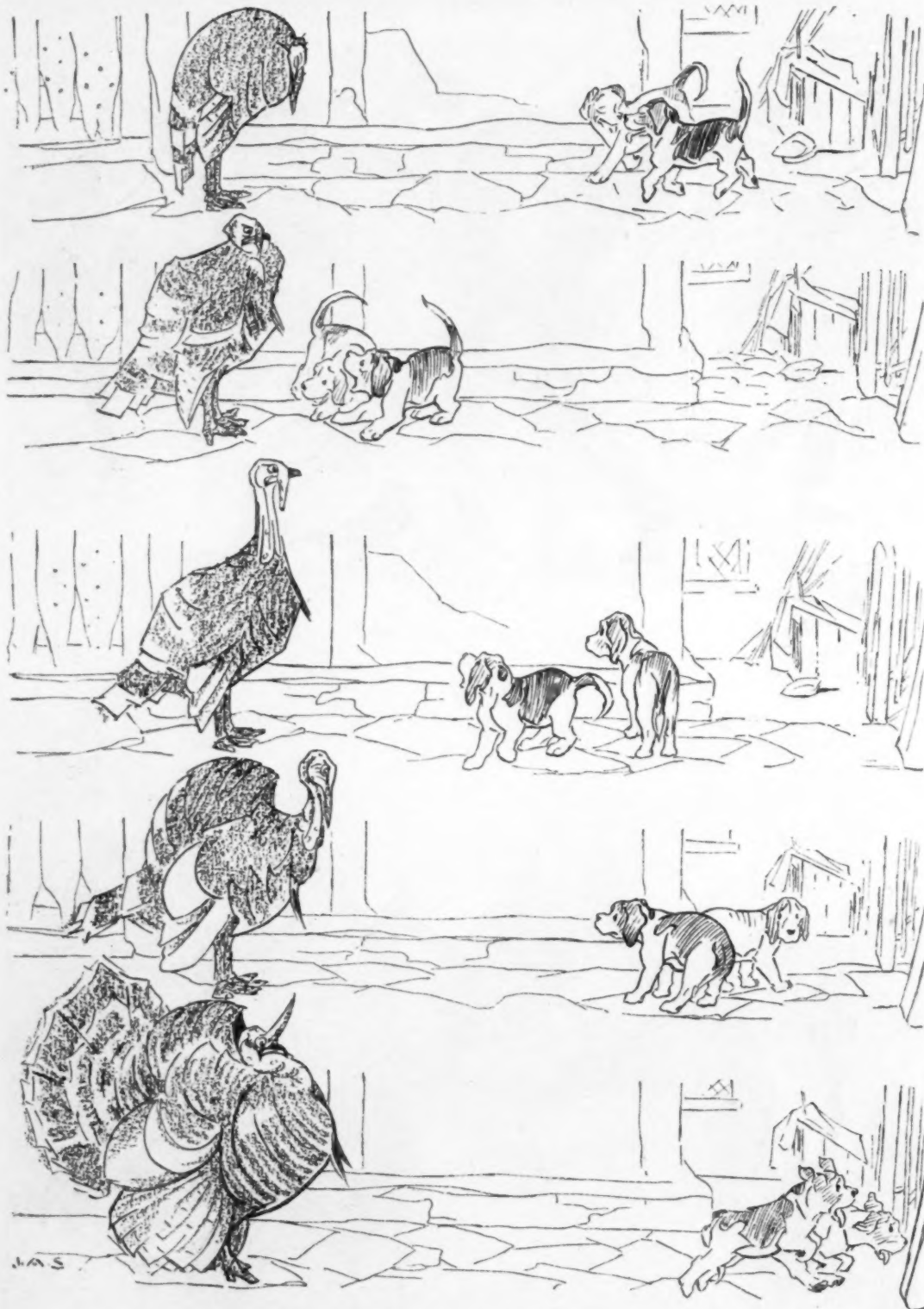


III.—THE "BOLSHY BEANO."



IV.—THE "FROG HOP" OR "JUMPING JAZZ."

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MORE "DIGNITY AND IMPUDENCE."

A Fytte of the Blues



The Swain.

"To-night the ecstasy is dead
That winged our shimmering
shoes."

The Nymph.

"To-night creation is not red."

The Swain.

"To-night we dance the Blues."

The Nymph.

"All lovely things are doomed to
dust."

The Swain.

"The hey-day of the jazz
Was practically bound to bust."

The Nymph.

"And bust the hey-day has."

The Swain.

"When I recall the close embrace
Wherein we two were knit—"

The Nymph.

"When I recall the fatuous face
That always went with it—"

The Swain.

"When I recall the feverish
joys
Of many a room wherein
We circled slowly—"

The Nymph.

"To the noise
Of negroes hammering tin—"

The Swain.

"I cannot speak without regret
For what the world must lose."

The Nymph.

"In time perhaps—"

The Swain.

"I may forget."

The Nymph.

"Then come, we'll dance the
Blues."

EVOE.



THE GENTLE ART OF BEING CONSPICUOUS.



PICTURE OF MR. BOOSTER ALLWAYS (1) IN PICCADILLY, AND



(2) AT A FANCY-DRESS BALL.

THE EXACTING ART OF BEING ELEGANT.



LADY OF FASHION, WHO FEELS THAT HER LATEST CREATION REQUIRES AN ADEQUATE SETTING, TAKES HER PROMENADES COMPLETE WITH SUITABLE BACKGROUND



SOCIETY BEAUTY EXPERIMENTS TO DECIDE ON CORRECT HUE OF HAIR AND COMPLEXION TO GO WITH NEW FROCK.

MISSING A SHORT PUTT IN FOUR LANGUAGES.



IN ENGLAND.



IN ITALY.

MISSING A SHORT PUTT IN FOUR LANGUAGES.



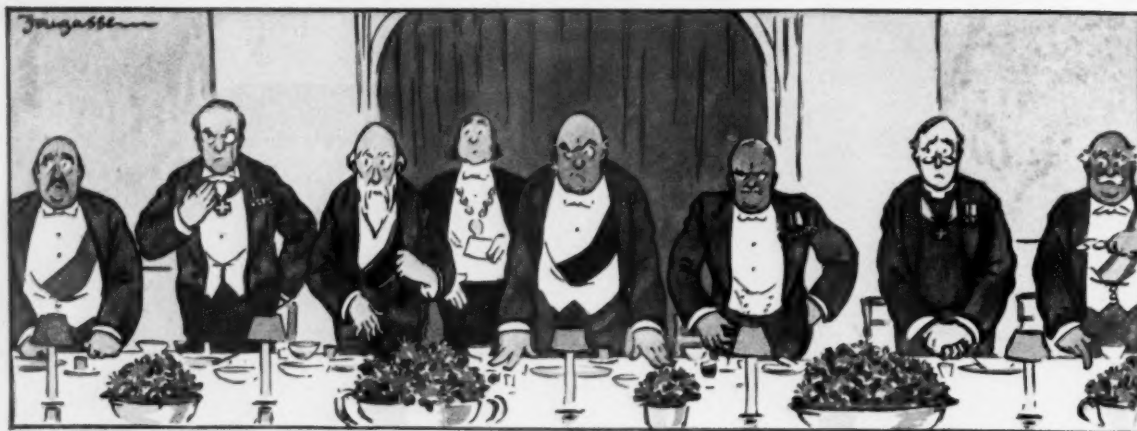
IN SPAIN.



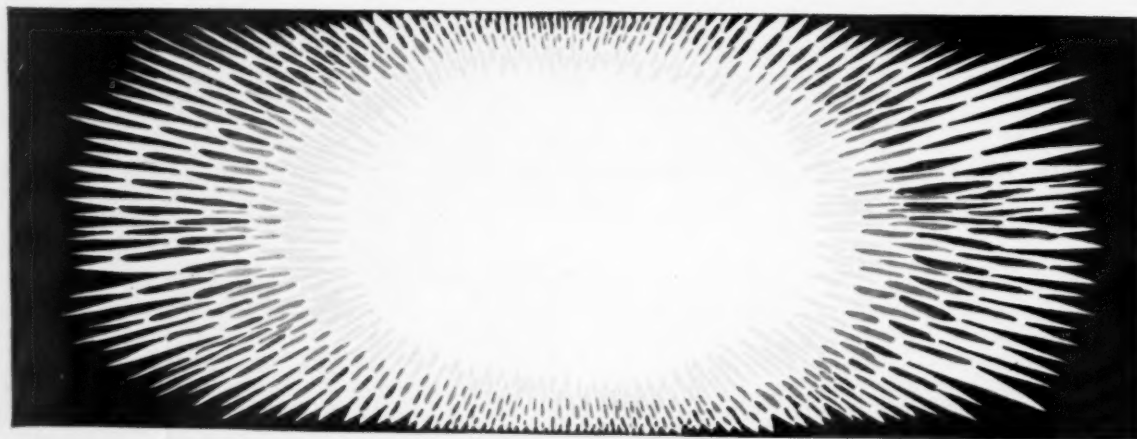
IN JAPAN.

FRANK
REYNOLDS
NOV 5
1923

THE FLASHLIGHT PHOTOGRAPH—A VISUAL IMPRESSION.



GOING . . .



G . . . O . . .

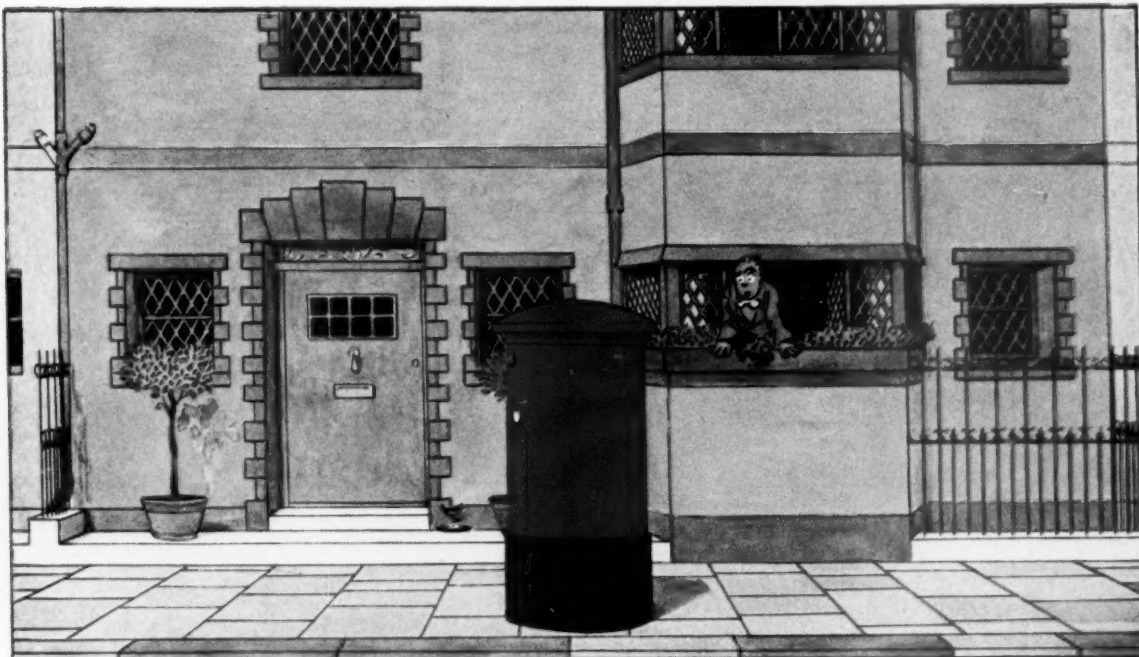


GONE !

INDIVIDUALISM AND THE STATE.



WHEN BOTTICELLI BINNS DEVOTED SO MUCH THOUGHT TO THE REPAINTING OF HIS HOUSE, I DON'T THINK HE COULD HAVE HEARD OF THE PROPOSAL TO—

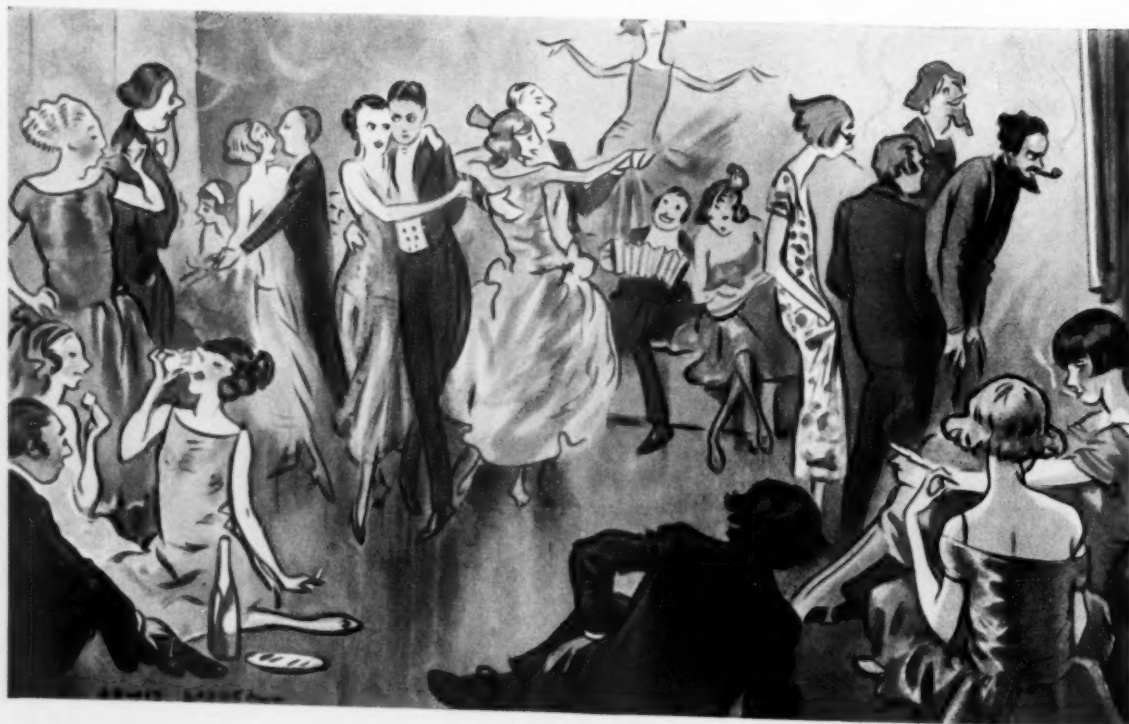


ERECT A NEW PILLAR-BOX IN FRONT OF IT.

MANNERS AND MODES.—THE SUCCESSFUL PARTY.



AT HAMPSTEAD.



AT CHELSEA.

MANNERS AND MODES.—THE SUCCESSFUL PARTY.



AT TOOTING.



IN MAYFAIR



HICKORY PETE OF BURNING GULCH DECIDES TO CHALLENGE JACK DEMPSEY.
A WILD WEST FANTASY.



The Shade. "ZOUNDS! BUT THE OLD ROAD HATH CHANGED BUT LITTLE SINCE MY TIME. AND YONDER COMES A GOODLY COACH—OR I'M A DUTCHMAN."



.....!



THE MANTLE OF WU.

THE dress that Joan has on to-day
Was worn by Wu the Mandarin,
Who put it on down Pekin way
To read his old *Confucius* in.

There is no difference in the gown ;
It still continues to provide
A rather lovely reach-me-down ;
But what a change there is inside !

How strange to think the self-same robe
That ugly Wu was wont to wear
Has travelled round the teeming globe
To Joan the exquisitely fair !

How strange to think the outworn weeds
Of one by whom so much was known
Of wise old books and ancient creeds
Should decorate my darling Joan !

EVOE.



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IN THE PRE-B.B.C. PERIOD.



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Acting Petty Officer. "WHY THE DEVIL WASN'T THE DECK SWABBED DOWN BEFORE NOW?"

Ordinary Seaman. "I THOUGHT AS 'TWERE GOIN' TO RAIN AND I SHOULDN'T 'AVE TO."

Acting Petty Officer. "OH, IT'S BLAMIN' IT ON THE WEATHER YE ARE. NOW MARK YE MY WORDS, ME LAD. IF IT RAINS IN THE MORNING YE 'LL SWAB DOWN THE DECKS IN THE AFTERNOON. AN' IF IT RAINS IN THE AFTERNOON YE 'LL SWAB 'EM DOWN IN THE MORNIN'."



Newly-appointed Major (to sentry who has given the ordinary salute). "YOU SHOULD PRESENT ARMS. DON'T YOU REALISE THAT I AM A FIELD OFFICER NOW?"

Sentry. "AH—ZO YOU ARE, ZURR. MY WORD, BUT YOU ARE A-GETTIN' ON!"

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American Sportsman (who has taken a forest for the purposes of photography). "WHAT THE BLAZES DID YOU SHOOT THAT STAG FOR JUST WHEN I WAS TAKING A PICTURE?"
Stalker. "WEEL, YE WERE CRYING 'KEEP HIM STILL, TONALD—KEEP HIM STILL!' AND THERE WASS NAE I'THER WAY."



Keeper. "YE WERE JUST THE LASTE BIT BEHINT 'IM, SORR."
Sportsman. "I AIMED AT HIS HEAD, TOO. I OUGHT TO HAVE GOT HIM SOMEWHERE IN THE BODY."
Keeper (still anxious to please). "IF HE HAD BEEN AN OSTRICH NOW, SORR, YE'D HAVE HAD HIM."

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THE CYCLE OF EXTREMES.



TOO SKIMPY—



OR TOO FULL.



TOO RIGID—



OR TOO TEMPESTUOUS.

Ernest H. Shepherd

Punch's Almanack for 1924.

THE CYCLE OF EXTREMES.



TOO WIDE—



OR TOO NARROW.



TOO PROTUBERANT—



AND NOW TOO SKIMPY AGAIN.

Ernest H. Shepherd

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THE LAST CASE OF "NEEDLE" ROKE.

MR. PUNCH'S BEST-SELLER.

I.

"A PRETTY woman forgives a man once, a woman twice, herself never," laughed the Comtesse de Vidomme, with a flash from her lustrous yellow orbs.

A burst of laughter greeted the epigram. My eye roamed again the brilliant scene, the gleaming napery, the forks and spoons. A fitting frame for that strange gathering of men and women, Statesmen, Ambassadors, Financiers, Embezzlers, the flower of the Chancelleries of Europe.

It was Christmas Day, the festival of Peace. But why was the Russian Ambassador at Madrid spending Christmas at the Midland seat of Sir Leslie Crane, sometime Foreign Minister of Great Britain? What was the Yugo-Slavian Minister at Stockholm doing there? Why was that pale-blue automobile now purring in the avenue, with the cock of



"THERE WAS A MYSTERY IN HER DARK HAIR."

France stamped upon the carburettor? These things could mean but one thing. War. Red war.

It was a thought to stagger the mentality of the most hardened young diplomat.

"Why is Lord Rendle staying at Whiteleas?" murmured a rich voice.

The girl at my side was very beautiful. There was a mystery in her dark hair. The lobes of her ears were perfectly formed.

But was she not also the niece of the Croatian Legate at Vilna? It behoved me to be careful.

I parried the question with a light remark anent the weather. For I knew very well the *raison d'être* of Lord Rendle's sojourn at Whiteleas. Ever since his powerful orange automobile had purred up to the front-door the previous day he had been closeted with our host in the private apartments of the latter. The former (a terrible bore) had come hot-foot from the Cabinet to urge Sir Leslie's resumption of participation in the destinies of his country. With that keen mind added to their armoury, the British Government would be the better able to play their cards with the Chancelleries of Europe.

But it was well known that Sir Leslie was devoted to his hobbies and his Tudor home. A passionate moss-collector, could he be seduced therefrom to the hurly-burly of statesmanship again? Now, as he listened to the



"LORD RENDLE HAD BEEN CLOSETED WITH OUR HOST."

ceaseless pleading of his interlocutor, I saw that his face was haggard from the strain of his position.

"We have to find a formula," said Lord Rendle, pausing weightily between each word. "Without a formula Europe is doomed. Find that formula and Europe is saved. Pardon me," he boomed, "but here I cannot speak more plainly."

Sir Leslie nodded and a shadow swept his brow again.

"Find that formula," continued Lord Rendle deliberately, "and Croatia will sunder her connection with the Little Entente. Lithuania will join France. France will join Lithuania. Russia will abandon her Trilenko claim. Spain will come to an understanding with Finland. Finland will form a *rapprochement* with Lisbon. There will be a *démarche* in Turkey. America will send a Note to the Lapps. There will be Peace." He paused. "You know the alternative," he went on gravely.

"War. Red War."

In my ears I seemed to hear the thunder of the guns. Sir Leslie closed his eyes.

"We must find that formula," said Lord Rendle, developing his theme. "And you are the man to find it. Find that formula, and Croatia will sunder her connection with the Little Entente. Lithuania will join France—"

Sir Leslie sighed—the sigh of a man in torture.

"But Croatia is the key," said Lord Rendle.

Spurred by some spur, I turned to the beautiful girl beside me.

She was not there!

II.

Where was she—Lydia Vampa, daughter of Croatia, niece to a Legate—the girl with the mystery in her hair; the lobes of whose ears were somehow never far from my thoughts?

When I saw her face emerging from under the table my heart gave a great leap of thankfulness. My suspicions, after all, were both base and baseless. I chuckled to myself at the paradox.

"I dropped my napkin," she said simply, but she flushed as she said it, and once again that twinge of doubt stabbed me to the core.

I suppose she sensed my unconscious ratiocinations.

"Ah, you English," she said, resuming her seat, "you are so cold."

III.

Feast-day or fast-day, the cogs which move the wheels which drive the machine of diplomacy rest not. The men finished their superb Armistice brandy and staggered off to join the ladies. But I noticed that Lord Rendle drew Sir Leslie aside into the great library. "We have to find a formula," the statesman was saying; and the ex-Foreign Minister nodded silently, without words. The door closed behind them . . .

IV.

"Dead."

The word sent a strange thrill through me, with its suggestion of finality and decay.

"Quite dead," said Lord Rendle again.

The body lay flat on the floor of the great library—Sir Leslie Crane, the man who might have saved Europe!

"This is murder," said Lord Rendle;



"THERE HAS BEEN FOUL PLAY," SAID LORD RENDLE."

"there has been foul play. I had not left him a minute. I went up to my apartment for some confidential papers in connection with a matter which I am not at liberty to reveal—I refer to our Secret Treaty with Chili—promising to return immediately. On rejoining him, Sir Leslie was dead; breath had fled

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from his limbs. He had taken part in the Great Division.

"Before I left the room," he continued in a minute or two, "a woman entered, alleging she had business with Sir Leslie of urgent import. He begged to be left alone with her. When I returned she was gone."

"Could you identify the woman?" said the Spanish Ambassador, with a flash of his well-preserved tooth.

"I could," said Lord Rendle. My heart stood still.

"I will say nothing more now," his lordship went on. "There were many who stood to profit by this man's extinction. Had he been successful in his search for a formula, Croatia would have had to abandon her designs on Southern Algeria. Abyssinian ambitions would have crumpled. The Serbs would have yielded. Germany would have driven a wedge between Rumania and the Bulgars. The Czecho-Jugos would have re-oriented towards the West. America would have sent a Note to the Finns. The hegemony of Southern Asia—"

Silently we stole from the room, recognising the respect due to the apartment of death.

But the word "Croatia" rang in my ears.

V.

I ran hot-foot to "The Crown."

It was a fortunate chance that my friend "Needle" Roke was taking a well-earned rest in the neighbourhood. I had seen enough of this mystery to know that none but he would un-ramble it. What a man!

An eccentric by nature, I was not surprised to find him crawling about the floor of his apartment, chewing betel-nuts. "Keeps the mind supple," he used to say.

Briefly I unfolded the facts as we panted up the Avenue, Roke tearing off his waistcoat buttons as he ran, a nervous trick which showed his intellect to be working at its best.

"Is there a servant with red hair in the house?" he snapped at last.

"No."

"I was afraid you'd say that," he returned. "Williams, this case baffles me;" and taking out a pair of scissors he severed a tuft of his hair, another characteristic mannerism of this extraordinary man.

"Here is the body," I said, leading the way into the library.

But I stood back, gasping.

The body had gone!

VI.

Roke was after it like a bloodhound, and, while I still stood dazed, was leading the way into the large apartment

adjoining. A huge billiard-table stood in the centre.

"What is this apartment?" he clicked.

"This is the billiard-room."

"Right!" he snapped. "And what day is it?"



"TEARING OFF HIS WAISTCOAT BUTTONS AS HE RAN."

"Christmas Day."

"Ah!" he said with a gleam of triumph. "Then there is your body!"

I gasped. The body lay face downwards on the sofa, dead.

Roke ignored it. He was scrambling in the pockets of the table, plucking feverishly at the last button of his waistcoat.

"Roke," I said, "frankly, I can see no daylight. Are we to believe that a dead body has deliberately removed itself from one room to the other? Or did the murderer return and change its location himself? And if so, why?"



"THESE BALLS ARE BOTH SPOT!"

Either hypothesis seems at first sight untenable."

"There is something far stranger than that in this case," he replied; and he held up two white billiard-balls.

"Williams!" he said, and there was a sort of horror in his eyes. "There's been some damnable work afoot here—damnable!"

"Speak, Roke. What is it?"

"I don't know yet," was the grave response. "But these balls are both spot!"

VII.

Lord Rendle was beckoning us into the hall.

"Mr. Roke," he said, "Inspector Smoot is here. But such is the besotted folly of the police that I am withholding from them the material facts of the case."

"You have done well," said my friend, nervously plucking off his last remaining waistcoat-button.

"The woman whose intervention in the library was the prelude to this terrible drama is the niece of the Croatian Legate at Vilna. I need not tell you what that means. I was at the time

in search of a formula. Had the dead man found that formula, within three hours there would have been a *coup d'état* in the Croatian capital. The Quai d'Orsay would have accepted the *fait accompli*. Spain would have ceded Morocco. Japan would have scrapped her new battleship. The Serbian Minister would have revoked his resignation. Lithuania would have attached herself to the Little—"

Something made my eyes stray into the billiard-room. I gasped.

"What is the matter with you?" said Roke sharply.

For response I levelled a shaking finger.

The body had disappeared!

VIII.

Patiently Roke was piecing the thing together.

"The tracks of a full-grown man in snow remain for eight days if there is no thaw," said the inscrutable man.

"But there is no snow," I cried.

"Exactly."

Try as I could, I could not guess at his meaning.

"One thing I have established," he went on.

I leaned forward eagerly, ready to gasp.

"There is some person, man or woman, who has a powerful motive for concealing this murder. What do you make of this?"

The object in his grasp was an exquisitely jewelled hair-pin. About the trinket hung a faint aroma.

"*Cherchez la femme*," said his lordship grimly; and I hated him for the remorseless logic of his speech.

Roke sniffed significantly.

Punch's Almanack for 1924.

"Tale," he sniffed. "The favourite perfume of the Croatian *cocottes*."

IX.

Come what might, I would be her friend.



"SHE UNDULATED TOWARDS ME."

At midnight I entered her apartment. She undulated towards me, robed in a clinging Oriental wrapper, which somehow enhanced the lobes of her ears.

"Ah, you English!" she murmured; "you are so cold."

I pressed my lips to hers.

The gesture seemed to give her confidence. Tight-lipped, she poured out her tale. Hour after hour. And what a tale!

"I believe in your innocence implicitly," I said at last.

"Then you will do this for me, is it not?" she said, in her quaint broken English. "Take this packet—hide it—bury it—eat it; or your little friend is ruined."

My heart sank.

It was a packet of exquisitely-jewelled hair-pins.

X.

"Will you state the nature of your business with Sir Leslie Crane that night?"

The challenge rang out sharp in the crowded hall. The Ambassadors and their wives had long ago disrobed for the night, and, summoned by Roke to witness the dénouement of his quest, now thronged the stairs in *négligée*. The Albanian Minister had neglected to bring his hair.

"I cannot."

The girl's eyes were brave, though her nose

trembled. The hand that held Lord Rendle's night-light shook a little; but the iron features of the diplomatists were unbending. They believed her guilty.

And I—with the knowledge of that damning packet now buried under the Great Elm—what was I to believe?

Who knows?

Then came a dramatic turn.

A sign from Roke, and Inspector Smoot stepped forward.

"Lord Rendle," he said, "I arrest you on a charge of the wilful murder of Sir Leslie Crane."

"The body will be found under the Great Elm," said my friend.

The Inspector gasped, a picture of stupidity.

Roke laughed, enjoying his triumph. "Only a freshly-turned worm, Inspector, but very often a useful clue."

XI.

"Jealousy, my dear boy—political jealousy," said Roke, as he loaded his favourite briar. "Sir Leslie would have been a dangerous rival in the Cabinet. Lord Rendle was playing a double game—inviting with one hand, dealing death with the other. Oh, it is despicable!"

My friend had been unravelling the tangled skein for my benefit. But I was as baffled as ever.

What was the significance of the two spot billiard-balls and the jewelled hairpins? Why had I met the girl with the perfect lobes on the backstairs carrying a tray of viands? And why had the dead man whispered those strange words to her that fatal night, "Rescue me at half-past nine"?

Clearly he had sensed his peril. Then why had he appealed to her? Was she his mistress? Had he been her paramour? Was he insured?

I beat my head against the wall.

XII.

Tip-toe the girl led me through the green-baize door, the lobes of her ears a-quiver with mischief.

"But this is Sir Leslie's private apartment," I cried.

"Hush!"

A tall figure rose from the bureau. I could not believe my eyes.

It was Sir Leslie Crane!

XIII.

"Yes, my dear boy," said the ex-Minister, "Lord Rendle is the First Bore in Europe, and after thirteen



"A SPECIAL LICENCE."

hours of him I decided that death was the only avenue of escape. As it was, he pursued me even in death, necessitating those changes of position which puzzled you so much. So soon as Parliament reassembles, I may safely come to life without fear of further molestation; and Lord Rendle will be set at liberty. Till then—"

"But the hair-pin?" I gasped.

"A loan, my boy," laughed the diplomat. "I affect a briar-pipe. Meanwhile I have not been idle," and the sometime Foreign Secretary took two documents from his bureau.

One was a Special Licence, in the names of Lydia Vampa and Ernest Williams. The other was—The Formula.

Europe was saved!

The bells rang out for Boxing Day. A. P. H.



"I ARREST YOU ON A CHARGE OF WILFUL MURDER."

Punch's Almanack for 1924.



Worried Sportsman. "D—N, I'VE MISSED EVERY BIRD."
Faithful French Valet (loading). "MAIS NON, MONSIEUR; IL Y EN A UN QUI EST GRAVEMENT BLESÉ."



Excitable Commanding Officer (who has seen all his subalterns miss the ball in the mouth of goal). "GET OFF AND KICK IT!"

Punch's Almanack for 1924.



A GOLF NIGHTMARE INDUCED BY THE CLUB BORE.

Punch's Almanack for 1924.



A GOLF NIGHTMARE INDUCED BY THE CLUB BORE.

Punch's Almanack for 1924.



RURAL POSTMAN. "AN' ME GOT TO CLIMB TO THE VERY TOP O' THAT THERE 'ILL WIV ONE CHRISTMAS CARD WIV A COUPLE O' DRATTED CATS PLAYIN' THE FIDDLE ON IT."



On the Shelf.

A RESOLUTION.

I SHOULD have been a business man.
The will to win, the power to plan,
The cool commanding touch,
The bold design, the ruthless tongue—
All these were mine when I was
young,
And people said as much;
But there, I have a gentle heart,
And then I have some truck with Art,
So fatal to Success;
And I will not conceal from you
That from a business point of view
I flourish less and less.
But let me add, most loud and clear,
I WILL be businesslike this year.

Oh, I will punctually pay
All taxes, rates and bills,
And answer letters every day
And light my pipe with spills,
And I will be most circumspect
In every little thing,
And conscientiously collect
Brown-paper, pins and string,
And do each morning, when I rise,
Some scientific exercise,
And ten times touch my toes,
And every evening will commit
To memory some useful bit
Of poetry (or prose),
Give up the gambling, drink and dope,
Pursue the frugal path,
And never, never leave the soap
Dissolving in the bath.

And, when a fellow tells me flat
The several reasons why,
What with the price of this and that,
He cannot sell (or buy)
On any terms that I propose,
Or, pop! his tiny profit goes,
And he has creditors in rows,
And like as not the works will close,
His wife decline and die
(With many miscellaneous woes
I need not specify)—
Oh, then I will not blow my nose,
I will not sit and cry,
I will not act like other worms—
I say, I WILL NOT HAVE his terms,
But with a steely eye
I will confront him, stern and proud,
And I will answer, very loud,
“Come, cut it out! You lie!”

These are, I know, the methods which
Make other men extremely rich;
And thus do I resolve to steer
My steady course throughout the year.

A. P. H.

The Irony of Fate.

“XMAS AT SUNNY WORTHING.”

Advt. in *Daily Paper*.

“HEALTH RESORTS YESTERDAY.

Sunshine.	Rain.	Weather.
Worthing	— 3 min.	Some sleet.
		Same Paper.

“BUTCHERS.—Good Man to drive Ford, and
do country round; and kill (not essential).”
Essex Paper.

Local pedestrians will be relieved.

SMITH MI'S GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPER.

- (1) Penal Code is what a doctor gets paid for his patients.
- (2) Sale of Indulgences means the sale of spiritual liquors and other luxuries.
- (3) There was two kinds of Friars, Franciscans and Nasturtiums.
- (4) Alias was a great prophet.
- (5) Stephenson got a prize for making an engine three times its own weight.
- (6) The Three Estates of the Realm are Windsor, Sandringham and Balmoral.
- (7) Socrates died of a dose of wedlock.
- (8) Simla is where people go when Delhi gets too hot for them.
- (9) Queen Mary had many people burnt. She ought to have known better, as she was a lady.
- (10) Direct Taxation you must pay at once; Indirect Taxation you needn't.
- (11) The highest mountain in Switzerland is Blanc Mange.
- (12) Housebreaking: (a) pulling down a house; (b) going into somebody's house as an uninvited guest.
- (13) Coroner's Inquest. When you have died unexpectedly you are cross-examined by a coroner.
- (14) Justifiable Homicide is when a woman kills her husband.
- (15) Manslaughter is killing a man for no apparent reason.

THE "CORPSE."

[Nearly all the Press published an inaccurate report of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD's speech at Elgin, making him describe the Liberal Party as "a corpse awaiting its coffin to be brought in." Actually it was to the Conservative Party that Mr. MACDONALD applied this graceful figure of speech.]

SCENE—*Nowhere in particular.* TIME—*The Evening of Boring Day.*

MR. ASQUITH. MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

Mr. Asquith. I gather from the Press that you have said The Liberal Party is as good as dead. Tantamount to a corpse—your very word—Waiting until the coffin has occurred. Sir, let me tell you frankly that it warps Our gentle nature to be called a corpse. The metaphor betrays a want of tact And also fails to represent the fact. Our constitution, Sir, is far too vital To merit any such contemptuous title.

Mr. Macdonald. Pardon me, I said nothing of the sort; You are the victim of a false report. It was unfortunate the Press should make This grave and most regrettable mistake. Even my *Daily Herald*, that brave cock, Side-slipped from off its perch—a nasty shock; And, since its crow was hushed for two whole days, That painful error I could not erase; Nor, with the post so badly dislocated, Write you a line to get your wrath abated. The corpse that I alluded to was Tory, Which, you will own, is quite another story. The Liberal Party I should never flout, Seeing I need their help to lay him out.

Mr. Asquith. I read your version in *The Times*, and yet My *Daily News*, my *Westminster Gazette*—How could I well imagine they would garble Your monumental speech, your "Elgin marble"? Readily I accept your explanation And freely cancel my expostulation Now that the corpse, whose mention made me cuss, No longer is identified with Us.

[They embrace, but without warmth.]

Enter alleged Corpse of Conservative Party.

The Corpse. I do so trust you will not think me rude That on your privacy I thus intrude; But, as it seems that I—for so I've read—Am moribund or practically dead, And that you both, as instruments of Fate, Claim to have put me in this parlous state, I would be bold to say, if by your grace A "corpse" may have a little speaking space, That, though for my decease you now combine, There may be other funerals after mine. For from the patent facts I have inferred That any two of us may kill the third, Even if those who join to deal this doom Must, for the purpose, issue from the tomb.

[Here the Corpse addresses Mr. MACDONALD.]
Meanwhile, in point of relative degree,
My corpse's strength to yours is 4 to 3;

[Here the Corpse addresses Mr. ASQUITH.]
While yours to mine, though you are still alive,
Is in the ratio of 3 to 5.

[Here the Corpse addresses them both.]
This being so, I give you pleasant cheer,
And may you have a beautiful New Year!

O. S.

MY POCKET DIARY.

My delight at being presented with a new pocket diary is tempered by the sadness of setting aside the old one. Other diaries—those terrifying ledger-like things which demand to be "kept," in the spacious autobiographical sense—I can, without a prick of conscience or a qualm of regret, convert into pipe-lights or scribbling paper ere the new year has cast its swaddling-clothes. But to my pocket diary I remain joyfully loyal from the moment of filling in the gratuitous insurance coupon (which I invariably forget to post) to the final hour of limpsness and dethronement.

Pedantic people tell me that, strictly speaking, it is not a diary at all. I do not argue with them. I have the word before me, stamped in gilt lettering, on the authority of its maker, and that is good enough for me.

To the sweet sorrow of parting with my old diary I make a point of dedicating a few sober moments and the fragrance of my favourite pipe. Unlike its blotting-papered and more imposing brethren it does not betray its owner. To me my pocket diary has much to say; to the world it remains more or less of an enigma. See here: "Charing X, 3.30." That "3.30" was a bit on the optimistic side; she turned up, I remember, at 4.17, and said it was a wonder she was there at all, what with one thing and another, and she'd die if she didn't get a cup of tea soon. . . . "Billiards at J.'s." By Jove, yes. That was the evening I made that superb cannon. Playing from baulk, with the red ball about an inch-and-a-half from the top right-hand cushion, and the white. . . . But I doubt whether you would appreciate my account of it. It was one of those shots which have to be seen to be believed. . . . "Bodega, 11.30." . . . "S— Theatre, stage door." Heavens! these business appointments read like sign-posts on the road to ruin.

And what is this? "George, Five Pounds." And again, "George, Two Pounds." What weakness have we here? I hereby resolve that I will not lend George any more money. That sort of thing is not true friendship.

One moment, though. Looking back on those trivial records, I seem to remember that it was I that borrowed the money from George. Never mind. The resolution was a good one for all that.

My new pocket diary is ready for me, bubbling over with "Daily Wants" and other indispensable information for the toiler. "Magna Charta, 1215"; "Primrose Day, April 19"; and so on; everything necessary to give a cultured tone to one's conversation. So Mr. Hilary will be sitting again as usual. Wonderful how the old boy goes on! And a hogs-head of beer is still fifty-four gallons. Comforting assurances these in a world of change and political instability.

My only quarrel with my pocket diary is in regard to its "Personal Memoranda," which merely irritate me. I do not want to make a note of my watch number. I have never met anyone who demanded to know my watch number. Even the Income Tax Commissioners and the Passport Office do not appear to clamour for information on that point. And, though I never touch a Memory System, I can claim with the proudest that my size in collars is, in a figure of speech, engraved on my heart. And when it comes to size of gloves, boots and hat my habit is meekly to hold out my hand, foot or head, as required, and let the shopman do the rest.

What I do want, and what my diary does not give me, is space in which to register those miscreants who borrow my books; a nicely-ruled compartment for the baptismal names of any new nephews and nieces who may be sprung upon me at any moment; a section for the canonisation of those friends who have not yet succumbed to the listening-in habit, and a few pages to be devoted to "What Topics to avoid in what Company." Perhaps my next diary will oblige.



NO FAVOUR.

JOHN BULL (to Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD). "I SEE BY YOUR ELGIN SPEECH THAT YOU DON'T FEEL SURE THAT YOU'RE GOING TO GET FAIR PLAY. YOU NEEDN'T WORRY; YOU'LL GET IT ALL RIGHT."



THE AFTER-LUNCHEON ROUND (FESTIVE SEASON).

"HEARD ABOUT POOR OLD ALFRED SMITH?"

"WHAT'S 'S NAME?"

"WHO?"

SITS. IN THE DARK AGES.

THERE has lately come to light a document of the highest interest to students of the history of the English household, in the shape of a fragment of a mediæval provincial newspaper, containing advertisements. The text is, of course, in manuscript, with floral embellishment around the title, *The Dayly Tydynges*. We quote from it the following (put into modern spelling):—

REQUIRED, stout VARLET, to do out dungeons, clean gyves, etc., give occasional help with rack, serve on forays; live in.—M. LE FAY, Beau Regard, Cornwall.

SORCERER wanted for Yuletide. Bring own cat, cauldron.—CRUSADER, Leighton Buzzard.

BARON requires refined JESTER; not as family. Send references accompanied by 4 quips, or call East postern after Angelus.—SENECHAL, Castle, Nether Wallop.

LADY highly recommends BOWER-MAIDEN. Discreet, skilled tapestry, converse, coiffing; no encumb.—Lady G., Coventry.

JOBGING OIL-BOILER and Lead-melter, free Lammis. Unequalled skill, whether parboiling or pouring from battlements. Go anywhere. Fees viid. per head; extra for plate-armour and night assaults.—Enquire Smithy, Leicester.

BARD (107), distinguished appearance, desires post in quiet home. Welsh; Irish lays, witty anecdotes; expert genealogist; no clerical duties; 81 years with nobleman's family.—Market Cross, Hereford.

SERVING-WENCH, superior, seeks sit. where scullion kept, Excellent refs.; 5 years with Abbess of Romsey.—AGNES, Romsey Abbey.

MANUSCRIPTS COPIED by experienced staff of scribes. Romance, legal, theological. Uncials, minuscules, bâtarde; miniatures extra. Best materials only, no palimpsests; rapid impartial workers, no interpolations.—Scriptorium, St. Edmundsbury.

JOCK.

MASTER, I'm getting very old. Somehow I know That soon I'll have to leave you. When I go, Will you feel sad to find that Jock's not there Waiting till you come down beside your chair? Our walks, and those long evenings by the fire, Just you and me—what more could I desire? But soon I'll have to leave you. Don't forget . . . After a while . . . another dog . . . and yet . . . (I wonder if you understand just what I mean) Some other dog . . . but . . . not an Aberdeen.

"Czechoslovakia, the only country . . . to meet financial difficulties and heavy bets by a tax on capital."—*Weekly Paper*. This sort of thing ought to make a Labour Government popular with our submerged betting classes.

From "Beauty Notes" in an Indian paper:—

"Any woman can have her hair looked after in her own home. Two bath towels, and one clean face towel, some pure castile soap and an egg, are the only essentials. Shave the scalp, and pour boiling water over it."

And after that the hair will give no further trouble.

THE POLITICAL DEADLOCK.

As there seems to be some doubt as to which (if any) of the political parties is to avoid governing us during the coming year, might a modest constituent, whose head is still a little turned by the effects of much political wooing, offer them all a few suggestions? Surely it is his turn to speak.

In the event of the Unionist party being compelled to continue in power during 1924, I should like to suggest to them a modification in the time-worn policy of direct taxation. Is it not a little absurd in these days, when it is impossible to live except by using one's capital, that a tax should be levied on such a thing as a man's income? Every economist knows that it is wasteful to tax a commodity unless it is plentiful and in common use. Therefore, why tax his income? Is it not more reasonable to tax his expenditure? No propaganda on behalf of national economy could create one-tenth of the zeal which a tax of this nature would arouse; while the returns would be so enormous that the Government could afford to subsidise everybody. I offer this suggestion to Mr. BALDWIN for what it is worth.

If, however, the Labour party should find the reins of Government suddenly thrust into their hands, Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD's first step should be the seizure of all bank overdrafts above a fixed sum. The rich being thus bereft of their superfluous obligations, the problem of unemployment would solve itself automatically.

Should neither of these parties be intimidated into remaining in power, would it be too much to ask the Liberal party to accept office? Their numerical disadvantages in the House need not incommode them, as their position could easily be maintained by a series of pledges: (1) To the Conservative party—To introduce no legislation involving a levy on capital; (2) To the Labour party—To introduce no legislation involving a tariff on imports; (3) To themselves—To introduce no legislation involving anything in particular. In order to obviate the risk of any further split in the party, Mr. ASQUITH and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE should agree to accept the premiership jointly. They would live together amicably in No. 10, Downing Street, one in the dining-room flat, and one in the drawing-room flat, or as may be arranged. Their policy would be "Freer Trade for All," and the responsible authorities would tactfully remove the barrier at the end of the street.

If, however, even the Liberal party were ultimately forced to resign owing



Boy (during geography lesson on Germany). "BUT NEED I LEARN THIS, MISS SIMPSON? WHAT DID WE WIN THE WAR FOR?"

to an injudicious excess of negation, or on account of a dispute between the two Prime Ministers as to prior rights of access to the bathroom, I have a simple remedy for the deadlock. Why not place the government of the country in the hands of the six or seven Independent Members of Parliament, the only party in the House with a non-controversial policy?

In the extreme event of these gentlemen being unable to oblige us at such a crisis, the outlook would be black indeed. Can nothing be done to avoid this? Is there no law in our constitution to force someone to govern us? Or must we seek assistance abroad? Conceive the feelings of one who, in spite of fiscal controversies which he does not understand, has done his honest

best to thrust someone into power—conceive, I say, his feelings on reading some morning in the Continental edition of *The Daily Mail* an announcement such as the following:—

SITUATIONS VACANT.

WANTED, sensible middle-aged party to take charge of small island in North Sea; must have experience in governing. Well-appointed Houses of Parliament in good locality. Write, stating salaries required, and ref. . . . Opposition kept.

Is this sort of thing fair to the electorate?

Our Sceptical Sleuths.

"POLICE DISBELIEVE A NAVAL STOKER WHO SAYS HE IS NOT DEAD."

Daily Paper.

"Go and tell that to the Marines," they said.

OLYMPIANA.

I THINK this is the right block. We shall have to climb a bit up into the hills, you know, to reach our seat. That must be the arena down there, that tiny white dot at the foot of the mountains; that sanded O . . . I seem to remember when I was a boy that the ring—the circus-ring—was a vast imposing place, flaring with wild lights and full of strange smells, the spectators closely huddled around it. Warm, too. It's not very warm up here in the peaks. I haven't looked at the programme, you say? In the programme it says, "Whatever the weather, the hall is cosy and warm." Ah, they must have been thinking of the Motor Show.

Funny how Prospero's wand can touch Olympia and change it in the twinkling of an eye. For the Motor Show it was nothing but narrow aisles intersecting boudoirs of orchids and palms, boudoirs with parquet floors for the motor-cars to rest their nice clean tyres on. And look at the place now.

That will be Mdlle. LOYAL, of Paris, shooting those pigeons down there in the vale. "The act is a very dainty one, and demonstrates what careful training can achieve with these members of the feathered world." That means pigeons, you know. She shoots at them, you see, and feathers fly out of the gun, and the members of the feathered world flutter around for a bit and perch upon the barrel. I believe I have seen a picture of pheasants doing that somewhere. It's simply a matter of careful training, and making them feel that the gun is the safest place to sit upon. Good for Mdlle. LOYAL. . . . We are going to have some more horses now. . . .

I must say they do you pretty well in horses at Olympia this year. Mr. ERNEST SCHUMANN, for instance. Not only does he ride a dancing horse, but he has a herd of horses as well. The arena simply swims with them. There might have been a prairie fire. They swirl this way and that, they gather round Mr. SCHUMANN and stand up in the air and wave their front paws at him. I like these beautiful members of the equine world. Another spell of training and they would settle on Mr. SCHUMANN's shoulders and take sugar from his lips. . . . More horses—and acrobats now. Whenever I get on a horse I think

it best to leave the acrobatic bits to the horse, with a little involuntary assistance from myself. Not so your circus-rider. If he can be called a rider, that is



POSSIBLE EFFECT OF OLYMPIAN MOTOR-SHOWS ON OLYMPIAN EQUESTRIANS.

to say. There is no real reason to suppose that he can ride at all. It is the last thing he ever tries to do. What he does is to use a horse as a kind of moving

platform on which to enjoy the amenities of domestic life. When the whim seizes him, as it so frequently does, to hold his wife out at arm's-length with one hand or whirl her round his head or turn a double somersault over the top of her, he likes to have a good firm white or chestnut horse underneath him to keep his footing secure. Without the horse he would not feel at home and would probably make a mess of things. That is not what I call riding. . . .

There is something, you know, very fascinating about a circus-horse. I don't mean the *haute école* kind, but the moving-platform sort. He is so Roman, for one thing, to look at. I believe that when the Ancient Britons grumbled at the Romans and said to them, "How horribly straight you have made your roads," the Romans used to reply, "Yes; but look how circular we have made our circuses." And the Roman circus-horse has been going round and round in Great Britain ever since. You will find this somewhere in the works of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING or Mr. HILAIRE BELLOC. If not, I have invented it. But there is ample historical proof.

The circus-horse, moreover, owing to having his chin so tightly tucked into his chest and because of his peculiar rocking gait, has an appearance of being steeped in profound reverie, as if he were musing on the vanity of human affairs. It is a kindly face withal. "Romp on me, play on me, mother and child," he seems to say. And they do. Somebody is standing just between his ears now.

And the CARDINALES have three of these beautiful mild creatures all tied abreast together and all rocking round at once. There are seven of the CARDINALES, but none of them in the churchyard lie or roam across the sea. They play their merry round parlour-games together, and not one of them ever thinks for a moment of leaving the dear old horseback home. Perhaps when there is no more hunting, and no more horses are used in war, and petrol is the only motive power, the circus horse will be the last horse on earth! Even more terrible, perhaps, he also may become extinct, and the acrobat be driven to hold his family revels on a motor-car rotating round a miniature Brooklands track.



TRAFFIC CONGESTION IN THE RING.
ALL THE HORSES IN LONDON TOWN SEEM TO BE AT OLYMPIA.



OLYMPIA BEING A CHILLY PLACE, AN INTERVAL MIGHT BE ALLOWED FOR THE AUDIENCE TO WARM ITSELF UP IN THE STYLE OF THE PERFORMING ARABS.

What a concourse of people careers over the sand whenever an Olympian turn comes to an end! Ringmasters and assistant-ringmasters, and a posse of elderly boy scouts, and half-a-platoon of clowns. I think it's rather difficult to appreciate clowns in bulk. It seems to dissipate their funniness a bit. And up here in the mountains, of course, one can only just hear them squeak. I think I like Dodoles best. A hard name to live up to, Dodoles. One cannot go about with a name like Dodoles and be merely conventionally funny.

I see now that a restaurant-table and chairs are being brought in. That means juggling. Jugglers always dine out. I don't know why. There is nothing to prevent them from throwing knives and plates about in a scene of ordinary domestic life; or better still from the calm seclusion of a horse's back. Mr. CHARLES PEREZOFF is so remarkably clever at catching anything and everything that I can confidently recommend this new turn to him. A quiet unostentatious family dinner on horseback, with the knives and crockery hurtling through the air, but never once falling to the ground—that is what I want to see. There is too much of this gadding around to restaurants nowadays.

But, after all, for family reunions commend me to the TWENTY MOGADORS. Most families, I understand, assemble at Christmas-time, but they do so hori-

zontally; the MOGADORS prefer to reunite in a vertical formation. Grand-papa, looking like ABRAHAM, plants himself firmly below, with the middle-aged sons and daughters on his shoulders and head; and the twenties or thereabouts come next; and the little ones, smiling cheerfully, hop up to the apex of the gathering. The MOGADORS are said to be Arabs straight from the desert, and in proof of this they have paraded, with their camels and asses, their manservants and their maidservants, all round the ring. A little double-somersaulting on the backs of camels would have been rather nice, but perhaps it would have been too much to ask for that. The MOGADORS no doubt look best as they are, piled up in the air, like a tableau from the later chapters of Genesis.

Hallo, what is this? The pyramid of the MOGADORS has been broken and scattered over the face of the earth: they are shrieking wildly and turning cart-wheels at a perfectly terrific pace round and round the ring. This is very fine. There is a Bedouin frenzy here which is lacking in the ordinary acrobat. They seem to have axles in the middle of their bodies. I think the youngest MOGADOR girl does it best of all. She would be about eight, I suppose. I wish we could all come down from the mountains into the ring and be MOGADORS too. In the kind of weather we are having it is the only rational way of moving about.

This seems to be the end. I don't think we will visit the Fun Fair to-day. I propose a double-hand spring to Addison Road. EVOE.

More Pianofortitude.

From an Old Boys' dinner programme:—

"Mr. — will beat the piano."

"A mixed party of sixty joined in a Christmas morning swim in the sea at Plymouth." Daily Paper.

Was it the dates, or his drinks, that the poor old party had mixed?

"Jean M — . . . who is fourteen years old, has raised calves which have won in national competitions." Monthly Magazine.

We hope this won't prejudice her chances in the slim-ankle competitions later on.

"Seasonable presents were also handed out for the old age pensioners of the village. It was stated that there are 2 of them, and that their combined ages reach 1902 years." Provincial Paper.

You should just hear their reminiscences of CANUTE.

"GOLD COAST, W. AFRICA.—Land for Sale; area about 2,000 square yards. Rich in raising crops, especially corn, plantain, bananas. £5,000." Advt. in Daily Paper.

Despite the desirability, in present circumstances, of increasing the supply of the last-mentioned item, we fear fifty shillings a square yard is a bit too high for us.

CHARIVARIA.

We are glad to know that New Year's Eve in Scotland passed off without a serious accident. Not a glass was upset.

It is feared that the possibility of a Labour Government will have had the effect of deterring many cautious people from making good resolutions this New Year.

The Liberal Party regards itself as holding the political balance at present. They may have our overdraft too, if they like.

According to a news message, Washington engineers have declared the White House to be unsafe. Much the same opinion is held by Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN about No. 10, Downing Street.

It is suggested that there will be another General Election shortly. Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL hopes once again to be in the Semi-Final.

A fashion-writer states that the latest style of hairdressing for women permits the ears to be seen. They will be worn at the sides of the head.

According to *The Daily Express* one of the most beautiful muddles ever devised by road-breakers is to be seen at Vauxhall Bridge. With characteristic modesty the responsible artists decline to allow their names to be published, maintaining that sheer love of their work is reward enough.

A Nigerian tribe believes that every man has three souls. If they have one to call their own they are luckier than some of us.

The French Chamber recently passed a vote of confidence in M. POINCARÉ. We hope this does not mean that he will speak twice a day on Sundays in the New Year.

It is so warm in America, we read, that they have been gathering ripe strawberries. We would remind our American cousins that we did this months ago over here.

A contemporary is surprised that there are not more authors in Parliament. The humane view is that there should be some gentler method of dealing with them.

The latest suggestion to come from enthusiastic motorists is that they should be permitted on dark nights to try their hands with a few luminous pedestrians.

Mr. HENRY FORD now contemplates making aeroplanes. He probably got the idea from one of his cars when it flew out of his hand and perched on the branch of a tree.

It is understood that the recent death of RAISULI has been cancelled on the ground that it was not unanimous.



NERVOUS BACHELOR, REMEMBERING IT IS LEAP YEAR, MAKES HIMSELF AS UNATTRACTIVE AS POSSIBLE BEFORE GOING TO A DANCE.

A woman's secret society has been formed in America. We understand they are going to engage a man to keep the secrets.

"Is Billiards a Real Sport?" asks a headline. A dominoes expert who has had to give up his favourite sport on account of a weak heart states that he is going to take up billiards and risk it.

It is stated that six plays by Mr. G. B. SHAW are running simultaneously in Berlin. Without wishing to seem heartless, we cannot help reflecting that the Berliners have only themselves to blame for this.

DEMPSEY is coming to fight in England, and we are faced with the problem of finding a worthy opponent for him. It is possible that a British Hope will come to light at the January sales.

At Long Island, New York, twelve women who have been trained as bricklayers have completed a row of houses. In orthodox bricklaying circles this is regarded as an error of inexperience.

Correspondents of an evening paper have alleged that the suburbs dance better than the West End. Our fear is that the "best people" will now make a point of dancing badly in order to avoid the suspicion of having come from Upper Tooting.

At an Association football match in Provence the players used their fists, the referee left the field and the spectators joined in the fray. These foreigners are wonderfully quick to catch the true spirit of the British game.

An American society of reformers has issued a pamphlet on how to avoid divorce. This should be a boon to cinema stars, numbers of whom are peculiarly subject to this epidemic.

Austrian Civil Servants are on strike. Whitehall remains calm, no sympathy being shown for this form of activity.

The Daily Mail makes a plea for a greater encouragement of winter sports in this country. Raising the hat to France is naturally more of a summer pastime.

A correspondent in a daily paper urges that there should be night courts in London, as there are in New York. If anything comes of this idea we think it only fair that magistrates should be allowed to make the same jokes for the first and second houses.

Another Optical Delusion.

"Suddenly he looked at her full, and she decided that the most arresting thing about him was his eyes, bright brown pupils set in very white irises."—*Story in — Magazine.*

"Rooms.—Three unfurnished and kitchen, South Kensington. Hot bath, porters, £150, or catering possible. Also one furnished breakfast, 2 guineas."—*Advt. in Weekly Paper.* Who said the cost of living had gone down?



*Sporting Farmer (to Christmas holiday visitor he has mounted). "DON'T LIKE HIM? WHY?"
Holiday Sportsman. "THE BRUTE'S ALWAYS GETTING HIMSELF MIXED UP WITH MY SPURS."*

EASTWARD HO!

IV.—TO A ROBIN WHICH JOINED THE SHIP IN THE RED SEA.

BIRD!—for I must presume that such thou art
And not some daft delusion of my brain,
Some wild chimæra such as vexed the heart
Of old-time salts beholding in the main
Things awkward to explain;
A fish-tailed maid, for instance, in the wake,
Or off the starboard bow some hydra-headed snake.

Bird! then—for days of prodigies are past;
Visions no more appal the midnight watch
And leave stout seamen stricken and aghast—
Insensate bird, stop fluttering round the hatch,
And, pondering, attach
Due interest and consideration meet
To certain sound remarks this bard lays at thy feet.

What dost thou here? Good lack, what dost thou here,
Rose-breasted page of Hiems and the snow,
Less than a hundred miles from Jebel Tier,
Twixt Araby and Egypt, where a-row
The demon islets grow?
Sweet songs of English Yule are in thy mouth:
Forget'st thou, hapless thing, this ship is sailing
South?

And South of this, ah me! what lands await,
What sun-struck lumps of lava grim and gaunt—
Places like Perim, sweltering in the Strait
Of Bab-el-Mandeb, whose mere name would daunt
The boldest! Bird, avaunt!

I tell thee Jebel Zukur lurks ahead;
Get back, most maniac fowl, or thou wert better
dead.

Away in yon dim brazen afterglow
(Which means that midnight will be foully hot),
Behold, good bird, a homing P. and O.;
Transfer thyself with speed to yonder spot.

If thou aspirest not
To save thyself, in mercy then to me
Remove thy incongruous shape, thy mocking
company.

For oh! reflect on all thou dost suggest
As winter's emblem—ulster, fur and muff,
Rug, blanket, muffler, mitten and the rest.
Is this the moment to recall such stuff?

Are we not hot enough?
Can it be kind to drive the toasted soul
To thoughts of steaming drinks and blazing fires
of coal?

So beat it, bird, while yet the going's good
(As seamen say); let winter's icy nip
Assail thee in thy native neighbourhood;
And tell thy fellows there, "I took a trip
Upon a South-bound ship,
But met a bard who said to me, 'Take flight,
And thank your stars you *can*.' And, friends, that
bard was right."
H. B.

A RED-LETTER DAY WITH THE RABBITS.

WHEN Wilkins invited me to take part in the first of the annual hare and rabbit shoots which he had instituted for the benefit of his tenants, I hesitated before accepting. I had read about such functions in the obituary columns, and I am a married man. Wilkins, who as land agent must have had some knowledge of the possibilities, proposed the affair as coolly and casually as if it were a picnic. But Wilkins has been mentioned in despatches during the War and, as he has often told me, takes no more notice of shot and shell than of hailstones.

We found the tenants assembled in the yard of "The Prickly Porcupine," and it at once struck me that they were out to make the most of the golden opportunity. Not a man carried fewer than a hundred-and-fifty cartridges, and their dogs, whose parents seemed to have married rather for love than for breed, were sufficient in number to retrieve a massacre. Everybody loaded up at once, and our walk to the first beat was enlivened by shots at stationary rooks and starlings, in the spirit of a golfer's preliminary waggle before his drive. One determined sportsman drew his gun at a venture in the direction of some pigeons quite five hundred yards distant. There was a strong spirit of optimism in the air.

From the first there was never a dull moment. In the opening walk-up my neighbour, with an evident mistrust of my marksmanship, fired two rapid shots past my waistcoat at a hare which got up on my far side. In the second, a partridge crossing low over the line so sorely tempted another of the guns that, closing one eye and traversing an obtuse angle, he fairly lifted Wilkins' hat with the simultaneous explosion of both barrels. Considering his natural heroism I thought Wilkins was strangely upset, but, as he explained to me later, he had given strict orders that no game was to be shot, and the fellow had annoyed him.

When, on the way to our next stand, another fired his gun past my head, I suddenly remembered that I had forgotten to pay my accident insurance premium. I felt so worried about this that I lost all interest in the day's sport. I almost decided to tell Wilkins about it and return home.

Wilkins, on the other hand, seemed much more enthusiastic. His voice quivered with excitement, and during the ensuing beat, which was through a thick wood, he fired an incredible number of shots. What he was firing at I can't think; I saw nothing myself. Indeed I suspected him of a frantic design to get rid of his ammunition. Anyhow, at the end of the drive he had not a single cartridge left and nothing whatever to show for it.

"Look here, Tomkins," he said breathlessly, "I'll have to go back to the inn and fetch some more ammunition. See you again later," and he turned to go; but I laid firm hold of his arm.

"I have more than enough myself," I said, being animated by the same desire to exhaust my cartridges; "take

horted them with an eloquence worthy of HANNIBAL. He told them that nothing could be further from his mind than the wish to spoil any man's sport, but that they must remember exactly what they were out to kill. With regard to one another they must abide by the principle of "Live and let live."

His words were received with exclamations of "Quite right, Sir," and "Certainly;" but their effect instantly vanished before a swarm of rabbits in the next drive. Plugstreet Wood was a pleasure-ground in comparison with the corner where we stood.

Wilkins came across to my tree. He glanced at the sky and then at me.

"I don't like the look of that cloud," he said; "and I've left my raincoat at the inn."

The extractor still rankled in my mind.

"Oh, it's just a shower," I said cheerfully. Wilkins moved away.

Bang! A rattle of shot struck the branch above me. I approached Wilkins.

"Perhaps you are right about that cloud," I said.

"Oh, it's nothing," he said airily. I left him.

Bang! Someone spattered the earth not five yards from where Wilkins stood. He returned hurriedly.

"I may be wrong,"

he said.

"It will pass," I replied nonchalantly. BANG!! Both of us threw ourselves flat. Then we rose quickly and made off without another word.

After lunch at "The Prickly Porcupine," Wilkins said:—

"There's nothing like a liqueur brandy for snap-shooting."

He raised an imaginary gun and drew a swift bead on the china cat by the fireplace. Then he lowered his arms, looked out of the window and shook his head.

"But it's hardly worth while taking risks in this treacherous winter weather," he added, "unless you are proof against chills?"

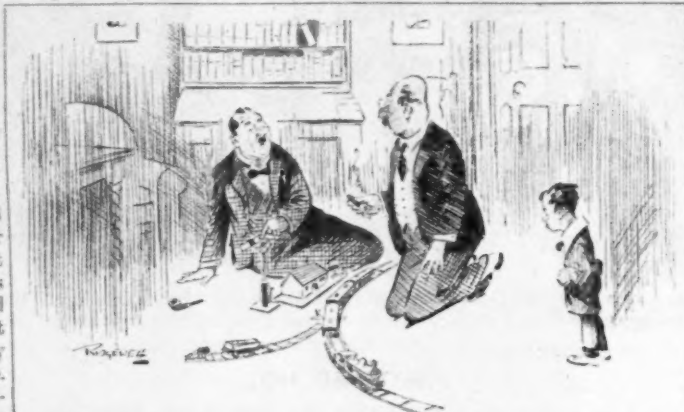
"I am not," I said decisively.

WARSAW, Thursday.

M. Grabski, the new Polish Prime Minister, announced in the Chamber this evening that he contemplates levying a tax on capital during the first six months of 1924 on a rather larger scale than had been at first intended.

Daily Paper.

Well, what else could be expected?



Father (to Uncle). "I SAY, PLAY THE GAME, OLD MAN. I DON'T SEE WHY YOU SHOULD WORK THE SIGNALS ALL THE AFTERNOON."

some of mine." He objected. I pressed him. He refused. I insisted.

We took another section of the wood. Some of the guns lined one side; the remainder, with the beaters, drove towards them, each party firing point-blank on the other. I stood behind a tree and considered my past life. I thought of my children and wished I had been a better father. I thought of my wife and regretted that I had been such a bad husband. I asked myself whether I was not acting selfishly at this very moment in exposing myself to such unequal odds. Who would provide for them when I was gone?

I fired six more shots at nothing in particular, and then, O joy!—a jam! I showed it to Wilkins.

"I'll take it back to the inn," I said; "I've got my ramrod in the car."

But Wilkins produced an extractor from his pocket. I have never felt the same towards him since.

Wilkins now displayed some of that soldierly spirit for which he is famous. He assembled the tenantry and ex-



THE PENALTY OF COMIC FANCY COSTUME.

JONES VAINLY ENDEAVOURS TO GET A TAXI HOME.

QUICKSILVER FREDDY.

My young friend George, when I stayed with him in London a few months ago, said, "You simply *must* come and see Freddy Filton at the Hilarity. He's in *Winnie's Wink*, you know; but it's not the play that counts, it's Freddy's 'gagging.' He is a lad! The night I was there he had everybody helpless, on the stage as well as off. In one scene a fellow comes on in plus-fours, and Freddy has to say something or other to him. Well, he started saying it, they stopped dead, stared very solemnly at the fellow's bags and said, 'What time does the balloon go up?'"

George paused. "Ha, ha!" I said, "ha, ha!"

"It sounds silly, I know," George went on, "but it was the unexpectedness of it that made it so funny at the time. I mean, the other fellow wasn't prepared for it. He turned away—dared not face the audience. You could see his shoulders shaking. And the parlour-maid was fairly doubled up. Everybody roared. Freddy is a lad!"

I agreed that he must be.

Most unfortunately, however, George and I were unable to squeeze in a visit to the Hilarity, so I had to take George's word for it.

* * * * *

My young friend Charles, when I stayed with him in Manchester (where he, so to speak, lives) a few weeks ago, told me that my visit was amazingly opportune because Freddy Filton was at one of the local theatres in *Winnie's Wink*.

"I went to see him on Monday," said Charles. "He was priceless! Of course the play's thin stuff. You want to listen for Freddy's 'gags.' Once he sent the whole theatre into convulsions, and all he did was to stare at a chap in very plussy golf-togs and say, 'What time does the balloon go up?' You could tell it was absolutely spontaneous because the plus-fours chap turned away from the audience and simply rocked. It really was dashed funny."

Charles paused. "Ha, ha!" I said, "ha, ha!"

"Freddy does that sort of thing every night," added Charles. "It must be

awkward for the plus-fours chap, never knowing what to expect."

But one thing and another cropped up, and Charles and I did not get to the local theatre, so I had to take Charles's word for it.

* * * * *

My young friend John is learning to make engines in Birmingham. I paid him a week-end visit recently and found I was again in clover. Freddy Filton was there in *Winnie's Wink*. John, who had attended the first performance, began to tell me a droll tale about him.

"I don't often do a show twice in one week," said John, "but I *must* take you to hear old Freddy. He's the quickest improviser on the stage. I can't think how the other actors cope with him. Here's an example. The night I went he pulled up in the middle of a sentence, turned to a fellow in plus-fours, gazed at him for two seconds, then said—"

"What time does the balloon go up?" "I hazarded.

"Great Scott!" cried John. "That's exactly what he did say. How did you think of that?"

"Oh, just improvisation," I replied.



Small Boy (whose conscience has been pricking him, coming suddenly to his mother's room). "MUMMY, CAN I HAVE SOME SWEETS?"
Mother. "WHAT—NOW, DEAR?"
Small Boy. "NO—YES—TERDAY."

PENNY THOUGHTS.

The Daily Panic was going to press. The atmosphere of the office was electric. The Editor wore a harassed look. Only the day before the proprietor, Lord Linostream, in a characteristically modest article had described his paper as standing "for all that is best and brightest in modern journalism; the ideal paper, in fact, for thinking people." Yet to-night it was clear that without a miracle or a murder the paper would have to be printed with a lamentable shortage of attractive matter.

Things were tragically dull. Only three divorce reports were available. Of these, two were hopelessly commonplace. The third held some human interest by virtue of the fact that the husband was an albino. This case provided the headline on the front page, which ran: "Pink-eyed Husband's Revelations." This was likely to make a special appeal to thinking men and women. What there was of it was good.

Crime was distinctly scarce. The "Mangled Harbourmaster" case made an indifferent story. A dead body had been discovered in the Brixton Road. The reports of the Special Correspond-

ent at the Crickieth Exhumation drama provided stimulating reading. But that was all.

The "Arsenic Sensation" was undoubtedly good in its way, a story to be thankful for. *The Daily Panic* Analyst was able to reveal exclusively that arsenic existed in the dorsal fins of sardines. "Dorsal Fin Terror" made a good line. Seven hundred sardines contained sufficient arsenic to inflict serious and possibly permanent harm on a guinea-pig. This public danger might have passed unnoticed but for the vigilance and enterprise of *The Daily Panic*.

The literary page yielded a little human interest. Mr. Jones, the eminent publicist, had evolved a convincing answer to the all-important question, "Do brunettes marry for love?" and several readers had written interesting letters on the vexed topic of "Cinema Kisses."

On the whole, however, it was a poor paper. The circulation manager frowned as he read the proofs. The Editor rang up Lord Linostream to give him the news. Dejectedly he outlined such tasteless fare as he had provided for his two million thinking readers.

"What about politics?" asked Lord Linostream brusquely. "You are following our usual policy?"

"Which, Chief?" replied the Editor.

"Which?" echoed Lord Linostream. "Surely you realise by now that we are always consistent? Still, you might run through last week's leaders and strike an average, just for to-night. Play for safety. What did you say that your lead story was?"

"Five hundred masked Greeks land at Liverpool," said the Editor proudly.

"Excellent. Attack the Government on that. Point out that *The Daily Panic* has always deprecated masks for Greeks, and the Prime Minister, in his folly, has persistently ignored our advice and instructions. Start the slogan, 'Get Back to Greece.' Oh, yes, and you might also have an insurance story to show that our free policy protects registered readers from masked Greeks, except on private property, when, as you know, they would constitute an Act of God."

"Very good, Chief," said the Editor, hanging up the receiver. A messenger handed him a bundle of the last week's leading articles and his silk hat. The Editor sighed as he tipped the cuttings



DAWN.

EUROPE. "THANK HEAVEN! THAT NIGHTMARE'S OVER AT LAST."





"US THOUGHT AS SQUIRE'S LADY'D BE THE BEST ONE TO OPEN THE BAZAAR, AND, WHEN IT BE TIME FOR FOLKS TO BE CLEARED OFF HOME, IF YOU'D SAY A FEW WORDS."

in. Stirring them slowly with his hand he sent for the leader-writer.

"I want a powerful leader on the Greek story," he remarked when he appeared. "Be sure to attack the Government. For the rest follow the lines of this," he added, withdrawing a cutting. "Keep to our policy. You quite understand?"

"Yes," said the leader-writer dazedly.

Far across London an electric sign proclaimed that *The Daily Panic* was the "paper for thinking men and women."

It was pure coincidence that it winked unceasingly.

Our Tactful Editors.

"Publication of Dr. —'s informative address on the action of alcohol upon the human body is unavoidably deferred until after the Christmas convivialities."—*Local Paper.*

From a parental letter:—

"I wish to give notice for Mary to expire at Christmas."

From a "Broadcasting Programme":

"9-45—The Rev. — on 'Wit and Humour' (all stations except Glasgow)."

Daily Paper.

Where, of course, they don't require it.

THE BOTTLE'S PROGRESS.

THERE are some stories that can be adequately told only by the cinema, and this is one of them. But, as Mr. Punch does not yet give away a moving-picture camera with every copy (as no doubt he will be expected to do in the course of time), the artist and I must do the best we can to take its place.

All adventurous amateurs of London, and especially the young, have a period in their lives when there is no excitement equal to the discovery of a new and remarkable Soho restaurant. It may be French, it may be Italian, and it is sometimes Spanish; but, whatever the alleged nationality, all are alike in being extraordinarily good and extraordinarily cheap, and "For heaven's sake, old man, keep it to yourself, because if you tell everyone the place will be ruined!"

Another peculiarity which most of them have, and which is not perhaps an advantage, is the absence of a licence, so that all wine has to be fetched from a neighbouring shop or public-house.

It was in one of these restaurants (the name of which I would not give away under any consideration) that I

was sitting at lunch recently when two young men entered and took a neighbouring table. Mine was by the window commanding the street; theirs was farther in.

I had no need to strain my ears to learn that the host was of the centre, and the guest a beginner in Bohemia. They had probably been at school together, and this was a re-union after a long interval, and the host was showing off both London and his own intimate London knowledge, as well as his general man-of-the-worldliness.

Having ordered the food they came to the question of the wine.

"You like Burgundy?" the host asked.

Yes, he liked Burgundy.

"You always get good Burgundy in Soho," said the host. "We'll have a bottle. Warms you."

He chose a brand and paid for it—for that, as you know, is the rule in these places—and a young waiter in old evening clothes was sent off to get it.

"Be careful with it," the host called out. "A mistake to shake Burgundy," he explained to his friend.

"Is it? Yes, of course," said the

friend, and they settled down to confidential talk, which I neither heard nor wanted to hear.

It was then that the cinema operator should have begun to turn his handle, for this, as I could see through the window, is what occurred.

The young waiter entered the public-house at the corner and, after an interval long enough for his own refreshment, emerged with the bottle, swinging it thus:—



At this moment he met a friend, also a waiter, from another marvellous little restaurant, who was on the same errand, and the friend took an interest in the bottle and wanted to examine it. His curiosity was defeated by the manoeuvre indicated below, which entailed a further disturbance of the contents:—



As the two men parted, the second of them gave the first a friendly blow

and ran away, and our waiter pursued, brandishing the bottle on high like a club.



The chase ended at the public-house door, when our waiter again turned towards home, again swinging the bottle.

He was nearly home when still another waiter, bent also on the same errand and obviously in a great hurry—probably the result of a heavy tip—arrived and, glancing at the bottle and seeing that it was the same brand that he too had been sent for, asked to be allowed to have it. I could not, of course, hear, but they both came off gesticulating parents and the conversation was as plain as though spoken to me. "I'm in a hurry and you're not," his hands distinctly said. "Here's the money; you go and get another while I run with this."



Our waiter, however, very properly refused to relinquish the bottle, where-

upon the other seized it, and a terrific battle for its possession set in, which,



with a terrific wrench, our waiter won. He then, dishevelled and hot, slipped into the restaurant and disappeared behind the *caisse*, which is just by the door, unobserved by the customers who had despatched him and who, I thought, were long-suffering to a fault. Behind the *caisse* the bottle was uncorked and otherwise dealt with. And this is how it emerged:



The host sipped the wine critically. "Excellent!" he said. "Perfect condition."

E. V. L.

"Young Lady, artistic, Desires Post after Christmas, designing."

Advt. in Midland Paper.

She may be; but why say so?

"A. LOUER.—Two belles chambres meublées (ensemble ou séparées) 1er Etage, geyser; breakfast if desired."—Advt. in Local Paper.

A bold attempt to support the Entente.



Fond Mother (to Schoolmaster). "AND ABOVE ALL I WANT MY LITTLE BOY TAUGHT TO BE AN INNATE GENTLEMAN."

WAYFARERS.

III.—THE JONGLEUR.

'Tis three miles still, and half uphill,
And not a tavern near!
If I should sing my merriest song
None but the birds would hear;
And my three balls of painted wood,
The scarlet, gold and green,
Though ne'er so high I tossed them all
Would drop to earth unseen.

Though on my knee a patch there be
And both my elbows peep,
My jerkin jingles when I walk
And sparkles when I leap:
By daylight it is something frayed
And something dim of hue,
But in the torch-light it appears
As glinting gold and blue.

To my vielle I can sing well,
Or while my bright balls spin,
Stories of Troy and Camelot,
Of Guy and Gamelyn;
And never do I fail to add,
As I draw near an end,
That this great king or that bold knight
Was aye the jongleur's friend.

'Tis two miles now. I wonder how
The taverner will greet
My coming. Shall I pluck the strings
And gambol up the street?

Or shall I stride with chin upheld
And with a lordly port,
Saying I am the King's own man
And newly come from Court?

"Sirs," shall I say, "give you good day!
Your servant, gentle Sirs!
Would ye hear tales of dragons fell
And knights with golden spurs?
And would ye see three balls at once
All spinning in the air?"
(I hope they will not see that one
Is cracked beyond repair!).

Or shall I shout, "Ye loons, come out,
Come out, ye sluggard churls,
If ye have keener ears for song
Than pigs have eyes for pearls!
Yet bring me first, to ease my thirst,
A tankard frothing o'er,
And I perchance might deign to eat
A plump half-hen—or more"?

The best that can befall a man
That lives by crafts like mine
Is when he wins some fire-lit hall
Where Lords or Abbots dine;
There, if the venison have been rich
And sweet the wine of France,
They may be blithe to hear him sing
Or watch the bright balls dance.

Yet cooks may err and fail to stir
The spice into the broth;
Too much or else too little salt
Will make the master wroth;

Alack for the poor jongleur then
That shows his hungry nose!
"Out with the rascal!" is the cry,
And out in haste he goes.

But, if he bask, ere it be dusk,
Unto some tavern dim,
The jolly fellows gathered there
Are seldom harsh to him;
They love to hear a song thrice-sung
And open-mouthed to watch
The whirling balls which well they know
That never *they* could catch.

Now but one mile! Beyond the stile
A grassy path dips down
To where the roofs of silver thatch
Gleam through the oak-trees brown;
Here will I rest, and muse how best
My supper I may find;
Eh, supper is a tuneful word
To him that hath not dined.

D. M. S.

Our Erudite Authors.

From a story:—

"With a patient sigh he would set himself
once more to his silent, thankless task, mur-
muring occasionally to himself a stanza from
the Odes of Horace, or a noteworthy penta-
meter from the Iliad."—*Local Paper*.

We always thought that "HOMER'S
Iliad was the best," but it seems to
have missed out the pentameters.

"BY REQUEST."

EVEN WAGNER is tuneful at times, and the baritone certainly did sing "Star of Eve" extremely well. So well that I forgot myself and clapped him, although I know that it is frightfully suburban to appear to appreciate anything in a popular restaurant. The result was that he treated me to a whole bow, all to myself.

Have you ever been bowed to in a restaurant? All around you are eyes

—eyes as big as saucers, and you feel that you want to crawl under one of your lettuce-leaves, like a slug, and hide yourself. However, in order to brazen the matter out, after the excerpt was finished I sent the singer a note asking him if he might be allowed to sing me something specially, as an encore.

Nothing happened, but later I met him in the lounge and he told me that he was sorry he couldn't accede to my request.

"You see," he said, "you happened to be in the Grill Room."

"But what difference does that make?" I said.

"Everything," he replied. "Upstairs in the restaurant, where you pay a fixed price for a *table d'hôte*, the opera company will oblige with anything you wish, although usually they stick to dreamy cloying operas like *Don Giovanni*, that lull the hearer to satiety. He doesn't eat so much, being, so to speak, fed up on the opera. But downstairs in the Grill Room, where you pay only for what you order, we have strict instructions to concentrate on lively stimulating stuff—something that puts the joy of life into you, so that you eat—and pay for—more food. Possibly you didn't know that the company get a commission on every extra portion they can persuade a diner to order?"

"But it is not only the quantity that is a factor," he went on. "Certain music seems to suit certain dishes."

"Of course," I said. "I suppose that for the *hors d'œuvre* you'd have the Prologue from *Pagliacci*; with the fish there'd be a scene from *The Flying Dutchman*, and so on."

"You've got the idea," he said. "Although, of course, we've studied the matter scientifically. Thus, should the joint be a trifle too well hung, we oblige

with the Barcarolle scene from *The Tales of Hoffmann*. This always makes the diners reminiscent, as you can see by their far-away expressions. Somewhere or other that Barcarolle has appeared in nearly everybody's past life, and a person will sigh and swallow anything without wondering what it is.

"We discovered the effect of harmony on alimentation once when we made a speciality of BERLIOZ' *Faust*. It made the diners shiver so much that we didn't sell an ice all the week, although the



Plumber and his Mate (together, after prolonged silence). "Your move!"

weather was sultry. In the same way it would be a mistake to do the Overture to *Rienzi* with a lamb cutlet. The delicate flavour would be lost amid the thunder of the orchestration.

"Perhaps you imagine that when you come into a restaurant you order what you like; but you don't. On the way there your mind has been running on tomato soup, fried plaice, beef, and apple-dumpling. But when you sit down and discover that we are doing a scene from *Butterfly*, you eventually toy with an olive, a flake of turbot, a stuffed quail, and a *Pêche Melba*—something dainty and a little exotic, to fit the music. And incidentally a little more expensive.

"You'd be surprised if I told you all the secrets of our profession. The head-waiter will come up to me sometimes about 8.15 and tell me that there is a slump in the demand for oysters. We immediately change our programme, and the contralto strikes up '*Mon cœur s'œuvre à la voix*.' That haunting, yearning, passionate melody not only awakens the heart; it stimulates the gastric juices and awakens a desire for oysters. Why *Samson et Dalila* should make people eat oysters I don't know, but it does, and in half-an-hour they'll be opening another barrel downstairs.

"The something, of course, applies to wines. I remember once our proprietor bought up a lot of cheap Chianti. It tasted to me like the stuff we used to clean our buttons with in the Army. What did we do? We set to work and played scenes from all the sweetest, most sugary and gluey Viennese operas we could think of. The patrons needed something sharp and vinegary as a corrective, and by the end of the week the price of the Chianti had gone up to seven shillings a bottle.

"We make mistakes sometimes, of course. One season there was a glut of asparagus, and we didn't find the appropriate accompaniment for a long time. We tried them with martial stuff like the 'Soldiers' Chorus,' but that only caused a run on fried potatoes. Then we turned on the 'Miserere' from *Il Trovatore*, with its sad sinuous melody, acting on the assumption that asparagus was a sad sinuous vegetable. But that made everybody eat cabbage.

Cabbage is the usual response to a mournful minor key, as you may have noticed. Eventually we decided on a bold move. We put *Boris Goudonov* into rag-time, and that worked it. You see, people could eat with one hand, leaving the other one free to beat time with."

"I suppose your proprietor was pleased?" I said.

"No, the ingrate! He began to complain of his laundry bills. The diners made such dreadful messes on the tablecloths as they swayed their shoulders to and fro in time to the 'Death of Boris.' There's no pleasing some people. Good night."



"WHAT BOOTS ARE YE WEARIN', ANGUS?"

"MA NEW BOOTS, FATHER."

"TAKE LARGER STEPS THEN."

CORN IN EGYPT.

SAINT GILES'S, GREYTOWN, PARISH
MAGAZINE.—October.

From the Vicar's Letter.

Our graveyard, now disused—interments ceased several years ago—is in a sad state of decay, and presents a dismally forlorn appearance to all beholders. To restore it to something like proper order a considerable sum would be required, and there are no funds available to meet even a part of the cost. At this juncture I have received an intimation that the Town Council would be willing to consider a scheme for the taking over by them of the graveyard and the conversion of the same into a well-kept public garden. The work would involve, of course, the removal and placing (or stacking) elsewhere of a number of the memorials, together with the obliteration of many of the graves; but it would be carried out, I am assured, with "care, skill and good taste." I give the assurance for what it is worth, though I will not disguise the fact that the idea of such desecration fills me with the profoundest horror.

The matter is urgent, and I am therefore summoning a meeting of parishioners and other interested persons in order to discuss the whole question and

to enable me to furnish a reply to our Municipal Fathers.

SAINT GILES'S, GREYTOWN, PARISH
MAGAZINE.—November.

From the Vicar's Letter.

The hostility aroused by the proposal to hand over our graveyard to the Town Council has been most reassuring. It shows that even in these modern days there are some right-minded people. At the specially convened Parish Meeting the quite unanimous feeling was that the remodelling of the burial ground on the lines indicated would amount to an act of desecration too appalling to be contemplated for a single moment. . . . It was decided that a big effort should be made to restore the churchyard, and a committee was formed charged with the onerous duty of raising the funds necessary to the execution of that important object. . . .

"THE GREYTOWN HERALD."
December 15th.

(Display Advertisement.)

ASSEMBLY ROOMS, GREYTOWN.
DECEMBER 17TH.

Popular Lecture entitled:

**TUT-ANKH-AMEN AND THE
WONDERS OF LUXOR.**

Proceeds in Aid of the St. Giles's
Churchyard Restoration Fund.

A WOMAN'S FIRST WORD.

HERE'S '24, all fresh and new,
And, though his "promise" prove but
showy,
He brings at least one boon to you:
'Tis Leap Year, Chloe.

The bonds which held you back are
burst;

You have achieved at last the blessed
Privilege now of "speaking first,"
Unknown to *Cressid*.

Yet if 'tis yours to say "Be mine!"

Conversely, should I find occasion,
It rests with me now to decline
The invitation.

So, while till then I would be dumb,
In case your resolution waver
Into your hands these verses come
To ask a favour.

Please whisper softly in my ear,
If you approve me on perusal,
And let me have forthwith, my dear,
The "first refusal."

"And yet, good faith, I wish'd myself a man;
Or that we women had men's privilege
Of speaking first."
Troilus and Cressida, Act III., Scene II.

"I cannot help thinking that the Latin proverb, *No, sutor, ultra crepidam*, is only known by comparatively a few."—*China Paper*.

We cannot help agreeing.

HARDY ANNUALS.

"WHAT are you frowning about?" asked Angela.

I remained lost in profound meditation. As a matter of fact I really was meditating, so there was some excuse for it. Sometimes I remain lost in it without meditating at all, merely to impress Angela. All husbands know that these little innocent deceptions are occasionally necessary to maintain the dignity of the head of the house. But this time, as I say, I really was meditating, and meditating pretty deeply too.

Angela repeated her question a little louder and I recalled myself to my surroundings with a convincing start.

"I am thinking over a few resolutions," I said.

"Oh! The sort you put to the meeting, or good ones?"

"At this season of the year—"

"I see. New Year's resolutions."

"Quite. And if I might make a suggestion, Angela—"

I stopped and looked at her hopefully. Her head was on one side and she seemed to be doing a little meditating on her own account. For one delirious moment I fancied that perhaps she too was making a New Year's resolution. I even, I remember, in a whirl of optimism, permitted myself to hope that it might be to the effect that in future my socks— But I was wrong, anyway.

"Are you trying to think of new ones," asked Angela, "or are you just looking out a few of last year's rejects?"

"How do you mean—rejects?"

"You know. All those you made last year and didn't keep."

I frowned. "Even supposing that any such exist," I began severely.

Angela laughed mirthlessly. She does it quite well—it is the result of reading modern fiction in the evenings. But I was in no mood to appreciate it. The subject was not one which seemed to me to call for laughter, however mirthless.

"Mind you dust them well," she said.

I sat up and assumed my sterner or office face. When I spoke it was in the voice to which even Angela pays attention occasionally. "Let us treat this subject seriously," I said.

"Let us hope it will deserve it," said Angela.

"The fact that I made a certain resolution last year," I observed cuttingly, "is no reason why I should not make it again this year."

"Oh, no," said Angela. "It's a very good reason why you should."

"Or next year, or the year after as well," I continued triumphantly.

"Certainly not," agreed Angela. "If you make it often enough you may keep it one of these years."

"Resolution 1A," I said (I am a methodical man), "is to pay my tailor what I owe him."

"An A1 resolution," said Angela, nodding. "But it's a little moth-eaten, isn't it?"

"Why not? Surely by eight o'clock the maids—"

"I mean you can't *continue*. Though there's no reason why you shouldn't begin," she added brightly.

I went on to 1C. "Then there's smoking. Three pipes a day, I think."

Angela opened her eyes. "Where did you find that one?" she asked. "I thought you'd lost it. I haven't seen it since before the War."

"I'm afraid you are not treating—" I began solemnly.

"Never mind," said Angela. "Are there any more?"

"1D: To answer all letters by the next post. 1E: To be patient with the girl at the telephone-exchange, whatever the provocation. 1F: To pay my income-tax cheerfully on or before the first time of asking."

"I know those. You had them all out for a day or two last year. Nothing else?"

"Not in Class 1."

"Oh! Is there a Class 2?"

"There is," I said, "with sub-divisions running from 'A' to, I think, 's.'" I smiled grimly. The thing was going to come home to her now.

"How thrilling! What are they?"

"They are all brand-new. They are a few good resolutions which I have made for you, Angela."

"You shouldn't have bothered," said Angela.

"I've made mine."

"What are they?"

I asked.

"There's only one. It's to see that you keep yours."

THE SKUNK.

"I don't believe it can be *real* skunk at the price," Marjorie said.

As the price in question had been paid by me for the new fur stole which she thus appraised and dispraised, I took her remark as an insult to myself and the animal in question.

"They told me it was skunk at the fur-shop," I said with dignity.

"They would tell you anything," she replied. "Skunk is really rather expensive, and you would *never* get a bargain."

"Well, call it coney or sable, if you like," I said savagely. "Anyhow, I always think skunk is a hideous name."



SCENE—Non-stop train just starting on eighty-mile run.
Convivial Party. "WELL, 'ERE WE ARE, THEN! 'APPY NEW YEAR, EVERYBODY! NOW, WHO'S GOIN' TO OBLIGE WITH A LIL' SONG?"

But I

"What do you mean—moth-eaten?"

"It's like boating-flannels during the English summer—it's only brought out and aired, so to speak, about one day in the year. Then it's put away again for twelve months. I'm afraid the moths may have got at it rather during these last few winters."

"This is an entirely new resolution," I said stiffly.

"I'm sorry," said Angela. "But isn't that rather extravagant? To get a new one, I mean. You see, you had a new one to that effect as recently as 1916, and it hasn't been used much, has it?"

I hurried on to 1n. "I'm going to continue to get up at eight o'clock every morning," I said as off-handedly as I could.

Angela shook her head. "I'm afraid you can't do that," she said.



Vicar. "SO YOUR LITTLE BOY WISHES TO TAKE UP THE OCCUPATION OF ORGAN-BLOWER?"

Mrs. Miggs. "WELL, SIR, 'E DON'T LOOK ON IT QUITE AS A HOCCUPATION—IT'S MORE IN THE NATURE OF A CALL."

like mink and musquash . . . Only I must really ask you to say skunk in the presence of the poor inoffensive beast itself, out of respect for its natural desire to be called by its own name."

"I don't believe skunks have any feelings," Marjorie retorted callously. "And anyhow I'm sure this isn't one."

It was that unguarded statement which brought down an awful retribution upon my unfortunate wife.

Not that I pity her; she deserved it; but it was rather hard that I should also be involved in her shame.

We went to a concert that same afternoon in a large and crowded hall. The day was seasonably damp and unseasonably hot—meteorological observations which have their point, although you may not see it at the moment.

In addition to a few other garments Marjorie wore her new stole, and looked very well in it, although this confession, in the light of her conduct, is wrenched from me unwillingly.

The concert began; the concert proceeded. The atmosphere in the hall became damper and warmer.

As I sat there, steeped in the drowsiness which really good music always

induces in me, memories began to surge through my brain—memories of old wild days in the jungle.

Something—and surely it could not be BACH?—had caused the particular patch of grey matter which contained those memories to vibrate.

I partially roused myself and sniffed. A strange rank odour filled the air, and I knew it was that which had carried me back to the jungle. I glanced at Marjorie and saw, by her expression of intense unconcern, that she also had perceived it.

"I say, d'you notice a queer sort of smell?" I whispered.

"I can't say that I do," my wife answered with extreme nonchalance. "Of course the hall is rather close."

"That doesn't describe it," I said. "And besides—"

I broke off, noticing that the woman in front of us was sniffing audibly. All those of the audience in our immediate neighbourhood displayed a certain uneasiness, and the old gentleman who sat beside Marjorie suddenly rose and plunged out, his handkerchief pressed to his nose.

Stronger and stronger grew that wild

primitive odour, that concentrated essence of menagerie, and suddenly I realised the truth.

It was Marjorie's fur stole defending its honour. There was no other method by which it could establish its skunkhood. It had taken the Only Way.

Marjorie abandoned all subterfuge and gazed at me imploringly.

"Do you think if I sat on it——" she said.

But this had no effect. The fierce aroma rose stronger and stronger as the hall grew warmer, and we sat there, the cynosure of all noses, in crimson shame.

There was nothing for it but flight, and in the next interval we flew.

The fur people talked a great deal upon the telephone about unusual damp and warmth, and fetched the stole for treatment. Since its return it has been entirely odourless and innocuous.

But somehow I am convinced that the remedial process was quite unnecessary. I do not believe that the skunk would ever have troubled us again in any case.

It had proved its point.

THE LOST CHORD.

(Revised Version).

SEATED ONE MORN at my organ
I was restless and ill at ease,
For I had supped too freely
On Kümmel and toasted cheese.

I know not what I was playing,
And I wasn't playing well,
But I struck one chord of music
That lifted the lid off h—l.

It howled like a mad gorilla,
It yelped like a blue baboon
As it munches the wild Manilla
In the Mountains of the Moon.

It tied up the simplest meanings
In horrible knots and twists;
It shrouded the dazzling sunlight
In the murk of miasmic mists.

It was barbarous, botulistic,
It linked the Chimæra's boom
With a dismal, Bedlamistic
And super-decanal gloom.

It shattered my topmost skylight,
It splintered my study door,
And it died away in the twilight
With a galliambic snore.

Oh, I strive with passionate longing
That wondrous chord to recall,
And compose a rhapsody on it
For the Queen's or the Albert Hall.

I have sought—but I seek it vainly—
That chord so cruel and keen
Which entered the soul of the organ
From the soul of SRIABIN.

It may be that Death's euphonium
That chord some day will sound;
But only in Pandemonium
Will its full effect be found.

THE SILENCER.

THE door was marked Private, but the man with the brown bag never allowed little things like that to stand in his way. He turned the handle and went in.

"Good morning, Sir," he said pleasantly. "I can see you are busy, but I shall not keep you long. I have something here that is bound to interest you, a little invention that has lately been placed on the market. I am not out to boom it. That is not necessary. As soon as it becomes known it will be in tremendous demand."

He set his bag down on a chair and wrestled for a moment with a refractory strap. When he resumed, a little flushed by his exertions, he noticed that his prospective customer had adjusted a draught-screen, so that his face was invisible. From what could be seen of the rest of his body he gathered that he was absorbed in a book. But it would have taken more than this to put the visitor off.

"You are very central here," he said. "It is a good site, but noisy. A constant stream of traffic. A barrel-organ too down the side street—rather a metallic tone. Trams at the back—clatter, clash, clang. Yes. And when you get home you are on the telephone, of course, at the mercy of all the other subscribers, the people you know and the others who ring you up by mistake. You have an upright grand in the drawing-room for your daughters and a gramophone in the hall with a large assortment of jazz records, and your family have persuaded you to instal a wireless set.

"As you are a rich man and keep a car you can always run down to the sea or into the country in search of quiet. But you won't get it. The sea makes continual and most irritating noises. The country is infested with lowing cows and grunting pigs; it resounds with the cacophonous clucking of poultry, especially in the early morning.

"Why waste time, petrol and energy in the pursuit of peace? Buy one of our 'Hush! Hush! Silencers' instead. It is easily adjustable and practically unnoticeable, the ear pads being joined by a fine cord passing under the chin, and when it is in place you will hear absolutely nothing. Invaluable to public men, for it saves them the tedium of listening to other people's speeches. Then too, if the Silencer had been invented a hundred years ago, how many of the pieces beloved of amateur reciters would have been spared us! SOUTHEY couldn't have told us how the waters come down at Lodore, or WORDSWORTH have retailed his conversations with the village idiot.

"In your daily relations with your fellow-men it would afford you the most gratifying relief. Slip it on before getting out of the taxi to pay the driver his legal fare; at your club when someone begins to tell you what happened at the second tee; in the restaurant when the foreigner at the next table orders soup.

"And it is a great comfort in the home. In your own domestic circle you may get a little tired of hearing your youngest boy sing, 'Yes, we have no Bananas.' Perhaps your wife's pet Peké has a penetrating bark. Perhaps your wife—

"It will add years to your life. You will avoid that impending nervous breakdown, lose the tired feeling—"

He paused for breath. He was rather surprised. Usually his victims became restive long before this, attempting to check the flow of his eloquence, though always, of course, in vain.

He came a little farther into the room.

As he advanced the other turned his head and looked at him.

"Dear me," he said, "are you there still? I haven't heard a word. A patent arrangement. There is another on the market called the 'Hush! Hush! Silencer,' but this one is superior to it. I slipped it on while you— Must you be going? You'll shut the door, won't you? There's a bit of a draught—"

THE JERRY-BUILDER.

CASTLES in Spain,
Oh, Castles in Spain!
What phantoms have filled 'em?
What Dons of disdain?
With jewels a-jumble
They shimmer until
They totter and tumble;
But still, my dears, still
Castles in Spain,
The vainest of vain,
I build 'em and build 'em
And build 'em again.

Castles in Air
(In Spain or in Air),
They're moonshine and vapour,
Front-hall and back-stair;
By fleetest of Fancy
They're raised in a jiff,
By mere necromancy
Of " 'Twould be nice if——"
Castles in Air,
Oh, false as they're fair!
Yet I build 'em, paint, paper,
And patch and repair.

Castles in Spain
(In Air or in Spain)
They don't cost a *very*
Great deal to maintain;
A hope to adorn 'em,
The dreams you install,
And a tear-drop to mourn 'em
When over they fall.
Castles in Spain
Can topple, 'tis plain,
But, derry-down-derry,
I build 'em again.

"The *Lowestoft* brought home from Sierra Leone a large number of bags of mails from vessels on the Afghan coast."—*Morning Paper*.
We do not know how they got there, but suppose they swam the Himalayas.

"Gentleman requires Bedroom, Breakfast, Dinner, Teas (no Supper), wash himself no other Lodgers."—*Advt. in Local Paper*.

He seems to us not unreasonable in stipulating that his fellow-guests should conduct their own ablutions.

"When you are home for the holidays, and there are all sorts of concaves up in the bedroom . . ."—*Weekly Paper*.
Even more noticeable during the Christmas holidays are the convexes down in the dining-room.



Husband. "MY DEAR, IT'S ALL WRONG BUYING PEARLS THESE DAYS. YOU KNOW WE CAN'T AFFORD IT."

Wife. "BUT, MY DEAR, I WANT CUS TO SEE SHE'S NOT THE ONLY ONE WHO CAN HAVE THINGS SHE CAN'T AFFORD."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

JUSTICE and intimacy are the two most striking qualities of Miss ROSALINE MASSON'S *Life of Robert Louis Stevenson* (CHAMBERS); and, as befits a daughter of the great professor whose classes "Velvet Coat" was not set down for but actually "dropped in" at, she has made the most of her hero's Edinburgh days. A vivacious account of the ancestral STEVENSONS and BALFOURS, whose traits reappear again and again in "TUSITALA" and in "TUSITALA'S" books, precludes the story of his sickly childhood, his youthful reactions to Calvinism and conventionality, and his exorbitant share of those stock conflicts and accommodations which make "genius, so great an asset to the world at large, so trying a housemate." All this is excellently told. So much so that the American and South Sea adventures which follow on STEVENSON'S marriage come almost as an anti-climax to the spiritual hazards of his youth. Perhaps the prettiest story in the book is that of "SMOUT," aged five, assuring his parents that "you can never be good unless you pray;" and on being asked how he came by the conviction replying with emphasis, "Because I've tried it." The Barbizon days are most sympathetically treated; and so too is the early career of STEVENSON'S valiant wife. But the last chapter has the best of the book's new letters—the description,

addressed to "My dear Barrie," of the household at Vailima. And the illustrations, from end to end, are of unique interest.

Pierrot of the World (MILLS AND BOON) is as merry a book as I have read for many a year, but I had better warn readers without imagination that they may find it more mad than merry. And it is true that *Pierrot* himself was as unlike an ordinary human being of to-day as anyone could want to be or be afraid of being; but the idea he represents is extraordinarily sane. "If," *Pierrot* seems to say, "you have a spark of love and admiration for the simple beauties of nature, then in Heaven's name give up your habit of knowing the right people and all such tedious conventions, and go out into the world and enjoy yourself." People who don't happen to have the necessary spark might make a sorry mess of such an experiment; but *Pierrot* not only had the spark but a whole bundle of patent fire-lighters in his equipment. On the whole Miss STELLA CALLAGHAN emerges with distinction from a difficult task. My chief objections are that she insists too strongly upon the vulgarity of her modern millionairess, and that she allows *Pierrot* to play golf. The irresponsible, gay, delightful, impossible *Pierrot* might have blown a feather across the world for any wager you like to name, but he couldn't have played golf. And, even if he had, he most certainly wouldn't have worried about his handicap.

"It can hardly be denied, except by those contumelious persons who are always ready to deny anything and everything, that much of our recent progress is simply due to the revolver and the part it is playing in our everyday life." You can tell by sampling at random an opening sentence like that from *I for One* (LANE) that Mr. J. B. PRIESTLEY is no mean "middler." To write pleasantly, humorously, extravagantly, sagaciously and weekly about nothing in particular is a gift that the gods bestow sparingly. Our modern essayists are, I think, apt to be less precious and allusive than their literary forbears. Possibly it is not considered good form in "middling" circles to put too great a strain upon the scholarship of your readers. And I am not sure that it isn't on the whole a change for the better. Mr. PRIESTLEY displays just that brand of faint egotism which interests without offending. You can pick him up and lay him down anywhere with pleasure—I mean no left-handed compliment—and I haven't the faintest idea why he says that all his papers were intended, devised and written for publication in book form. They haven't at all that air, and you will look in vain for any thread of continuity except their engaging cleverness.

I am bound to confess that I found the town-house prologue to Miss MARGARET KENNEDY's country-house novel, *The Ladies of Lyndon* (HEINEMANN), a little intricate; but, once I arrived at the Oxfordshire seat of the *Clewers* and was introduced, at pre-war tea on the lawn, to all but one of the ladies whose fortunes I was asked to follow, I began to see daylight. I realized that the pivot of the story was the temperament of *Agatha*, the younger *Lady Clewer*,

a romantic too cowardly to realise her dreams and too lazy to forgo them. Her sisters-in-law, *Lois* and *Cynthia*, escape from Lyndon as soon as possible by securing, the one a literary drone, and the other an indefatigable profiteer. *Agatha* stays on until the last chapter, vacillating between her husband and her doctor cousin, and finally losing both. In vivid contrast to *Agatha's* laxity and failure, her brother-in-law's wife, *Dolly*—who starts her career as housemaid at Lyndon, marries its younger son and settles him down unprotesting in a milieu of her own choice—makes a conspicuous, if somewhat incredible, success of a life of unflinching principle. An excellently-indicated dowager, who is left in final possession of Lyndon, completes its list of ladies. Their affairs make vivacious reading; but I feel that Miss KENNEDY has held the camera too close to their features for the highest truths of presentment.

Joan Weaver is discovered, as they say, in the quiet village of Meadwell, Sussex, so quiet indeed that it still bore the legend V.R. on its pillar-box. We are given to

understand that the name of the Great Queen was inscribed even more legibly on the hearts of many of its inhabitants. Yet the season of post-war Conferences had already set in, and *Joan* herself was due to set out for Paris on the morrow to take up a secretarial post that had been found for her by an energetic friend to whom Conferences were mere child's play. In *Looking After Joan* (CHRISTOPHERS) Mr. JOHN PALMER has taken pains to insist on the contrast between Meadwell and Paris, as between *Joan* herself and most of her fellow typewriters. He has given his young lady a pair of dark hazel eyes, light eyebrows, flaxen hair and a fair complexion. So striking a combination proved almost too fatally attractive, and it was as well that *Joan* had with her *Miss Barbara Miers*, that eminently capable head of the secretarial department, to say nothing of Mr. *Nicholas Fayle*, statistical expert and compiler of anthologies of English verse. It is to this gentleman, in spite of his rather unfortunate name, that *Joan's* welfare is ultimately entrusted, but not before the dangers of Paris have been sufficiently exposed. This is quite a good specimen of the light novel, and the author has an eye for character as well as a pleasant stylo. He may be only skating over his subject, but the figures are as well done as need be.



THE NOVICE.

The Horseman. "I HAVE MADE A VOW AT THE SHRINE OF SAINT STEPHEN TO DEVOTE A YEAR TO KNIGHTLY DEEDS. KNOWEST THOU AUGHT OF ANY DAMSELS TO BE RESCUED OR CRUEL MONSTERS TO BE DESTROYED HEREABOUTS?"

The Churl. "NAY, MASTER, I KNOW NAUGHT OF ANY DAMSELS, BUT THERE IS A SCURVY OGRE LIVES IN A CASTLE IN YONDER FOREST WHO MIGHT SUIT A BEGINNER. HE SUFFERETH FROM RHEUMATICS AND HATH MUCH DOLE FROM A COLD IN THE HEAD."

by this arrangement, but his beautiful pictures are quite scientific enough for me, and I am more than content to see all these nice birds faithfully depicted in their proper scenery, so that I can find them at home when I want to. Of his letter-press Mr. THORBURN says modestly that he has "added a few notes on the general habits of each species." It is true that he has not attempted any literary adornment, but the information he gives is all that any reasonable naturalist or fowler could desire. If any species has been clever enough to escape his notice I shall not distress myself about it, being well satisfied to know that he has dealt with over a couple of hundred of them. . . . You will have to pay several guineas for the book, but it is easily worth it.

Another Wireless Wonder.

"BROADCASTING ACROSS THE ATLANTIC.

As American time is five hours in advance of Greenwich time, the wireless concert was, of course, heard in America five hours earlier than the official time of its broadcasting on this side."—*Daily Paper*.

CHARIVARIA.

"PEOPLE are gradually finding their way to the Riviera," says a Society note. We ourselves have for a long time had an excellent map of the route.

A contemporary mentions that France has paid all her War debts to Switzerland and Spain. One theory is that she probably mislaid Britain's address.

The latest fashion prediction is that women will this year wear high-crowned highwaymen hats and will carry long umbrellas. Husbands, of course, will wear last year's suits and cheque-books will be carried.

The London Chess League held a conference last week, and at the same time a chess tournament was played at Hastings. The Old Country seems to be going the pace in the New Year.

One of two human skulls unearthed on the site of old Roman baths in Bath is said by an expert to have had a powerful tooth extracted in a professional manner. The other skull is thought to belong to the dentist, the patient having acted in the heat of the moment.

Mr. CURTIS BOK, a member of the Board of the Eastern State Penitentiary, U.S.A., has decided to spend two weeks in a convict's cell to gain information of prison life. The other inmates complain that he has not qualified and that this is a bad case of influence.

The profits on gas undertakings showed a remarkable increase last year. It is hoped that at last the House of Commons will declare a dividend.

To fireproof a fancy-dress, says Mr. A. HARDY in a contemporary, it should be steeped in a solution of water, boric acid and soda tungstate. It is usually advisable to remove the wearer first.

M. DZERJINSKY, head of the Soviet Political Police, states that not more than a thousand arrests have been made in Russia of late. It is only fair to point out that this is their slack season.

Members of one Golf Club in Paris are expected to wear evening dress when playing just before dinner. Strangely

enough it is not unknown for a man in this country to play golf in spite of wearing dressy plus-fours.

A Paris message states that an American visitor at one of the leading hotels at Nice tipped the barman twelve pounds. It is pointed out that he could have had soda with it in his own country at that price.



Bridegroom (who has soaked very late on the eventful day). "IS THAT YOU, DARLING? I SAY, DON'T GET MARRIED TILL I COME."

Giving evidence recently a young man told a County Court judge that he had kissed two girls in his lifetime. The Sheik!

TO-DAY'S AGONY.—Will the gentleman who received a knitted necktie from his wife as a Christmas present please return home?

Engineers are still unable to explain the explosion which took place in a large gas main in Hampshire on Christ-

mas evening. In some quarters it is thought that the young thermos must have overeaten themselves.

We gather from a contemporary that nearly fifty different bodies have a right to break up the streets of London. The trouble is that they do it, too.

A contemporary is of the opinion that motor cars will be cheaper this year. It is feared that in that case pedestrians will also show a downward tendency.

"What is the origin of Mah-Jongg?" asks a headline. We believe it is derived from the Chinese "Mah-Jongg," which means "Mah-Jongg."

In the course of his recent lectures to children Sir WILLIAM BRAGG showed them a feather and a sovereign falling at the same pace in a vacuum tube. A mark, of course, would have fallen much faster.

A lady has been appointed Borough Meteorologist at Buxton. Visitors and residents expect much from the softening feminine influence on the local weather.

In a report of a recent League football match it was stated that the players were excited. No reason was given for this unwonted animation.

The new aquarium at the Zoo will not be opened till April. Meanwhile Parliament is already open.

A Registrar has been married in his own Registry Office. In our opinion it serves him right.

Mr. G. B. SHAW's play, *Saint Joan*, which took a long time to act when it was produced in New York, is to be staged in London. The initial performance is sure to be attended by all his regular first-monthners.

Primroses in bloom are reported to be unusually numerous in the Thames Valley. This, however, must not distract our attention from the fact that dog-licences are now due.

"SWEETSHOP SHOT."
Headline in Provincial Paper.

At last bull's-eyes have been taken seriously.

THE MODESTY OF THE CONSERVATIVE PARTY.

[The Editor declines to assume any responsibility for the views of his contributor.]

BROUGHT up in the Liberal faith, I have remained true to the doctrines which I imbibed with my earliest nourishment. That is to say, I am to-day a Progressive, or Live-hard, Conservative.

For the last decade or two I have been conscious that I and those who shared my views, though we have been too modest to say so, possessed in a marked degree that virtue of modesty which is commonly found with true greatness. But never till the present moment, when it has been revealed to me by the attitude of the rival parties—otherwise sharply divided, but on this point apparently in close agreement—have I suspected the full magnitude both of our modesty and of our nobility.

What are the facts? (This is a rhetorical question and I am not asking for information; I am telling you.) As declared by the verdict of the People's voice the Conservative Party is still considerably the largest party in the State. I admit that the electors have for the moment declined to accept the particular policy which its leader advocated as a relief for unemployment. But, if to-morrow he discarded the policy of Protection—treating it as if it had been turned down by a referendum—and went again to the country, there is nothing to show that our party would not be returned, as it was returned a year ago, with a clear majority over all other parties.

Yet such is our recognised distaste for self-assertion that the mere suggestion that the strongest party in the State should carry on the Government, confining itself to measures that would reasonably claim the approval of all moderate politicians, is rejected at once as unthinkable. Public sentiment seems to recoil in horror from the bare idea that the Conservative Party would ever dream of so far asserting itself as to attempt the task of Government when in a minority.

I say nothing of Mr. ASQUITH, who, without waiting to hear the King's Speech, announced that he would not lift a finger to keep the present Government in power. I find but little significance in this remark, which was just a flourish of bravado, made under the eyes of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's portrait at the National Liberal Club. Mr. ASQUITH knew well enough that his finger would never be officially invited to execute any such gesture. But I find great significance in the attitude of *The Times* in this connection. *The Times*, so ably edited that it nearly always reflects my own views, tells us that, while "it is open to the Conservative Party to avoid a decisive vote and to retain office upon sufferance at a price, . . . it would ruin them for a generation and discredit the public life of the country." (The italics are mine; Mr. LOVAT FRASER was writing elsewhere.)

Now it is almost ludicrously clear that any party that comes into power (if you can call it "power") could only exist "upon sufferance"; yet I don't hear anybody saying that, if the Socialist Party (or, in turn, the Liberal Party) attempted to govern upon sufferance, such an attempt would "discredit the public life of the country." The obvious implication—namely that a certain course of action which might be good enough for other parties would be discreditable in the case of a Conservative Government ("*Corruptio optimi pessima*")—seems to me most significant. Can you wonder that nothing but our innate modesty prevents us from bursting with pride as we reflect on the higher standard of political honour which is apparently demanded of us?

It will be recalled that Mr. ASQUITH, in addressing his enthusiastic followers, reminded them that they constituted the middle party. It was not the language of caution; not

the language of a man who adopts the *via media* because he believes in the principle of "safety first." On the contrary, he frankly gloried in the fact that the Liberal Party controlled the balance; and he further indicated that, if they were wise, they would use their advantage for all it was worth. This is not the first time that a group has held the balance in a British Parliament. The Irish Nationalists held it not so very long ago. But I cannot remember that this was regarded at the time by the public, or even by those who held it, as a position worth boasting very loudly about. The advantage of commanding the situation in this way is that at any moment you can rig it to suit your own ends. But such an advantage makes it very difficult to maintain a reputation for incorruptibility.

I hope I am incapable of imputing sinister motives to Mr. ASQUITH, though he seems prepared by one adjustment of the weights to put the Socialist Party in power, and then by another adjustment of the weights to take its place. I only say that nobody so much as hints that the Conservative Party, whose weight happens to be far heavier, would ever consent to play the inglorious game of oscillating from side to side of the see-saw. This confidence which the public reposes in our static qualities puts a great strain upon the modesty of my party.

But what strains it almost to the breaking-point is the assumption that, if the Liberal Party eventually comes into office, it will be able to count upon our showing them the goodwill which they are determined not to exercise towards us. In other words, that they will rely upon our support to maintain them on the very Bench from which they have first turned us out. There is, of course, good ground for such an assumption in the precedent of our action at the first moment of the outbreak of the Great War. And I have no doubt that, if we thought it would serve the country's need, we should do it again. But that Mr. ASQUITH should credit us with patriotic motives which he apparently repudiates for his own party seems almost too good to be true.

In conclusion I return to what I said of the modesty that is found with true greatness. I entertain no apprehension that all these compliments paid to our integrity and stability, these tributes rendered unconsciously and by implication, will go to our heads and swell them. But, as we pass with quiet dignity into Opposition, we may at least take some little pride in the thought of the high esteem in which we appear to be held by the other two parties whose joint action will have kicked us out of office. O. S.

THE FURNITURE OF EDEN.

[“Domestic happiness depends very largely on cupboard accommodation.”—*Daily Paper*.]

“WELL, I never,” said Anne as she read out the bit

That is printed in brackets above,

“To think I had always attributed it

To my womanly wisdom and love!

We’ve been happy together—now, haven’t we, dear?—

Though we are overdrawn at the bank;

I was proud of my efforts, but now it is clear

We have largely our cupboards to thank.”

“Yes, doubtless our cause of contentment is this,”

I replied; “it accounts for the fact,

Though I blandly assumed our connubial bliss

Was due to my patience and tact;

I was plainly a blind egotistical prig,

And conceit my predominant sin;

For are not our cupboards sufficiently big

To hide all our skeletons in?”



THE BENEVOLENT DEBTOR.

M. POINCARÉ (*distributing largesse to the Little Entente and other new friends*). "THERE YOU ARE, MY BOYS. NOW GO AND BUY YOURSELVES SOME SOLDIERS AND GUNS."

[France has recently lent some eight hundred millions of francs to Poland, Roumania and Yugo-Slavia, to be expended in war-material. The French war-debt to this country, including accrued interest, now amounts to about six hundred millions sterling.]



Acquaintance. "Hullo! Fancy dress?"

THE HYPERCRITICS.

AN attendant was selling copies of *Treasure Island* in the vestibule of the Strand Theatre, and for all I know there may have been many amongst the audience to whom the book of the words was unfamiliar. Two of them, however, and not the biggest, appeared to have swotted it up before.

"What does he have such a white face as that for? I say, he oughtn't to have such a white face as that—*Billy Bones* oughtn't, ought he?"

"Why not?"

"'Cos it says he was a brown old seaman in the book."

"But it said he had a blue nose, anyway."

"Still he ought to have a brown face all the same."

"Coo, you wouldn't have a brown face if you sat drinking rum all day."

"Yes, I would."

"No, you wouldn't. Mater, would Tubby have a brown face if he drank rum all day inside an inn?"

"Hush, dears! Don't chatter so much. Attend to the play."

But they were attending, you know. For a grown-up spectator with a somewhat hazy memory of the *Hispaniola's*

cruise there were, perhaps, other points of criticism and admiration. Seeing it now for the third time (from "*The Bar-parlour of The Admiral Benbow*" to "*Spy-glass Hill*"), I still wondered why *Barbecue* thought it necessary, after each of his oily insincerities, to make a face behind the backs of those to whom they were spoken. Surely we all knew what manner of man *Barbecue* was. And I still wondered at the comic and chorus-like unterrifyingness of the greater part of the pirate crew. . . . *Tom Morgan* and *George Merry*? I don't think so. These men had never sailed in the *Walrus* with *Flint*. They had sailed under *Captain Hook*. If they had ever rolled with dirks in any scuppers, they had rolled there with *Starkey* and *Smee*: all possibly except *Israel Hands*.

But chiefly I wondered again at the skill with which so many scenes and so many sentences of the actual book had been crowded into the swift passage of a three-hours' play. The two scholars just behind me, however, were not interested in matters like these. They had other cares. It would have done their masters good, I am sure, to have heard them. They reminded me of those high-spirited Germans who wrangle so prodigiously in footnotes at the

bottom of pages of Greek. They combined pedantry with gusto and a long memory with *verve*. They seldom both stood up at once, but there was always one on his feet, and he usually so manoeuvred as to interfere with the vision of the other.

"Got him! That's *Redruth* they've killed."

"No, it isn't, you fool; it's *Joyce*. *Redruth* was killed before that. As soon as ever they got into the stockade. 'Cos don't you remember the Captain put a Union Jack over his body?"

"*Joyce's* body, you mean."

"*Redruth's*, you owl."

"No, it was *Joyce*."

"Look here, I'll give you a pretty nifty hack on the shins unless you say it was *Redruth's* body."

"All right, *Redruth's*, then."

"Tubby, you really *must* sit down."

But how can you expect a mother to appreciate the niceties of textual criticism?

Tubby sat down, but Michael was almost instantly on his feet. (I think it was Michael at the font, but everyday usage seemed to have turned it into "*Bags*.")

"*Ben Gunn* didn't really come into the round-house at all," he announced. "He stayed in the woods."

"Course he didn't come into the round-house." This with some contempt. "Or *Long John* didn't, either. They made him sit outside in the sand. 'Cos he said, 'It's a main cold morning to be sure, Sir, to sit outside upon the sand.'"

"And not anybody would give him a hand up. So he growled the foulest imprecations," corroborated Bags.

"Well, he's done that, anyway."

"Oh, look! He spat."

"He didn't spit really."

"Yes, he did; I saw it come out of his mouth. Mater, he did spit really then, didn't he? Tubby says he didn't spit."

"Hush, my dear, I'm sure I don't know."

"Well, anyway, he ought to have spat into the spring where the old kettle was, and he didn't."

"Never mind, my dear; I'm sure he's doing it wonderfully."

"Yes, but he ought to have spat in the spring all the same."

It would be a hard thing, I reflected, if all dramatic critics were as exigent as this. I tried to picture the number of thumb-marks that there must be on the copy at home.

"Tubby, if you don't sit down I'll tip you the Black Spot. Mater, I've thought of a riddle: Why is Tubby like *Treasure Island*? Because he's shaped like a fat dragon standing up."

"Now, Tubby, if you don't sit down at once I shall be seriously annoyed."

"Is that a *real* man's skeleton, Mater?"

"Yes, my dear, I expect so."

"Coo, it can't be *Allardyce's* skeleton. He was a much taller man than that."

"That ought to be a creeper over him, not a fern."

"The birds had eaten bits of him, anyway."

"They couldn't eat his bones, could they, Mater?"

"No, my dear, of course they couldn't."

Feverish excitement caused a few moments' hush. But in the last scene the spirit of criticism broke loose once more.

"Coo, look at the treasure. It's all coffee-pots and cups."

"I don't see any bars of gold," chimed in the other purist. And then his mind seemed to hark back.

"Mater, when *Long John* threw his crutch at *Tom* and then stabbed him, did he have a knife with a spring in it, d'you think, or did he put it through part of his clothes?"

"He oughtn't to have dragged him back really at all after he hit him with the crutch," observed the inexorable Tubby. "He ought to have jumped on the top of him and buried his knife in him—twice, up to the hilt."

I rather hoped that Tubby's Christ-



Mother (to recalcitrant offspring). "YOU WAIT TILL THE OVERCHURE STARTS—I WON'T 'ARF DOX YOUR EARS!"

mas present had been an engine, or something fairly peaceable like that.

"Mater, was that really the parrot talking every time, or did somebody talk for it? . . . *Captain Smollett* didn't bleed much, Mater, did he? . . . I say, *De Livesey* didn't get much blood out of *Billy Bones*, did he?"

"Is that all?" exclaimed Bags in bitter disappointment as the curtain fell.

"Shan't we see them sailing home?"

"Jolly good show all same," rejoined Tubby with a tolerant air.

MR. ARTHUR BOURCHIER, I am given to understand, is apt to be a little restive under criticism, and these were hyper-critics, in a manner of speaking, as you might say. Yet I think it possible that he would have found it in his heart to forgive them.

EVOE.

Sad Effects of Hogmanay Nicht.

"It used to be said that on New Year's Eve, Scotland was drunk to a man, and that it spent the next day's holiday out. 'SOSOSOXO st go Sndegs ut'—*Provincial Paper*."

"WOMAN OF SIX REGNS."

Headline in *Daily Paper*.

There is no limit to the precocity of some of our modern infants.

"A furnished bedroom, with every convenience, 'phone; 'bus passes door, also breakfast."—*Advt. in Daily Paper*.

We hate it when our breakfast passes the door.

"He did so—wondering what was coming. Another fine instalment will appear to-morrow."—*Feuilleton in Daily Paper*. But surely he might have guessed that much.

A LESSON IN SPELLING.

"Mr. Percy Peetch," says my hostess; and I wince, for I know what is passing in your mind. You visualise me as Percy Peach, and it seems too good to be true. You picture me on the music-hall stage. You invent nicknames for me. In short, you are amused. But your mirth is a dagger in my side. I bear the name of Peetch, but as a Christian bears his cross. It has a good English history, and I resent the fact that persons whose sense of humour seems the only sense they have should smile incredulously when I am introduced.

One young thing, when our hostess said our names, even went so far as to murmur in a throaty contralto (aside, but overheard by me), "The Dorling!" I treated her distantly. I am not a doll or a dog. People simply will not realise that I am no more Peach than I am plum or apple.

Peetch, as people say, is a song and dance by itself, but the combination of Peetch with Percy is more than a man should be asked to bear. Sheer gratuitous imbecility must have possessed my parents when they named me. Perhaps they had just won a £10,000 Competition in which Percy was adjudged the most popular name. Perhaps it was the name of a racehorse or a dancer or a dress-designer of the day. I ought to be grateful it isn't Wambli.

Anything might have led to this piece of *espièglerie*, but I think myself they did a dark deed with a pin and their eyes shut. You know the rite. That is my explanation of the jocund alliteration that became my name.

At my prep. school, of course, where intelligence was not of a high order, I suffered from the pleasantries of undeveloped minds, and even later, when my associates had advanced in culture, such nicknames as "Blossom" and "Clingstone" were forced upon me.

With all this joyless experience behind me, I am naturally sensitive as to the exact spelling of my name. But this fastidiousness of mine wakes, I find, no answering chord in others. Persons who would blush to mis-spell any word in common use simply lose all shame when it comes to the name of a human being. All sorts of variations look up at me from the envelopes of my morning post—Peach, Peche, Petch, Peatch, Pietch.

But I am not a Peetch for nothing. Was not my great-uncle Jarvis Peetch in the Diplomatic service? Was not my father an estate-agent? And I think I may with all modesty say that I myself know a hawk from a handsaw.

Let me tell you of a scheme I have developed by which persons who take a careless view of nomenclature may be galvanised into attention and even respect. My medical man, Dr. Sharp, is one of these. We have been acquainted for almost eight years on and off, and up to a week ago he had tried every means that the science of combinations and permutations afforded him of mis-spelling my name.

I made from time to time delicate and playful remonstrances, but, finding him sunk in apathy, I realised it was no good trying to cut blocks with a razor, and I resorted to a method which in its effect only goes to show what an absolute egoist the man is.

Answering his last letter, I began innocently, "Dear Dr. Scharp," just like that. His reply came this morning, "Dear Mr. Peetch."

If he forgets again I have still a shot in my locker. I don't think he would like two little dots on the "a"!

Our Cynical Schoolboys.

From an examination-paper:—

"When Henry VIII. married Catherine of Aragon he had obtained a compensation from the Pope."

WAYFARERS.

IV.—THE PEDLAR.

To comfits and pomanders
A maiden may say nay;
From buckles and from buttons
A lad may turn away;
For little pins and little knives
Nor he nor she may sigh;

But when I show them ribbons, my fluttering dangling
ribbons, my many-coloured ribbons,
Then maid and lad will buy.

I toss my ribbons gaily,
I make them fly and float;
A knot of cherry-colour
Becomes a hodden coat;
If new, then it looks newer still,
If old, then it looks new,

Decked with my silken love-knots, my broad or narrow
love-knots, my cherry-coloured love-knots,
Or lily-white or blue.

My pack is sometimes heavy
And hard upon my back,
But all the folk come running
When I unfold my pack;
The very geese and hens come out
To see what may be seen

When I set forth my trinkets, my beads and gauds and
trinkets, my brass and pewter trinkets
Upon the village green.

I plod about the country
To wake and feast and fair;
Last week I was at Eton;
Would that this week I were!
For many pence the people spent
Upon my tinkling toys,

And whipping-tops and ginger, comfits and plums and
ginger—yea, much hot tingling ginger
I sold KING HENRY'S boys.

I know this Isle of England
As books the scholars know;
For good St. AUDREY'S feast-day
To Ely soon I go;
Then from the fens I will betake
Myself unto the weald,

Where I shall sell my trifles, my pretty foolish trifles, my
chinking winking trifles,
From Hythe to Rotherfield.

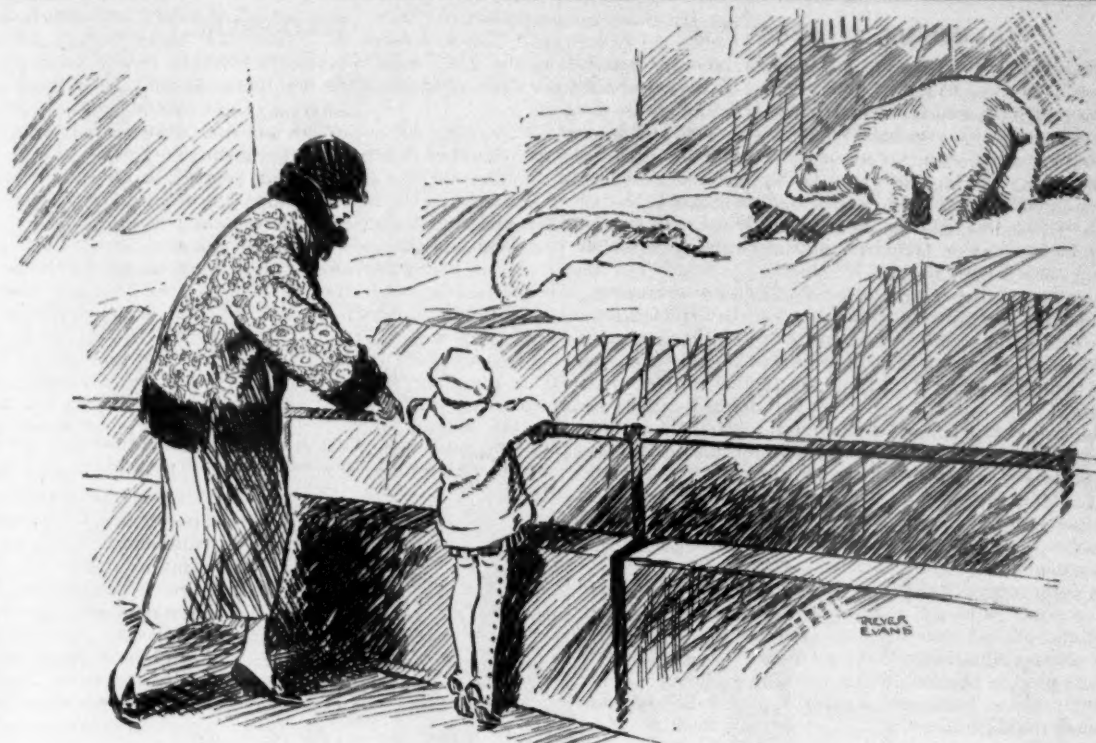
I know this Isle of England
As a monk his cloister knows,
Ay, every happy river
That in our England flows;
From Severn unto reedy Ouse,
From Ribble unto Stour,

Have I not walked beside them, stumbled and sung beside
them, and dreamed and drowsed beside them
Through many a golden hour?

Now in the jocund Spring-time,
When waketh bud and bell,
This Isle is like a pedlar
With brave new wares to sell;
With little birds, and daisy-heads,
And blossom rosy-pearled,

Its pack is full of wonders, O fluttering shining wonders,
wingéd and warbling wonders,
The sweetest i' the world!

D. M. S.



"DON'T GO TOO NEAR THE POLAR BEARS, DARLING; YOU KNOW YOU'VE ALREADY GOT A COLD."

A LITERAL LAPSE.

THERE is something uncanny in the fascination which a dictionary holds. You take the book down from the shelf, intending to refer to one word and one word only, a peculiarly obscure word with which some ill-bred pedantic fellow has puzzled you.

It is, you would say, the work of a moment. It is not worth while sitting down with the book. You turn the pages as you stand beside the shelf. You find your word. As you expected, it is most unsuited to the sense in which it has been employed. If it had been used properly you would have recognised it. It is of Greek derivation, and you were rather a lad at Greek some years ago.

You are about to close the book when another word attracts your eye, a distinguished noble-sounding word, a word of many letters, perhaps, which may be of great value to you if you are paid by the line, as I am.

Next, an illustration catches your eye. (Beware, reader, of those harsh, soulless modern dictionaries which have no illustrations at all. They are a deplorable sign of the decadence of our time. For myself I will have none of them; and if ever I mistake on sight an acorn for a yawl, or a hippopotamus for a beef-

eater, the shame and blame of it will rest on no head but my own.)

And so it goes on; and you turn from page to page aimlessly, until you have wasted half-an-hour and forgotten the meaning of the word which you first looked up.

The reader must forgive this ponderous method of approaching a slender tale, for I am paid, as I have mentioned, by the line. (And hope, moreover, to be paid even for those lines in which I have explained the system on which I am paid.)

It was then, while I was under the spell of a dictionary, that I made the discovery which forms the kernel of this anecdote. The discovery was, in short, that the phrase "plain sailing" is, according to my lexicon, not "plain sailing" at all, but "plane sailing," and refers to a custom amongst mariners (and doubtless a praiseworthy one) of "determining a ship's position in her course on the supposition that she is moving on a plane."

The detection of so much subtlety in so honest-seeming a phrase provided me with the germ of a Great Idea. You must know that Cynthia and her people have thought fit from time to time to twit me on the inaccuracy of my spelling. Needless to say there is no foundation in fact for their aspersion. It may

truly be that now and then I place an "i" before an "e" or an "e" before an "i," in defiance of orthodox practice, but to make such an occasional lapse the basis of a general charge is manifestly absurd.

Now Cynthia and all her house are wofully ignorant on nautical questions, and I saw in this phrase a heaven-sent opportunity to lay a cunning trap for them. At once, although it was nearly midnight, I sat down and wrote a letter to her, into which I introduced the expression "plane sailing" with considerable ingenuity.

The plan worked perfectly. When next I visited them they attacked me in a body. My last letter, they said, had contained a puerile mistake in spelling. I denied it with an air of dignity and quiet assurance. Cynthia offered to bet me an even five shillings on the point. I was magnanimous and said I would give her five shillings to a penny.

The letter was produced.

* * * * *
Five shillings is not a great sum, but my ancestors came long ago (before the War) from the land beyond the Tweed, and the memory of that letter rankles. For Cynthia was right. I *had* made a puerile mistake in spelling. I had, in fact, written "plane saling."

BA-NA-NA.

AMONG all the objects of interest which have come to light in the course of the recent discoveries in Egypt, none assuredly will have greater attraction for the lay mind than the complete set of pieces for playing the game of Bana-na found in KING TUT-ANKH-AMEN's tomb. It was long known that the game in question was a favourite pastime among the Kings of the Nineteenth Dynasty; and there seems to be no solid ground for Professor Space's scepticism as to the truth of HERODOTUS's well-known statement that it was the most expensive game of all those which he knew.

The Father of History, however, tells us that, although he has learnt the rules, he willingly forgets them. More fortunate than our ancestors, we are now in possession not only of a complete outfit for the game, but also of a set of Rules, which (by a miraculous piece of good luck) has come down to us almost intact. These rules were inscribed in minute hieroglyphics on panels of wood encrusted with gold; and the importance of the discovery will be appreciated when we say that a full translation of them, from the scholarly pen of Professor Crashbore (authorized by the Committee of the Portland Club), occupies no fewer than four hundred pages in the stoutly-bound volume which lies before us. The illustrations are to be published separately, we learn, as a supplement.

Through the courtesy of Mr. Silas C. Stiefelbeiner, of Boston, Mass., we are in a position to give here a short abstract of the principles regulating the conduct of this ingenious and interesting pastime. The pieces, no fewer than fifty-two in number, are cut in the shape of oblate spheroids or cubes. The cubes are divided into four "cataracts" (or suits, as we should call them): the Red, the White, the Blue and the Blue-Green. Each cataract contains thirteen cubes, named after deities and sacred animals; to be precise—Thoth, Isis, Anubis, the cat, the crocodile, the ape, the serpent, the goose, the ibis, the bull, the rat, the hyena and the A-a. There is some doubt about the translation of this important word. Professor Crashbore translates "the Sun" or "the Sun-spot,"

but Mr. Stiefelbeiner prefers the interpretation "One Spot." This completes the outfit, apart from the 2,012 differently-carved counters without which it is impossible to score.

The preliminaries of the game are as follows. The player whose birthday falls nearest to the summer solstice is chosen to be the "Mummy." He is forthwith carefully wrapped up in fine bandages, which enshroud his entire person. The other players, three or more in number, now build all the cubes (or spheroids) into a pyramid, the Mummy meanwhile standing with his back to them and his face to the sun. When the pyramid is complete the Mummy selects one cube at random, which he puts aside. He is then unrolled, and the game proceeds. The

over his left shoulder, saying as he does so, "Hoo-Ra," which means, "These cubes are identical in character, and I do not intend to play with them any longer." Care should be exercised to collect all the pieces so thrown aside when the game is over.

All the players in rotation imitate his example; and the game properly so called now commences.

The first player is blindfolded, and selects a cube from among those in the possession of the Mummy; should it prove to be of the same character as one of those he has already, he throws both over his shoulder as before. The player on his south now blindfolds himself, and chooses from among the first player's stock, and so on all round the company.



Lady in background. "I DUNNO 'OW SHE 'AS THE 'EART TO GO PUTTIN' OF NEW 'ATE ON 'ER 'EAD WHEN SHE OUGHT TO BE PUTTIN' OF 'EM ON 'ER CHILD'S FEET."

object of these preliminaries is to secure that no player shall become aware of the value of the cube in question, whether accidentally or by design.

The player to the west-north-west of the Mummy now takes the cube on the left of the gap made by the Mummy's choice. He is followed in turn by the fellow on his west-north-west-by-west, and so on all round the company, until the pyramid falls, as it commonly does before long. They now say together, "The river has risen," and the remaining pieces are divided equally among the players.

Each player proceeds to build up his pieces into the form of a tomb, with the characters facing himself. It is now the turn of the player sitting south of the Mummy. He looks carefully at his cubes, and, should he notice that he has two cubes whose characters are the same (for example, two Thoths, two cats or two A-a's), he throws them

It will be seen that the store in front of each player thus gradually diminishes. When a player's tomb has entirely disappeared, he bows to the Mummy with the appropriate phrase, "Aimowt," which may be translated, "I am alive, and my tomb shall not bury me."

At the end one player is left with a single unmatched cube. As he displays it the other players point at him and say in chorus, "Bo" (which means "Old Sphinx"). Professor Crashbore is no doubt right in assuming that the person to whom this happens was originally offered up as a sacrifice to the god Thoth; but the custom of the Nineteenth Dynasty, which is *a fortiori* more likely to commend itself to the humane tastes of the present age, was to smear the face of the "Old Sphinx" with soot. From the "Advice to Players" given at the end of the Rules it is clear that if an unmarried woman occupied the position of the "Old Sphinx" it was considered fatal to her matrimonial prospects.

The Rules seem to assume that the unmatched cube left over at the end will necessarily be of the same character with the cube originally selected by the Mummy. It is easy to apply the question-begging name of "superstition" to such beliefs, but the present writer has found the principle come true in a remarkable number of instances.

We have no time to explain the ingenious system by which the scoring is conducted; in outline it is enough to



"WHAT DO YOU SAY TO ONE OF MY OLD SUITS?"

"WELL, SIR, IF IT'S QUIET—SOMETHING IN A NICE GREY."

say that each player puts as many "boats" (counters) into the "lake" as he likes, and all these are made over at the end of the game to the player who has first been in a position to make the "Aimowt" declaration.

The reader must not run away with the impression that, because he has mastered this simple exposition of the game, he is therefore a qualified Ba na na player. The rules look simple, but it is on record that an Egyptian priest regarded himself as still a novice when he had devoted forty years to the game.

It is an awe-inspiring thought that the predecessors of the PHARAONHS found recreation in a pursuit which, after the lapse of centuries, has still its appeal to the feverish modernity of the Western mind.

"CAPITAL DISPLAY BY HULL AND EAST RIDING."

Headline in Daily Paper.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD will know how to deal with this ostentation.

From a report of a speech about women M.P.'s:—

"The ideal of comradeship and partnership in married life must inspire them in their relationships with men members of the Commons."—Provincial Paper.

And 1924 is leap year, too.

THE ENGLISHMAN.

(A very Patriotic Song, for use in Grand Opera—or in the bath.)

Air: "Here's a health unto His Majesty."

WHEN Earth in Eden did awake
And Man was made and mated
The earliest men, by some mistake,
Were foreigners all created;
And in this fix the world began,
Till Heaven conceived a nobler plan
And there was born an Englishman—
With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Still half the sphere in darkness sat,
But Britons went and found it;
The heathen swore the Earth was flat—
We flung the flag all round it;
And if the sea, with stealthy care,
Threw up an island anywhere
An Englishman was always there—
With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Then round the globe we looked, and lo!
The foreigners did not shave, Sir,
Nor did we shrink from saying so
In accents bold and brave, Sir;
We pointed out from day to day
What we should do if we were they—
We made them love us in this way—
With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la!

And I am tempted, I confess,
To self-congratulation
When I reflect that I possess
The virtues of my nation,
And drily let my neighbours see
How different their lives might be
If they would but be ruled by me—
With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la!

The simple mind and manly air,
Not Brains so much as Breeding,
With joie de vivre and savoir faire,
Are constantly succeeding;
Not men of words, we live to do,
Nor speak till we are spoken to,
Then answer "Cock-a-doodle-doo!"—
With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la!

Alas, for all our kindly pain,
The world is sick and sore, Sir,
And Frenchmen mulishly remain
As foreign as before, Sir.
Thus ends the tale as it began;
Conceive the difference, if you can,
Had ADAM been an Englishman—
With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la,
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la!

A. P. H.

Commercial Candour.

"A poignant new story of a poor girl's life, with all the appalling qualities of—(5th ed.)."



Old Dame (in answer to request for contribution to mission). "Well, 'ERE'S SEXPENCE, MISS. I ALWAYS SAYS I NEVER GIVES UNLESS I'M OBLIGED, AND THEN I DOES IT WITH A WILLIN' 'EART."

NEW ENDINGS TO OLD TALES.

IV.—THE THIRTEENTH LABOUR OF HERACLES.

THE labours of Heracles were nearly at an end. His task-master, Eurystheus, King of Argos, sat with his queen on the roof of his palace, looking south across the plain. They sat on silken cushions and were fanned by Nubian slaves. It would have been pleasant on the palace roof in the drowsy hush of noon-tide, thought Eurystheus, if it had not been for (1) the clamour of the animals confined in the new Zoological Gardens, and (2) the Queen's apparently inexhaustible flow of conversation.

"If you ask me—"

"I don't," interjected the monarch.

"You don't, and that is why you go on making one mistake after another. The thing has been mismanaged by you from the first. What have we got out of his labours? A scratch collection of wild animals that would be a disgrace to a third-rate travelling circus. No one will pay six obols to see an aged and highly odoriferous goat, a wild boar and a lot of mares; and they are frightfully expensive to maintain. Can't you feed them on something cheaper than human flesh?"

Eurystheus shook his head. "We did try, but they won't touch anything else. It's what they're used to. And the R.S.P.C.A. warned me that if they

weren't in good condition when their inspector came round they would have to prosecute."

"I did hope that when he set sail for the Hesperides we had seen the last of him," said the Queen.

The King sighed. "I've just had a protest from the Association of Fruit Growers complaining that he has started a regular import trade of apples from the Hesperides and spoilt the market for the home-grown fruit. They want me to do something about it."

"I told you so!" said the Queen.

"Then, again, fancy fitting out an expedition to fetch the girdle of Penthesilea. Of all the useless rubbish! It came on to rain yesterday and I sheltered in the museum and saw it there in a glass-case. A wisp of a thing. If that is a fair specimen of her wardrobe she must be the worst-dressed woman in Asia Minor."

"Well, it's nearly over," said the King. "He's just finished his twelfth job. I think I hear him coming now."

The King turned rather pale. "He—he's so breezy," he murmured.

The palace shook slightly as the hero mounted the stairs. His size was disconcerting, but he appeared unaware of the effect he produced. He was in the best of tempers.

"I've brought him along," he said, beaming. "He's quite gentle, really. Only if he sniffs at your hand don't

move it away quickly. See? Same with the calf of your leg. He means no harm, but—I'm awfully sorry—I'm afraid you'll have to get another hall-porter. I suppose it was the hall-porter. Chap who opened the door to us. I didn't get time to look at him much. You see, he jumped—"

The Queen turned to her husband. "Perhaps you can tell me what he means," she said coldly.

Eurystheus quailed. "I—I asked him to bring up Cerberus from Hades," he faltered.

As Heracles entered, the Queen rose to her feet. "Really," she said, "words fail me!" She walked away so quickly that the little Nubian boys following and waving their fans had to break into a trot. The King looked after her. Then he turned to Heracles.

"This shall be your thirteenth labour," he said. "See that words do fail her—permanently, as far as I am concerned. Remove her to Hades, or the Hesperides—anywhere."

"Too bad," replied Heracles sympathetically. "But we arranged for twelve, and the Heroes' Union doesn't allow us to work overtime. You must carry on as best you can without me, old bean. Are you coming down to see the tike? He'll be quite good for a bit. He was licking his six chops when I left him."

"No," said Eurystheus—"no! Take

him away. At once." The hero departed.

"The Queen was right," reflected Eurystheus; "I ought to have put him to something really useful." He sank down among his cushions. The remaining slaves went on fanning.

Footsteps were heard without. It was the Queen coming back.

"And now it's too late," said the monarch.

A PROPHET UNVEILED.

(With acknowledgments to "The Morning Post" and "The Spectator" on Signor MUSSOLINI.)

At last I was face to face with the Dictator—the Dong of Luminaria, and my misgivings vanished in the twinkling of an eye. I had, it must be owned, two advantages. I saw him alone, and I speak the language with a fluency born of an early cruise in the Carpathians. Contact with a human volcano may be dangerous, but it is also stimulating. His manner, which may be described as one of perfect but explosive courtesy, set me at once at my ease. Moreover the Dong is a humourist. His eyes pierce like super-gimlets, but they twinkle all the time. His laughter is genial, Gargantuan, even Goliardic. . . .

The opening exchanges of our interview were of necessity concerned with matters of cosmic interest, the theories of EINSTEIN and the sculpture of ERSTEIN, gradually narrowing down through international to English home politics and the prospects of the Labour Party. Here he subjected me to a veritable fusillade of questions. Was JACK JONES likely to be Foreign Minister? Did the Countess of WARWICK belong to the OGPU? Would the KING introduce a capital Levée at Court? I thought not and hazarded a negative. Was it true that the Duchess of ATHOLL played the pianoforte better than the Earl of BALFOUR? Here I was able to assure him that it was so, and he at once sensed my answer as of paramount importance to the ultimate adjustment of the Party system.

As he warmed to his subject the likeness to NAPOLEON became every moment more striking. The head, the height and the squareness of him were identical. But the eyes and the lambent luminosity of his nose were all his own.

At the time of parting, the element of fluorescent jocularity died down; he was once more the grave but unwearied Titan, the powerful but pellucid potentate who stands for the spiritual revolt of Luminaria against the corrupt systems of an effete civilisation.

As I reverently bowed my way backwards across the fantastically huge apartment it was with a sense of elation



"IS YOUR NEW GIRL A GOOD COOK?"

"WELL, YES AND NO, IF YOU CAN UNDERSTAND. SHE GOES TO CHURCH EVERY SUNDAY, BUT SHE ALWAYS SPOILS THE DINNER."

as rare as it was exhilarating. For I had brought laughter into the awful isolation of the life of a lonely despot; I had told him the age of MARGOT, the golf handicap of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD, the name of the maker of Mr. BALDWIN'S pipes and the style of Lady ASTOR'S last hat.

"JOLLY GERMAN NEW YEAR.
Pre-War Gaiety.

RUSH FOR 24 UPTERS."

Daily Paper.

While we, the victors (save the mark!), have to walk about on ours.

More Commercial Candour.

FROM a bookseller's catalogue:—

"FARINI (Luigi C.) The Roman State from 1815 to 1850, translated from the Italian by the Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone. 4 vols., 8vo, cloth (rather dull)."

"Labor may be the next strongest party in the House of Commons, but such a wide gap seems to separate them from the Liberals, the next on the list, that there is little chance of any rapprochement being arrived at between them."—Canadian Paper.

We thought a little reproaching had already occurred between them.



"MICHAEL, YOU ARE NOT TO CREEP UNDER THAT FENCE!"
 "WELL, EVEN INDIANS HAVE TO OBEY THEIR AUNTS."

"BUT, AUNTIE, I'M PRETENDING TO BE AN INDIAN."
 "BUT I'M PRETENDING THIS INDIAN HASN'T GOT AN AUNT."

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

I.—BROWNIE.

IN a corner of the bedroom is a great big curtain,
 Someone lives behind it, but I don't know who;
 I think it is a Brownie, but I'm not quite certain.
 (Nanny isn't certain too.)

I looked behind the curtain, but he went so quickly—
 Brownies never wait to say, "How do you do?"
 They wriggle off at once because they're all so tickly.
 (Nanny says they're tickly too.)

II.—IN THE FASHION.

A LION has a tail and a very fine tail,
 And so has an elephant, and so has a whale,
 And so has a crocodile, and so has a quail—
 They've all got tails but me.

If I had sixpence, I would buy one;
 I'd say to the shopman, "Let me try one;"
 I'd say to the elephant, "This is *my* one."
 They'd all come round to see.

Then I'd say to the lion, "Why, *you've* got a tail!
 And so has the elephant! And so has the whale!
 And look! There's a crocodile. *He's* got a tail!
You've all got tails like me!"

III.—BEFORE TEA.

Emmeline
 Has not been seen
 For more than a week. She slipped between

The two tall trees at the end of the green.
 They all went after her. "*Emmeline!*"

"Emmeline,
 I didn't mean—
 I only said that your hands weren't clean."
 They went to the trees at the end of the green...
 But Emmeline
 Was not to be seen.

Emmeline
 Came slipping between
 The two tall trees at the end of the green.
 They all ran up to her. "*Emmeline!*"
 Where have you been?
 Where have you been?
 Why, it's more than a week!" And Emmeline
 Said, "Sillies, I went and saw the Queen.
 She says my hands are *purfickly* clean." A. A. M.

Literary authorities tell us that English prose, to be really appreciated, must be read aloud. Try the following and you will know:—

"The Liberal Party is out to preserve its identity as a powerful independent entity."—*Daily Paper*.

"Said to be the oldest Englishman, William Mogfur, of Golant, near Fowey, has just celebrated his 106th birthday.

Except that his hearing is slightly impaired, he enjoys good health, shaves papers without the use of spectacles."—*Sunday Paper*.

It is supposed that he indulges in this strange exercise with the object of removing the whiskers from jokes that were ancient even in his boyhood.



ONE OF THE ONLY WAYS.

MR. ASQUITH (introducing Mr. BALDWIN to the scaffold). "ALLOW ME. (Aside) THIS IS A FAR, FAR MORE DELICATE SITUATION THAN I HAVE EVER FOUND MYSELF IN."



BOLSHEVISTS AT PLAY.

ON the notice-board of the London offices of the Soviet trade organisation there is an announcement which must mean much to the forlorn Russian Bolshevik in exile. It states quite simply that "comrades desiring to join the Chess Circle should communicate with Comrade —."

Picture the effect of this joyous message upon the stranger comrade in this strange reactionary land. Bombless, soured by contact with a gross lethargic population which declines to share his soaring hopes and dreams, directed and protected in an intolerable way by big capitalistic policemen, at last he finds a touch of home. He has his Chess Circle to bring back memories of a brighter land.

Not enough consideration has been devoted in our Press to this question of the influence of intellectual exercise on the comrade as demonstrated in Soviet Russia. Life, after all, as they appreciate over there, cannot be one steady round of massacres; there must be recreation. All murder and no chess makes Little Brother Alexandrowsky a very dull fellow indeed.

During working hours by all means let the mind of the comrade be devoted singly to the furtherance of the Cause; but when the shades of evening have fallen, when the pogrom is over and the last bomb has been thrown, then, I say, let comrade with arm linked in comrade's arm repair to some snug retreat to contemplate noiselessly and in comfort the austere beauty of a Ruy Lopez gambit.

There are, of course, in Russia doctrinaire comrades who do not hold with such spiritual relaxation. They take their stand by the immortal words of Comrade Blastovitch: "If the cause is to emerge triumphant there is no time at which a bomb should not be thrown; there is no place in which a bomb should not be thrown; there is no person at whom a bomb should not be thrown."

But we live in 'an imperfect world. Too often we find that a conception, just and beneficial in the abstract, is in practice attended by inconvenience. So it is with the tenets of Blastovitch. In principle, of course, they are sound, but we must remember that the perfect ideal of Universal Explosion is still before us, and the time is not yet.

The comrade who, adhering pedantically to the letter of the creed, gives himself no rest, but blows up enemies for hatred's sake, strangers in sheer indifference, and friends for practice, will surely find himself in time the object of concealed aversion.



Lady Tramp (to Gentleman Companion). "BEER'S WEAK NOW, AIN'T IT?"
Gentleman Companion. "YUS; IT'S NOT WOT IT WAS AFORE THE WAR. YER CAN'T GET THE SAME MILEAGE OUT OF A PINT NOWADAYS."

He will remark that his invitations to dinner are not accepted, that the presents which he sends through the post are buried unopened. Day by day he will experience more difficulty in getting within bomb's-throw of people. Almost imperceptibly a wall of prejudice will rise up around him which will confine his ambitions and obstruct his activities on behalf of the Cause.

No, I hold that there is a time and place for everything and that it is meet and proper that, his day's assassination done, the tired comrade should divert himself in some humane, unexplosive, intellectual manner, and so prepare himself for the morrow's work.

One further consideration occurs to me in connection with this question of chess for Soviet comrades. I do most earnestly trust, in case the shade

of KARL MARX is hovering near, that the Sports Committee of the Third International has thoroughly revised the terminology of the game.

Kings, queens, knights, bishops—what could a class-conscious, unsuperstitious proletarian have to do with such as these?

But no doubt this objection has been overcome by those in authority, so that the scrupulous comrade may move without qualm his Chief-Female-Commissar-by-the-Will-of-the-People and all the rest of his set of Soviet chessmen.

The New Sabbatarianism.

"Sunday suggests a shampoo, but only once every fortnight or three weeks. The odd Sundays can be spent in trying new hairdressing styles, increasing your skill in powdering, or in other directions."—*Woman's Paper.*



M. F. H. (to new proprietor of land in the Hunt). "I HOPE YOU HAVE NO OBJECTION TO OUR DRAWING YOUR COVERS WHEN WE COME THAT WAY?"

New Proprietor. "No, I 'AVEN'T ANY OBJECTION, S'LONG AS YOU DON'T DISTURB MY RABBITS."

THE UNPLAYABLE BALL.

"NEXT Sunday," said Grant, "I tell you what we'll do. We will make a really early start. I'll call for you in the car at half-past eight, and we'll be on the first tee by 9.30. It's the only way to get a decent day's golf, with plenty of time for lunch and a clear course morning and afternoon."

I assented. I am not fond of early rising on January Sundays, but the problem of golf-course congestion is one that calls for drastic measures, and I knew that Grant was right. So we carried out his plan.

Sunday has come; it is Sunday now. Our day's golf is over. We arrived at the Golf Club at half-past nine; we have had the whole course to ourselves morning and afternoon, and we are going to have the whole club-house entirely to ourselves for tea. For lunch we had hours and hours and hours; and since lunch we have had time to read all the Sunday papers, to agree upon a fiscal policy, to settle Europe, abolish unemployment, impeach a couple of Peers—and it is only three o'clock. Grant has fallen into a heavy sleep, and I am left with nothing to do. I propose therefore to describe our game.

In the ordinary way a game between Grant and me is not worth describing, and I should not ask to be allowed to do so; but to-day it has been different. In the first place it was a very, very short game, and secondly it was marked by an incident which involves a principle about which I should like an outside opinion.

At the first hole, which at this time of year can be reached by a good full drive, Grant hit what sounded like a beauty; but of course no one had any idea where it had gone because the fog—have I forgotten to mention the fog? Yes, the fog has been the trouble to-day—had suddenly stopped lifting and become as thick as ever again. I struck my ball on the crown, and it crashed into the big cross-bunker. With my second I put it into another part of the bunker; with my third I got it just out, and with my fourth I chipped it about two yards from the hole. Then began the search for Grant's ball. It was a long, cold, weary search, and finally it had to be abandoned. The fog seemed to be lifting again; a pale lemon-coloured sun appeared in the sky; so Grant, who is nothing if not a persistent player, decided to go back and play his third shot from the tee.

"You can't do better than a five," he explained; "and if I put my drive on the green I can, at any rate, get a half."

We lined up—the caddies and I—at the back of the green and listened for the drop of Grant's ball. Plump it came, right on to the green and finished not more than a foot from the hole.

"Fine shot!" I shouted through the fog. "It's stone dead;" and, moving towards the green, I chanced upon Grant's original ball. It was lying heavily in some long dank grass, just short of the big deep bunker at the side of the green—a horribly tricky little shot, just the kind of shot Grant would be almost certain to make a mess of.

I called to him as he came on the green and told him I had found his other ball.

"Splendid!" he answered. "Chuck it over, will you?"

"Why?" I asked. "Aren't you going to play it?"

"No fear," he replied, pointing to his ball that lay beside the pin, "not when I've got a four with this one and won the hole."

"But you can't do that," I protested, "now that we've found the other one."

"Of course I can," he said. "That's

a lost ball. We looked for it for more than five minutes."

"Rot!" I exclaimed. "We never play that rule."

"All right, then," he said, "I shall simply deem that one unplayable. The penalty's the same—stroke and distance." I looked down at his ball. It was in an ugly lie, but it couldn't possibly be called unplayable. Grant remained on the green.

"How can you deem it unplayable?" I asked. "You haven't even seen it yet."

"My dear ass," he replied, "deeming's got nothing to do with seeing. It's a mental process."

"I don't agree," I persisted. "In actual fact this ball's not unplayable at all."

"We aren't talking about actual facts," he answered. "We're talking about deeming. I am allowed by the rules to deem; I have deemed, and that's the end of it."

"But you can't be allowed to deem like a perfect lunatic," I said.

"It would be pretty fair lunacy," he returned, "to deem that ball playable when I have already won the hole in a perfect four with this one."

"Right," I said. "If you think that the temporary loss of your ball entitles you to evade a shot that you're in a blue funk of and that will almost certainly cost you the hole, there's no more to be said."

"Poff!" he exclaimed, striding across the green. "I can win the hole just as easily with either ball."

And straightway he plumped this one into the bunker in front of his nose. He chased down after it and played what was meant to be an "explosion" shot. The ball came out quite clean and flew across the green, far out into the fog, which had suddenly become denser than ever. We picked up the two balls that were on the green and groped our way back to the club-house, leaving the caddies to find Grant's other ball. And, as it happened, that was the end of our day's golf.

And now my conscience has grown uneasy. I find that, according to the rules, Grant was in the right and I could not compel him to play his other ball. The rule is quite clear on the subject. "If a ball," it says, "be lost or be deemed by the player to be unplayable . . ." The italics are mine, to emphasise the point that no one but the player has any say in the matter; the whole thing is entirely in his hands. He is even entitled to tee up and drive another ball, no penalty being exacted unless the original ball turns out to be lost or to be lying in such a position as to be deemed by him to be unplayable.

This being so—and here is the point



"I SAY, D' YOU THINK THAT OLD BOY HEARD ME SAY HE HAD A FACE LIKE A JELLY?"
"I'M AFRAID SO, BOBBY. IT SEEMED TO SET AT ONCE."

on which I am seeking outside advice—would it be fair for me, whose first drive almost invariably flies to "a part of the course where it is likely to be unplayable" (*viz.*, by me, *e.g.*, behind a tree or in a deep bunker), and whose next one would, I feel certain, always be a screamer, to adopt the practice of driving two balls off every tee? If so, I am all for doing it, because not only should I get far more fun out of the game, but I believe it might have the effect of putting me on my drive—my

first drive; and in any case it would probably have the effect of putting my opponent off his.

But would it be fair? I should like to know by next Sunday, because, if the fog lifts, Grant and I hope to be down here again.

"The happy pair then left for Scotland. The parents were numerous and costly."
Local Paper.

A change from the usual "poor but honest."

DISARMAMENT.

I HAVE always had faith in women—in their grasp of essentials, in their innate commonsense. Conclusions that formulate themselves slowly and painfully in the male mind are reached instinctively by women in a moment. It was so in this matter of disarmament.

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the enemy. The enemy was entrenched behind imaginary earthworks. They were a more homogeneous body of men. In khaki they stood or knelt, with their rifles at the ready—or thereabouts.

"But," said John, "they can't fire yet, because it isn't their turn." To such a high level of courtesy has civilized warfare risen!

"Aren't your soldiers afraid that the enemy might shoot without waiting for their turn?" I asked.

"Oh, no," said John, "because my soldiers have got to fire their cannon first."

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The enemy's placidity was not disturbed; they raised no objection, but remained immovable, with their rifles at the ready.

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tion again, but before it was fired John changed his plans.

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"Surely," I said, "this is not a wise moment for an inspection—to bring your General up to the front line when the enemy is waiting to fire?"

"They won't fire on a General, Mummy," he said, shocked at my ignorance of the first principles of warfare.

"Why not?" I asked.

"Well," he said, "they wouldn't fire at a superior officer; and they haven't got a General of their own at all."

His statement seemed conclusive.

In this position of security the General rode up. He dismounted, after several wrenches, and walked with bent knees and uncomfortably bowed legs along the line.

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The General halted in front of an undersized infantry man.

"Well, my man," he said in a gruff but hearty voice, "I want to see your kit."

"Here it is, Sir," replied the soldier in a shrill falsetto.

"Is it all right?" asked the General.

"Top hole," replied the man.

"That's all right then," said the General, and with a low bow he passed on to a mounted man.

"What," he asked, "is the matter with your horse?"

The question seemed unnecessary as the animal had obviously lost a leg, and



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he and his rider were leaning against a mounted cowboy for support.

Respectfully the man replied, "He's been wounded, Sir."

The General pondered.

"Poor thing," he said at last; "go and see if the enemy would like to have him."

Obediently the lame horse was ridden over to the enemy's lines. The gift was placidly accepted by the kneeling men in khaki, and the General continued his inspection.

He found no fault with the next few men. The fact that one cavalry man

had gilded himself and his horse all over called for no comment. I suspected a new kind of camouflage. The mounted cowboys were above reproach, and nothing was said to several soldiers who grasped the butt ends of their rifles without having noticed that the barrels were missing. Then at last the General stood aghast.

"Come out here!" he yelled.

An infantry man stepped forward.



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He was indeed in a sorry plight. Paint of every colour disfigured his tunic and his head was completely encased in plasticine.

"What have you been doing to yourself?" the General bellowed.

"I don't know, Sir," the soldier answered diplomatically.

"Where is your mummy?" asked the General fiercely.

To my horror the man replied:—

"She is in the canteen, Sir."

Hastily the General hobbled away to a small circular tent, in front of which stood six Red Cross nurses.

"Which of you is that dirty soldier's mum?" he inquired.

"I am," said a nurse, turning sharply round to face him.

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Then it was that feminine commonsense asserted itself. Not at all awed by the General, this mother, who had bravely followed her son into the army, replied:—

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"Quite right," he said with conviction. Quickly he returned to his men, mounted his horse and issued his orders.

"Go over to the enemy and say we're never going to fight any more battles; we're all going to be a circus to-morrow."



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SELF-EDUCATION.

[At the Educational Association's Conference held last week at the London University, one of the speakers, who explained the "Sub-Dalton Plan," observed (without protest) that "we cannot educate the child. The child must educate itself. We cannot even start an idea. We can only release potentialities."]

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From the Workmen's Compensation Act, 1923:—

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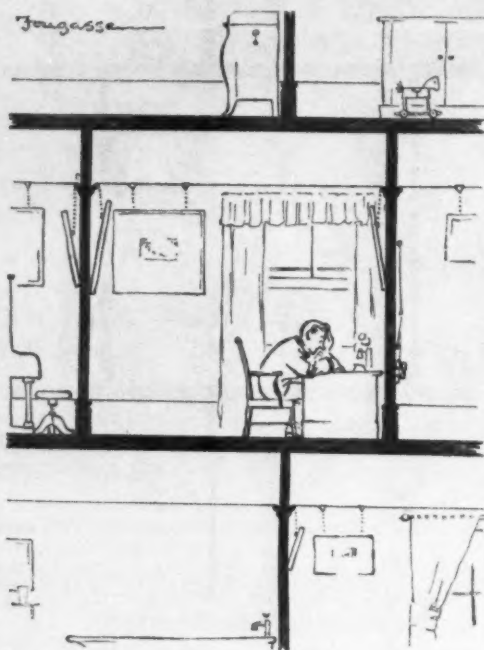
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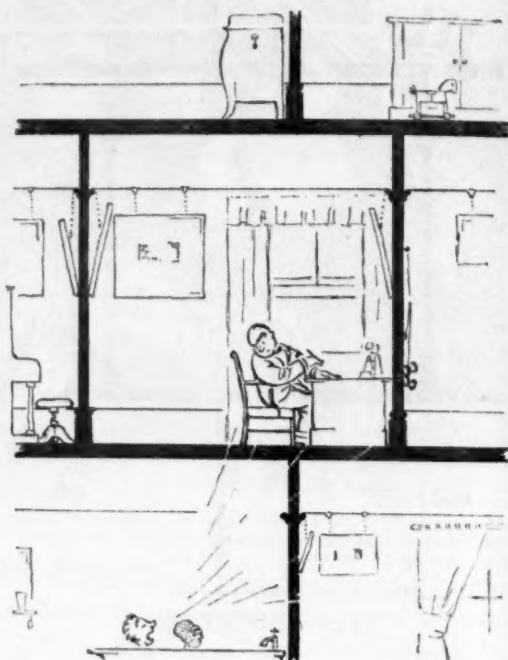
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HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES.

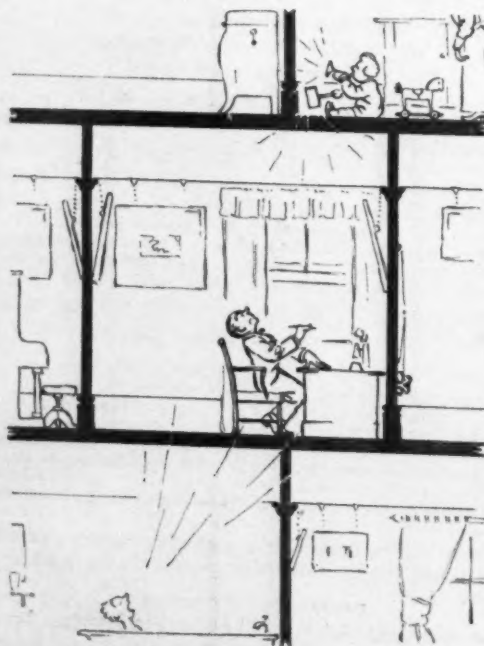
IT MAY BE TRUE THAT ONE HALF OF THE WORLD DOESN'T KNOW HOW THE OTHER HALF LIVES—



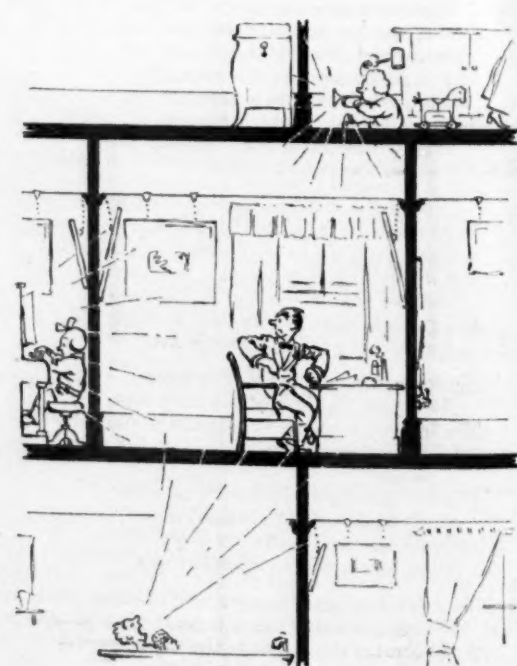
BUT—



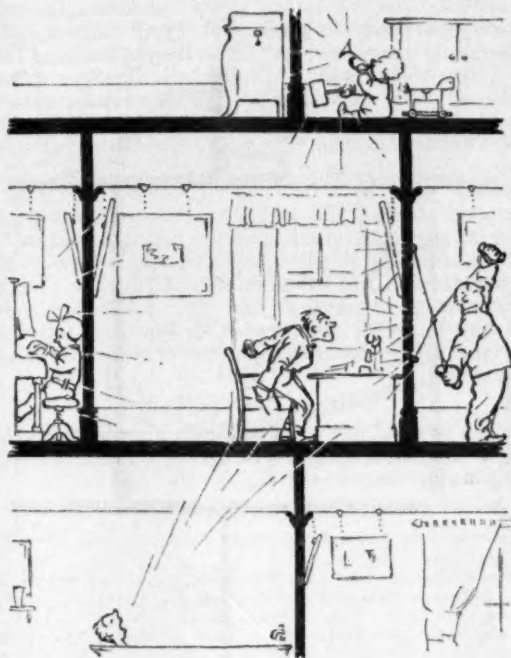
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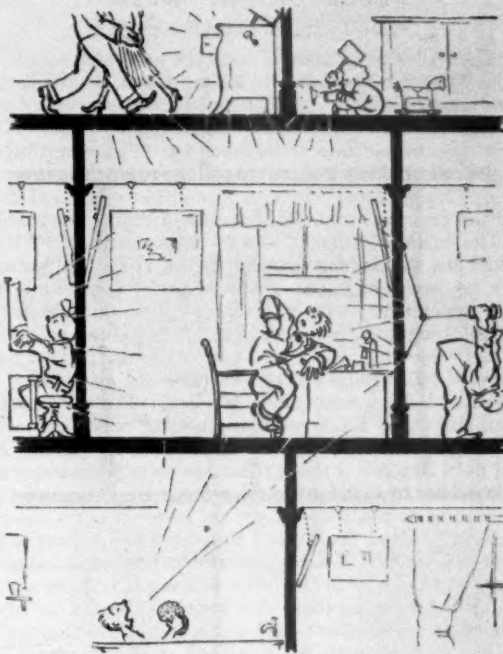
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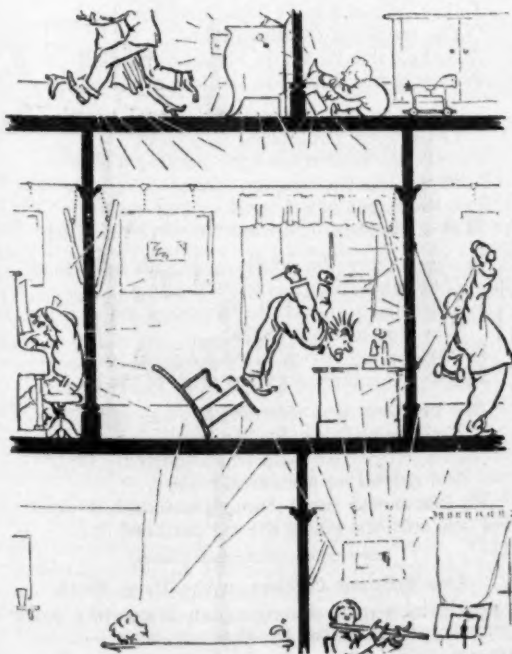
FREQUENTLY—



GIVE—



A—



VERY GOOD—



GUESS.

LUCK OF THE WEEK.

I.—DARLING LITTLE ATTILA.

"The redbreast or Robin," says the encyclopædia before me, is "perhaps the favourite among English birds because of its pleasing colour, its sagacity and fearlessness of man, and its cheerful song." There is ambiguity here. If the encyclopædist had said, "the favourite bird among English people," all would be well, but to call the robin "the favourite among English birds" is to court contradiction, and I can hear the dismayed protests of certain of them on reading it.

"The robin my friend!"—thus the sparrow. "Why, if he had his way, every sparrow in the land would starve. He's no friend of mine. I almost prefer the cat and certainly prefer a boy with a catapult. The robin bullies us from morning to night, and he's got a very sharp beak too."

"The robin my favourite!"—thus the tit. "Don't you believe it! The robin's first idea is to get everything for himself and drive every one else away. There's a garden crumb-table that I frequent, where food is put out every morning for all of us by quite a decent kind of woman. For all of us! But you'd think the robin owned the place and employed her to do it for himself alone. He first sits on the table and eats, and then he sits on to see that no one else eats. Personally I don't mind because I spend most of my time in one of the half-cokernuts which the woman has hung up here and there for my benefit. She really is quite a good sort. But, swinging there and watching him, I'm really ashamed of his conduct. He's the dog-in-the-manger all over again; and, with all this food at our disposal, if a sparrow should dare to snatch a bit while his back is turned he'll actually fly after it and take it away. If the sparrows would only combine they could settle the tyrant once and for all; but they won't. I've urged them to, but in vain. A common lot! Even the thrushes allow him to drive them off. It's most mysterious."

Anyone who prepares a crumb-table will appreciate the force of the remarks expressed by the sparrow and the tit. The intention may be that all the hungry birds should be fed, but the result is always the same: the robin gets the most. When he is not eating he is sitting on a neighbouring bough, ready to dart avengingly at any bird beneath his rank. He grudges food to all, but there are degrees in his hostility or courage. I suspect social grades come into it. Sparrows, of course, are dirt, and even thrushes and blackbirds seem to be conscious of intrusion, although ornithologists tell us that the robin is something of a thrush himself: one of the *Turdida*. But, of course, there have always been instances of relations not being welcome to meals.

Meanwhile, such is the attraction of his red waistcoat and comparatively fearless effrontery, we shall continue, in the face of all the evidence, to keep this very naughty bird on a pedestal.

II.—TAXIMEN'S NICKNAMES.

How many of us, when we take a taxi, give a thought to the driver, beyond now and then condemning him for being so careful as to save our lives, or imploring the universe at large to explain what Scotland Yard can be about to give such an ignoramus a licence? We think of him as an automaton in an overcoat with inaccessible pockets, and leave it at that. Were we to go on to speculate as to his name we should probably decline on John Smith or Bill Brown; but as to going on to speculate as to his nickname—it would never occur to us to do such a thing.

But how little we know, how little we think! These apathetic sardonic men have their fun and their friends and their pet pseudonyms no less than the darlings of the Club. The huddled mass of old clothes on the box whom you call

either "Hi!" or "Taxi!" may be (as I learn from the list of applicants for the bounty of the Cabdrivers' Benevolent Association) known to his familiars by all kinds of odd and affectionate names, such as "Little Rosy of Portland Road" or "Nourishing Stout," "Tottenham Bob" or "Bob of Fulham," "Old Lavender" or "Old Jimmy James," "Old Darkie" or "Curley of Sloane Square," "Lord Dunlow" or "Sir Charles of Lothbury," "All Nations" (this is a curious one) or "King George of Canonbury."

I said "may be"; but, alas! I was wrong, for all the bearers of these jovial and often endearing titles are at work no more; all, poor fellows, are in need of sick-pay and in hope of getting it. But no doubt their successors carry on the tradition, and I shall think more highly of the driver of my next cab, however he may allow others to pass him, and treat him with more respect, for fear that I may be employing "The Prince of Paddington" or even "King George of Waterloo."

III.—A BEST SELLER?

It will be a sad day when the Indian is wholly Occidentalized. A Madras bookseller (the Artistic Press!) advertises the following volume:—

"THE LOVE LETTER WRITER.

Contains Pure Select Love Letters for Ladies and Men. Price Rs. 2-4 a copy.

There are letters from Ladies to Ships Officers, Young Men, Military Men, Engineers, Cavalry Men, Telegraphists, Guards, Drivers, State Officers, Scotchmen, Typists, Police Officers, Airmen, Jockeys . . . and also letters from Gentlemen to Lady Doctors, School Mistresses, Nurses, Indian Christian Ladies, Wives, etc. All are suggestive pure letters written to create love and matrimony."

I like to find Scotchmen once more with a place to themselves. E. V. L.

UNSKILLED LABOUR.

WHEN the accident happened the doctor was called
And hastened at once to my side;
To the cure of a body deplorably mauled
The tenderest care he applied;
And the value he set on his masterly skill
Was duly proclaimed in the size of his bill.

And long ere my full restoration took place
The lawyer had loomed into view
To take my instructions for starting a case
To win me the damages due;
The statement he rendered was also a sign
That a labour of love wasn't much in his line.

In short, when the profits were split into three
That came from this painful affair,
I found that the portion allotted to me
Was only a junior share;
Rewarding my partners' professional toil
Demanded some eighty per cent. of the spoil.

But I cannot deny this division was right;
'Twere churlish indeed to complain;
For the work that I did was admittedly slight
And needed no wonderful brain;
My labour was small (though essential, no doubt);
I was only the fellow the car flattened out.

Two Brilliant Catches in the Deep Field.

A provincial paper, describing an interesting paper by Mr. PETTIT, of the Yerkes Observatory, says:—

"At times there are violent eruptions on the sun's surface, which hurl the luminous material to enormous heights; and two of these, of exceptional magnitude, have been caught by Mr. Pettit."

Local Paper.



Peggy (interrupting the business of another client). "I WANT A HA'PENNYWORTH OF SWEETS, PLEASE."

Shopkeeper (in tones of rebuke). "WE DON'T SELL HA'PENTHS HERE."

Peggy. "OH, THEN WILL YOU PLEASE TAKE ME OVER TO THE OTHER SHOP? MOTHER SAID I WASN'T TO CROSS THE ROAD BY MYSELF."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MISS MERIEL BUCHANAN'S *Recollections of Imperial Russia* (HUTCHINSON) is essentially a picture-book; and its actual illustrations, a score of interesting and apposite photographs, are the least memorable of its pictures. A great susceptibility to colour, scent and sound, a simple faithfulness to first impressions and a draughtsmanship disarmingly naive—these are the qualities (elementary but for the most part engaging) which give the letter-press its value. They make very pleasant reading of its writer's personal reminiscences of the historic towns, palaces and battlefields she has visited—Petrograd, Kiev, Moscow, Peterhof, Tsarskoe and Balaclava; of her first encounters, at Darmstadt as a little girl of nine, with the Tsar and his future wife; and of the gaiety and ceremonial of the Russian Court to which her father was the last English Ambassador. Her historical chapters, though full of curious lore enthusiastically compiled, are naturally less responsive to uncritical treatment. They include studies of PETER THE GREAT, CATHERINE and her son PAUL, IVAN THE TERRIBLE and his son DIMITRI, the husband and wives of these imperial personages and their parasites and victims. To these pages those on "The Spirit of Bolshevism" come as an inevitable corollary. And I do not wonder that Miss BUCHANAN, while admitting considerable tenderness for both Russian Imperialism and Russian

Christianity, should look upon the latter alone as destined to outlast the present régime and as its only possible solvent.

I am inclined to issue a warning that Miss IRENE RUTHERFORD McLEOD's new book, *Towards Love* (HEINEMANN), should not be read, even by the sturdiest optimist, on grey days, and never by other people. The philosophy to which it guides you is the beautiful one of love protecting human nature from its own savage impulses, safeguarding the part of us "which may be immortal;" but this is reached only after such cruel suffering in war, in prison for conscience' sake, in anguish of child-birth and motherhood, in bitterness of broken faith and certainty of failure, that you arrive at it almost too much bruised and beaten to be able to assimilate it. I have read few books about the War which harrowed me more than this one, though it devotes only a few pages to the actual fighting. It is the mental torture of Michael and Anne and their friend, the kindly Charles, which makes it all so painful, for, without some hope, some faith in even one enduring love, your own or another's, life is a nightmare without even the consolation of knowing that you will wake up. *Towards Love* is not a very well constructed book but, save for such small slips as the alternative description of the same person as Lady Farrell and Lady Dorothy Farrell, it is very well written. The characters are alive in their few joys and their many wretchednesses, and that is perhaps why it hurts so

much. Nobody will convince me that life is as bad as this for many people, but Miss McLEOD persuades me that it may be for some of us.

If Mr. EDWARD SHANKS' *The Richest Man* is, as his publisher (COLLINS) asserts, melodrama, it is melodrama with an air, planned with craft and written with distinction. A blameless Oxford history don, meeting in a Continental express a queer fellow-traveller in the crisis of a particularly virulent malaria, is sportsman enough to take charge of him and carry him to a small Italian coast town, where they make holiday together and build a friendship on the promising basis of complete difference of views and tastes. This fellow, *Hollis*, is an obvious adventurer, without shame or scruple. It so happens that the richest man in the world, a man whose operations are masked with elaborate care and whose name and status are unknown to all but a few trusted subordinates, has a villa on the cliffs above the town, with impressive apparatus of motor-boats, seaplanes and wireless for the conduct of his business. He unwittingly betrays himself in a casual anecdote to *Hollis*, whose pet scheme is to find this man (he has just missed him once before) and live off him for the rest of his life by a stroke of the crudest blackmail. The world is hanging on the edge of a new abyss of war and famine. The richest man alone has the power to stop the catastrophe. This blackmailing business is a distraction, but he won't take the don's suggestion of paying up—a mere ten thousand, after all—and getting on with his job. And then there's the other distraction of the beautiful (and I will add on my own account) very lovable *Carlotta*, with whom millionaire, don and black-mailer are all in love. A good story with a fitting end.

My only reason for regretting the prodigious length of *The Joyous Adventurer* (ALLEN AND UNWIN)—it would put up a good fight against a DE MORGAN novel—is that in these busy days it may not receive the attention that it deserves. I should imagine that Miss ADA BARNETT would acknowledge her indebtedness to Sir JAMES BARRIE, for I found it impossible to think of her delightful hero, *Copper Top*, without being constantly reminded of *Peter Pan*. An eccentric Professor found a baby boy, "stark naked except for a shawl," as he was returning to his house in the woods. He adopted him and brought him up on lines that were at least peculiar; and here we have the boy's story as he grew to young manhood. The birds of the air and the beasts of the field loved him; he could climb like a squirrel, run like a hare, swim like a fish. And his way of looking at things was as different from ours as his way of doing them. He could never understand why anyone should want to excel at anything for the purpose of defeating someone else. This was all very well when he was a child and living in seclusion with his beloved

Professor; but when he had to go out into the world complications arose. . . . The book is by no means confined to fantasy. There are several delightful sketches of Society people treated with a pretty wit. I beg you to make the acquaintance of *Copper Top*, even if you occasionally indulge—as he did—in a little skipping.

Mr. "BENNET COPPLESTONE" constructs the familiar police story, with a variation. His detective, unlike the austere *Sherlock*, manifests a certain inbred sympathy with crime. If *William Dawson* is not himself a criminal, he is at times indistinguishable from the real practitioner. Hence the reader may perhaps find his admiration for Mr. Dawson's exploits uncomfortably qualified; nor are the detective's manners always ingratiating. And, although *The Diversions of Dawson* (MURRAY) are diverting enough, I cannot help thinking that all the time Mr. "COPPLESTONE" was writing about the police-officer's adventures a small insistent voice kept singing to him that he must go down to the sea again. Indeed, he so far hearkened to the call that he arranged for Dawson, who had risen from the Royal Navy, in which he served as a private R.M.L.I., to be sent aloft on two of his rather dubious "diversions." I cannot pretend that these criminal episodes are of the same high quality as those which distinguished the author's previous story, *The Treasure of Golden Cap*. Personally I indulge a hope that Mr. F. HARCOURT KITCHIN will now send his writing half, Mr. "BENNET COPPLESTONE," down to a West-country port, with instructions to charter a ship, a three-decker for choice, and, as the old mariners used to say, "cut sail" in her upon another voyage of good hearty English adventure.

It is a question whether considerable curtailment would not have made *The Spell of Siris* (LANE) more alluring. Readers of *The Flight* will have pleasant memories of *Clodagh*, and in this story she retains her charm, even if at times she is a little irritating. As a widow she returns to Siris, and there she finds that she is in love with *Nigel Weir*, but determines that this distraction must not be allowed to interfere with her career. So she goes off to Rome to take singing lessons. But she cannot escape love. It is an Italian nobleman who now attracts her, mainly because of his resemblance to *Weir*. Again she takes flight—this time to Amalfi, where she runs full-tilt into the arms of *Weir*. That ends her determination to run away from love; but it is not the end of the story, of which the last hundred pages or so might with advantage have been drastically reduced. At her best Miss MURIEL HINE proves herself a skilful writer with a real appreciation of beauty, and she has only to curb her natural fluency and cultivate a little lighter touch to gain a distinction which at present her work rather provokingly misses.



The Stout Knight. "HOLD! AN THOU SAYEST NOT MY LADY IS THE FAIREST AND MOST BEAUTEUS IN ALL THE WORLD, DEFEND THEE AND WE WILL DO BATTLE!"

The Timid Knight. "MY DEAR SIR, I WILL SAY IT GLADLY. YEA, THE MORE I LOOK ON THEE THE FAIRER AND MORE BEAUTEUS DOTTH THY LADY SEEM TO ME."

CHARIVARIA.

"ADMIRAL SIR REGINALD HALL inherited my seat at Liverpool," writes Lord BIRKENHEAD. It is generally understood, however, that his Lordship left the Woolsack to the nation.

The fact that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD has been photographed wearing plus-fours is evidence that Labour does not classify this garment among capitalist institutions.

The subsidence of Waterloo Bridge, it is explained, is due to a fault in the river-bed. It should be a pleasant change for the Man-in-the-street to see the Thames taken up for repairs.

Much sympathy is felt for the man who was last week crossing the Strand and, not noticing that the road wasn't up, tripped and fell.

A Nottingham brick-layer has reached the age of a hundred-and-two. It sounds like overtime, and we feel sure that he would not have done it without the full approval of his Union.

According to an explorer the DALAI LAMA of Thibet has never heard of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. It is said that Lord YOUNGER has offered to tell the gentleman all about the ex-Premier free of charge.

DEMPSEY announces that he is looking forward to a return match with GIBBONS. It is hoped that GIBBONS will be grateful for those few kind words.

The bell-ringers in a Dorset village went on strike recently. It is rumoured that they have been asked to remain out in sympathy with the residents.

A fleet of twelve-wheeled motor-cars has travelled across the Sahara at thirty miles an hour. This choice of a country where there are practically no pedestrians seems a little bizarre.

A golf club in Seattle, U.S.A., has appointed a clergyman as chaplain. Chronic anglers regard this as a very necessary innovation.

During a panic caused by fire in a circus at Florensac, part of the evening's takings were stolen. This cor-

rects the impression that Frenchmen cannot keep their heads in an emergency.

A dog belonging to a resident of Bromley is alleged to have bitten three postmen. Its owner has been advised to change the animal's diet.

The man who struck a football referee at Bristol the other day eventually apologised to that official. This raises some doubt as to whether he is a real football enthusiast.

A medical writer recently returned to this country reports that the tsetse fly is being kept under in East Africa. In no case did they have to resort to the use of force.

It is stated that Mars will be nearer the earth this year than it has been

in the United States last year, as against sixty-one the year before. Lynchers of the old school attribute the decline of the sport to the popularity of motoring.

According to a personal paragraph Mr. H. G. WELLS has enough material in his notebooks to last him a hundred-and-fifty years. Our only anxiety is as to what he will be doing after that.

In an annual survey of the inmates of the Zoo it is mentioned that the Indian cobra is ready to strike on the slightest provocation. Disappointment is felt that moderating influences have not yet succeeded in inducing it to abandon direct action in favour of arbitration.

It is claimed that such advance has been made in the use of stovaine as

an anæsthetic that it will enable one to read a newspaper while undergoing an operation. It will also, of course, be a comfort to people who read newspapers at other times.

A writer in a contemporary quotes the old French proverb to the effect that one must suffer to be beautiful. This draws attention to the number of persons who seem to have lived a charmed life.

Cinematograph films

have been introduced by the U.S. military authorities for use as targets in rifle practice. We have always maintained that some useful purpose would some day be served by American films.

A golfer on the Willian links is said to have used bad language and stamped his feet for ten minutes after breaking his favourite club. Owing to the regulations governing foot-and-mouth disease in this country it is feared that he will have to be destroyed.

"Deplish your Glass and China stock at —'s."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

If your housemaid requires any assistance in this function.

From a guardians' report:—

"In the House Committee's report reference was made to the fact that two families were shortly to be ejected from the houses now occupied by them, the premises having been condemned as unfit for human consumption."

Provincial Paper.

So different from those jolly gingerbread houses.



WINTER SPORTS IN SWITZERLAND—YES.



BUT IN LONDON—NO.

before. We hope for its own sake it will be careful.

A Munich man who recently married his seventh wife attributes his business failure to matrimony. He is said to be calling a mass meeting of his mothers-in-law to consider the position.

Prohibition is increasingly unpopular in America, we read. That probably explains why they take no notice of it.

Writing in a contemporary Mr. JAMES DOUGLAS points out that Miss MABEL NORMAND, the Los Angeles film actress, is one of the few cinema artistes who have never been divorced. It seems a pity to drag up a thing like that just now.

The Controller of the London Telephone Service estimates that in fifteen years there will be a million telephones operating in London. We are sick of these gloomy prophecies.

There were only twenty-six lynchings

ONE STEP TOWARDS THE MILLENNIUM.

WITH COMPLIMENTS TO THE LEADER OF THE SOCIALIST PARTY.

["We are upon a pilgrimage . . . 'One step enough for me.' (Laughter.) . . . We have in our hearts proposals, ideas, suggestions which we believe will contribute to peace (Cheers); and we defy both Liberals and Tories to range themselves against us in that work. (Cheers.) . . ."]—*Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD'S speech at the "Victory" Celebration of "Labour."*

The Half Circle Club, founded by the wives of the leaders of the "Labour" Party, gave a fancy dress dance last week at Caxton Hall.]

THINK not that we deride your dreams,
That with a cynic heart and cold
We mock your visionary schemes
For hustling-up the Age of Gold;
Indeed we hardly sniffed at all
When you addressed the Royal Albert Hall.

But not the first your eyes have shone
With visions of the Promised Land;
Others before, from MOSES on,
Had seen it (so I understand),
Ere "Labour," with a fine bravado,
Monopolised the view of El Dorado.

Nor yet on gifted seers alone
Did Heaven confer the power to trace
Signs of a world improved in tone—
The lion in the lamb's embrace,
The jocund babe, immune from care,
Sporting about the cockatrice's lair.

Mere common men have felt the need
Of Peace on Earth; I've known a few
Christians (although they held the creed
Of Liberal or Tory) who
Perceived the prospect of Utopia
In spite of their congenital myopia.

Well, here's your chance, with goodwill given
(Which you deny your so-called foes),
To get the veil of darkness riven,
To make the dawn, *couleur de rose*,
Emerge from out of Ocean's bed,
Rosy (I say), but not (I hope) too red!

Meanwhile, from "Labour's" fancy dance
At Caxton Hall there comes the news
Of Conquering Beauty on the prance,
Treading the Two-step or the Blues;
With which, no doubt, you'll disagree,
Saying, "The One-step is enough for me." O. S.

SIDELIGHTS ON COMMERCIAL ART.

BEING copies of a few letters between Alfred Thomas, advertising manager for Messrs. Blender & Bond, Ltd., Cigarette and Tobacco Merchants, and Percival Green, Esq., Commercial artist and designer, of The Studios, Hampstead, London, N.W.

From Blender & Bond to Percival Green.

DEAR SIR,—We are anxious to obtain a really good Poster design in colour for our new line, "Seducto" Brand cigarettes, and would be glad to see a rough sketch in colour. We shall be glad to place commission for a finished drawing if rough idea is satisfactory.

Faithfully yours, A. THOMAS.

From Percival Green to Blender & Bond.

DEAR SIR,—Thanks for your letter. I enclose herewith

my idea in the rough for "Seducto." I should be glad of your opinion of it and any suggestions you care to make.

Faithfully yours, P. GREEN.

From Blender & Bond to Percival Green.

"SEDUCTO" DESIGN.

DEAR SIR,—We are in receipt of above, of which we approve. We might suggest that the girl should be reclining on the divan, instead of sitting at the end. We like the pleasing touch of the kitten playing with her slipper. The light effect from lamp, etc., is excellent. Please proceed with finished work for a four-colour Poster without delay. We shall require a box of our "Seducto" cigarettes introduced into the picture; this we leave to you. We are sending you a sample box to give you size and shape, etc.

Faithfully yours, A. THOMAS.

From Percival Green to Blender & Bond.

DEAR SIR,—I have great pleasure in forwarding my finished drawing for "Seducto" and hope you will like both design and treatment.

Faithfully yours, P. GREEN.

From Blender & Bond to Percival Green.

"SEDUCTO" DESIGN.

DEAR SIR,—Your finished drawing to hand. I am sorry to say that it does not altogether satisfy us. The attitude of the girl might be a little more "languid," and the box of cigarettes should be within her reach on an Oriental stool, instead of on the floor. The little kitten strikes us as being rather stiff, and not so lifelike as in your first sketch. The colour is good, but just a trifle "blue" in tone. We are returning picture so that you can correct these points.

Faithfully yours, A. THOMAS.

From Percival Green to Blender & Bond.

DEAR SIR,—I am now returning design with alterations as suggested in your last letter, and hope same will be satisfactory.

Faithfully yours, P. GREEN.

From Blender & Bond to Percival Green.

"SEDUCTO" DESIGN.

DEAR SIR,—This is rather better; but why have you changed the position of the kitten? The cigarette-box is not quite the right shape, and the lid should be open; and the whole in a much more prominent position. We return drawing herewith.

Faithfully yours, A. THOMAS.

From Percival Green to Blender & Bond.

DEAR SIR,—I return drawing, having restored kitten to its original position and altered shape of box, etc., etc. I trust that no further alterations will be necessary, as these are difficult to make on a finished work.

Faithfully yours, P. GREEN.

From Blender & Bond to Percival Green.

"SEDUCTO" DESIGN.

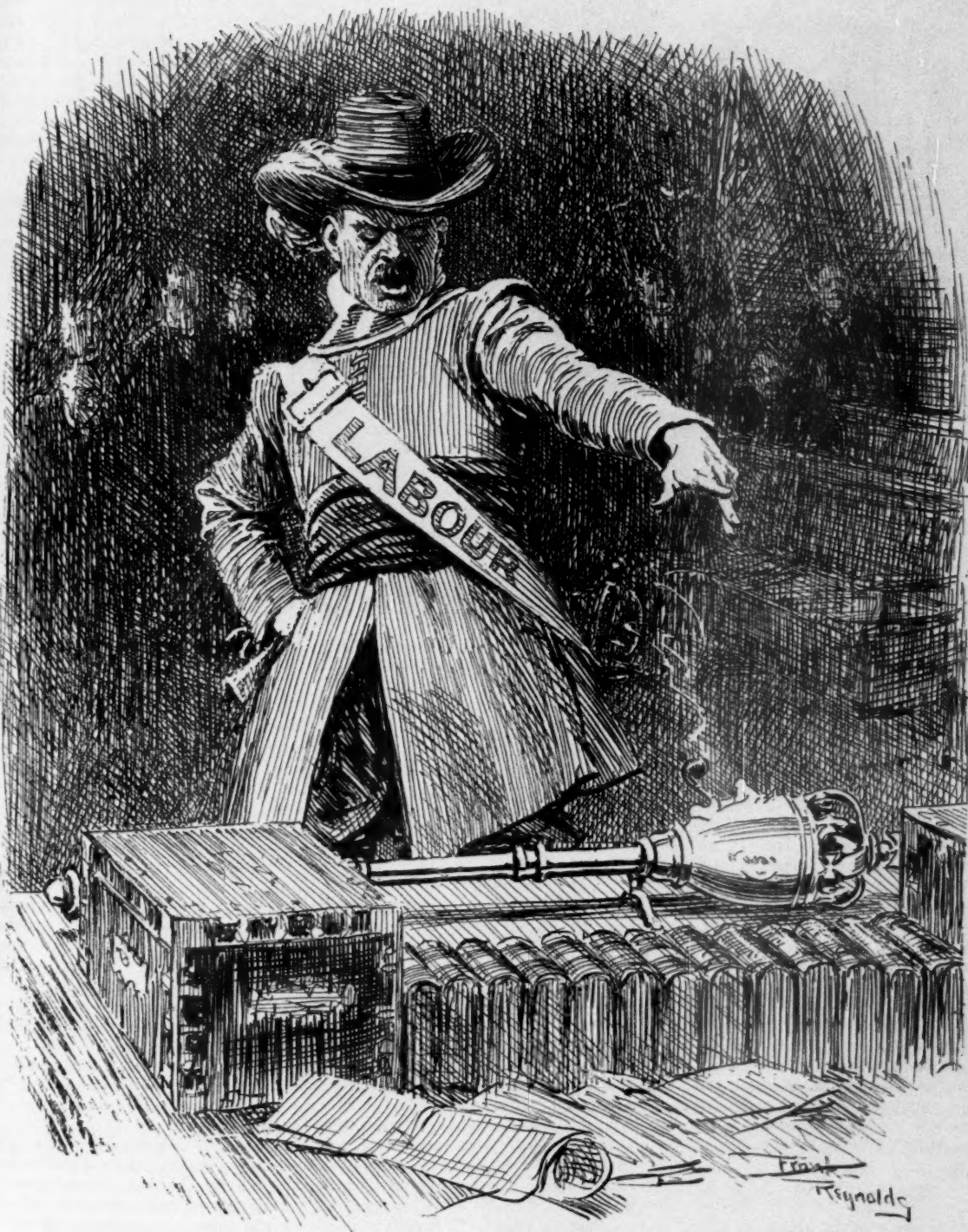
DEAR SIR,—We are much afraid that we cannot use this design in its present form. It is not in the least like your original rough sketch (which we liked so much). So we are regretfully returning drawing. We shall at all times be glad to consider any further ideas you may care to submit. In the meantime we are getting out a plain Poster with "Seducto" Brand in red lettering and a reproduction of our Box underneath.

Faithfully yours, A. THOMAS.

From Percival Green to Blender & Bond.

SIR,—Thanks for your communication and return of drawing, which has just been accepted by Bon-Bon Chocolates Ltd.—the only alteration necessary being a change of boxes.

Yours, etc., P. GREEN.



THE COMING LORD-HIGH-EJECTOR.

LABOUR (as our new CROMWELL). "TAKE AWAY THAT BALDWIN!"



Lady (to young man who is taking her daughter to a dance). "I UNDERSTAND, MR.—ER—THAT MY DAUGHTER USUALLY GOES TO DANCES WITH YOU. I THINK SHE'S OVERDOING IT—SHE'S BECOMING SO THIN."

Young Man. "OH, THAT'S ALL RIGHT. I LIKE 'EM THIN."

SNOW.

THERE are two dangerous reactions to the stuff, snow. The first, which usually happens in the morning before breakfast begins, is one of idiotic delight. Everybody feels it. Exactly why the arrival of a large mass of stiff self-coloured material, enveloping the landscape and obliterating all its finer features, should give us this pleasure I cannot say. But there it is. The ancient Romans, with their sounder sense of values, regarded snow as horrid in winter, but made use of it commercially during the summer in order to cool their wine. In modern England we welcome it with an outburst of rapture, so that family breakfast, translated into the language of light opera, the humanest way probably of dealing with so painful a ceremony, begins:—

The Head of the Household.

What is this strange mysterious sheet

That winds about the world,
Almost as if our unkempt street
To fairyland were hurled?

Various Members of the Family.

Why, don't you know?
It is the snow.

The H. of the H.

Ah! So it is!

What mysteries—

V. M. of the F.

You used that word before.

The H. of the H.

As I remarked, what mysteries
Lie round about our door!

As a matter of fact the only mysteries that lie round about the door are a shovelful of sand and cinders which has been put down to prevent people from slipping. It does not succeed.

Here the second unfortunate reaction occurs. A vague sense of foreboding has begun to fill the air. There is a kind of fey laughter. It is only too certain that in another moment someone is going to mention the word "toboggan." There is no toboggan, of course. If that thing in the outhouse was ever a toboggan, parts of it must have been chipped off for firewood. Unquestionably we have no toboggans to-day. We have nothing to slide on either. The only suitable declivity is an undersized hill about two miles away, with a bump in the middle and a ditch at the bottom. Yet an idea, amounting to an obsession, for paying a visit to this miserable hummock possesses every mind, merely because a

freak of nature has altered the colour and character of its mud.

It was to ward off the danger of critical moments like these, I always feel, that Switzerland was given to us. Before we had Switzerland, I should rather say before we had winter sports in Switzerland, some disaster was practically bound to occur. I have known it get as far as tea-trays and occasional tables. The tea-trays spun round and round. One carried them up to the top and started again. The whole affair was inexpressibly painful. . . . But now a judicious reference to Switzerland will usually cause the cloud to pass away.

"Why haven't we mountains here," one murmurs, looking out gratefully at the level panorama, "as they have in Switzerland?"

The subtle suggestion underlying this remark is that in a flat country like ours it would be ridiculous, if not impossible, to take any further action with reference to the snow. Something already has been gained.

"Yes," continues somebody else, "if it were only like Switzerland, what glorious lungeing we could have to-day!"

Now I come to think of it, I am

not sure that "lungeing" is the right word. But it is something very like that. The vision of Switzerland has by this time completely daunted all those intemperate spirits who are incapable of looking at snow without wishing to treat it violently, and a hope surges up that honour has been satisfied. It is better, however, to clinch the affair.

"We might have tried a bit of tobogganing here to-day," one says, "on Shooter's Clump. But the snow won't last, I'm afraid. It's beginning to thaw already."

And one looks out with a sigh of regret at the perfectly crisp, frozen deposit that lies upon the lawn.

To revert, in fine, to the operative mode:—

H. of the H.

Oh, miles away, in Switzerland,
In Switzerland, in Switzerland—

V. M. of the F.

In Switzerland the good—

H. of the H.

The sleighing must be simply grand.
In England (touching wood)
The snow is sure to melt away—

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So we shall stop indoors to-day.

All Together.

We'd bob-sleigh if we could!

One has definitely established, thank Heaven, that geography, and no lack of sporting spirit, is to blame, and one can light one's pipe with calm. The time has now come to adopt the reasoning intellectual attitude towards English snow. One perceives it for the undisguised calamity that it is. There is no hunting. There is no golf. Nice long walks have been stopped, and even quoit practice for the Olympic games can only be carried on under difficulties. There is a peril that at any moment a happy red-cheeked party may desire to throw snowballs at each other. There is even a risk of ice. It may become obligatory to walk, carrying our skates, to the reservoir, which is at least a mile and a half beyond Shooter's Hill, only to find seven large stones and a board marked DANGEROUS upon the surface of this unamiable mere. The sole remaining consolation is hope. As the poet sings:—

'Neath virgin veils
Now lies the clough;
Snow fills the dales,
Disgusting stuff!

But soon, full soon,
Those veils wear thin;
The timely boon
Of muck sets in.

EVOE.



Old Sinner. "WOT'S 'E AHTER, JOE?"

Joe. "'E WANTS TO VISIT THE LIGHT'OUSE SO AS 'E CAN PUT IT IN A STORY WOT 'E'S WRITIN'."

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ANOTHER BEAU'S STRATACEM.

[A woman, we read, is much more likely to make a wise decision when she is feeling well dressed.]

ALTHOUGH we met at ball and rout
(I followed her to heaps),
And long ago I'd ceased to doubt
My heart was hers (for keeps),
I did not dare endeavour then
To make her mine till death,
Putting my plea in edgewise, when
The drummer paused for breath.

For much I feared my chance would be
Inevitably gone

Were I to broach the theme when she
Had all her war-paint on,
And so could prudently decide
Such points as might arise
(Being a needy poet's bride
Is not exactly "wise").

Neglectful of no chance to win,
I deemed it best to wait

My time till I should find her in
A less resplendent state,
A toilette that I deemed had done
Its bit to blunt the keen,
Calm, level-headed judgment one
Expects from crêpe-de-Chine.

At last I found her on a day
(To tea it was I went),
Fresh from a winter-bargain fray,
Dishevelled but content,
And saw the symptoms written large
Of grip and counter-grip,
The back-heel and the shoulder-charge,
The tackle and the trip.

On bended knee I made a start
To press my ardent suit
And begged her place my hand and heart
Among her other loot;
Nor was my hope an idle dream;
There came a whispered "Yes,"
Proclaiming my strategic scheme
An absolute success.



Lady (to young man who is taking her daughter to a dance). "I UNDERSTAND, MR.—ER—THAT MY DAUGHTER USUALLY GOES TO DANCES WITH YOU. I THINK SHE'S OVERDOING IT—SHE'S BECOMING SO THIN."

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The back-heel and the shoulder-charge,
The tackle and the trip.

On bended knee I made a start
To press my ardent suit
And begged her place my hand and heart
Among her other loot;
Nor was my hope an idle dream;
There came a whispered "Yes,"
Proclaiming my strategic scheme
An absolute success.

THE STRIKE OF SOCIALIST MINISTERS.*(Extract from the "Annual Register" for 1924.)*

OF the labour troubles that occurred during the year 1924 the most unexpected was the strike of Cabinet Ministers. Discontent had been rife since the spring amongst the members of the National Amalgamated Cabinet Ministers' and Other Parliamentary Office-Holders' Union; and matters came to a head on June 23rd.

On that day, at 6 p.m., the Prime Minister (Mr. R. MACDONALD) detailed three Ministers for front bench duty during an all-night sitting. They protested that they had already worked throughout almost the longest day of the year. But the Prime Minister insisted, whereupon they downed portfolios and marched out of the House. Their action was endorsed by the Executive Council of the N.A.C.M.O.P.O.H.U., and a strike declared forthwith. The order was obeyed by all Members save a few Under-Secretaries.

The first act of the strikers was to form up with banners in Palace Yard and march to Trafalgar Square, where they held a demonstration. The Lord Chancellor, who presided, congratulated his fellow-toilers on their magnificent display of solidarity, which would profoundly impress the nation. Except for an insignificant half-dozen of underlings, they were unanimous in their determination to resist the tyranny of their employer. They had no personal animus against the Prime Minister, but employees had their inalienable rights, and, alas, employers had their ineradicable vices, even when they derived their power from the proletariat.

The demands of the N.A.C.M.O., etc., would, he ventured to assert, astonish the public by their moderation. They claimed a working day of six hours from signing on to signing off; no man to work on night-shift more than once a week; double rates between 6 p.m. and 9 a.m., and free Windsor uniforms. They also demanded the abolition of overtime. It was scandalous that men should be asked to work overtime when a million of their brothers were workless.

The Lord Chancellor was supported by the Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, who referred to the recalcitrant Under-Secretaries as mutinous cabin-boys. If there were others who felt inclined to describe them as blacklegs, scabs or traitors, he for one would not set himself up as a censor of nomenclature. He was only too painfully aware that the language of diplomacy had its limitations.

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an exposition of the term "peaceful picketing," and described the masterly plans made by the Secretary for War for picketing the approaches to both Houses; and the meeting dispersed after passing a number of resolutions.

When questioned in the Commons on the strike, the Prime Minister took a strong line. The King's Government must be carried on, and carried on it would be. These men had abandoned work without giving the statutory notice, and he was confident that the House would support him in every step he took, however drastic, to uphold the sanctity of contracts and the continuity of administration. It was his intention at once to demand from the strikers their seals of office. He asked for a vote of confidence. This was accorded by an overwhelming majority, which included a considerable number of Members who conceived themselves to be pre-eminently fitted to hold high office with distinction. It was pointed out by a Communist that many of the strikers had been earning about one hundred pounds a week, a sum appreciably in excess of the standard rate in other semi-skilled trades.

To the Prime Minister's demand for their resignations the strikers returned a curt refusal. The peaceful picketing continued. It was quietly effective, and, after two Under-Secretaries had met with serious accidents, the other blacklegs willingly rejoined their comrades. The deadlock was complete.

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The same evening he waited upon the Executive of the N.A.C.M.O.P.O.H.U., and negotiated with them. Their reply was, "All or nothing." With statesmanlike promptitude he said, "All." A ballot of the men was then taken, and within three days Ministers and other holders of office were back at work.

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[Dr. JAMES GLOVER, lecturing on recent advances in the relations of Psycho-Analysis to Education on January 8th, declared that "many cases of clumsiness, inability to play certain games or learn certain lessons, slackness and lack of interest, were, after analysis, followed by satisfactory talent in the direction originally blocked by an inhibition. The result of new researches into the hidden mental life of the child, and the emphasis now laid on what happened in its earliest years, would reverse the prevailing opinion that the teaching of young children was the least important stage of the educational process, and could be safely delegated to poorly-paid or badly-trained people. They now knew that a nursery-maid could do more harm in ten minutes than a professor could remedy in ten years."]

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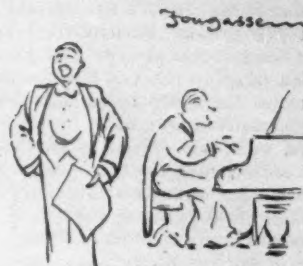
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THE MAN IN THE MOON.

VIII.—HUNS, TRIANGLES, MR. LLOYD GEORGE, ETC.

INTO the full circumstances of the Man in the Moon's triumphant return to the present Parliament I am not at the moment at liberty to go. Some day possibly the veil may be raised—indeed there are those, I understand, who are straining every nerve to raise the veil; but no one is likely to pay much attention to the spiteful recriminations of an unsuccessful candidate, whether they take the form of Petitions, suits for libel, or downright prosecutions for corrupt practices—all of which are said to be pending. I speak therefore, or do not speak, *sub judice* and without prejudice; we at any rate are ready to let bygones be bygones.

At the moment my friend is devoting all his energies to the preparation of his speech on the Address. It is not likely that he will be allowed to deliver this speech. And even if he is it is not likely to reach the public. The Doped Capitalist Press will suppress it; the Pure Socialist Press will not report it. He has, however, practised it on me so frequently, and I have assisted with such realistic interruptions and Parliamentary "sallies" (based on examples in old *Hansards*, and designed to give the speaker confidence) that it has for me now the reality of an oft-repeated dream, and I think it should not be lost to the world. This was how it ran at the last rehearsal:—

THE MAN IN THE MOON: MR. SPEAKER, Sir, I am sure that this Honourable House will grant me the traditional indulgence accorded to those who through no fault of their own are elected to Parliament without being able to speak. (*Cheers.*)

I am told, Sir, that in these days of action you no longer set much store by mere words, and in this House, at any rate, the first essential of an oration is that the person delivering it should possess none of the qualities of an orator. (*Hear, hear.*) MR. SPEAKER, Sir, I shall not disappoint you. And this is not my only title to your consideration. Newly arrived from a neighbouring planet, I am imperfectly acquainted with your history. We meet to-day, I learn from your newspapers, in circumstances of unprecedented gravity; but I am told that this has happened before. (*An*

Hon. Member: "Question!") Then I read, in a communication by MR. LLOYD GEORGE to the *HEARST* newspapers in America, that "the Western skies are already black with the flight of Capital seeking safety beyond the Atlantic. The fright is real. There has been nothing like it since horror filled the streets of Rome at the approach of ATTILA." (*Ironical cheers.*)

Here again I am in a difficulty. ATTILA, I am told, was the King of the Huns. And your principal enemy

that much, however, should be forgiven to a man who won the War, and that, once a man has done that, he is no longer required to behave like a reasonable being. I will therefore pass on, observing only that we have nothing quite like this in the Moon. (*Sarcastic cheers.*) Now, Sir, what is the situation?

MR. PINGLE: It is a banana. (*Laughter.*)

THE MAN IN THE MOON: I can express it in a sentence. The PRIME MINISTER, more tinned against than tinning (*Supercilious cheers*), has been returned to power with a clear majority for Protection. (*Uproar.* "It's a lie!" "Sit down!" "Boot-face!" "Oyster!" "What about South Walthamstow?" and other Parliamentary expressions.) I say that deliberately. (*Renewed uproar.*) The Conservative Party is the largest party in the State. (*More uproar, and an Hon. Member, bitterly, "Triangles."*) I will deal with that interruption. During the Election MR. LLOYD GEORGE and others had a good deal to say with regard to triangular contests and the advantage accruing therefrom to the Conservative Party. (*Ironical jeers.*) I observe that, with the single exception of the Honourable Member who was so ill-advised as to make that interruption, they now preserve a cautious reticence upon the subject.

AN HON. MEMBER (*explosively*): Ha!

THE MAN IN THE MOON: For what are the facts?

MR. PINGLE: They are a banana.

THE MAN IN THE MOON: It is true that in some 202 (single-seat) constituencies a Member was returned by a minority of the votes polled, and of these 89 were Conservatives, 69 Socialists, and 44 Liberals. (*General cheers.*) But since these figures are in each case about one-third of the total number returned for the respective parties, I do not see that any substantial advantage or injustice has fallen to any one of them. (*An Hon. Member: "Vide."*) And when I observe that the Members who are so fortunate as to be sitting among us to-night against the will of the particular citizens who elected them include such stalwart "Progressives" as MR. ASQUITH, SIR JOHN SIMON, MR. PRINGLE, MR. MASTERMAN (the hero of Manchester), MR. PHILIP SNOWDEN, MR.



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."
THE MERCURIAL SQUIRE.

during the late war was the King of the Huns. And that Hun from whom Capital is seeking safety in this precipitate manner—Attila III.—is a Scottish schoolmaster named RAMSAY MACDONALD. (*Uproar.*) And among the followers of this Hun are many thousands of your fellow-citizens who fought in your army against Attila II. You will pardon my inexperience, but to a mere Man in the Moon all this is very strange.

I am also told that a needy but patriotic professional journalist would think twice before he wrote a single word for the *HEARST* Press, for many years the arch-enemy of this country;



Genial Ventriloquist-Conjurer. "NOW IS THERE ANY SPECIAL TRICK YOU WOULD LIKE ME TO DO, CHILDREN?"

Little Willie. "OH, PLEASE COULD YOU MAKE A WHITE RABBIT COME OUT OF YOUR MOUTH, WITHOUT MOVING YOUR LIPS, AND PRETEND IT CAME FROM AUNTIE'S?"

FRANK HODGES, Miss BONDFIELD, Miss SUSAN LAWRENCE and others, I marvel still more at the temerity of the Honourable Member who interjected the word "Triangles!" (Mr. PINGLE: "Bananas.")

Since, however, the subject has been raised, I am sure that he would wish me to pursue it to its conclusion. (*Venomous cheers.*) I note with particular interest the case of the unfortunate city of Cardiff, which returned one minority Conservative (Central), one minority Liberal (East) and one minority Socialist (South). Each section of this unhappy city, therefore, by Liberal arithmetic, has disfranchised itself. But when I add up the total votes polled in that city I find the following result: Conservative, 25,247; Socialist, 24,274; Liberal, 21,933; so that Cardiff, as a whole, seems to have spoken with no uncertain voice after all. (*Cheers, some ironical, some not.*) And that, Sir, throughout the country is, I venture to assert, the whole truth about triangles.

AN HON. MEMBER: That's the stuff to give 'em. (*Uproar.*)

THE MAN IN THE MOON: I return, therefore, to my original contention,

that the Conservative Party is the most powerful in the State. Its nearest competitor—indeed its only serious competitor (*Uproar*)—is the Labour Party, which is Protectionist to a man. (*Renewed uproar.* "No!" "Yes!" "No!" "Yes!" and Mr. PINGLE, "Yes, we have no bananas.") Speaking as an independent observer, I repeat that it appears to me that the bulk of the supporters of that Party are ringed about, from the cradle to the grave, by a Protectionist system a thousand times more rigid and drastic than anything that the PRIME MINISTER proposes or other countries have yet put into practice. ("No!") Yes, Sir, from the cradle to the grave. (*Cheers.*) And it is that Protection which makes the new Protection imperative, as I see it, and as the Labour Party will very soon see it. For the more successful they are in furthering their own species of Protection the more surely will they be driven to adopt the other. There may be many admirable arguments for Nationalisation, or for this or that Socialist nostrum, but it is very certain that no Free Trade country could survive them for a week. (*Uproar.*)

Very well then. That is the situa-

tion which the Labour Party will be forced to face so soon as they are in a position to erect the principal structures in the Utopian City which they have promised us so long. So far they have ingeniously managed to evade that issue, sliding away on a series of charming polysyllabic generalisations concerning Capitalism and Nationalisation and so forth, which I for one do not begrudge them. (*Uproar.*) But, Sir, is there any reason why they should be allowed to evade that issue any longer? (*Cheers.*)

What is this talk of Conservatives "dropping Protection"? Because, forsooth, it does the Party no good. But, Sir, constant dropping will damage the stoutest pitcher and suggest at last a certain doubt as to the tenacity of the holder. ("Ha!") Indeed, if the Conservative Party is never to put forward a constructive programme because of the difficulty, serious, I admit, of preventing a certain sort of Liberal from telling lies about it, then, Sir, the burning enthusiasm with which I supported that Party at the recent Election will cool, I fear, to a merely tepid goodwill. ("Oh! Oh!") I have always understood that



Landlady. "SHALL I GET ANOTHER BOTTLE OF WHISKY, SIR?"

Actor. "YES; I THINK IT'S YOUR TURN."

we non-party men were to be despised for lack of principle; but it now appears, on the authority of the warmest partisans, that adhesion to principle or, at any rate, programme, is only admirable so long as it is accompanied by the enjoyment of Office. ("Ah!")

No, Sir, if Protection, the panacea of November, is to be thrown on the dustbin in January (*Derisive cheers*), I for one shall be tempted to transfer such allegiance as I shall ever owe to any particular Party to the Labour Party, who, with all their little childishnesses, are very often right, like other children, and at least remain loyally attached to all their patent remedies, however unpopular. (*Uproar.*)

Besides, Sir, since Protection must inevitably come (*Uproar*) I should like to see the Conservative Party get the credit for it, instead of being in Opposition when the Labour Party introduce it in about two years' time. (*Uproar.*) I repeat, Sir, without fear of contradiction (*Uproar*), that there is at this moment a clear majority for Protection in this House, and I for one regret that no such proposals are foreshadowed in the Gracious Speech from the Throne.

[A riot. The sitting suspended.]

A. P. H.

THE PLUS-FOUR JUMPER.

THE jazz jumper is a hard thing to bear, especially when it hits a quiet household suddenly, as it hit mine. I mean, for eight years Angela had realised that the proper function of a wife is to fade quietly into the background—to blend with her environment as it were. Then all of a sudden came a change, and SOLOMON in all his glory was not arrayed like Angela. Not a bit like her.

All over her top half-squares and crosses and half-circles and rhomboids and blobs crawled and twisted and intertwined in intricate confusion, dazzling devastating colours and Shetland floss wool. From a domestic ray of sunshine (her normal condition) Angela blossomed suddenly into a bewildering compromise between a flash of forked lightning, an Oriental sunset and a fire in an oil factory. But I bore it; I even contrived to simulate a sort of equanimity. I suppose I am a bit of a Stoic really, though I don't make much fuss about it.

But now the second and worst phase of the disease has succeeded the first. From wearing jazz jumpers Angela has proceeded to the making of them. As I sit quietly writing at my desk, neither doing nor thinking any harm to anyone

—in fact, scarcely thinking at all—Angela sits by the fire and knits at me. That is the only way of putting it; it is that aggressive sort of knitting; there is a veiled threat in every stitch.

All this is bad enough, of course, but there is worse to follow, for Angela is knitting the darned thing for me! It is a complicated story and I might as well let you into the secret of the sordid domestic details from the very beginning.

It all began with a pair of plus fours. Now I like plus fours. They always look so jolly up-stage and country-house and that sort of thing, and ever since the War I have been hankering after a pair. But you will realise that it is a step which needs courage, and so up to this week I have just hankered.

Angela regards the whole plus-four question from a different point of view, and from the first hint of a hanker she put her foot down. There was nothing nice about the way she did it either, nothing delicate, nothing considerate, nothing— But after all she is Angela, and if she did suggest that a pair of minus twenty-fours would more adequately represent my golf handicap I must remember that eight years ago I took her for better for worse. But I was

wearing a highly decorative pair of riding breeches and field boots and spurs and swords and things in those days. If I had been wearing plus fours, perhaps— But it's too late now.

Anyhow you can see that ever since I first began to toy with the thought of plus fours all the potentialities of painful domestic strife have been present.

This week things came to a head. I admit that I supplied the actual *casus belli*, but I did it rather as a reply in kind to Angela's jazz jumper than as a piece of gratuitous bravado. I felt that it was the only really effective gesture left to me. Besides, my tailor assured me that I had just the figure for them.

After one hurried and horrified glance at my lower limbs Angela took the situation calmly and began to talk of something else. All through breakfast we were extremely casual and non-committal. We touched lightly, even wittily, on a dozen different topics, but under the light mask of indifference we were nerving ourselves for the conflict. At any rate I know I was; Angela has got nerve enough for anything.

It was not until this afternoon that Angela broke cover, and she did it in an unexpected direction. I was sitting in my study lost in contemplation when she came in; I was contemplating the cunning little tassels which decorated my stockings. But Angela appeared not to notice them. She went straight across to her accustomed seat by the fire.

"Hallo," I said, rousing myself from my work for a moment to take an interest in my family.

Angela made no reply, and I was on the alert at once. I dropped the hearty husband and became in a flash the wily scout in enemy territory. I stole a look at her out of the corner of my eye, and suddenly I sat up with a start of horror. In hideous contrast with the jazz jumper which she was wearing Angela was holding an armful of skeins of vividly coloured wool. They seemed to be yelling at me, at one another, at the universe; I mean that was the general effect.

"I hope you like the colours," she said in that dangerous dreamy sort of voice which she reserves for these occasions. "Anyhow, I'm sure they will suit you."

"Me?" I said.

"Of course," said Angela. "I'm going to knit them into one of those jolly jumpers for you to wear with your nice new suit."

"Angela, I couldn't possibly—" I began, and then I stopped. The hideous significance of the thing was beginning to dawn on me.



SQUIRREL NUTKIN.

Huntsman (arriving at Holloa). "WHERE DID HE GO, BOY?"
Boy. "TWERE ONLY A LITTLE 'UN, MISTER, AND HE RUNNED UP YON TREE."

"Why?" I asked lamely.

"I thought it would just finish the whole thing off," said Angela, dimpling demurely. "Of course they're all the rage now, and" (with the merest flicker of an eyelid towards my crossed extremities) "I thought that perhaps, if I made the pattern big enough and bright enough, then the—er—other part might not be quite so noticeable."

Well, you see the diabolic cunning of it now, of course. I shall never dare to wear it, but when Angela has been so sweet as to make it for me I shall never dare, after it is finished, to appear in my plus fours without it.

L. DU G.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"St. Paul wrote: 'If any man will not work neither let him eat.' 'Mais nous Avons; change Aout cela!' 'O Tempora, O Mores!'"
Provincial Paper.

News from the "Oldest Inhabitants."

"At Bayonne, also, fishing vessels were in some cases blown completely over in the river. Residents say that the storm was the worst experienced for 200 years."—*Welsh Paper.*

Commercial Modesty.

Extract from a business letter:—

"Before placing your orders in the usual channel for the coming term, we should like you to be thoroughly convinced that our services can be dispensed with advantageously."

"Two Hundred Gross Limpet Bachelor Button Outfits; clearing line."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Even a limpet bachelor should be cleared in leap year.

"Nearly all the vague maladies from which we all occasionally suffer would be avoided if we were carefully 'run over' by a clever medical man."—*Birmingham Paper.*

When a clever doctor runs over us in his car we hate his cleverness.



Maid. "I wonder, MA'AM, if you'd be so good as to do me a little favour, MA'AM."

Mistress. "CERTAINLY, IF POSSIBLE. WHAT IS IT?"

Maid. "WELL, MA'AM, MY YOUNG MAN IS AT THE BACK-DOOR. COULD YOU HOLD HIM IN CONVERSATION FOR A FEW MINUTES WHILE I RUN UPSTAIRS AND PUT ON A TOUCH OF POWDER?"

EASTWARD HO!

V.—OLD MAGIC.

(India after Leave.)

WHEN Minikoi goes down the wake
With the sinking sun,
And the stars of the South their stations
take—

Cross, Peacock, Scorpion,
There will speak a new voice stealthily
Out of the East and the darkling sea,
Saying, "Come home, dear son."

The exile gazes into the West
Where the slow sun sets;
His thoughts go forth like hounds at
quest,

His sad heart sorrows and frets;
But the new voice speaks him chal-
lenging,
Soft and swift as a seabird's wing—
"Must it be all regrets?"

The exile turns to the sunset blaze
And the painted seas;
But, vague as the skyline's shifting
haze,

Light as the tropic breeze,
The new voice calls for the heart to
hear—

"Mourner of memories fond and dear,
Have not I also these?"

"What of the mornings I have shown,
And the pearling dew,
And the white clouds curtsying round
the throne

Where high in the crystal blue
Upstood my hills of adamant,
Lit by the red sun's earliest slant
And the white moon's residue?

"What of my evenings draped with mist
In the level light,
Village and temple sunset-kissed,
Rose-tinted, gold-bedight,
When a spell was laid on the firmament
And the sun went down in a sweet
content

And the day marched with the night?

"What of the jungle days and nights,
And the gentle drove
Of the forest friends, and the dear
delights

Of some sweet-scented grove
Where the idle hours were murmurous
With voices whispering, 'Bide with us,
For here is treasure-trove'?

"Forgotten all?—with the charmer's
net

And the lure I threw,
With the song I sang and the stage I
set
And the garden of ease I grew?

Nay, you have known my loveliness,
You shall turn again to my caress,
As long-lost lovers do.

"Lo, I had living magic of yore
That is not dead;
Out of my never-emptying store
Around your 'wilderred head
I shall weave the old spells cunningly;
Again, again you shall walk with me—
Enchanted, pixie-led." H.B.

A Misfit.

From a report of the Labour "Victory
Celebration" at the Albert Hall:—

"After the principal speeches, the hymn 'Give
us peace in our time, O Lord' was sung and a
collection for the fighting fund of the party
was taken."—Daily Paper.

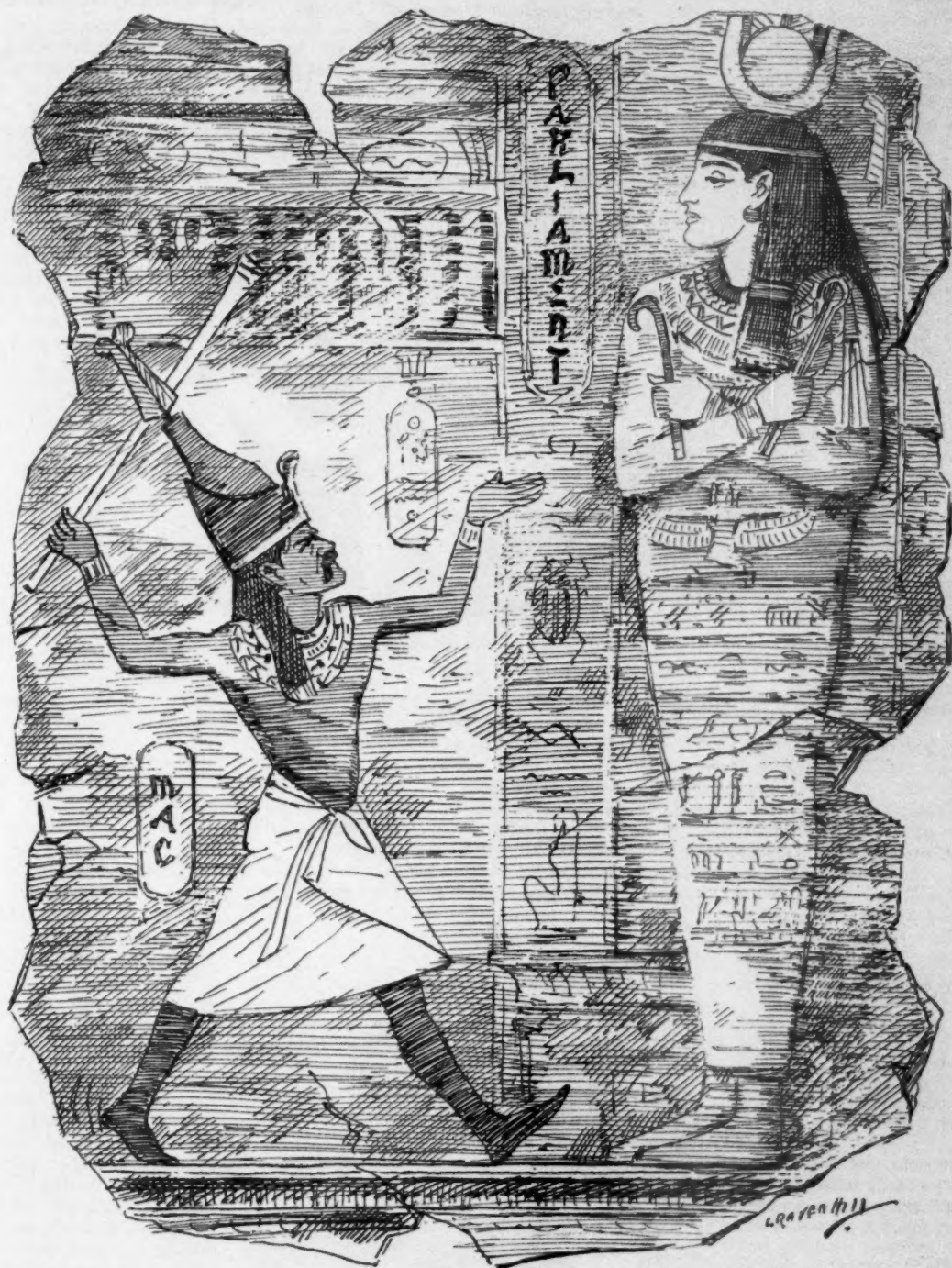
"SUSSEX DOWNSMEN
MOVEMENT TO PRESERVE THEIR BEAUTY."
Daily Paper.

Quite right. It is an extraordinarily
handsome type.

"PRINCE AT A PALMIST'S."

Prince George paid a visit to the Fun Fair
at Olympia last night.
Beyond having his head read, however, he
did not patronise any of the side shows."
Provincial Paper.

We suppose the phrenologist was too
busy reading people's hands.



THE MUMMY OF PARLIAMENTS.

RAMESES MACDONALD. "I'M GOING TO WAKE YOU UP."

THE MUMMY. "AH! MANY HAVE SAID THAT; BUT I STILL PRESERVE MY HISTORIC TRANQUILLITY."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, January 8th.—It was a cheerful crowd that thronged the House of Commons for the informal opening of the fourth Parliament of KING GEORGE V. Even the Conservatives did not seem unduly cast down by their ranks being some ninety short of the number that faced the SPEAKER last November; and Commander EYRES-MONSELL (now a Privy Councillor) preserved his customary cheerfulness as he reckoned up his forces, and did not wear a "give me back my legions" look.

To be a Party once again, instead of a couple of mutually destructive sections, reconciled the Liberals to their continued inferiority to Labour; while Labour itself was so jubilant at the prospect of getting into office that it did not stop to consider that even now it forms less than a third of the whole House.

There was no echo in the House of those prophecies of Red Revolution that have filled the Funk Press. I take it as a good omen that the first of the newly-elected to arrive at St. Stephen's this morning (somewhere about 3 A.M.) was Dr. SPERO, the Liberal representative of Stoke Newington. The new Parliament might very well take for its motto *Spero meliora*.

The intimate connection between hats and revolution has often been observed. Here again the omens are propitious. In the last Parliament, it will be remembered, there was a friendly rivalry between the three women-Members as to the headgear they should adopt, Lady ASTOR preferring the toque, Mrs. HILTON PHILIPSON the *cloche* and Mrs. WINTINGHAM just an ordinary "hat." Now the new House is blessed by the presence of three women-Members of the Labour persuasion. What a chance for them to differentiate themselves from the others and at the same time to express the aspirations of their party by adopting some daring innovation—say the *bonnet rouge* from Paris or the *fez* from Angora! And how, think you, were their heads adorned? Why, in the case of Miss BOND-FIELD and Miss LAWRENCE (I

could not see Miss JEWSON) with nothing at all! The moral is obvious—no hats, no revolution.

The Liberals may or may not be prepared to put Labour in office, but they are not prepared to give up their claim to a share of the Front Opposition Bench. Sir JOHN SIMON early took up a strategic position opposite the Box, and was presently joined by General

Capital Levy on which he has been enlightening the American public in the HEARST Press.

Presently Black Rod appeared to summon the Commons "to hear the Commission read." As the PRIME MINISTER and Mr. MACDONALD started off to head the procession, a Labour Member called out, "Shake hands with him!"—a suggestion which the two protagonists, like boxers before a great fight, sportingly adopted.

On the return from the Lords the CLERK OF THE HOUSE pointed to Sir ELLIS HUME-WILLIAMS, who moved the election of Mr. WHITLEY as Speaker in a speech which was commendably brief and not without humour—as when he mentioned among Mr. WHITLEY's statesmanlike qualities the fact that he invariably smoked a pipe. Mr. J. O'GRADY, in seconding, recalled for the benefit of new Members an occasion when, presuming on Mr. WHITLEY's invariable kindness, he had encountered the sterner side of his character and come off second best.

Following upon a not very fortunate precedent set by the late Mr. GINNELL on the occasion of one of Mr. Speaker LOWTHER's re-elections, Colonel JOHN WARD thought it necessary to make a protest on behalf of the private Member against the modern practice by which the Chair relies upon the Whips' lists of those who desire to take part in a debate, instead of allowing everyone an equal chance of catching the SPEAKER's eye.

In placing himself at the disposal of the House Mr. WHITLEY showed no trace of the nervousness that marked his utterance at his first election, and was particularly happy in dealing with Colonel WARD's grievance.

Old Members also enjoyed his humorous allusions to the disappearance of Sir FREDERICK BANBURY, with his ruthless and effective hostility to the passage of the sort of Bills that keeps the House sitting on Fridays. I dare say he would have been even funnier on this topic had he known that, almost at that moment, the Great Obstructor was threatening, in certain eventualities,



A PRELIMINARY HANDSHAKE.

MR. STANLEY BALDWIN AND MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

SEELY and Captain GUEST (the new House is haunted by *revenants*—Mr. MASTERMAN is another), and later by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who, strange to say, in all his thirty-four years of Parliamentary life has never sat there before. His conversation with Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD was apparently amiable, and did not therefore (I infer) concern the flight of capital from the



THE LIGHT THAT WAS PUT OUT.

MR. SPEAKER WHITLEY AND COLONEL JOHN WARD.

to return to the House at the head of a platoon of the Coldstream, and put down Socialistic legislation wholesale.

Then followed the congratulations of the Party-leaders. The PRIME MINISTER led off, and, in proof that he is not too utterly cast down, delighted the House by informing the SPEAKER-ELECT that "the Government look to you for Support; the Opposition for Protection."

Mr. MACDONALD's speech was, I think, mainly intended for the new Members of his own party, whom he assured that they might safely take the SPEAKER-ELECT "on trust," since their confidence would soon be based upon knowledge.

Mr. ASQUITH being ill, it fell to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to convey the congratulations of the Liberals; and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR added his benediction as Father of the House, excusing the brevity of his speech by saying that he understood the PRIME MINISTER was "anxious to disappear"—a pause for the Opposition laughter duly following—"to catch a train."

Wednesday, January 9th.—While the Commons were waiting to be summoned to the Lords to hear the Royal approval of Mr. WHITLEY as Speaker, a Labour Member beguiled the interval by whistling a few bars of "The Red Flag." From Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD's expression during this performance I gather that his taste in music is deplorably old-fashioned.

On returning from the Lords the SPEAKER made the customary announcement that he had claimed all the ancient rights and privileges of the Commons, and had requested that "the most favourable construction be placed upon all your proceedings." This claim and petition HIS MAJESTY, by the mouth of the LORD CHANCELLOR, had been pleased to grant.

Mr. JACK JONES was no doubt glad to hear this, but was not prepared on his part to put the most favourable construction on the proceedings of the Peers. On the contrary, he complained to the SPEAKER that "we have been deeply insulted this afternoon." He did not succeed in making clear to the House what the insult was. Even Mr. KIRKWOOD, who is usually as quick to take offence as most men, did not seem to know the nature of the crime. But later information is to the effect that Mr. JONES's complaint was that only a handful of Peers thought it necessary to attend the brief and formal ceremony this afternoon. They might urge in

extenuation that a large number of the faithful Commons, including more than half the Labour Party, had displayed a similar *insouciance*. But I infer from Mr. JONES's indignation that in his view the whole seven hundred of them, robes and coronets complete, should have been in attendance. I wonder if he will be equally anxious for their presence when a Labour Government's Bills are before the Upper Chamber?

This was the first day on which Members could take the oath. The rush to do so—no fewer than 470 out of the 615 completed the process during the day—was no doubt due to their desire to qualify themselves at the earliest pos-



"UP, COLDSTREAM, AND AT 'EM!"

SIR FREDERICK BANKS.

sible moment to perform their legislative duties. I put aside as unworthy the cynical suggestion that, as Parliamentary salaries are calculated from the day that Members take the oath, they were merely "signing on" in order to get on the pay-roll and have another £1 1s. 10d.—if this were not Leap Year it would be £1 1s. 11d.—to draw when the quarterly cheque comes along.

Our Candid Advertisers.

"Young Lady seeks situation as companion help, fond of children, good needlewoman, knitter and crochet."—*Local Paper*.

From a law report:—

"Her husband was a vegetarian and subsided largely on fruit."—*Evening Paper*.

Even meat-eaters sometimes experience "that sinking feeling."

FISTICUFFS OF THE FUTURE.

MORE and more our pugilists are realising that the pen is mightier than the fist—that the portable typewriter is more likely to rattle an opponent than the iron knuckles in the padded glove. They are developing into authors. Nay, more, they are becoming Journalists with a Punch, and give Messages to the People. Soon we shall see their weekly sermon in leaded type every Sunday morning, concluding with the magic words (penned by that deferential hireling, the Editor): *Another Striking Article From Pompadour Wills's Pen Next Week*.

For boxers nowadays not only sign their articles, but write them. Mr. DRMPSEY has been enthralled the readers of an intellectual weekly with the story of his life from the time he was a barber and caressed gents' chins for a nickel, to the present, when he caresses gents' chins for untold gold, wears a monocle between whites and travels as royalty used to travel. Another notable bruiser has written a book full of learned references to Greek mythology and the Italian poets. Yet another conducts boxing lessons by post.

What has the future in store for the Big Fight? Let us turn over the files and see.

From *The Daily Boom* of Jan. 3rd, 1944:—

"As indicated in our Stop Press columns yesterday, the protracted exchange of wire- less between Prattling Pugsby and Knib Jakes resulted, last night, in an overwhelming victory for Knib, the Prattler being knocked out by a swinging sentence, every word of which ran to four or more syllables.

"Knib fought by typewriter from his training-quarters, 'Ye Olde Inke Bottel,' on the upper reaches of the Thames, and is of the opinion that the quiet of his charming sylvan surroundings did much to encourage his muse. Prattling Pugsby wrote out his punches from his Fleet Street office, the scene of so many of his victories of wind over metre. For the convenience of the millions of our readers anxious for the latest details of the battle, a fleet of *Daily Boom* aeroplanes showed the result of each round by means of illuminated smoke in the sky, and the comments of our own lady boxing expert, 'The Towel Flapper,' were thrown on the face of the full moon by the special *Daily Boom* two-million-candle-power cinematograph. The fol-

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

IV.—PUPPY AND I.

I MET a Man as I went walking;
We got talking,
Man and I.

"Where are you going to, Man?" I said.
(I said to the Man as he went by.)
"Down to the village to get some bread.
Will you come with me?" "No, not I."

I met a Horse as I went walking;
We got talking,
Horse and I.

"Where are you going to, Horse, to-day?"
(I said to the Horse as he went by.)
"Down to the village to get some hay.
Will you come with me?" "No, not I."

I met a Woman as I went walking;
We got talking,
Woman and I.

"Where are you going to, Woman, so
early?"
(I said to the Woman as she went by.)
"Down to the village to get some barley.
Will you come with me?" "No, not I."

I met four Rabbits as I went walking;
We got talking,
Rabbits and I.

"Where are you going in your brown fur
coats?"
(I said to the Rabbits as they went by.)
"Down to the village to get some oats.
Will you come with us?" "No, not I."

I met a Puppy as I went walking;
We got talking,
Puppy and I.

"Where are you going this nice fine
day?"
(I said to the Puppy as he went by.)
"Up in the hills to roll and play."
"I'll come with you, Puppy!" said I.
A. A. M.





OUR VILLAGE CHESS CLUB.

Zealous Opponent. "ERE, DOAN'T 'E LEAN FORWARD ZO MUCH, GAFFER. YE MOIGHT BE MOVIN' ALL ZOARTS O' THINGS BE'OIND THAT BEARD O' YOURN."

lowing are the details of this historic battle of words:—

"Knib loosed a couple of Greek quotations, which staggered the Prattler for a moment, but the latter evoked loud cheers and cries of 'Well scribbled!' by launching an upper-cutting rejoinder consisting of a technical report of the Medical Conference, which landed fairly on his opponent's right ear and appeared to daze him. At this stage he seemed to be suffering from a touch of writer's cramp and sparred gently for time. Knib then scored by sending over a brace of CHESTERTON paradoxes and a flaming jab of JACK JONES invective. Then for a period there was a languid interchange of WILDE epigrams, but with no apparent advantage to either contestant.

"During the interval the Prattler refreshed himself with a few stanzas of OMAR while his seconds wiped his inky fingers with a sponge. Knib seemed the more distressed of the two, and feebly waved away a second who commenced to read a Shavian preface to him.

"The Prattler seized his pen at the stroke of the gong, jabbed the paper viciously for thirty minutes and, to the delight of his supporters, produced a

column of LOVAT FRASER which fairly bristled with dangerous italics. Knib retaliated with an awkward slab of *vers libre*, which his opponent only avoided by clever work with his feet. Knib seemed full of life at this juncture and rattled the Fleet Street man with a jarring succession of DEAN INGE paragraphs. He followed up this advantage with an original sonnet, but was cautioned by the referee for ending a sentence with a preposition. Pugsby countered heavily with a rare poem by DR. BRIDGES, but Knib then drew sweat by a series of two-handed punches on his typewriter in his best style of original satire, quoting three X-Ray specialists and a bonesetter.

"The Prattler replied hotly with the prospectus of his aluminium factory and a detailed list of his mascots. To critical observers, however, it was apparent that he was weakening. He split two infinitives in succession, and at times his handwriting was shaky. There were loud demands from the audience that his seconds should throw in the blotting-pad, but the game boxer shook his head and took a firmer grip of his fountain-pen.

"The Knib was now full of beans and

scored three dots on the eye of his opponent with a spasm of H. G. WELLS. It was plain that the end was not far off. The Prattler, who was now wearing a wet towel on his brow, was stumbling over a Bedtime Story when the Knib flashed across with a sharp SITWELL, which shook his opponent severely. Flushed with success, he then sent across a staggering quotation from HENRY JAMES, and, before the Prattler could rally, his opponent was on him with a knock-out treatise on Pragmatism. The Prattler found the mat and took the count.

"After receiving the congratulations of his supporters, Knib, who appeared as fresh as ever, sat down and dictated his 'How I Won' article, which will be found on pages 8, 12 and 16."

"Lord Curzon, the Foreign Minister, will celebrate his sixty-fifth birthday on Friday by entertaining the officials and messengers of the Foreign Office to dinner at the Cheshire Cheese, in Fleet Street, which their contemporaries (sic) frequented in the latter part of the eighteenth century."—*Daily Paper*.

How his Lordship will enjoy his veteran guests' reminiscences of the days "when George in pudding-time came in"!

THE LAMBS AND THE ANGLER.

WHILE the year is sleeping yet,
Ere a bud beguiles the fallow,
And the badger in his sett
Dozes on his Autumn tallow;
Though the morn is shrewd and surly,
Hark! I hear, a-nigh their dams,
In the cotes the little early
January lambs.

And I say the watch is done
(Very nearly done) this minute;
Spring, I venture, has begun—
Here's a fold and lambs are in it;
Lambs! What though the sky's still
arching
Glumly o'er a world of stone,
Surely Winter's beat and marching?
Lambs are April's own.

Surely grass must soon grow green?
Don't those whickering *maas* declare
it?

And a martin might be seen
Very shortly now—I swear it;
Swiftly are the moments ticking,
Soon's a time of meads and rills,
Soon will Proserpine run picking
Upland daffodils.

Have you seen your rods of late?
Better put 'em up and try 'em.
Flies? I'd not procrastinate,
Better hurry up and buy 'em.
Gracious, *here's* a pulse unsteady!
Better write at once to Town
Or he'll hatch before you're ready—
He, the first March Brown.

Is the season sleeping yet?
Ne'er a nesting daw doth chatter;
But here's pulse with Spring a-fret,
Here's a heart goes pitter-patter;
Things are pressing, things are urgent
All at once since, next their dams,
I have heard 'em, small, resurgent,
January lambs.

A FORWARD STRIDE IN SCIENCE.

Bobbie and I are frightfully excited about it.

We always used to wonder what they were for, and how they made them so sharp, and got them right in the middle; and now it appears, from an advertisement I saw the other day, that they needn't have been there at all. Bobbie saddens when he thinks how many of his balloons have died of them; and I wonder how many new valves we might have bought with the pennies that have gone in replacements.

Because when you bang a balloon up to the ceiling it's certain to hit one of them one day and go off with a pop or collapse reluctantly, like one of those expiring pigs. I gather that Jenkins too is pleased about the idea of doing without them, because they used to tear his duster, and a round smooth



Club Bore. "WERE YOU HERE WHEN I TOLD MY YARN ABOUT THE BOTTLE-NOSED SHARK?"

Sufferer. "I WAS."

Club Bore. "YOU REMEMBER THE SEQUEL?"

Sufferer. "I DO. I LOST MY TRAIN."

surface is much easier to clean. But, owing to the traditional dignity of his profession, the depth of his feelings is, of course, difficult to plumb.

Anyway Bobbie and I are agreed that a great industrial advance has been achieved which will contribute enormously to the pleasures of the nursery; and even if in our joy we are tempted to forget the sad case of balloon-makers,

threatened with imminent ruin, we must try to comfort ourselves with the reflection that no really efficient business man should be brought down by neglecting to foresee a discovery like this.

The extraordinary thing, to my mind and Bobbie's, is that it should have taken all these years for people to find out how to make electric-bulbs without those funny little spikes at the top.

THE SECRET.

ALTHOUGH not in the running for any of the prizes that await those who claim to enjoy political prescience, I have made a discovery such as might easily escape the observation of your statesman of genius, wherever he is, and provide its enunciator with a reputation for far-sighted sagacity second to none.

Let me tell you.

But not just yet.

I want first to have the pleasure of saying a few words on another theme; I want to sound the praises of those marvellous brothers known to the frequenters of the Cirque Medrano on Montmartre, in Paris, as LES FRATELLINI, the three clowns. What the names of the FRATELLINI are I have no idea. I distinguish them, when I visit their abode of mirth—as I did again the other day—not by name, but by appearance: the brisk and masterful one, with the clown's classical white face, touched with black and red, and the stiff short hair, and the firm legs in white stocking; the mild diffident one, with the eyeglass and the top-hat, who is rarely a match for the other and suffers accordingly; and the dazed one, with the clothes stolen from a scarecrow, and long hair and a nose inflamed and enlarged by potations, who is often the dupe of both his brethren (although he has been known to laugh last), and who would be a millionaire if he could exchange for ha'pence all the kicks he has received from his kinsmen's feet. How these glorious buffoons fard themselves—make themselves up—you may read in the new issue of that astonishing medley of information, more interesting than any novel.

the Agenda des Galeries Lafayette pour 1924, for there they confess. I don't know which of the three held the pen, but he can turn a phrase no less neatly than a somersault: "Dans sa loge, tout en grimant son visage, le clown se retrouve dans l'atmosphère du Cirque . . . En même temps que sa figure, il fard son âme."

Well, the FRATELLINI, with their souls properly farded, are an irresistible institution at the Medrano, and have been so ever since I can remember it. They never grow any older, never any less supple and gymnastic; they never fail to keep the place in a roar; they never scamp their work, and they never omit

to keep in touch—for they are musicians too and play strange instruments of their own devising—with the latest tunes. Whatever else may be in the bill—and the Medrano likes sensations—the turn of the FRATELLINI, about half-way through the second half, is the most eagerly awaited.

These little circus farces, which suggest the spontaneity of a charade, are, I imagine, the result of very careful preparation and rehearsal. And since

up—the substitution of a real man for a puppet. We began with the first FRATELLINO receiving a gift from a dead uncle—a great mysterious casket. The second FRATELLINO at last ventured to open it, when up sprang a full-sized Jack-in-the-Box on springs and the appropriate panic set in. Later, into an empty ring sauntered the dissipated one, with his nose like a lantern and all his rags a-flutter, and a bottle in his hand. Lurching towards the casket

he released the spring and received the shock of his life, which a thousand Parisians relished, and at least one Englishman. Then, of course, how natural for him to take the place of the Jack-in-the-Box, and on the return of his brothers give them the shock of their lives too! The groundwork of all such elaborate jokes as these is, I suppose, the same, but the FRATELLINI elaborate them with infinite fancy. How often have I started forth after dinner to witness this and that more pretentious programme and finished up in their innocent nonsensical company!

The FRATELLINI—

"But what," you ask impatiently, "is the wonderful political secret which you made all that fuss about at the beginning of this article?" Well, it is this. I have discovered that the real reason of any French soreness with England, such as one gets a hint of now and then in the French Press, has not, as most people have supposed, the least connection with Germany, or reparations, or Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, or anything trivial like that, but was really caused by Mr. C. B. COCHRAN, the London theatrical manager, who will never be forgiven by any Frenchman, from M. POINCARÉ downwards,

or any French woman, or any French child, for luring the FRATELLINI away from Montmartre and their native sawdust arena to the Pavilion, and putting them on an alien stage in a *revue*, with almost nothing to do when they got there, and, finally, for keeping them thus idle for several months, with the result that the Cirque Medrano was the home of lamentation and Montmartre a waste.

That is what the French cannot forget or forgive; and I sympathise with them.

E. V. L.

At Troy-super-Mare.

"The animal was being driven along King's Road, and it contained three passengers."
Brighton Paper.

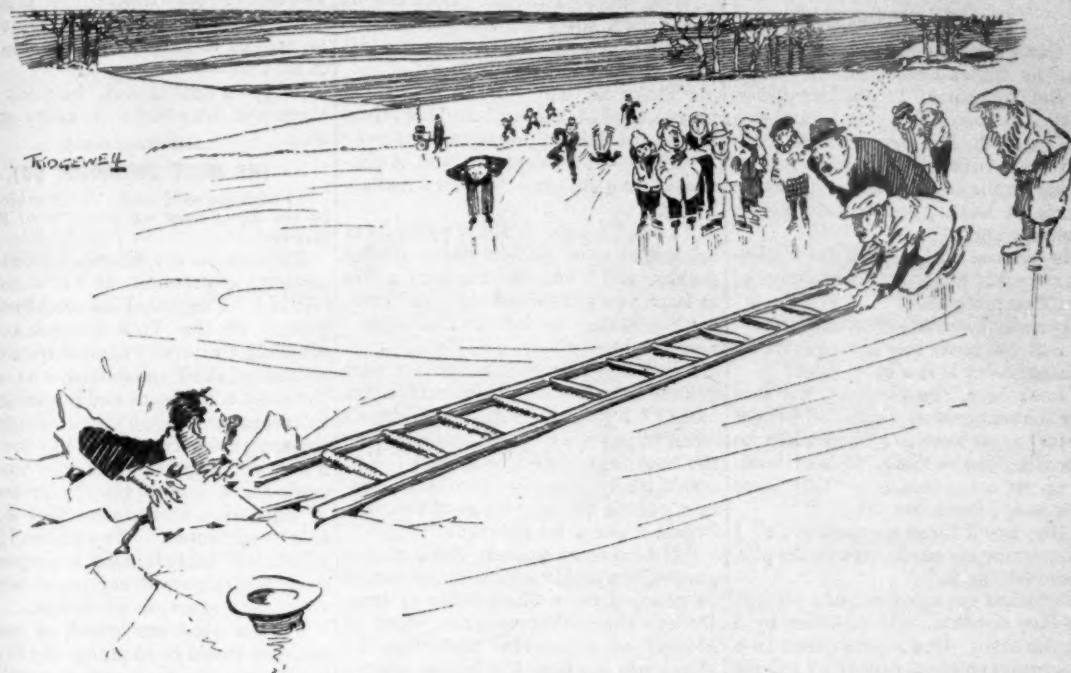


Mother (showing child her infant sister). "So, YOU SEE, YOU'RE NOT MOTHER'S ONLY LITTLE GIRL NOW."

Child (observing its diminutive size). "No; B—BUT I AM VERY NEARLY, AREN'T I, MUMMY?"

they so often involve a sequence of two similar calamities, they differ from ordinary dramatic sketches not only in being performed for the audience, but in a sense with the audience, for the audience is also in the plot. It first knows what is going to happen and then sees it happen, and its impact on the butt—a treble joy. These FRATELLINI dramas are in the nature of conspiracies, and we all take part. Every circus keeps clowns to do something of the kind, but none carries them off with such an air as these grotesque brothers or shows such fertility of comic invention.

The other night that excellent *motif* for a knockabout drama again cropped



The Victim (indignantly). "TRYING TO BE FUNNY, AIN'T YER? HOW DO YER BECKON I 'M GOIN' TER GET ME FEET ON THAT?"

LINES TO A LITTLE ZEBRA.

CHILD of the velvet nose, O small but obstreperous stripling!
Thou whose diminutive hooves pine for the populous
veldt,

Covered once with a coat all tawny (according to KIPLING),
Now with protective intent multistriated of pelt.

What ill-omened gust of circumstance blew thee hither
To skies of lead in a grey jungle of rain-battered bricks,
Where round thy paddock bucolics foregather and ogle and
blither,

Ply thee with futile nuts, poke thee with pestilent sticks?

Surely a sigh must escape the bosom, no matter how brassy,
Thus to behold thee pent, that once on the wings of the
wind

Spurned the unlimited waste in the wake of thy parent
(alas! he

Fell to the hunter's gun, leaving thee helpless behind)!

Here the reverberant plain rings not with ostrich and eland;
Blesbok, bontebok, gnu, sassaby—sable and roan—

Troop not at dusk to the pools or start from their browsing
to wheel and,

Taking their time from the left, vanish to regions un-
known.

Large is thine eye and melting, and my bosom were melted
instantly,

Thinking of all thou 'lt miss as the years of captivity
pass;

Never to sweep up wind in a wild glad gallop or canter
Over the jocund plain, seeking the juiciest grass.

Only the thought recurs that, extolling this excellent
freedom,

Sentimental souls mostly commit the mistake

Of quite overlooking the troubles that, howsoever you heed
'em,
Fetter the feet of the free, follow in Liberty's wake.

There where the high bush veldt rolls North to the rolling
Zambesi

Leopards lurked in the grass eager to carry thee off;
Deep in desirable pools huge crocodiles waited to seize 'ee;
Nightly thou shakdst with fright at the lion's rever-
berant cough.

Flies with their murderous sting and parasites nameless
but awful

Harried the wandering herds; black men pursued them
with spears;

Pythons suspended from trees had deemed thee a succulent
mawful;

Seasons of famine and drought threatened the length of
thy years.

Here in thy pen well-appointed no enemies wait to con-
found thee;

Milk in a bottle is thine, hay in incredible piles;
Keeper is kindly though stern; thy kinsfolk are gathered
around thee;

Man but pursues thee with buns, shoots thee with amiable
smiles.

Therefore, my blithest of babes, kick and wax fat and be
merry;

Also stop chewing my coat; though threadbare it has to
suffice

One who, a captive like thee of Circumstance, isn't so very
Wretched nor ponders too much Fate and her frivolous
dice.

ALGOL.

INFANTS TERRIBLES.

"CAN'T possibly lunch with you to-day," he said as I came in.

"Busy, of course," I replied ironically. "You City men! I expect to find you hard at work, and here you are with your desk covered with photographs of your nephews and nieces. Must be twenty at least. You seem a pretty wholesale uncle."

He glanced at the pictorial kindergarten on his table. "No relations of mine," he protested.

Curiosity banished good manners.

"But you never told me you ran an orphanage—or is it a baby farm?"

"Look here," he replied. His face wore that expression which the *Ancient Mariner* must have exhibited when he jeopardised the wedding. He was warming up for a confession. "You never knew how I lived, did you?"

"No; but if these are part of it," I said, running my hand through the pile, "I should like to."

He picked out a portrait of a prodigy in a lace creation, held together by a gigantic sash. One leg was bent in a gymnastic evolution, caused by a fierce infantile desire to devour its toe. "That," he said, "is Lord Aloysius Clarenceux."

I recalled the fellow. Few youths in *Debrett* are more richly gilded. He owns three seats; one in Berkeley Square, one in the country, and one in the stalls of whichever theatre the loveliest chorus-girl in London condescends to adorn.

"You see this child in its birthday dress?" A chubby infant was sprawling on a hearth-rug, crowing with delight in the face of a sleepy and resentful pug. "That is Miss Ermytrude Fitzscholmondely."

Her furs are a byword even at the Hilarity. Two peers of the realm, so it is said, have taken to Mah-Jongg to drown the memory of her hauteur.

"This," said my friend, as he produced a grave infant, its eyes fixed on infinity, its thumb enveloped in a rose-bud mouth, the whole a picture of the earliest stages of philosophic doubt—"this is Mr. Sigismund Binkthwaite-Jones; an early photograph."

A vision of the rising young politician about to woo a new and critical constituency rose before me; Binkthwaite-Jones, whose views on Tariffs are laid down daily in *The Morning Post* with an emphasis that galvanises the breakfast-table of thousands.

"Here"—he produced a GRINLING Gibbons cherub, cabinet size, bathing a gollywog, his face crinkled into a smile that would make the fortunes of any baby food—"you may have heard of Mr. Hannibal Gayne."

Who, indeed, has not? Does not his melancholy smile fill the pit to overflowing? Are not his trousers the last word in the art of Savile Row?

"This," he said, "is Mr. Hannibal Gayne, aged 14 months." And the infant he showed did not even wear trousers.

"That"—he swept the pile of portraits into a drawer—"is how I make a living."

"I see," I said. "Early portraits of celebrities—you collect these photographs, and when the originals arrive at fame you sell them to the weeklies."

"Something far subtler than that," he replied.

"You cannot mean to tell me that you sell them to the proprietors of patent foods?" I gasped. "You surely don't mean to put Miss Fitzscholmondely on the hoardings as a Giganto Baby? You aren't really going to ascribe Clarenceux's smile to daily doses of Popple's Pepsin Powder for Infants?"

"If I were to publish these photographs," he said, "my livelihood would be gone. I am a blackmailer *de luxe*. Do you think Clarenceux is proud of himself as a juvenile contortionist? Don't you suppose the beauty chorus would make his life a burden to him if that portrait ever came to light?"

"He is just about to be engaged, I hear, to that tall girl in the front row. This is my chance. He will receive a polite note and a reminder of the photograph, which no doubt he will recollect with familiar loathing. And if he wants to keep it out of the papers he will send me fifty pounds, and I shall send him the photograph. I shall give him good references, because I have done business with half the famous people in London."

"Take Miss Fitzscholmondely. She is supposed to be angling for young Judgrove, the millionaire pillmaker's son. Could his affection survive the sight of the fair Ermytrude wallowing on a hearth-rug? Could her queenly dignity stand the shock? Rather a hundred times will she send me twenty-five pounds—ladies half-price—for the embarrassing portrait."

"Young Binkthwaite-Jones, again. If I were to sell this photograph to the Liberal agent it would cost him the election. Imagine this portrait, with the legend underneath it—'Binkthwaite-Jones trying to solve the Tariff question.' Or picture Hannibal Gayne without trousers. Why, if this photograph were published in half-a-dozen papers he would be playing to half-a-crown."

A maid entered with a letter. He read it and threw it across to me.

"Colonel Sir Hotspur Damierize, 99th Hussars, agrees to pay fifty guineas for the portrait of himself at the age of

two in a starched linen petticoat astride a rocking-horse, but at the same time he wishes to express the opinion that of all the—"

"I get a deal of that," he said; "but there are drawbacks in every profession."

THE MOST UNKINDEST CUT.

"I wish the word 'super' could be abolished by law for at least ten years."—Sir HENRY HADOW.

THOUGH, to my shame, I habitually use such expressions as "It's me" for "It is I," I regarded the recent notable protest of the VICE-CHANCELLOR of Sheffield University against the current misuses of the English tongue as one of the most courageous and inspiring pronouncements of our time. Especially the sentence quoted above fills me with a holy enthusiasm. Ardent would I work for a league for the promotion of legislation to suppress that detestable word "super." Any political party which will include such a proposal in its programme will command my unwavering support in all things.

I knew that one effect of such a measure would be to plunge the Cinema world into the profoundest perplexity and dismay. But that, above all, was what appealed to me. What a joyous and elevating experience it would be to visit a picture-house which did not offer a super-attraction in the form of the super-production of a super-film, characterised by super-photography, with a super-star filling the super-rôle of the super-hero, and so on.

Not easily, I felt, would the Movies be persuaded to sacrifice what has become the very breath of their life; but I looked for a better response from the Press, with its higher sense of academic fitness. Judge then of my horror at seeing, in my local weekly paper, a comment on Sir HENRY HADOW's views, with this heading:—

THE SUPER-PURIST.

CALEDONIAN MADRICAL.

When with Maid Margit on the lea,
Gin I wad pu' for her sweet floo'rs,
She'd cry, "Ah, haud yer hand, let be;
Sweet Nature's art is mair nor oors;
They're bonnier there whaur she displays

The colours as she likes tae choose'em
Than they wad be in cheeny vaise,
Or even in my bonny bosom."

When with my guidwife in the toon
(An' Margit is the name they ca' her),
She stops afore some braw new goon
An' covetous wee thochts befa' her,
I cry, "Look ye what bonny hair
The model has, an' hoo fine-skinned O!
The shopman's art is wondrous rare;
Juist let it bide there in the window."



Driver (rounding a corner on two wheels). "YOU DIDN'T KNOW I COULD DRIVE A CAR, DID YOU, OLD MAN?"
 "Old Man" (ageing rapidly). "N—K—NO. CAN YOU?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THE pleasant and innocent pursuit of secondhand-book-hunting is at the bottom of most of the dozen essays of *Books in Black or Red* (MACMILLAN), and Mr. EDMUND LESTER PEARSON has encountered all the more modest and amusing variants of the sport except hunting with a pack—a form of entertainment which I can personally recommend to parents of young bibliophiles. Short of this, he seems to have savoured every mode of approach to the book-dealers of New York and of several European capitals; and his stories of their *personnel* and possessions are full of gusto. "The Literary Hoax" contains an intimate account of the "Fortsas" Catalogue of 1840, which allured on a wild-goose chase to a remote Belgian village the most ardent collectors of its day. And "An American Eccentric," the paper least open to the charge of dilettantism which might be brought against some of the rest, sheds grateful new light on TIMOTHY DEXTER, a New England profiteer of the eighteenth century. TIMOTHY is chiefly noted for having provided the second edition of a more or less unpunctuated original pamphlet with a whole paragraph of assorted stops, so that his readers might "peper and solt" his periods as they pleased. But all his traits are, in his own words, "Drole A Nouf"; and so is his portrait—one of the best of the book's five-and-thirty excellent reproductions of rare or forgotten prints.

In these deracinated days it is pleasant to find a novel which tells you how to be happy though homeless; and this *The House Made with Hands* (ARROWSMITH) does, though the grand secret is not arrived at until the last page but one,

and nothing will induce me to give it away here. I will go so far as to hint that Jonathan has an inkling of it all along; that it is finally revealed, in a Pauline flash, to Barbara and that the hope of discovering it lured me through four-and-thirty years of Barbara's uneventful life—the pot-bound existence (if I may so horticulturally express myself) of a petted, neglected, younger daughter in a rich, gifted and leisurely pre-war family. An old house overtaken, but not spoilt, by London suburbs is the scene of the story. It offers to Barbara and Barbara's beautiful mother, to her scholarly father and to Lawrence, Lily and Jonathan, that visible extension of their personalities which feudal magnates find in hereditary estates. To the visionary Barbara the house is the family, and consequently the better half of her own soul; and it takes the Great War to disillusionize her. I congratulate Barbara's anonymous creator—for this is a nameless and, I think, a first novel—on her delicate, if somewhat diffuse, rendering of this long dream and its disintegration, and on her austere evasion of a makeshift "happy ending."

From the dedication of *The Hare of Heaven* (MELROSE) I am relieved to learn that when Mrs. LEONORA EYLES is older and problems of the spirit have ceased to interest her she proposes to write a book of "happy fragrances." By then I trust she will have grown out of this fatal preoccupation with complexes that has of late affected so many of our novelists, and may possibly present us with a male protagonist more congenial to old-fashioned readers than *Adair Billion*. To be frank, this unfortunate young man made me feel seriously unwell. So thorough a sensual coward has seldom been presented in a novel. Even Hilary, the too generous heroine, is forced to admit that his mind wants cleaning up. There are "all sorts of horrible little appendices

in it, full of decayed stuff." Readers, I suspect, will regard with astonishment the havoc he contrives to bring about, for it seems hardly credible that he should have inspired not only compassion but love in so many feminine breasts. Having said this, let me add that Mrs. EYLES compels respect by her courage. She is not going to be deterred from dealing with any subject on account of its unpleasantness, nor does she seek timidly to confine herself within the circle of personal knowledge. She even plunges into a sentence of Latin—*pro imperium Babylonien mori* is its remarkable conclusion. None the less, when she attempts the idyll of which she speaks, I for one shall open the book with pleasurable anticipation.

I found *The Bravo Mystery and other Cases* (LANE) much more interesting than I anticipated when I took it up.

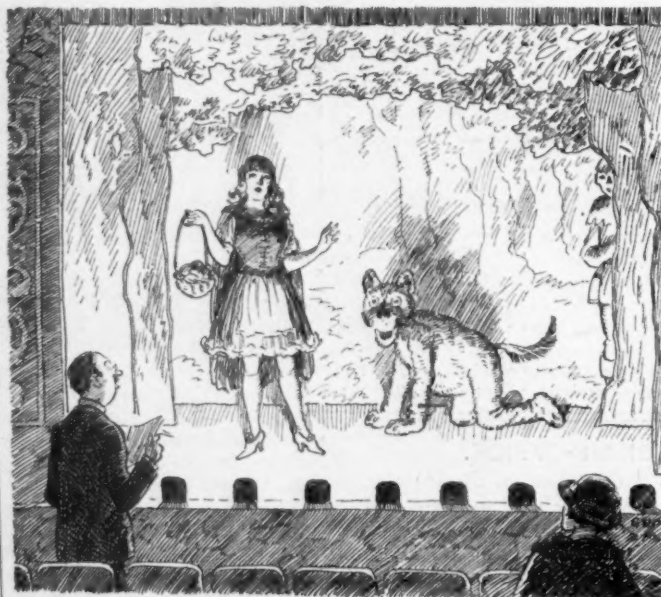
Certainly if I had, as a conscientious reviewer, to pass judgment on the story told by Major MURRAY in regard to his encounter with ROBERTS, the infatuated moneylender, in "The Northumberland Street Tragedy," considered as fiction, I should have felt bound to observe that such things don't happen. An unarmed man who has a pistol pressed on to his neck (and fired by a person who has been practising marksmanship for some weeks), and a second charge delivered point-blank at his forehead, does not subsequently overwhelm his antagonist with a mere pair of tongs, jump from a first-floor window into an area, and live, not merely to give evidence at the inquest on his assailant, but for five-and-forty years afterwards. Yet there is no reason to doubt a single

item of the story, which is retold by Sir JOHN HALL with no particular art, and therefore, perhaps, with a greater plausibility. *The Bravo Mystery*, which radiated a first-rate thrill from Balham through the whole of England in the seventies, is a squalid enough story, interesting mainly because unsolved. Who murdered Mr. CHARLES BRAVO, the not very attractive barrister? Mrs. BRAVO for her elderly lover's *beaux yeux*, or Mrs. COX, her companion, because she feared to lose her place? Or did he take poison himself? There is no sure reply; but it is not bad sport (I hope this is not too callous) balancing the *pros* and *cons* laid before us. The murder of the Duke of CUMBERLAND's valet, the crooked running of the First Gentleman of Europe's horses at Newmarket, and a duel, which was little else than a contrived murder, between two French journalists—these are the "other cases." Sir JOHN HALL's witnesses have a habit of "emitting" opinions, not being content with merely stating them. But he examines them fairly and concisely enough.

HORACE was recently dismissed by a reviewer in *The Spectator* as destitute of the true poetic quality. *Punch*, however, undismayed by this censure, adheres to the view of the great majority of critics. Though HORACE lacked the fire and passion of CATULLUS and the golden music of VIRGIL, to deny the name of poet to the author of the *Regulus Ode*—to mention no others—seems to him inexplicable. So he gives a cordial welcome to Mr. G. H. HALLAM's charming little volume, *Horace at Tibur and the Sabine Farm* (Harrow School Bookshop: J. F. MOORE). It has grown out of a lecture, one of a series illustrative of the Classics, given under the auspices of the Roman and the Hellenic Societies, for the purpose of attracting boys and girls in secondary schools, to whom Latin and Greek have hitherto been a sealed book. Mr. HALLAM brings not only ripe scholarship but intimate local knowledge to his task.

For over thirty-five years he has known S. Antonio—the ruined Franciscan monastery built over the site of HORACE's villa. It is a genial and informative little book, wholly free from pedantry, and with its beautiful photographs forms a worthy act of homage to "the careless bard of human need." For thus HORACE is happily and truly described in the admirable poem by the late Mr. MEDD, of Harrow, Balliol and All Souls, which forms the preface to, and sets the keynote of, Mr. HALLAM's discourse.

Stray Recollections (ARNOLD) are very pleasant to read at one's leisure. Major-General Sir C. E. CALLWELL, K.C.B., has lived every moment of his life since he went to Haileybury in 1871, and in the course of it has acquired various



AT AN AMATEUR PANTOMIME REHEARSAL.

The Wolf (to the Author). "I SAY, THAT'S A TEDIOUS LONG SPEECH OF RED RIDING HOOD'S. COULDN'T YOU CUT IT DOWN?"

The Author (coldly). "WELL, YOU MAY NOT APPRECIATE IT, BUT THE AUDIENCE WILL."

The Wolf. "YES, BUT THEY WON'T HAVE TO LISTEN TO IT IN THIS POSITION."

prejudices, which he has set forth without violence, except, perhaps, when he speaks of politicians. He may, however, be excused for being more angry than reasonable when his thoughts are turned on people who, during the War, made themselves ridiculous by interfering in matters of which they knew little or nothing. Whether he is writing of the Boer Wars, of India, of the Staff College, of the Intelligence Department (1887-1892), or the War Office (1903-1907), he is always a shrewd and amusing companion. He does not follow the common practice of stuffing his reminiscences with anecdotes, but those which he does tell are diverting enough. I like especially the tale of the Federal leader, General SEDGEWICK, who, when asked why he kept an abnormally thick-headed officer on his staff, replied, "I find him uncommon useful. If I write out an order I never know if the other fellow will get me; so I just give it to — to read. If he can make out what it is I want, anybody can." I find this a most encouraging story; there must still be hope for all of us.

CHARIVARIA.

WE understand that there is no truth in the rumour that Mr. JACK JONES, M.P., is to be raised to the Peerage with the title of Baron Silvertongue.

From a paragraph in a contemporary we gather that ripe loganberries have been seen growing in an open garden at Paignton. The political significance to be gathered from this is that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD cannot scare loganberries.

Among new inventions, we read, is a child's suit which grows with the wearer. In view of political developments it is to be hoped that this device will shortly be adapted to men's hats.

Mr. HENRY FORD has purchased over a hundred head of Ayrshire cattle as a foundation herd for his farm. So much for the rumour that he was about to place a cheap motor-cow on the market.

"When all else has been said and done," commences a leader in *The Observer*. But surely with a leader-writer all else has never been said.

Someone has discovered that the Crystal Palace can be seen from the Strand. It is only fair to say that others have noticed this but didn't like to draw attention to it.

A club for women whose husbands stay out late at night is suggested by a weekly paper. What is the matter with the old weapons—the poker or the tongs?

The Lord Mayor of MANCHESTER regards Wembley Park as an ideal site for an exhibition. Something of the sort seems to have been at the back of the minds of the British Empire Exhibition promoters. But then, of course, what England thinks to-day, Manchester thinks next year.

A Bristol man recently walked two hundred and twenty miles from Bristol to Norwich in order to see a football match. A really enthusiastic follower of the game wants to know why he didn't run.

At a conference of the Communist Party in Moscow TROTSKY was severely

censured. This is a much more humane treatment than the old method of continually assassinating their leader.

The Decimal Association makes the proposal that we should have a ten-penny shilling. This would be an improvement on the present sevenpenny ones.

Men who suffer with indigestion have a club of their own in New York. This will be good news for the others.

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Express* asking if any reader could tell him how to brew beer. If forthcoming, the recipe should be forwarded to our brewers.

The Corporation having decided to scrap them, five statues have been re-

A new book entitled *Half-hours with Insects*, written by a well-known entomologist, is to be published next month. But surely in the case of a mosquito this is at least twenty-nine minutes too long.

"A Lloyd George Bust in New York" was a recent headline. We feel sure, however, that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE would be the last to wish his name to be associated with so flagrant an infringement of the "dry" laws.

Attention is drawn to the performance at a music-hall of a Boy Scout, who lifts a heavy iron bar with two men swinging from it. Of course this counts every time as the lad's daily kind action.

A beautiful specimen of the golden bittersn, which is stated to be a very rare bird in this country, has been shot in Shropshire. But for the vigilance of our marksmen the country might be overrun by these pests.

A bronze hand-mirror, supposed to have been used by a Celtic lady of fashion at the time of the Roman invasion, has been presented to the British Museum. This settles the problem, long debated by antiquarians, of how smart Ancient

Britons satisfied themselves that their woad was on straight.

"It is impossible to speak of Mr. Sidney Webb without mentioning Mrs. Sidney Webb," says a writer in a contemporary. This is the kind of rash assertion that puts us anti-Socialists on our mettle.

Mention is made of a hairdresser who trains and rides his own racehorse. This brings us no nearer the hairdresser who can cut his own hair.

A Spreading Disease.

From the wireless news-service:—

"The Ministry of Agriculture state that they have now got the Foot and Mouth Disease in hand."

"Margaret Bondfield, M.P., and I worked together in a West End Store," writes a Welsh novelist. . . . "She sold fancy yarns; I sold women's stockings."—*Weekly Paper*.

And now they have exchanged jobs. He sells fancy yarns, and she has just helped to give the Government socks.



"AH, WINTER BATHING! ANOTHER OF THOSE YOUNG HOTHEADS."

moved from Brighton. There is just the faintest of hopes that this action may provide the germ of an idea for the Brighter London League.

After forty-four years' service the head-keeper of the elephant-house at the Zoo has retired. During the whole of that time he has never mislaid one of his charges.

"Whatever is the outcome of the Mexican Revolution," states *The Los Angeles Gazette*, "the position of the country in the world will remain unaltered." We sincerely hope so. We want no more new atlases.

Mr. MAXWELL-JAMESON declares that "it is everybody's ambition to appear in print nowadays." Except our domestics, who still seem to favour crêpe-de-chine.

"Six feet in his boots" is part of the description of a man wanted by the police. Serve him right if he's caught; he should have been content with two.

TO OUR MASTER-ELECT.

(Thoughts on the prospect of Labour's house being divided against itself.)

You fear no foe in Liberal armour;
Not ASQUITH, ambling round the field,
Causes your nerves the least alarm or
Threatens to shock your virgin
shield;

Nor will the Tories need much braving,
So you but serve your country's ends;
But you will want a deal of saving
From those you call your friends.

When on a dove-like note you've stated
Your temperate resolve to preach
The very doctrines adumbrated
By STANLEY BALDWIN in the Royal
Speech,

What will you do if JACK JONES bristles,
Or KIRKWOOD raises hell and Cain,
Or Glasgow's lot goes wild and whistles
The Ruddy Flag's refrain?

When "Labour," rearing on its back-
legs,

Is out to plunge the land in strife,
And classes you among the blacklegs
If you defend the nation's life,
Will you with folded arms sit numbly,
Fearful to play a leader's part,
While—as you murmur, "Et tu,
BROMLEY"?—

They strike at Cæsar's heart?

"Fair play" in every other quarter
Is pledged you; but within your
walls—

Your house of brand-new bricks and
mortar—

The shadow of betrayal falls;
When ceilings sag and tiles are shifted,
Trust not to ASQUITH's finger then;
That awful digit won't be lifted

To put 'em right again. O. S.

"NOT WANTED."

I AM not wanted. I mean by the police. Of course there are lots of persons who *do* want me at one time and another. My mother thinks the world of me, and even my wife likes to have me about when there are new curtains to be hung or anything like that. But as far as the police are concerned I have always been, and I trust I shall always remain, one of the Great Unwanted.

The police themselves have told me that I am not wanted. In fact they have told me so no fewer than three times during the last ten days. That is the real reason why I am making this public statement.

It is, of course, a comforting thing to know that one is not wanted by the police; I am not objecting to that. They may call at my house every morning if they like and tell me that I am not wanted. They will always be welcome. I am a reasonable man, and I

recognise that the police have few pleasures; their lot is proverbially not a happy one.

But they don't do it like that. Three times during the last ten days they have taken me along to the police-station and had a good look at me. On each occasion they have examined the laundry-marks on my collar and asked me where I was last Thursday fortnight at 3.47 P.M. At first I used not to be able to remember, but I am getting better as time goes on.

These formalities concluded, they tell me that I am not wanted; and we part—not, I flatter myself, without some latent hint of disappointment on their side. But that is as it should be. The perfect host is always he who gives the departing guest the impression that he will be missed.

But all the same the thing has its disadvantages. Passionately as I love the cheery, homely welcome of the police-station, and fond as I am of having the colour of my eyes inspected by policemen who are apparently dieting themselves exclusively on onions, yet there are times and seasons when it is not convenient for me to indulge in these pastimes.

But the police don't seem to realise that. In fact they don't bother about my point of view at all. During the last ten days they have been looking for a gentleman who introduced arsenic (alleged) into his employer's cough mixture, and on three occasions they have triumphantly arrested me in mistake for the gentleman in question.

Now I may or may not resemble this particular malefactor (alleged). The circulated description represents him as "of gentlemanly appearance and cultured speech," and to that extent I admit that the police are justified. I have always suspected that I was of gentlemanly appearance and cultured speech, and to have it proved in this way is very gratifying. But it can be proved too often.

Besides, I am not alone in the distinction. My daily paper tells me (when I can snatch a moment between arrests to read it) that in dozens of other towns up and down the country the same thing is happening to other men. In each case I read "the man was not detained." But my paper gives me no details of the feelings of the gentlemen themselves. Perhaps their speech was too cultured to be adequate as a vehicle for the expression of their views.

But the present is not the only case in which this sort of thing has happened. Every criminal investigation of the past has produced its crop of innocent suspects who were "not detained." Some-

times it becomes a regular hobby with particularly zealous officers. They will arrest practically anybody when they feel in the mood.

Obviously something must be done, and I have decided that we, the harassed doubles of these criminal gentry, must organise in our own defence. I would call it, I think, the Society of the Unwanted. There is something pathetically appealing in such a title; it is a name which would be worth hundreds of pounds on a flag-day. "Poor things!" people would say. "The Unwanted, eh? Well, well, here's a shilling." And we might have banners and a procession now and then. Or local lodges, perhaps. Of course we should need a General Secretary (me) and an Honorary Treasurer (myself). Naturally I should be the President, and I think just a little committee of three *ex-officio* members ought to be able to get through the necessary routine work. I must think it all out. It is just a question of organisation, and then we shall have the whole business on a proper footing. It will double our efficiency.

I can see a great future before us as a Society. There is only one thing which could really stop us, once we get properly into our stride. There might come a time when detection will follow instantly upon the heels of crime. But I don't think that is very likely.

In the meantime here we are, a body of men set apart as it were, raised something above the common herd. We are not wanted by the police. We have their word for it; we are officially innocent of anything. We walk the earth modestly, indistinguishable from our fellow-men perhaps, but inwardly we are glowing with virtue. There is nothing, positively nothing whatever, against us. The police have looked at the laundry-marks on our collars and they can find nothing criminally wrong with them. We all of us know where we were last Thursday fortnight at 3.47 P.M.

And we are a growing body, we who are Not Wanted; we increase in numbers every day. Moreover, some one or other of us is always before the public eye. Whenever you read in your daily paper that "the man, having established his identity to the satisfaction of the police, was not detained," you will know that our society is carrying on, quietly and unostentatiously.

Until ultimately there will come a day when, as an organised and properly constituted body, we, the Unwanted, will be a power in the land. We may even be represented in Parliament itself.

But on second thoughts I dare say that we are pretty extensively represented there already. L. DU G.



TROUBLE IN THE NATIONAL CHEST.

M. POINCARÉ. "FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE DON'T SAY 99!"

[Last week the franc touched 98·25 to the pound sterling.]



The Youth. "WHAT'S YOUR HANDICAP?"
The Youth. "I SAY! WHAT CLUB?"

The Maiden. "PLUS ONE."
The Maiden. "OH, NO CLUB EXACTLY—FATHER'S FIELD AT HOME."

ANOTHER LITTLE LETTER.

THE epistle which follows can never have been intended for my eyes alone. The style, apart from the matter, is sufficient evidence that it was destined for publication in the Press. I am unable to consult the author's precise wishes, since the notepaper on which it was written (of a large hand-made quality and violet in hue) bears no indication of place, but in the circumstances I have not the slightest hesitation in reproducing it here. I need scarcely add that I do not myself endorse all the political arguments which Miss Lente uses, nor the conclusions which she derives therefrom. I would ask her to study the model of those admirable letters which are appearing every morning in *The Times*, and which to me show a far juster estimate of the jeopardy in which we stand. The spirit of optimism is all very well in its way, but we must not try to carry it too far.

SIR,—Has not the time come for all moderate men to band themselves together and form one self-effacing and single-minded party to oppose immoderate views? Surely the mental difference between those who counsel a policy of hot-headed violence, and those who are ready to make compromises and consider the views of others, lies far deeper than any mere party classifica-

tions. In every walk of life, yes, even in the Churches, you may find a man who tries to settle a discussion in a few brief words opposed to the man who goes steadily and soberly and seeks to listen to every side of a point of view.

As I look at the political situation to-day there seem to be in reality in this country not so much three parties as five.

Taking them in their natural order, that is to say from right to left, and not like the photographs in the newspapers, we have first of all the Die-hard or True Blue Conservative Party, with which I have much sympathy when it says the country is going to the dogs; but I must say that it uses most unsafe and intemperate language about it, especially after dinner, when the wine is red. Then we have the Moderate Conservatives, who seem to me, I must confess, to be very like the Liberals, except that they believe in protecting our goods from the foreigner, which I have always held to be a right and proper thing to do. The Liberals, who are the third party, are not now considered to be so wild and wicked as they were when I was a girl, and Gladstone ruled, currying favour with the Irish. It may also pass, therefore, as a party of moderate men. My dear father used often to say, "We are all democrats nowadays," and what was true then is true at the present time, though

my cousin Erastus often tells me that the Liberals have no programme at all. But I do not think this can be true, since I read that Mr. Asquith spoke for nearly an hour in Parliament only the other day. . . .

After that we come to the Moderate Socialists. It may seem strange to talk of any Socialists as being moderate, but I am told that in other countries there are so-called parties who bear this name, and it does seem to me that Mr. Macdonald Ramsay has abjured many of the terrible old ways which the Fabians used to have, including the atheistical capital levy, and the giving up of everything to the State, including land, though, as I have just sold my own little *piéd à terre* in Radnorshire, I do not so very greatly care about this.

Last of all we come to the fifth party, who are called the Communists, and simply wish to abolish everything in the land and set up a sheer reign of anarchy.

Now, cannot the three Moderate Parties which I have named put their heads together and form a united Government, in which there should be posts for Mr. Baldwin, Mr. Asquith, Mr. Ramsay Macnamara, and possibly even for Mr. Lloyd George as well, though I cannot quite forget the words which he used about pheasants many years ago? Would not the effect be that

this moderate and prudent Cabinet would merely have in opposition to it the men of violence, who seem to wish things to come to blows, and would no doubt form a united party of high-handedness on their own? It might so happen, of course, that in time this violent party would draw others in the House of Commons to their side, attracted, as men often are, by bold views, until they defeated the Moderate Government. But even so I should not despair of our political sagacity, which has done such wonders everywhere, especially in tropical climes.

Now suppose that a Government of immoderates were to be formed, with the posts equally divided between the Communists and those Conservatives who are called the Diehards. Suppose that Mr. MAXTON went to the War Office and Mr. KIRKWOOD to the Admiralty; they could do nothing much except prevent a war at any cost, which surely would be all to the good, whilst they could not possibly introduce any of their wicked plans for doing away with the Army and the Navy while posts in the Cabinet were also held by such men as Sir FREDERICK BANBURY—I shall always think of him as that—the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND and Lord BIRKENHEAD. For the same reason the fatal capital levy would never be allowed to be put on.

I know that there might be some very bitter dissension in a Cabinet composed in this way, and many hot words, no doubt, would pass; nor can I quite see who would be chosen as Prime Minister unless it were some moderate man especially invited from the moderate side; but I feel sure that all these difficulties would be overcome in time to prevent an utter deadlock and the complete ruin of everything, which can only end in the ordering out of the military, and chaos and confusion throughout the land.

I hope, in conclusion, that you will forgive this very long letter from one who is only a woman. But there are already eight women M.P.'s in the House, so that I think our point of view deserves more attention than usual. We are always swifter than men to perceive that the true difference between different people lies in character and disposition, and not in mere party views. My own paternal grandmother, who was connected, though distantly, by descent with one of the former Vicars of Bray, was never tired of pointing this out.

Yours very sincerely,

FESTINA LENTE (Miss).

P.S.—In the event of any such recombination of parties taking place I should not care for my name to be used. I am only seeking to advise.



THINGS ONE MIGHT HAVE EXPRESSED DIFFERENTLY.

Fair Chatterer (to highbrow Socialist M.P.). "AND ARE YOU GOING TO BE A CABINET MINISTER?"

M.P. "I HOPE NOT."

Fair Chatterer (thoughtfully). "AH—I SUPPOSE EVERYONE FEELS LIKE THAT."

This is at least the substance of the letter. I have omitted one or two references to the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church and to vivisection, which scarcely appeared to be germane to the general theme. I do not, as I say, entirely agree with Miss Lente, but it would be a pity at such a moment as this for any proposals put forward in a spirit of helpfulness to be lost.

EVOE.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Not every day is the imposing spectacle of a Prime Minister transporting his Tares and Penates to other temples vouchsafed."

Manchester Paper.

"Not every day is the imposing spectacle of a Prime Minister transporting his wares and penates to other temples vouchsafed."

Same paper, another edition.

Possibly in a still later edition they got it right. Meantime we gather that Mr. BALDWIN is moving.

A CRITIC'S DIARY.

"It was on the old chain pier at Brighton in the February of 1887," said Fothergill suddenly, "that my dear old friend, HENRY IRVING, told me a story of TENNYSON that has not hitherto found its way into print."

"Were you in your pram?" I asked.

"No," said Fothergill. "As a matter of fact I wasn't there—or anywhere. But that's the stuff people like. I saw how you pricked up your ears. Yes, and if I only knew a few of the crowd who get their pictures into the papers, politicians and poets and professional pugilists, however slightly, I could keep a diary with a fair prospect of its keeping me in years to come. Wouldn't you like to know what COMPTON MACKENZIE said to me about curates as we swam round and round the Island of Herm? Or how I once nearly persuaded Miss ETHEL DELL to write a novel about a puny and talkative little man who didn't own a horsewhip, and couldn't lift the heroine off her feet, though she only turned the scale at six stone seven? Wouldn't you love to hear how Lord CURZON and I once spent a jolly evening sliding on tea-trays down the backstairs of the Park Lane mansion rented for the season by the Maharajah of Mugwump?"

"I should," I said. "But——"

"You are right," said Fothergill, "it wouldn't be true. But cut out the side-lights on celebrities, and what remains? True, there is the human document touch. PEPPY added greatly to the interest of his journal by his references to his poor wretch. I too am married——" He paused.

"I know," I said (Fothergill happens to be my brother-in-law). "But would Amy——"

"PEPPY wrote in cypher and kept his diary locked up," said Fothergill. "We don't lock up anything except the whisky, when Amy isn't sure of the charwoman, and then she generally has the key. So, on the whole, to be on the safe side, wives nowadays—what I mean there is no point in asking for trouble."

"Quite," I said.

"The human document being ruled out," pursued Fothergill, "I decided to embark on a third course this year. I told myself that a perfectly frank commentary on the literature and art of the day would be of some interest in the future, and that in any case I should be developing my own style. I resolved to devote to my journalistic labours the last half-hour before turning in. I foresaw difficulties. As head of the household I have to see that the downstairs windows are shut and so forth.

And I have to get the cat indoors. It is not easy to write an appreciation of the art of GALSWORDY or hazard a few guesses at the possible meaning of the latest STRELL poem while waiting for the cat to come in from the garden. And I knew I should get no encouragement from your sister. She is very keen on my using a hair restorer. I have to rub the beastly stuff into my scalp every night for fifteen minutes. But for the cultivation of my mind she cares nothing. Women are rank materialists."

At this moment Amy came in. "When did we order those coats?" she asked. "The sixth or the seventh?"

Fothergill replied that he had not the least idea.

"I thought you were supposed to be keeping a diary," she said. "Those are the sort of things you ought to put down."

My brother-in-law, with the air of one humouring a child, opened a drawer of his bureau and produced a volume of imposing dimensions. I recalled tales I had read of MILTON being interrupted by Mrs. M., of Lady BYRON's invasion of her husband's library, of her "Do I disturb you?" and the poet's annihilating retort. And I felt for Fothergill. Amy is a frivolous young person, incapable of understanding the sort of work on which he had engaged.

He was turning over the pages. "I'm sorry, dear. Nothing about coats under either of those dates."

"What have you got?" she persisted.

"On the sixth, the impression made upon my mind by the poetry, the passion, the profound spiritual significance of *Hassan*. On the seventh my views on the Saharan School of Fiction."

"He spends half the night over his long-winded old dissertations," complained Amy. "Well, will you come and speak to the coal people over the phone?"

He went.

He had left the diary open on the table, and during his absence I was base enough to glance at it. The entries to which he had alluded were as follows:—

January 6th.—Turban drama. Had a talk with Parkinson between First and Second Acts. He advises brassie for shot I missed yesterday.

January 7th.—Shall not get any more of these Sheik novels. Fed up with sand and sugar.

From an article on calendars:—

"One looks in vain for an entry which has as much right to its place as the rather class-conscious 'Grouse-Shooting begins' of October 12."—*Northern Paper*.

This date is often anticipated by really classy sportsmen.

SIGNS AND OMENS.

No doubt the prospect's somewhat blue
And politics are far from pleasant,
While influenza's overdue
Or likely to be "recrudescent";
But why be glum ere ills arrive,
Or pessimistic or sardonical,
When "JULIUS CÆSAR, *etat* five,"
Still babbles weekly in *The Chronicle*?

Though life is mostly froth and flux,
Some things, amid the general welter
Of Communism and Ku Klux,
Give us a sense of rock-like shelter.
Even in Fashion's latest whims
An element of sense is mingled,
And hats are made with smaller brims
To suit the chevelure that's shingled.

Suburbanites continue still
To buy and sell and swap two-seaters;
The prosodists who haunt Boar's Hill
Blandly remain immersed in metres;
And, aided by the dyes and tools
Of Vanity in bags and boxes,
The tint of beauty's ensign (*gules*)
Outflames the hue of crimson phloxes.

The everlasting fight goes on
Between the rebels and the fogeys,
The undergraduate and the don,
Who either flout or brandish bogeys;
Vice-Chancellors rebuke the young
For laxity in life or diction,
And youth, with shrill and strident
tongue,
Defends lubricity in fiction.

Still, though pontificating pens
With gloomy prophecies appal us,
Tales of prolific wives, or hens,
Sent by some local scribe, enthrall us;
And still our leisure we beguile
By scanning in the picture papers
The actress's eternal smile,
The football "pro's" aerial capers.

Then let us consolation take—
When people talk of mobs and rifles
And banks that may to-morrow break—
From the stability of trifles;
We may regret that thoughtless folk
Aspire not to a loftier level;
Their levity is past a joke,
But panic is the very devil.

"The Glories of our Blood and State,"
The ends for which we strove and
battled,
Were largely gained by our innate
Disinclination to be rattled;
Extremists mostly cancel out;
And though to-day is dawning redly,
There are more Englishmen about
To make things safe than make them
deadly.

"Capable General wanted, 2 in family, 2 children, nursemaid kept, good wages, good home, no windows."—*Advt. in Daily Paper*.
Good, but surely a trifle stuffy.



HOT STUFF.

"OUR FRIEND 'ERE SAID SOMETHING ABART CONFISCATION. VERY WELL. BUT WHAT DID LLOYD GEORGE SAY IN 'IS OLD LIME-JUICE DAYS?"

ONE UP ON PALESTINE.

THE Hassan whom I sing is no confectioner of Baghdad. He numbers no Caliphs among his acquaintance; his knowledge of captains of military and chiefs of police is confined to the regrettable occasion when he was arraigned on a charge of smuggling hasheesh, and somewhat luckily acquitted upon a point of Turkish Law. The word "Samarkand" conveys nothing to him, and he would have to be convinced of a future of perpetual ease, with the coffers of generosity continually open, before he would set out upon any golden journey.

In a word, he is a rascal, but a very pleasant one, and until quite recently a great friend of mine.

He saw me one day admiring a pair of gourds, such as the Arab boys float upon when it is too hot to swim in these Near Eastern waters. He knows me for an inveterate bather, and his predatory instincts were at once aroused,

happy memories of lucrative campaigns flashing across his mind.

"To-morrow I give you two like that," he said eagerly, adding quickly, "for two shillings," lest I should misunderstand his Oriental use of the verb. "Bouera, yes, to-morrow I come to your 'ouse."

His bright eyes gleamed as I added my pious "If Allah wills."

This happened six months ago, since when I have seen my Hassan twice, but without result. Allah would appear to be taking little interest in my gourds.

Yesterday I met him again in the bazaar and requested him to explain.

"To-morrow I come," the shameless fellow replied. "At ten." This was something new, for never before had a definite hour been mentioned.

But I am one up on Palestine.

To-morrow, if Allah wills, Hassan will come to my 'ouse at ten, my favourite bathing hour throughout the year. He will discover that, although

haste, as every true Arab knows, cometh from the Devil, yet undue delay may have the same Satanic origin.

Last spring I planted seeds in my garden, and now float upon the deep translucent waters of the Eastern Mediterranean, poised peacefully upon gourds of my own growing.

"OPERATION ON THE HIGH SEAS."

Headline in Jersey Paper.

We sincerely hope that it was successful and that now they'll remain calm for some time.

"LION AT LARGE IN TRAIN."

When the express arrived the superintendent of the local zoo was summoned, and after a three hours' struggle he was lassoed and pulled into a waiting cage."—Sunday Paper.

We are still anxious to know what became of the lion.

"Lonely man of 50 (worker) wants bedroom and board as one of small genial household; plays violin."—Advt. in Local Paper.

Yes, but how long will the household remain genial?

AN OPEN LETTER

To a Director of the Southern Railway.

DEAR SIR,—I am moved to write to you by reading the announcement that the two Victoria Stations are to be made one. Apart from the fact that lovers who vaguely appoint Victoria as a place of meeting, but don't specify which one—London and Brighton or Chatham and Dover—are now less likely to miss each other, there are no doubt also less serious reasons for the amalgamation; but I can think of many improvements that are more urgently needed.

I wonder, Sir, if you have ever crossed the Channel? Even more I wonder if you have ever crossed the Channel on a wet and blowy day? And still more, I wonder if, under those conditions, you have ever asked yourself, "What can be done to make things more comfortable for our public?"

The harder it rains the more, I have observed, do your officials cling to the tradition of the single gangway. Few sights are more depressing than the first glimpse of a rough sea in a gale, as one gets it from the train at Folkestone and Dover. But there is one sight that is even more miserable and provocative of that sinking feeling, and that is the solitary crowded gangway, slippery and set at an angle of forty-five degrees, by which all the thousand passengers have slowly and damply and wretchedly to gain the ship. You, Sir, being a Director, no doubt can board her by preferential routes; but not we who have paid for our tickets. For us the perilous incline and the long and chilling wait for our turn to take it. Won't you give us a thought? It will no doubt be a wonderful and ecstatic moment when the wall that now divides your two London termini is removed and nothing interrupts the free interchange of the noise of whistling and escaping steam between the two systems; but how much better if a few more gangways were available at the ship's side—or at least so I am eccentric enough to think.

Again, I wonder if you have ever noticed the pleasure that your porters, loaded with luggage, take in using indiscriminately the steps from the top deck to the lower. Not only going down, but up. Couldn't an order be issued making these steps "one-way"? Being a Dir-

ector, you probably have no notion how sharp the corners of suit-cases can be.

And being a Director, you, Sir, are perhaps free from the vexatious inquisition of the Customs. But you can hardly have failed to notice the immense distance, without any protection from the weather, from the steamers to that inhospitable row of benches presided over by the amiable gentlemen who refuse to accept an Englishman's word. I am thinking in particular of Dover, but the height of discomfort seems to have been aimed at in all your ports.

turned round, so that, by entering the harbour backwards, it can be ready to come out again bows foremost. I have seen many persons who have just survived the crossing up to this point succumb during the painful process of turning. I have even felt very queer myself. Now, Sir, may I inquire why it would not be possible to steam straight into Boulogne harbour and come out again to do the turning after everyone has been landed? Is this an impossible concession to ask of the captain and his staff? Surely the vessel is not in such a hurry to return as all that, and surely also, if it can back into Boulogne, it can back out! A similar manoeuvre on approaching Dover has upset a good many delicate voyagers; and the same questions apply.

Personally, I don't mind whether the two Victorias are made one or continue as they are; but I should very much like to think that a little more civilisation could be got into our Channel services. And you, Sir, are the man to do it!

Believe me,

Faithfully yours, E. V. L.



INCENTIVES TO INDUSTRY.

WELL-KNOWN AUTHOR RECEIVES HALF-A-CROWN A WORD FROM HIS PUBLISHER.

At the end of a bad crossing, to be again exposed to the elements, after what we have the right to think of as dry land is reached, can be the final ordeal; the penultimate agony being the long wait on the deck in the crowd at the other end of the same solitary gangway whose loneliness I have already dared to deplore. Is it possible that you have never come across the word "awning"?

And here is another matter that might be looked into after you have come to a decision as to which are the more important people to please—the passengers or the crew. When we go to France by the Boulogne route there is a spot outside the harbour where the sea is roughest, at which the vessel is

more if he had got the right change for his cheque.

"ORDER COAL FROM SLATE COMPANY."

Adet. on Provincial Tram-Ticket.

A reversal of the usual arrangement.

"Three sisters, who are triplets, took the parts of angles in tableaux in aid of the church funds of St. —'s."—North-Country Paper.

A very harmless representation of "the eternal triangle."

From a broadcasting programme:—

"9.30:—News; Professor —, 'The Death of William the Conqueror.'—Daily Paper.

A pleasant change, at any rate, from the obituary notice of QUEEN ANNE.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

V.—DISOBEDIENCE.

James James
Morrison Morrison
Weatherby George Dupree
Took great
Care of his Mother,
Though he was only three.
James James
Said to his Mother,
"Mother," he said, said he,

"You must never go down to the end
of the town if you don't go
down with me."

James James
Morrison's Mother
Put on a golden gown;
James James
Morrison's Mother
Drove to the end of the town;
James James
Morrison's Mother
Said to herself, said she,

"I can get right down to the end of the
town and be back in time for
tea."

King John
Put up a notice,
"LOST OR STOLEN OR STRAYED."

James James
Morrison's Mother
Seems to have been mislaid.
Last seen
Wandering vaguely.
Quite of her own accord

She tried to get down to the end of
the town . . . Forty shillings
reward!"

James James
Morrison Morrison
(Commonly known as Jim)
Told his

Other relations
Not to go blaming him.

James James

Said to his Mother,

"Mother," he said, said he,

"You must never go down to the end of
the town without consulting
me."

James James
Morrison's Mother
Hasn't been heard of since.
King John
Said he was sorry;
So did the Queen and Prince.

King John

(Somebody told me)

Said to a man he knew,

"If people go down to the end of the
town, well! what can anyone
do?"

(Now then, very softly.)

J. J.

M. M.

W. G. Du P.



Tommy (describing his experience of being up before the Colonel). "I WAS TELLIN' THE C.O. WOT 'APPENED WHEN THE SERGEANT-MAJOR INTERRUPTED ME, SO I TURNED ROUND AN' I SED, 'NOW, LOOK 'ERE, SERGEANT-MAJOR, I SEZ, 'WHEN I'M TALKIN' TO THE ORGAN-GRINDER I DON'T WANT THE BLINKIN' MONKEY TO CHIP IN.'"

Took great
C/o his M*****,
Though he was only 3.

J. J.

Said to his M*****,

"M*****, he said (said he),

"You must never go down to the end-
of-the-town-if-you-don't-go-
down-with—ME!"

A. A. M.

"Many fends assembled at the Church to
witness the ceremony, both bride and bride-
groom being well known locally."

Provincial Paper.

Not a nice neighbourhood, we fear.

From a winter-sale advertisement:—

"Hats, absolutely the limit, 1/11½."

Well, at that price what could you
expect?

"Mr. —, in broadcasting a talk on lions,
said the lion was very fond of the ostrich and
its eggs."—Provincial Paper.

The last three words rather spoil an
otherwise idyllic picture.

Beneath a picture:—

"One of the young guests at the Lord
Mayor's annual juvenile fancy dress ball in
the Mansion House, London, gets a gorgeously
livered footman to assist in changing her shoes
on arrival."—Scots Paper.

These gorgeous livers are the result of
too many City dinners.

At the State opening of Parliament:

"A good brave company of Barter gentle-
men appeared in their brilliant royal quartered
uniforms."—Evening Paper.

We fear this will revive the rumours
regarding the Sale of Honours.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

IX.—THE COURTESY.

THE Man in the Moon, as a fraternal delegate from a friendly planet, was recently invited to a gathering big with the destinies of our race; and he kindly took me with him.

The proceedings were confidential, not to say imaginary, and I can but give you the barest outline. The name of the Society I dare not even hint. But the place was Equality Hall, and the company mixed; the fair sex predominating, as the papers say, though a number of the ugly sex were noticed.

We were not admitted without some little formality. At the front-door a janitor barred the way, wearing on the lapel of his coat three metal badges and a blue button. One at least of these, I am permitted to say, was the Fraternal Button of the Etnus of the World.

"I AM AS GOOD AS YOU ARE," said the young man meaningly.

"AND ONE LEMON IS LIKE UNTO ANOTHER," replied the Man in the Moon, for this was the counter-sign.

"Pass, brother," said the young man; "and wipe your feet on the mat."

At the top of the stairs stood another man, with three buttons and four badges, and in his hat the tail-feather of a Buff Orpington, the well-known emblem of the International Brotherhood of Siberian Yaks.

"TO ALL MEN PEACE," said he.

"AND DEVIL TAKE THE FOREMOST," replied the Man in the Moon.

"Pass, brother. Sign here, please."

We signed our names in a book; the man knocked thrice on the door in a peculiar manner, then once in a very strange manner, then twice in the ordinary way. We were admitted.

The people in the room, about thirty in number, were simply dressed, but their breasts were as the Milky Way with badges, buttons and emblematical brooches, and one or two wore the insignia of office suspended from their necks by simple scarlet ribbons.

"What sort of people are these?" asked the Man in the Moon.

"They are ordinary decent English men and women, the kind of people you meet about the world, in 'buses, in

trams, in pits and A.B.C.'s, who sit on juries and will go miles out of their path to show a stranger the way. Individually, you may assume that they are sensible until the contrary is shown. But once a number of sensible Englishmen form themselves into a Society there is no knowing what strange things they will do."

"We have no Societies in the Moon," said he.

Before the main business of the meeting was reached there were a few trifling formalities to be carried out. The Minutes of the last meeting were read; their adoption was moved, seconded and carried; they were signed by the Chairman, counter-signed by the

dismal set of verse, but a jolly, tripping, though perhaps irrelevant, refrain:—

All are born equal; counter this who can.
Place in his cot some scion of the rich,
Lay at his side an infant artisan,
And who shall say for certain which is which?

Refrain. By reason, not ruction,
We soar to the skies;
The means of production
We nationalise;
While rapture surprising
We bring within range
By nationalising
The means of exchange.

How comes it then that as the seasons pass
These equal babes enjoy a different lot?
One steers the ship, one polishes the brass,
And one is beautiful, the other not.

By reason, etc.

And who can doubt that in
an ordered State
No harsh distinctions
should divide the twain?
Both, hand in hand, would
rule the vessel's fate,
And both be beautiful (or
both be plain).

By reason, etc.

High flies the eagle; sweeter
sings the wren.
Let us be thankful, smiling
through our tears,
That Heav'n has made us
simple honest men,
Instead of manufacturers
or peers.

By reason, etc.

Yet even these we pity more
than hate.
All envious thoughts we
easily subdue
When we remember that
the rich and great,
With all their faults, are
men and women too.

By reason, not ruction,
We soar to the skies;
The means of production
We nationalise;
While rapture surprising
We bring within range
By nationalising
The means of exchange.

The Chairman then called on Sister A., a charming old lady whom I loved at sight. She read her remarks timidly, with an occasional nervous glance at Brother A., the beetle-browed man who had moved so many amendments.

"We have met," she said, "to decide a question of profound importance to our Cause and therefore to the whole human race—a question which, it is not too much to say, strikes at the very root of our Movement. For principle is our bedrock, our bulwark, our sheet-anchor, our mariner's compass. And if we deviate by a hair's-breadth from principle where are we?" She looked about her pathetically, but nobody seemed to know.

"The question is"—and her voice fell to a whisper—"If, and when—we go to a Certain Place—are we, or are we not, to curtsy to a Certain Person?"



EMBARRASSMENT OF AN ARTIST WHO IS IN THE MIDDLE OF A PORTRAIT WHEN HIS SITTER STARTS SHINGLING.

Vice-Chairman and formally blotted by the Secretary. The Chairman read out a fraternal telegram from the Independent Elks of Lithuania, and the fraternal telegram which it was proposed to send in reply. Brother A. moved an amendment that the fraternal reply be sent by post; the amendment was put to the meeting and rejected on a card-vote by 37,000,000 to 25,000,000; the previous question was then moved, opposed, and ruled out of order by the Chairman, three members were formally expelled and the whole matter referred back to the Drafting Committee. A letter of protest was sent to the King of SPAIN, the Secretary moved a vote of sympathy with the tortured Croats, which was put, amended, negatived, re-drafted and referred back; and the Vice-Chairman read out the Motto of the Month.

We then rose up and sang the Song of Equality, which has a somewhat



"MUMMIE, WHAT DAY WAS I BORN?"

"ON A TUESDAY, DARLING."

"WHAT TIME?"

"TEN O'CLOCK AT NIGHT."

"OH, COME, MUMMIE, THAT'S QUITE IMPOSSIBLE. WHY, I'M ALWAYS IN BED BY SEVEN."

"Sisters," she continued, "I for one—I for one—" She faltered. She glanced at her notes, she drew herself up, she looked defiantly at Brother A., and she sat down amid great applause.

Brother A. rose. He had far more fraternal badges and was far less agreeable than anyone present, and I saw at once that he meant business. He spoke with much rhetorical emotion, and now and then knocked out an imaginary brother with his fist.

"Brothers," he said, "you know my wife, and you know me. I am not a lawyer," he went on, in a voice so charged with scorn that any lawyer present must certainly have shrivelled up and turned into a postman. "And I am not a banker. And I am not a stockbroker. And I am not a truckling parasite, making the best of both worlds. But I am a working nail-hammerer, and as good as any man that breathes—if not better. And my wife is as good as any woman that breathes—"

"Or man?" put in the Man in the Moon mildly,

"Woman," said Brother A., glaring. "We are out," he continued, waving his arms, "to sweep away the obsolete rites and ceremonies of an effete era. And I say—I say that there is no man or woman born to whom my wife shall bow the knee."

He sat down—to, I thought, a rather tepid applause—and there was silence. The ladies eyed each other uncomfortably, keeping their knees very straight.

"Excuse me," said the Man in the Moon suddenly, in his mild high voice. "You spoke with some contempt of those who make the best of both worlds. Can you tell me why? It has always seemed to me such a sensible practice. It is what I am doing myself. After all, one is put into a world to make the best of it—and if you have two, well, why not—?" He finished a little vaguely.

Brother A. made no reply beyond a fraternal but truculent growl.

"Then I was wondering," continued my friend, "whether in the sweeping-away-of-rites-and-ceremonies process you would retain any of the charming little customs and formalities I have observed at this gathering. I for one should be very sorry to lose the Badges—not to mention the Buttons."

"These things have a meaning," said Brother A. brusquely. "I spoke of meaningless ceremonial—drugging the democracy—doping the proletariat. That's what we're out to sweep away."

"Ah!" said the Man in the Moon reflectively. "I rather think you've forgotten the ladies. Do you ever kiss your mother?" he continued irrelevantly.

Brother A. scowled.

"Did you ever take your hat off when a funeral passed you?"

"Nothing to do with it," said Brother A.

"Well, well," said the Man in the Moon patiently; and suddenly he put on his hat.

There were loud cries of "Order!" "Take it off!" and so on; and Brother A., with sudden passion, cried, "Where's your manners? Think you can come in here and insult us, do you?"

"It may be that I am as good as you are," said the Man in the Moon mildly; "I do not know. But I do know that I am in the presence of ladies, and in another man's house, and I am anxious to observe the customs of that house. And I am glad indeed to take off my hat"—and he made a low bow—"to your gracious wife."

* * * * *

I believe the Ayes had it. A. P. H.

"A feature of the Empire Exhibition at Wembley will be a carved Maori House of Peace. There will be an exclusively New Zealand bill of ware, which will enable Londoners to taste Taheroca soap, a favourite dish of the Prince of Wales."

Australian Paper.

From the reference to "ware" we gather that H.R.H. has it served in the soap-dish.



SOCIAL PROPRIETIES.

Brunette (in a whisper). "QUICK, MOLLIE—TELL ME—AM I SHOWING TOO MUCH EAR?"

WAYFARERS.

V.—THE BEGGAR.

Now, who comes a-horseback, now, who comes afoot,
To cross the grey bridge where I wait in the sun?
If Dame Fortune so will and my luck be not ill,
They will come one by one.

To them that come trudging I spare not a thought,
Poor pedlars or pilgrims or jongleurs they be;
But the traveller that moves to the clatter of hooves
Is the traveller for me!

Yet not every comer a beggar may hail
In dolorous accents, with hands lifted high;
If he's wise, he has guessed whether silence were best
As the horseman draws nigh.

When from tourney or tilt comes a Knight homeward bound,
Humming low in his gorget or jesting apart
To his Squire and his Page of some challenge or gage,
You may speak with good heart.

But beware if he ride with his brows knotted close,
If his charger be lame and he rail at his Squire;
Not from him who has kissed the red sand in the list
Shall you have your desire.

The Merchant whom some fellow-merchant has tricked
Will pluck at his beard and his spur will be wet;
Then if you raise your palms and implore him for alms,
They are curses you get.

But mark—if he trot with his rein swinging loose,
And jerk up his chin and smile somewhat aside;
Fear not then; seek his grace with an impudent face—
You will not be denied.

For each man a tale. To the Merchant declare
That Barbary pirates were cause of your plight;
That you come from the wars and are latticed with scars,
You will say to the Knight.

* * * * *
Lo, now with much creaking a litter draws near
Through whose brodered curtains some lady may glance.
Now I would I could tell, is she Dame, Damosel,
Or a Grand-dam, perchance?

"O Lady, have pity, for pity, I wis,
To all ladies is dear—save the ugly and old!"
Ha! a hand is out-thrust, a coin spins in the dust,
And a good coin of gold! D. M. S.

"To Let, Rooms, would suit kindly mother and daughter in love."
Advt. in Channel Islands Paper.

And therefore not disposed to be too critical?

From an examination in bankruptcy:—

"In 1918 he was appointed business manager of the Great War, at a salary of per week."—*West Country Paper.*
Some may think that he might have done his work better,
but no one can say that he was overpaid.



THE LIBERAL BUTTON.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD. "I'M AFRAID THIS THING IS GOING TO CRAMP MY STYLE."



Church Cleaner. "POPULAR PREACHER, INDEED! I'VE NO PATIENCE WITH 'IM. WE NEVER 'AD ALL THIS MUD IN THE CHURCH AFORE 'E COME."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, January 15th.—Those who regard the probable advent of a Labour Government as the beginning of the end of all things should take comfort from the fact that the KING opened the new Parliament with the usual ceremony and read without a tremor in his voice the "last dying speech and confession" of his moribund Ministry.

The Address in the Lords was moved by LORD DARYNGTON and seconded by LORD KYLSANT, two sons of ANAK, who first met as opposing Candidates in a Parliamentary election five-and-twenty years ago.

LORD GREY is still a firm believer in Anglo-French co-operation, but admits that France, as judged by her action on the Rhine, is becoming a very difficult bedfellow. As for the domestic situation, he was not afraid of a Labour Government so long as it acted constitutionally; but he gave fair warning that he would not hesitate, at the call of conscience, to vote against it, even if it meant ejecting his friend LORD HALDANE from the Woolsack.

LORD CURZON made a spirited defence of his foreign policy—more spirited, in the view of his critics, than the policy itself—and welcomed the prospect of having his despatches published; being confident, apparently, that whatever records leap to light he personally never will be shamed. Domestically, he declined to admit the argument that the country was expressing a desire for a Labour Government when it gave more votes to the Conservatives than to any other Party.

LORD HALDANE improved his claim to the Woolsack by deprecating alarms about a Labour Government, which would have an ample area to work in without doing anything revolutionary. Indeed, one or two passages in his speech rather suggested that some of the wool had got into his eyes already.

There was, perhaps, some justification for LORD BIRKENHEAD's doubts as to LORD HALDANE's present political position, but not, of course, for his inquiry as to whether he was at the Albert Hall the other night, and joined in singing "The Red Flag."

When the PRIME MINISTER moved that

MR. HOPE and Captain FITZROY should be re-appointed as Chairman and Deputy-Chairman, he intimated that these gentlemen, in view of the unusual circumstances, were ready to resign at any moment. He was willing, however, to postpone the motion if the House so desired, while pointing out that such a postponement would leave MR. SPEAKER without anyone to take his place during the debate on the Address. As the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION, not desiring a division at this stage, preferred postponement, and the SPEAKER said that he would do his best to remain on duty continuously, MR. BALDWIN withdrew his motion.

More time was taken up with a long discussion, initiated by MR. PRINGLE, with much citation of precedents, which he produced like a conjurer from his hat, on the question whether the continued detention of MR. CAHILL HEALY, M.P. for Fermanagh and Tyrone, by the Government of Northern Ireland should be treated as a breach of privilege. At last MR. WHITLEY closed a debate which was beginning to degenerate into an unseemly wrangle.

The way was now clear for the Address, moved by Mr. MITCHELL-BANKS and seconded by Lord APSLEY in speeches quite deserving the usual compliments, duly paid by the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION. No fault was to be found with Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD's opening chaff of the Speech from the Throne, which, from the variety of its contents, reminded him of the stock-in-trade of a penny bazaar, and was, he declared, largely borrowed from Labour's own programme.

But, when he went on to accuse Mr. BALDWIN, of all people, of having "broken his word," and of having "roused all sorts of passion and class-hatred" at the recent Election, the Ministerialists broke out into angry cries. Mr. MACDONALD was obviously surprised by the strength of this demonstration. He had, I think, been lashing himself up for the announcement of his "No Confidence" motion, and for the moment did not know what he was saying. But he quickly recovered himself; and a little later, when the Ministerialists took exception to his phrase, "The Nation's Government must be carried on" and called out, "The King's," he accepted the emendation and neatly remarked that he made no distinction between patriotism and loyalty.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE did not keep the House in suspense as to the Liberal attitude. An Amendment similar to Mr. MACDONALD's would, he said, be put down by some of his hon. friends below the Gangway. For the rest, he put a number of questions about foreign affairs, which apparently had been going from bad to worse ever since he left Downing Street.

I doubt if a Prime Minister in Mr. BALDWIN's position has ever preserved his temper better. His brief speech was studiously unprovocative. He did not even carry out his first intention to reply to Mr. MACDONALD's personal attack, but generously treated it as a temporary lapse. I think his supporters would have liked him to show a little more aggressiveness even in the preliminary sparring. But presumably he was waiting for the real fight.

Wednesday, January 16th.—The first-fruits of the House's strange refusal to allow Mr. WHITLEY the assistance of a deputy in the Chair is that, after a lapse of some twenty years, "the SPEAKER's chop" has been revived. No man could be expected to sit still from

From the *ingenuus puer* of earlier days in Parliament Mr. RONALD MCNEILL has developed into the *vir pietate gravis*. In his solid defence of the Government's foreign policy only a pungent phrase or two recalled his pugnacious youth. Of all the critics, he said, only Mr.

MACDONALD had hinted what he would do in their place; and, if his talk of "a broad foot and a big heel" meant that he was going to try and stamp on M. POINCARÉ, he did not envy him his job.

A complete change both in policy and methods was demanded by Mr. T. SHAW, who considered that the old type of aristocratic diplomat, "speaking very precise English with a public school accent," was entirely out of date. The Ambassador of the future should, I inferred, be someone more like Mr. LANSBURY, whose son-in-law, Mr. THURTELL, was perhaps looking forward to such an appointment when he rejoiced in "the impending change from artificiality to realism."

Thursday, January 17th.—This being the

first day for Questions, the back-bench Labourites seized what may be almost their last opportunity of badgering Major TRYON. He answered most of their inquiries with his usual thoroughness and courtesy, but his inability to reply to some of the innumerable "Supplementaries" roused the hecklers to uproar. Mr. MACDONALD looked thoughtful and unhappy, wondering, perhaps, which of his colleagues he would ask to undertake the thankless job of Minister of Pensions.

We still manage to pay for our little luxuries. Poor as we are, during the last quarter of 1923 the number of wireless licences issued was over four hundred thousand.

The PRINCE OF WALES and the Duke of YORK came into the Peers' Gallery while Mr. CLYNES was moving the official Amendment to the Address—"that your Majesty's present advisers have not the confidence of this House"—and showed great interest while, in his usual quiet argumentative manner, he stated his case against the Government. It seemed a pity that he should have gone out of his way to repeat the



VOCAL ONCE AGAIN.

LORDS DARYNGTON (MR. PIKE PEASE) AND KYLSANT (SIR OWEN PHILIPPS) AS THE TWIN COLOSSI OF MEMNON.

two-forty-five till eleven, listening to "the dreary drip of dilatory declamation" without intermission. And, very sensibly, the SPEAKER has determined, while he is about it, to have something more than a chop for his dinner, and, just as if he were a first-class cricketer, to allow himself a tea-interval as well.



A PROMISING PUPIL.
LORD HALDANE.



SOMEWHERE IN THE NORTH SEA.

A. B. "WONDERFUL 'OW NATURE CHANGES, AIN'T IT? THIS AIN'T A BIT LIKE 'ONG KONG."

accusation of class-feeling that his leader had levelled at the Ministerialists, particularly as it led him to such sweeping and questionable generalities as that the mass of the people are poor not because they don't work but because they do, and that few of the rich owe their wealth to persistent personal endeavour.

More than thirty years ago Mr. ASQUITH moved the Amendment to the Address (in almost identical terms with that proposed to-day) which brought down Lord SALISBURY'S Government. Then, as now, it was a case of two minority parties against one. The memory of his triumph on that occasion seemed to have spurred him to special effort, and his speech was by common consent the best that he has made for years. It was full of neatly-turned phrases. Referring to the Government, he declined to waste time in "reslaying the suicides," but was equally determined not to resuscitate them, although, as his post-bag would testify, he had been "cajoled, wheedled, almost caressed" to do so. His description of the Peelites—"an exceptionally able and highly-elusive

body" whom PALMERSTON and RUSSELL "did not want to live with, but could not live without"—delighted everybody, though Mr. MACDONALD'S enjoyment was possibly tinged with doubt. It would perhaps have been kinder, with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE sitting

beside him, to have refrained, in his ridicule of the panicmongers, from specifically mentioning those whose particular dread was that "British capital was going to take the wings of the morning and fly away from this tax-ridden country." The conclusion of an admirable speech was that, while turning out the Government, Liberals had no intention of giving a blank cheque to their successors, but would, unfettered, help to enable the King's Government to be carried on.

Sir WILLIAM JOYNSON-HICKS wondered how some Liberals, at least, were going to reconcile their present intentions with their election promises. One of them had said, "I stand as an anti-Socialist." Was he going to sit as an anti-Socialist? Even Sir JOHN SIMON, who described Socialism as "only a form of intellectual measles," had apparently found it very catching.

A Felt Want.

From a catalogue of new companies:—

"—, Ltd.—To acquire inventions relating to apparatus or means for automatically stopping gramophones and like machines."



THE ART OF PRINGLING.

MR. PRINGLE USES HIS HAT TO GOOD ACCOUNT.

A NIGHT ATTACK.

To my mind it has been a good deal too hot for jam-making the last few days. (I wrote this during a heat-wave and it is the Editor's fault for not publishing it at the time.)

Fruit, however, has been tolerably cheap, and, after all, it is Susan who has to stand over the fire and stir the cauldron. I wonder how she manages it, I confess. It cannot really be good for the temper. But she showed me, with a certain pride, a whole shelf in the store-room filled with a neat row of jars, covered over, tied down and accurately labelled. The day before yesterday that was. I forget what the method was, but it was something new, extracted by Phyllis from *The Evening Gazette*. You would be surprised at the amount of really useful information that young lady contrives to discover in the daily Press.

It was past midnight, and I woke up with the conviction that someone had knocked violently on the door. I hate being roused from my first sleep in this weather, for there is no knowing when I shall manage to get off again. However, I believe I was just beginning to doze when there was a noise that fairly made me start up in bed, followed by a clatter as of a falling tea-tray loaded with crockery. It was the sort of noise that could never be explained away. It cried aloud for investigation.

"What on earth is that awful noise?"

It was Phyllis's voice from the next room, rather querulous in tone. She does not like her sleep disturbed in the hot weather, either.

"I don't know," I said, feeling with my bare feet for a pair of slippers.

"Do you think it's anyone in the house?"

"It might be, and again it might not."

I smiled grimly to myself, recalling the number of times I had adventured downstairs in the early days of our married life. There never had been anyone in the house—that is to say, any unauthorised person

—but Phyllis had never failed to suggest the possibility.

"Do be careful," she added. This too was part of the regular formula.

Honestly, I don't quite know what

made me do it. I am not, I may say, what you would call a nervous man. I have in bygone days, or rather nights, explored my house from attic to basement many times in search of the causes of strange noises, but I had not been



"A NOISE THAT FAIRLY MADE ME START UP IN BED."

called up for active service for some three or four years, and I had never hitherto taken a revolver with me.

I should not have done so on this occasion, I think, but for the fact that the thing was there, so to speak, eating

took it out and fumbled with the cylinder in the dark, trying to load it. A cartridge fell on the floor and rolled away into a corner.

"Are you going to shoot him?" came in a muffled voice from next door.

"Not unless it is absolutely necessary," I said.

"Do be quick. I shall never get to sleep again till you come back."

In the old days, I reflected, she would probably have tried to hold me back. We grow more sensible with advancing years. Still, there were points about the past.

I creaked solemnly down the stairs, exploring the shadows with more than common care, my finger on the trigger.

It is never totally dark at this time of year, but the kitchen might be called shady at the best of times. I got there at last, after inspecting all the ground-floor rooms without result. There had not been a single sound since I got out of bed. Feeling my way cautiously down the two stairs that led to the kitchen door I opened it gently. There came a decided draught on my face. I could see dimly that the further door was open, leading to the store-room. The breeze was coming from there. Clearly an entrance had been made by the store-room window.

I stepped cautiously towards the incoming breeze. Then I saw the beggar, lurking just behind the store-room door. I pointed my weapon at him.

"Hands up, and come out of that!"

I said.

There was not a sound in reply. You know, I did not like it at all. The silence was rather daunting. Should I try the man again, or pull the trigger? I felt the thing wavering in my hand.

Bang!

I knew how it would be. That fatal hesitation. I distinctly heard the bullet whistle past my head and strike the wall behind. The shock startled me into pulling the trigger. Bang! A crash of falling plaster and a faint shriek from above. I had fired into the ceiling. It wouldn't do to let the fellow have an-

other try at me. I don't mind telling you that I pumped the other five barrels into the space behind that door in double quick time. In fact I didn't stop until the hammer clicked, and I realised there were no more cartridges in the cylinder.



"IT WAS RATHER NERVOUS WORK ENTERING THAT KITCHEN AGAIN."

its head off. It is rather melancholy to think of a sound weapon like that rusting away in a case without ever having a chance of hearing itself speak. It had hung there ever since I came back from Cologne, four years ago. I



Irate Sportsman (who has been bogged). "WHY THE MISCHIEF DID YOU SAY I COULD CROSS THERE?"
Boy. "CAUSE OUR DUCKS DOES REGIAR."

I retired swiftly but in good order, taking the precaution to lock the kitchen door behind me.

Phyllis, naturally, was outside in the passage as I returned.

"Great Heavens! what has happened?" she asked.

"I propose to go down again and see," I said, "when I've put in a few more cartridges."

"I thought the whole house was coming down," she said. "Is it safe for me to come?"

I did not think it likely that the man would show fight after what had happened. Still you never could tell.

Phyllis followed at a reasonable distance when I lit a candle and descended the stairs for the second time. It was rather nervous work entering that kitchen again. But I got the shock of my life when I raised the candle and saw a broad dark stain slowly widening over the oilcloth. The fellow must have been bleeding like a pig.

"Wait a moment," I called out to Phyllis. "Better not come just yet."

I stepped gingerly over the dark patch and with the greatest caution penetrated into the store-room. There was nobody visible, but there were more patches of blood on the floor and even on the walls. The window was shattered to fragments. Probably the in-

truder had dragged himself outside, to die in peace. Then I suddenly noticed that there was a hat and cloak hanging on the inside of the door. A chilling thought struck me. That was Susan's hat. I stepped across and examined it. Touching the cloth, my fingers came in contact with some sticky substance.

And at that moment another violent explosion took place, and a fourth jar of the famous jam despatched its contents over walls and ceiling and my own person.

"What are you doing?" came in faint tones from behind the kitchen door.

It took me a minute to recover my wits.

"I'm estimating," I replied at last, "what your new method of jam-making is likely to cost. Susan will certainly want a new coat and hat. Even by candle-light I can see four large holes."

Considering everything, I think it was quite good shooting.

"When the wardrobe of a convicted thief was searched some little time ago there were found the complete uniforms of a policeman, water board inspector, and gas inspector.

Bona-fide servants should bear in mind that callers who seek admission during the absence of their employers may be sheep in wolves' clothing."—*Daily Paper*.

This seems rather a slur upon the policeman, etc.

UNCLE JAMES.

My Uncle James has sailed as far As lands where lions and tigers are— To Africa and back again, To India, Canada and Spain. Don't you think it odd that he Won't play pirate games with me?

It's rather sad he never cares To shoot the rapids on the stairs; It's such a waste of time to snore When he has heard real lions roar. Think, if he would keep awake, What an Indian Chief he'd make!

My Uncle James has lived out East, Yet can't pretend the very least. My Uncle James has lived out West, But still I'm sure that I know best Where adventures may be found In a Happy Hunting Ground.

Unconscious Humour at Manchester.

To the question, "What is Greenwich Time?" a Manchester boy replied: "Greenwich time is absolutely the correct time which we get from a place right down in the South of England where the people can see the sun better than we can."

SMITH MINOR'S LATEST: "The pilgrims went to Canterbury to kill Joe Beckett."

AT THE PLAY.

"HAVOC" (HAYMARKET).

I ONLY hope there were present at the first night of Mr. HARRY WALL's *Havoc* a goodly number of those astute and enterprising theatrical managers who have kept on assuring us that we were all bored with the War, and that no serious war play would have an earthly. They would particularly appreciate the storms of applause which almost overwhelmed the players and must have made the author a proud and happy man. *Havoc* is a very fine piece of work, not because it is free from obvious faults—it isn't, and it can afford not to be—but because it is finely felt, sincerely written and skilfully works up to a climax which is, in a theatrical sense, entirely effective. And this in spite of the fact that one cannot believe that Captain Roddy Dunton, a capable and trusted soldier, would have been so "unprofessional"—however deep his hatred of the friend who had supplanted him in the affections of his betrothed, and however demoralised he was by the brutality of the filthiest of all wars—as to leave that friend (and a brother-subaltern, together with a whole platoon, or what was left of it) isolated behind the enemy's advancing line, concealing from him the orders for retirement, and betraying him with a false promise of support.

As a foil to the war scenes there is an opening and a closing scene at home, in the flat of the rich, beautiful, much-paragraped Violet Derring, who is the cause of the havoc of this poignant personal tragedy which the author has outlined against the dark background of the immeasurable impersonal horror of the War. Dick Chappell, on leave, brings to Violet a message and a present from her betrothed, his friend. Her answer is to work upon the love which he has long felt for her and loyally tried to suppress for his friend's sake. She is a light woman, without the excuses or dignity of passion, who has nothing to give but promises, which she can easily withdraw by letter.

One such letter she indeed gives to Dick to take back to Roddy, which kills the fine friendship of this DAVID and JONATHAN; another, posted later to Dick, which might have healed the breach by showing up the worthlessness of the disputed woman, was delivered too late to prevent the soldier who had betrayed his trust and his friend, and, worst of all, his men, from taking his own life.

The woman, then, is important in the dramatic scheme, but it cannot be fairly said that the author has succeeded with her, or with her disappointed and embittered cousin, or with Roddy's sister.

It seems natural to suppose he was not fundamentally interested in any of them.

But the War—the devastating all-pervading horror of it, its tragic reactions in this and that temperament, the fine fellowship, the unbelievable courage, the gay camouflage of humour, even the routine and technique of soldiering—all this interests him immensely, and of it all he contrives to convey an unforgettable impression.

The war scene opens in the comparative quiet of a hut behind the lines. There is expectation of being moved up shortly. We are shown, together with the well-loved Roddy Dunton, Smithy, an elderly subaltern, not made for the trade of war, whose thoughts, when not on his work, are with a wife and two kiddies at home; *The Babe*, a fledgling as yet unproved; a fine upstanding efficient, truculent, thirsty, misquoting Sergeant-Major; and an imperturbable orderly. Into this group bursts Dick Chappell with his letter from Violet to Dunton. A jealous hate is to destroy this admirable fellowship. And from this moment there is a crescendo of interest: company headquarters changes to a cellar just behind the line, and, again, in a crisis of the great retreat of 1918, to a room in a shuttered villa, into which the two betrayed officers, the one (*The Babe*) shell-shocked into what is technically called cowardice, and the other (*Dick Chappell*), wounded and blinded, come back from the jaws of death to confront Dunton with proofs of his treachery; *The Babe* to denounce, *Dick* to shield him—from all but himself. The stage management all through this was quite admirable; the illusion of being actually in the thick of the operations most effectively sustained. Very skilful and tactful, too, was the way in which the author lightened, made bearable (or did he rather make it the more intolerably poignant?) the essential tragedy with a running comment of humour without conveying any effect of that mechanically and conscientiously introduced comic relief which is at once so tedious and so jarring.

I admire this piece of work so much and was so deeply moved by it that I dare suggest to the author that he should ask some discreet friend who has the true sub-editing talent to put a blue pencil through a purple patch or two of over-fine phrasing which occasionally spoils a "naturalistic" effect otherwise so competently sustained; and to break up here and there an over-long, over-elaborate and over-coherent speech, such as that so superbly delivered by the shell-shocked *Babe* (Mr. RICHARD BIRD).

This clever young actor received such

an ovation as is rarely bestowed, and thoroughly deserved it. Mr. LESLIE FABER played his difficult, unsympathetic if not impossible part of Dunton with skill and resource and a careful preparation which made the character all but believable. Mr. HENRY KENDALL's *Dick* by no means played itself. It was a skilful and moving performance, entirely in a grave key; and this talented actor is accustomed to the support of humour. Mr. WILLIAM KERSHAW's *Smithy* seemed to me admirably human, and Mr. CLAUD ALLISTER played an unsatisfactory nerve-ridden adjutant with intelligence. The *Sergeant-Major* of Mr. VINCENT HOLMAN was to the life, and Mr. FORRESTER HARVEY capably presented the imperturbable *Biddle*. But such measured praise is inadequate and superfluous. All parts of the house were carried away by the superb acting of the three war-scenes. Jointly and severally the members of a fine team of players were called again and again before the curtain. Even Captain Dunton had to rise reluctantly from the dead.

The Fourth Act brought an inevitable reaction. I am not at all sure that the play could not be superbly finished and withal sufficiently rounded off by a little modification of the end of the Third Act; the first being left as a mere prologue to set the key. It seemed a pity that we could not have gone home for once in the mood of exaltation, of poignant and splendid memories, and of aesthetic satisfaction, to which the sincerity of author and players alike had lifted us.

The author made a most modest and appropriate speech of thanks—seemed, indeed, most unreasonably, the coolest man in the house. I quite agree with the interjection of an enthusiastic lady in the gallery. He certainly must "write some more." T.

TIBETAN LAMENT.

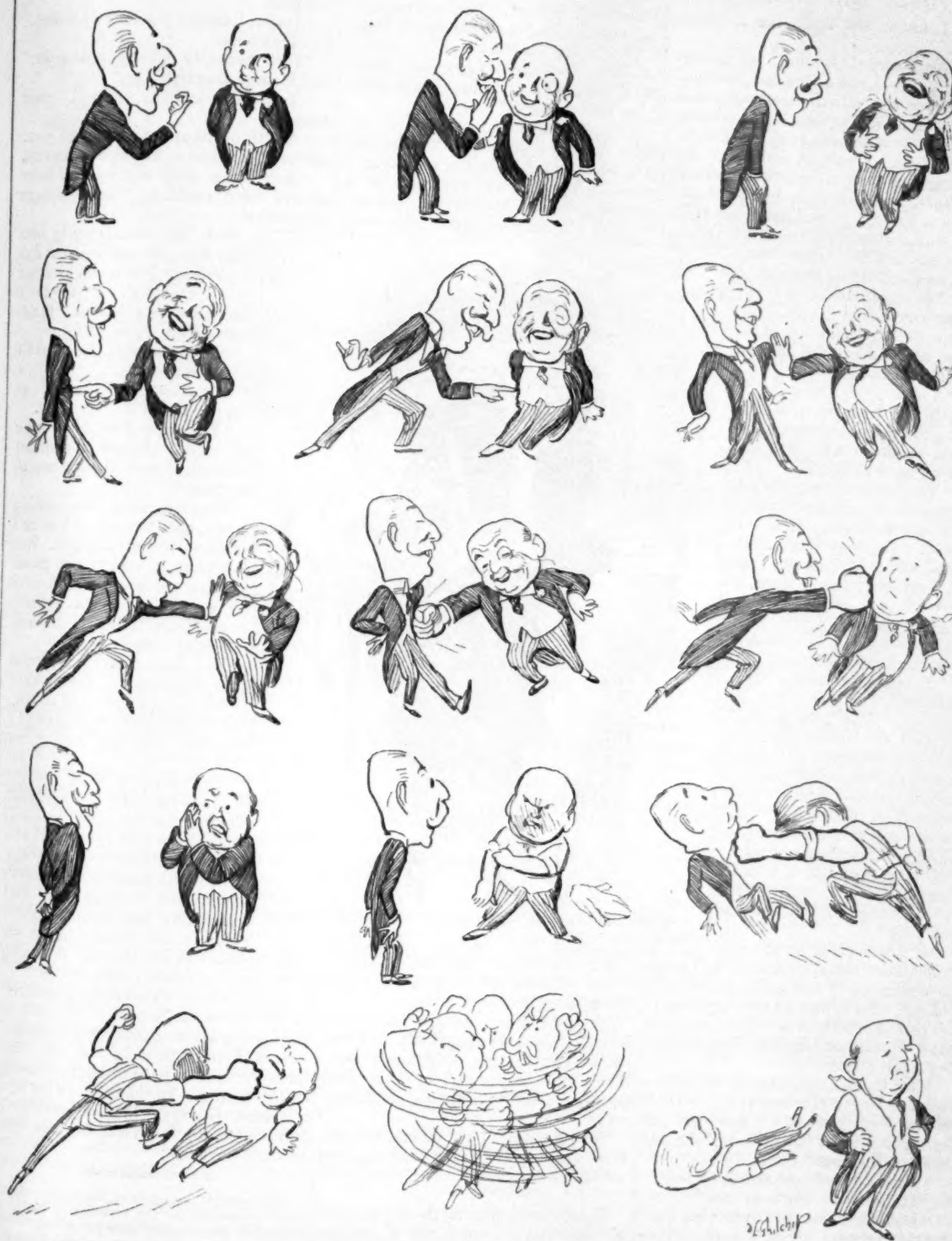
THE loveliest of our Lamas
Has passed beyond the door;
He'll never wear pyjamas
Any more, any more.

Above the yawning chasm
He tried to pass a yak,
But it took a sneezing spasm
And blew him off the track.
So the silent valley has him,
And he can't come back.

The sweetest of our Lamas
Has passed beyond the door,
And he'll never wear pyjamas
Any more.

"There are two kinds of embroiderers—and it is not for she who wields the needle that this article is written."—*Woman's Paper*.

Nor, let us hope, for he who looks for a lesson in grammar.



THE STORY THAT WAS TOO FUNNY.

"ONLY THE BRAVE——"

"I KNOW you think me a perfect fool."

"No, George," I said, "not perfect. Fool, perhaps, but not perfect, George."

George went off in dudgeon after that, thinking no doubt that I was treating with levity a solemn subject. And indeed it was a solemn subject. For George was being ridiculously attentive to Vera, and George is forty-five and Vera is twenty. Yet I could not treat the matter always with complete solemnity, as Jane did—Jane being my wife and George's sister.

"You don't think the old thing's going to get engaged to her, do you?" Jane asked me later, as she had been doing a dozen times a day.

"A man of forty-five will do anything," I answered sagely, being thirty-eight myself. "But what about Vera? Will she get engaged to him?"

"You never know. Vera is romantic. She admires courage and unselfishness. She told me so. She may think she's found them in George. And she may have found them, of course."

"You surely don't think George is brave and unselfish?" I asked in astonishment.

"In spots, no doubt," Jane answered, "as you are, as all men are. And perhaps she's dropped on those spots. All men are mixtures of bravery and cowardice, selfishness and unselfishness—mostly cowardice and selfishness," she added, seeing me rather uplifted. "But once in a way a girl may come on the other things, by luck, and then, if it's a young girl, Heaven help everyone!"

All this seemed to me very difficult and metaphysical (or do I mean psychological?) and quite unsuited to George, who is just an ordinary heavyish person of forty-five. But I left it at that. It was not worth spoiling a morning's golf about.

After lunch Jane came to me with a face the length of a hop-pole. "He's taking Vera out in his new car, and he's going to let her drive it," she said in an "all is lost" voice.

"Must be mad—or drunk," I said.

"He's both. He's in love."

"But Vera's never driven a big car," I said, aghast. "She's never driven anything but that little Topsy of hers—and that only for about a month. She'll press her dainty foot on the accelerator,

expecting a leisurely response, and over the bank they'll go, or crump into something in front. Poor old George! Let me come and say good-bye to him."

It was but too true.

"Your brother-in-law is going to let me drive his 'Hurricane,'" said Vera.

"Isn't he a dear?"

"You'll remember you've got six little things called cylinders in front of you, won't you?" I said guardedly. "I mean to say she may not seem to be moving quite so fast as she actually is."

"I'm a very safe driver," she said.

in to a late tea, Vera flushed and radiant, George evidently relieved to be alive, but pale.

"Hullo, George; you look a bit sick," I said at once.

"I'm perfectly all right, thanks," said George shortly.

"You don't look at all well," said Jane.

"Anything happened to upset your nerves?" I asked with grave solicitude.

"You know that my nerves have always been excellent," said George aggressively.

But Vera was eyeing him with the cold and critical eye of youth. "You do look rather pale," she said. "It wasn't that shave we had at Hangman's Corner, was it?"

"No, certainly not. I wasn't a bit nervous."

"Or that little affair at Pepper End?"

"I assure you I'm quite all right. Rapid movement through the air always makes me pale."

Vera laughed a clear rippling laugh, aged twenty. "You had rapid movement all right. But I believe it was rather much for your nerves. I won't drive so fast again. It was awfully good of you to let me drive at all," she added.

But Jane and I exchanged meaning glances. We thought—we did not know, of course, but we thought—that George's number was up, or rather down.

That evening Vera confided to Jane that she thought that George was the most unselfish man she'd ever known. It was a pity he hadn't more nerve. About the same time a slowly recovering George was just absorbing his second liqueur brandy and confiding to me that he failed to see the fun of risking your own and other people's lives.

So this story, which opened so ominously, ends quite happily. Vera is now engaged to a young man whose occupation is flying about in the sky. He finds the lack of pace in land motoring rather boring. In many ways he is, I am sure, George's inferior, but as a suitable fiancé for Vera he has him beat all the time.

"Complaints are made of the system of forwarding permits for the removal of cattle to Ireland by post—a very slow procedure."

Irish Paper.

And very awkward too, we should think, for the postman.



Affluent Female. "GIVE ME A FIRST-CLASS PLATFORM TICKET, PLEASE."

"But it's awfully sporting of him to let me drive her all the same, and very brave to trust himself to me."

"There you are, courage and unselfishness," Jane whispered as they drove off. "The thing's a certainty now. She's quite a nice girl, of course, but poor old George, with his pernicky ways . . ."

We returned to our several occupations—mine was an after-luncheon nap—with heavy hearts.

These stars represent the experiences of Vera and George in the Hurricane car, and not so inappropriately so far as George is concerned; he must have seen stars several times. They came



Marjorie (in smoking carriage). "WON'T THE GUARD BE VERY CROSS, MUMMY, IF WE DON'T SMOKE?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Fir and the Palm (HUTCHINSON), in spite of its arboreal title, is chiefly concerned with ancestral mansions, "gold and brown" libraries, "family portrait-studded" drawing-rooms, "cream and apricot" boudoirs and the sensations and small-talk of their occupants. I cannot feel that Princess BIRESCO has added any peculiarly personal ingredient to the *formule* already employed by Mrs. ELINOR GLYN and Mr. E. F. BENSON to make a marketable article of these two waste products; but, apart from an excessive use of adjectives—their number and calibre are a continuous source of weakness to the narrative and weariness to the reader—her manner is more than adequate to the matter in hand. HEINE's "*Fichtenbaum*" is the symbolic motive of the story—a fallacious little lyric gracefully translated by Professor GILBERT MURRAY for the title-page. Cyril, Lord Horsham, a chivalrous ascetic, is the snow-bound fir; Helen, his wife, a childish sensualist, is the sun-scorched palm-tree; and Toby Ross, a coarse young egoist, very cleverly drawn, stands, I suppose, for the "*brennende Felsenwand*," which the palm-tree very naturally looks upon as its proper environment. Those who choose their extra-conjugal affinities for what an art-critic would call their "tactile values" will follow the loves of Toby and Helen with unflagging interest. The remainder of the world will be inclined, I think, to find them too limited in scope and too unbounded in expression.

The writing of detective stories must be a branch of the literary art possessing a curious fascination. Sooner or later we all try our hand at the game. And indeed it is a sort of game, akin perhaps to the construction of a jig-saw puzzle, wherein the maker first paints his picture and then

cuts it into a confused medley of component parts. In *The Fate of Osmund Brett* (HUTCHINSON) we have, however, something that does not depend solely on its ingenuity of construction. Mr. HORACE HUTCHINSON is ingenious enough, and starts off gallantly with an exhumation and the discovery of the wrong body in the coffin—a body too that was badly wanted elsewhere. But he can also write, as indeed he proved long ago to those of us who are interested in golf or natural history, and he has a sense of character which is not commonly discoverable in your *Tales of Mystery*. Furthermore he compels our respect by producing a new variety of detective. I like Mr. James Barkston, with his round bucolic face and his large countryside boots and his general air of a moderately prosperous farmer. It is true he defers so far to the *Holmes* legend as to carry a large pipe, but it is rarely filled. Also he is of opinion that cleverness is the curse of the profession, and that men whose brains work quickly are always being misled by ingenious theories. He boasts that he is not a man of ideas; his plan is to let a thing lie about in his head until something grows from it. But for all that he gets there most satisfactorily at the last. A very creditable experiment in the detective vein.

When a mere humanist takes to journalism, the first thing he does is to persuade himself and the public that he is also a prophet and a practical man—the first being, as a rule, something above his competence, the second below it, and the addition of the two to his original personality in anything like equal proportions a thing neither possible nor desirable. In *The English Secret* (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS), that admirable writer, Mr. BASIL DE SÉLINCOURT, has done his best to consubstantiate this uneasy trinity. But throughout the fourteen essays from *The Times Literary Supplement* which make up his book I think you will feel

that the prophet and the practical man are at loggerheads, and that the humanist would be heartily glad to get rid of them both. Personally I echo his sentiment. The humanist is responsible for all the best things—the penetrating exposition of English character and letters which gives its name to the series, the DU MAURIER nightmare of our bulky brainless civilization, called “Meeting the Megatherium,” and the superb essay on “Town Housing.” To the prophet—a beautiful but ineffectual angel—I ascribe “Spiritual Democracy.” And the finger of the practical man is visible throughout, endeavouring to “place” motor-cars, wireless and other examples of “miraculous modernity.” Perhaps the prophet and the practical man saved me from a surfeit of agreement with the humanist. At any rate I thoroughly enjoyed the whole book.

It is the day of voluminous reminiscences. Our Victorian elders, feeling perhaps that a new age has overtaken them unawares, are very properly hastening to show that the Arcadia of their golden prime had its own vanished and peculiar charm. Mr. WALTER SICHEL's *The Sands of Time* (HUTCHINSON) is a lively contribution to the social history of a period in which the men and women of the eighteenth century were already as antiquated as the Victorian people are to-day. Mr. SICHEL's grandfather knew PEEL and CORDEN; his father was born in the same year as QUEEN VICTORIA, and Mr. SICHEL himself first went to school in the sixties. He had the luck to be born into a well-to-do intellectual set, in which all sorts of eminent and distinguished persons met at one another's houses soberly to enjoy ample fare, sound wine and, in Dr. JOHNSON's phrase, good talk. The HALLES, Sir HENRY IRVING, GARIBALDI, the MANNINGS, the COLERIDGES, Sir JOHN MILLAIS, masters—especially masters—and boys at Harrow, men at Balliol, the formidable JOWETT, Bench and Bar, Platform and Stage—Mr. SICHEL knew them all. His generous dish is compounded of knowledge and seasoned with a measure of wit, a spice of the romantic, a dash of sentiment, the whole being infused with a real kindness of heart. Altogether a delightful book of memoirs, which the elders among us will read with the sympathy of shared experience, and from which the younger generation will (I hope) receive the not unpleasant conviction that on the whole their Victorian parents did not do so badly.

Captain DOUGLAS ENGLISH, in *The Enchanted Necklace* (NASH AND GRAYSON), has brought off a double event. He has written a story that will delight any imaginative child who is fond of animals, and he has also given profitable entertainment to grown-ups, being an expert in wild life. Fancy and magic are here delightfully mixed with facts. *The Twins* who are the hero and heroine of this tale can, through the agency of a mysterious lady called *The Wood*

Mother, talk freely with animals large and small. When I give a birthday party for animals I shall invite no rats, even if I am called a snob for excluding them. But, apart from this difference, I can travel with *The Wood Mother* and these natural and charming children all the way. Indeed I drew the greatest comfort and joy from this chronicle, delicately and tenderly told, of their intercourse with nature. Mr. CHARLES BUCHEL has made just the right pictures for a book which I warmly commend to everyone as an ideal gift for children of all ages.

Readers to whom incident, emotion or plot is an essential of good fiction are hereby warned not to look for any one of them in Miss UNA L. SILBERRAD's latest volume. *The Letters of Jean Armiter* (HUTCHINSON) are addressed by a pleasant spinster in the thirties to a sympathetic married sister and to a Mr. Fortesque, a Government official from



Mild Passenger. "I WAS DISTINCTLY TOLD THAT BIRMINGHAM WAS THE FIRST STOP."

Central Africa, whom she meets when she takes the first real holiday of a life chiefly devoted to "stop-gapping" among relations. In between the letters, which chiefly chronicle the daily round and common task of their writer's life, Miss SILBERRAD has inserted just enough explanation, leaving *Jean* to reveal her own character in her correspondence. It is a very nice character and a very common one, being, with variations, that of thousands of middle-class Englishwomen. Unselfish, honest and brave, with very little self-assertion and a very strong objection to snatching anything for themselves, they are often rather "put upon" by their families, and seem to get remarkably little out of life beyond the satisfaction of having lived fully up to the fine implications of the title gentlewoman. *Jean*, happily, is one of the lucky ones, and her last letter tells us the thrilling news of her engagement to the fortunate Mr. Fortesque, now Governor of the Leeward Islands, where I hope she will enjoy herself.

Mr. EDGAR WALLACE does not seem to me as ingenious in *The Green Archer* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) as he was in *The Clue of the New Pin*, but as compensation he gives us an amazing wealth of incident and a villain of a turpitude unsurpassed in sensational fiction. Once granted that any man can be so inhuman as *Abe Bellamy*, I have nothing but praise for the thoroughness with which Mr. WALLACE presents him. But my unqualified admiration is reserved for the *Savinis*. *Fay* and *Julius Savini* were crooks, but their crookedness was tempered by a great kindness of heart, and a really clever study is made of this blend. The elusive "green archer" contributes mystery to the story, and for the rest we have several of the types apparently considered essential in this genre of fiction, men and women who play their parts creditably enough and then vanish completely from the memory. But the day is still far off when I may hope to forget the infamous *Abe*.

CHARIVARIA.

A WRITER in a contemporary thinks the Labour Government means the end of everything. Some people think we shall be lucky to get off with that.

Owing to the strike of engine-drivers certain football matches had to be postponed. Enthusiastic followers of the game are confident that Mr. J. BROMLEY could not have realised that his action would lead to any such upheaval of our national life.

According to a contemporary, in spite of the strike, local trains ran from Wigan with regularity. Those who think they know Wigan have expressed no surprise at the direction taken by these trains.

The latest novelty is a seedsman's catalogue set to music. We have often thought that these suburban stories about mammoth marrows would go much better if they were orchestrated.

We gather from a weekly paper that a period of tranquillity reigns in Moscow. TROTSKY would like to find out who started that scandal.

An explorer has discovered, in the Amazon region, a mysterious drug called *Yagé*, which gives people the power of describing events which they cannot possibly have seen. We have often wondered how our journalists did it.

It has been suggested that the members of the Kensington Borough Council should wear robes on ceremonial occasions, to distinguish them from the general public. It is not stated whether the general public insisted on this.

A member of the Westminster City Council asserts that disease germs lurk in London telephone call-boxes. One theory is that they are afraid to venture into the streets for fear of being run over.

I have seen nothing quite like your winter, observes an American visitor. He ought to sample our summer.

A letter was recently taken on horseback from the LORD MAYOR OF YORK to the LORD MAYOR OF LONDON. This means that the LORD MAYOR OF YORK saved three-halfpence.

It is widely felt that if the new Post-Master-General does not restore the penny post this sort of thing will be likely to extend.

Tennis trousers, we note, are expected to be dearer in the Spring. This decides us to play croquet in plus-fours.

"200,000,000 herrings were landed at Yarmouth last year," declares a daily paper. We hear of one cantankerous old herring which kept on giving itself up in order to upset these round figures and had to be thrown back into the sea no fewer than eleven times.



TOWARDS UTOPIA.

The Man (after a hard day's golf). "I'M DEAD TIRED TO-NIGHT."

The Wife. "NEVER MIND, DEAR; PERHAPS THE LABOUR GOVERNMENT WILL ABOLISH GOLF."

"Saxophone players," says a medical man, "are seldom affected by chest troubles." We feel sure, however, that there is some special punishment reserved for them somewhere.

A grand exhibition of Feminine Fashions is to be held in Los Angeles next month. Tickets will be issued to "admit bearer and one husband."

"Is the Motor-car an Asset to the Church?" asks a weekly paper. One theory is that it brings a good deal of business to the churchyard.

A recent steeplechase was described in a contemporary as having been won by the length of a cigar. Those who

are familiar with the racecourse cigar will take this to mean "won easily."

A Peeress has suggested that international disputes should be settled by picked pugilists representing both sides. Our only fear is that they might come to blows.

With reference to this we would point out that no really satisfactory method has yet been discovered of settling disputes between pugilists.

Private soldiers at Aldershot have been granted facilities for playing golf. Among the rank and file it is understood that a defeat of Colonel Bogey does not constitute a breach of discipline.

Luxury has no fascination for Mr. HENRY FORD, we read. Much the same seems to apply to the purchasers of his cars.

A man named OTHELLO FAB-BRI, of Terni, has been arrested by the police for selling his wife to another man for five pounds. It is evident that the police are determined to stop profiteering.

A weekly paper has discovered that playing chess makes one forget the cold. But it should be remembered that it isn't every man who can stand the excitement of chess.

A report from Newfoundland states that a ketch arrived at St. John's recently with a cargo of English whisky in a water-logged condition. We know the stuff.

"LIBERAL SUPPORT FOR LABOUR."
Headline in Daily Paper.

It was, no doubt, the double "L" that captivated the "Welsh Wizard."

"It was a striking sight to look from the Star windows down on the crowd. The light played on a serried mass of caps and hats that swayed and surged as they laughed at the humor of the cartoons or sang some of the old time songs that were flashed on the screen."
Canadian Paper.

This is a great improvement on the hat which can only be talked through.

"At the police court, in answer to a magistrate, he said: 'I admit the charges, Sir. I had had one more than I should have had.' The Chairman of the Bench remarked: 'If a man of education cannot behave himself, a man of education cannot behave himself, education?'"—Provincial Paper.

It almost looks as if the Chairman of the Bench had also had "one more."

THE STRIKE AND THE NEXT REVOLUTION.

BY A WORKING MAN.

It is perhaps rather hard on our new PRIME MINISTER that he should have had to share his limelight of the past few days with Mr. BROMLEY, who is neither a Socialist Member of the House of Commons nor even a horny-handed Peer, like Lord PABMOOR. But I am less concerned about the distribution of limelight than I am about the extraordinary inconvenience to which I, a labouring man, am put by this gentleman's determination to exploit the mutual jealousies of a couple of Trade Unions for his own satisfaction.

* * * *

Mr. THOMAS—and not Mr. THOMAS alone among Mr. MACDONALD's Ministers—gets my sympathy. The position of a poacher-turned-gamekeeper has this advantage, that he knows the tricks of the craft; but it has its delicate side. I cannot help wishing that he had been made Home Secretary, if only that we might have seen how he would handle the police in the event of disturbance arising out of those "peaceful picketings" which were once so dear to his heart. No doubt Mr. MACDONALD had his good reasons for sending him elsewhere; but still, as a student of human nature, I must nurse a little regret that over the door of Mr. THOMAS's office at the N.U.R. the notice is up: "GONE TO THE COLONIES."

* * * *

Mr. BROMLEY, who seems to have a cynical contempt for our intelligence, represents his strike as a struggle of Labour against Capitalism. Himself a member of an organisation with vast investments of Capital (possibly they are wise enough not to touch railway shares), he knows every bit as well as we do that railway directors are the trustees of an infinite number of small holders—working men who have put their savings into railway stock, widows who draw from this source the precarious interest on a small legacy—people who would be glad enough to have a fifth of the income of a first-class engine-driver.

* * * *

But I am told that the drivers of express trains have great responsibilities and that I must not grudge them the reasonable pay which they earn. I don't. It is true that I ought to be more grateful than I am when I get to the end of a railway journey alive and with the use of my limbs unimpaired. But then I ought also to be more grateful than I am when I escape from death or mutilation in the course of a ride in a taxicab or a motor-bus. Except that these vehicles accommodate fewer passengers than a train, the responsibility of their drivers is just as great as that of the drivers of locomotives and imposes just as heavy a strain on the nerves. They too have to watch signals, and, if they overrun them, the policeman (assuming that he survives) will take down their numbers. And they have one very arduous duty which does not fall to the engine-driver. There are no rails to prevent them from colliding, or deviating from the track; *they have, in fact, to steer.*

* * * *

I am told that the findings of the Wages Board carry no legal compulsion. But that is so with most of such findings. If you resort to arbitration by mutual consent of all parties its decisions are binding by the unwritten code of common honour—to say nothing of common sense—even though they may not be the result of considered judgment but only of the chances of a spun lottery wheel or a tossed coin. Now the railway managers acquiesced at once in the findings of the Wages Board, though at least seven-eighths of their demands were turned down. I scarcely dare picture what Mr. BROMLEY would have said about their sense of honour

if they had ordered a lock-out because they hadn't got what they asked for. He would have been deeply pained to think that anyone should dispute the sole claim of Labour to insist on the primitive principle of "Heads-I-win-Tails-you-lose."

* * * *

One hears great talk of the hardships put upon a few dozen engine-drivers whose salary was reduced to the deplorable figure of £450 or so per annum by the findings of the Wages Board. But the total hardships suffered by the general public in one week of such a strike as this—apart from the resultant increase of unemployment and the setback to our reviving trade—are greater than would be suffered by these few men during the rest of their natural lives. There seems to be something of the steam-roller in Mr. BROMLEY's passionate devotion to the cause of down-trodden humanity. Woe to those who cross the path of this devastating philanthropist!

* * * *

What I want to know is how long our stupid patient ass of a public is going to allow any one man, or any isolated body of men, to play havoc with our Essential Services. Men who join these services should have special privileges—wages above the ordinary standard and guaranteed pensions; but with these special privileges should go special conditions. The findings of accepted arbitrators should have legal force, and defiance of them—in the form of sudden strikes—should be punishable by law. There is no conscription of Labour, and men need not join these essential services unless they choose, any more than they need join the fighting services. But, if they elect to join them, then, as in the fighting services, they should be subject to discipline. All this could be easily contrived without nationalization, and it will have to come.

* * * *

Otherwise, one of these wet days there will be a Revolution. We have heard much of the revolutionary measures which we are to expect from a Socialist Government. The Fat Boys of the Press (if my friend, Mr. LOVAT FRASER, will permit me) are always wanting to make our flesh creep at the thought of that kind of upheaval of Society. But I mean a Revolution on the part of the General Public. It will be a sort of Fascist movement, joined by all classes of men who bear goodwill to their country. In its secret service there will be those who volunteer to devote themselves to the learning of various forms of skilled labour, so as to be prepared at a moment's notice to take the place of strikers who menace the national life. They will be called "Blacklegs," and they will take pride in their title, as the Fascisti of Italy take pride in their black shirts. I for one would gladly sacrifice my favourite evening trousers in that cause. Such a movement—and it is already afoot—could have no better encouragement than is gratuitously offered by Mr. BROMLEY's strike—one of the most wanton in a long record of organised tyranny. O. S.

Mis-spent Effort.

"A great gathering of refrigerationists from all parts of the world will take place in London next June, when the Institut International du Froid will hold its Fourth International Congress of Refrigeration under the presidency of Sir Gordon Campbell."—*Weekly Paper.*

"Refrigerationists, forsooth! And do they think," said June,

"Their art is needed to correct an English summer noon? I'll teach them all a lesson." So she started . . . "Oma foi!

But we waste our time in England," said the Institut du Froid.



COMRADE CRIPPS.

LORD PARMOOR (*of the new Ministry*) SINGS—

“NOBODY GUESSED WHEN I BEGAN
THAT I SHOULD END AS A LABOUR MAN.”

[Lord PARMOOR (formerly Sir C. A. Cripps) sat in the House of Commons as a Tory for nearly twenty years, and was then made a Peer on the recommendation of a Liberal Prime Minister.]



Mephistopheles (taking leave). "SORRY I MUST GO, BUT I HAVEN'T BEEN IN BED BEFORE EIGHT FOR WEEKS."

WAITING.

THERE are doubtless sadder and more terrible things than waiting for somebody at Paddington station on the night of a strike. There is, for instance, waiting for somebody at Euston station on the night of a strike. Or there is bubonic plague. But Paddington is bad enough. Only one small and secret shrine holds out a ray of comfort. It is a kind of tower with a dim green lamp inside, and it is called the train indicator.

For some time it had read simply:—

SPECIAL FROM FROME
SPECIAL FROM READING

The suggestion appeared to be that some day and at some platforms trains from these places would arrive. A weary little group of people, some standing and a very few sitting down, read the words and re-read them, and then prayed and re-read them again. Adding myself to the group, I helped it to read. After a time I put on the air of a man who knows all about Reading and Frome

and needs a larger intellectual scope. The hours rolled by.

Very suddenly the two black Venetian shutters of the train-indicator were flung apart and the head of a charming girl leaned forward out of the green-lit tower. She held a long narrow notice-board in her hand. I felt inclined to cry out to her—

"But soft, what light from yonder window breaks?"

It is the East" (only it was the West, of course)
"and Juliet is the Sun."

She put up:—

SPECIAL FROM WORCESTER
and disappeared from gaze.

What I needed was SPECIAL FROM PENZANCE, and I turned away in sorrow, murmuring—

"I am too bold: 'tis not to me she speaks."

Then I went off and leaned against a milk-can. Along the interminable length of the platform trundled a petrol motor lorry with two porters on it, having a splendid time. More and more taxis with winking eyes came down the steep chute into the station and pulled

up to wait. Their drivers gathered in a knot and talked. Stray porters stopped to join in . . . It was then that the orator began. He was a taxicab driver himself, and I do not know whether he sympathized particularly with the strikers of the A.S.L.E.F. His idea seemed to be to give a rapid *résumé* of the theories of KARL MARX, before the Worcester train was signalled, to the serenading crowd. If anybody tried to interrupt he pulverised him by shouting. He had a voice like a battle-axe.

"MARX' way," quoth MARX, and clove him thro' the brain," I thought, drawing nearer to the group.

I love listening to speeches out-of-doors, and I was well up in "surplus values" by the time the next weary green engine had steamed in. When the commotion had subsided, I went back and listened to him again. He was talking about the present Government now. He had no confidence, it seemed, in the present Government.

"Look at J. H. THOMAS," he said. "What d'you think of J. H. THOMAS? He ought to be in the 'Ouse of Lords,

J. H. THOMAS ought! What does J. H. THOMAS's name spell? You know what 'is name spells, don't you? It spells JUDAS ISCARIOT."

No one was bold enough to criticise this remarkable excursion into phonetics. I longed to tell him that JUDAS ISCARIOT's character had recently been whitewashed by Mr. STURGE MOORE, just as Mr. MASEFIELD has said a few kindly words for JEZEBEL, but I thought it better to refrain. He passed on to a denunciation of the daily Press.

"There's a lot of the noospapers pretending to be friendly just now to the cause o' Labour," he said. "'Olding out the 'and to them and all that. But do they mean it? Garn! We know better. Wot are they trying to do? Just leading of them on. And, when they've led 'em on far enough, wot then? Why, reaction, of course. Reaction to Capitalism. That's wot the noospapers are trying to do."

Juliet flung open her shutters and indicated that the train from Worcester would enter on Platform 11. I went and tried another milk-can. It had the same kind of edge as the last. I asked an inspector about the train from Penzance. He told me she had been sighted off Bristol many hours ago, heading for the East. I returned to politics. One of the audience had developed an insatiable curiosity—I cannot imagine why—to know what the lecturer had been doing during the War.

"Ave you ever 'ung on barbed wire?" he said. "That's wot I want to know. 'Cos I 'ave. Can you look at me and say as you 've ever 'ung on barbed wire?"

The lecturer brushed him impatiently aside. He was talking about State control.

"Same thing when the State does control anything under the present Capitalist system," he said. "Wot do they do? Why, they makes a mess of it. And why do they make a mess of it? A purpose, of course; so's they can turn round and say, 'See what comes of it when the State controls anything.' That's wot they did with the Ministry of Transport. That's wot they're doing with Pensions. Makes a mess of them on purpose."

The Ministry of Pensions appeared to be exceedingly unpopular. A very tall pale man, who had not spoken previously, broke in.

"I'll tell you about the Ministry of Pensions," he said, "'cos I've seen 'em. There's four thousand young women there, there is. All painted and powdered. Comes at ten o'clock and has tea and goes away at four. And here's men can't get their pensions. I can tell you what the Ministry of Pensions is. It's a——"



Visitor. "WELL NOW, THAT'S VERY INTERESTING."

Artist. "GLAD YOU LIKE IT."

Visitor. "I MEAN I HAD NO IDEA YOU FELLOWS HELD THE BRUSH IN YOUR HAND."

To my unspeakable disappointment the orator got in again. No Marxian likes to be interrupted.

"We're a-coming to all that in course of time," he said. "Wot I'm saying to you is that the whole government of the country is run by capitalists, and it's going to be run by capitalists, whether there's a Labour Party in or not, so long as the vote's a stomach vote, as it was at the last Election, and not an intelligence vote. Now you deny that if you can. You can't, and you know it!"

The window of the house of Capulet was flung open, and a hand appeared with yet another notice-board.

SPECIAL FROM PENZANCE
it read. With the idea, no doubt, of

making the most of it, Juliet added to this two further boards, indicating that the special from Penzance was a special from Plymouth, Taunton, Bath and Bristol too. It was almost impossible to resist a cheer. The lecturer's audience began to melt away. The certainty that West and East were about to meet after so many hours seemed to dissipate the enthusiasm for MARX.

"Platform Number 9," shouted a very red-faced man, who seemed to have suffered from no stint under the private ownership of beer. There was a general scurrying of porters.

"Look here," I said to the lecturer, "I shall want a taxi."

"Right y' are, guv'nor," he replied.

EVOE:

"SAT. EVE-CAV. AND PAG."

AN OPERATIC ANNOUNCEMENT.

In the suburb where I occupy a modest habitation
We've a coming week of Opera, a brave and gallant
show,
And my soul is being torn between a fond anticipation
And the difficult solution of the problem, when to go;
I have balanced the advantages of this eve and of that eve
From the primary unfurling of the operatic flag
To the noble culmination that awaits us on the Sat. eve
When the cockles will be gutted by the flames of Cav.
and Pag.

Very "standard" is the programme in its richness and its
glory,

Very moving is the repertoire from which I have to choose;
On the Mon., to start auspiciously, we trot out *Trovatore*—
Can I miss my *Miserere*?—there's the *Butterfly* on Tues.;
Mr. BALFE upon the Wed. provides a sympathetic solace
With the *Girl* he left behind him; on the Thurs., if you
apply,

They will "let you like a soldier" with the lively Mr. WALLACE,
And dismiss you with an appetite for *Faust* upon the Fri.

I would take the lot and cheerfully, but—by the way, I see
I've

Made no reference to *Mimi*, who expires upon the Sat.—
But unluckily my portion of the products of the bee-ive
Is a niggard once-and-only, and I have to stick to that;
And, tho. Mon. to Fri. will each provide a profitless and flat
eve,

In the joy of looking forward to the best of all the bag
I shall build up a crescendo for the fulness of the Sat. eve,
When my soul will spin to glory on the wings of Cav.
and Pag. DUM-DUM.

DIET AND THE DRAMA.

"Did you know," I said, "that when CHARLES KEAN was
going to play the part of a tyrant he ate pork; beef when
he wanted to portray a murderer, and mutton when he
was going to be a lover? I got this from the Conference
of Educational Associations at University College."

"Mutton," said Bunce thoughtfully—"mutton as a basis
for sheep's eyes. There is something in it; and it is a
pity that his example is not more generally followed. We
hear a good deal about the dearth of young actresses of
promise. A faulty dietary is the root of the trouble.

"For anyone about to attempt the part of *Juliet* I should
advise a lamb cutlet, with a *pêche Melba* to follow; but
Ophelia and *Desdemona* should be played on cold tapioca
pudding, though I might concede a few stewed prunes to
the daughter of *Polonius*.

"To any actress about to attempt the part of *Medea* I
should recommend boiled rabbit with white sauce, washed
down with neat brandy. The rabbit's resemblance to
the most unprepossessing type of infant, combined with
the insipidity of its flavour, should cause a temporary
atrophy of the maternal instinct, and the brandy will do
the rest.

"For an adequate presentment of *Hedda Gabler* nothing
could be better than bloaters and toffee. If an actress cannot
convey a general atmosphere of blight and give a lifelike
rendering of nervous irritability after that mixture she has
mistaken her vocation. The macaroons brought home by
her husband should suffice the heroine of *A Doll's House*,
both on and off the stage. They are not sustaining, but a
plump *Nora* is inconceivable.

"For a principal boy in a pantomime I should suggest the

drumstick of one of those fowls that are tactfully described
by poulterers as suitable for boiling."

Bunce paused here, but I encouraged him to proceed.

"The majority of crook dramas are of Transatlantic
origin," he said. "The actors who play in them over here
must be seriously handicapped by the lack of suitable food.
Probably no actor, however talented, can say 'Yep!' or
'Tell that guy to beat it!' without having taken a pre-
liminary course of baked clams, or find the critics unanimous
in praising his sketch of the State Governor, who has to
sentence an erring son to the electric chair, unless he can
take a slice of pumpkin-pie in his dressing-room every
night before he goes on."

"It seems hard that such tragedies should have to be
enacted behind the scenes," I said feelingly.

"*Per ardua ad astra*," replied Bunce. "If a man really
loves his art he will not shrink from any sacrifice that his
Muse may require of him. On the other hand, the catering
for the cast in local products, such as the playlets of the
Lancashire School, presents no difficulties. Their staple
food would be sausages and mashed, if the outlook is purely
urban and industrial, but, if a sex problem impinges, so to
speak, on the eight-hour day, I should allow fried fish and
chips in moderation; while an agricultural interest would
naturally lead to the inclusion of turnips in the menu."

"And for the plays of SHAW?" I inquired.

"Oh, something vegetarian. Lentil cutlets with sauce
piquante; or a Brazil nut—the same as for *Charley's Aunt*."

"Go on," I said.

"That is all," said Bunce. "The people who act in revue
and bedroom farces can eat what they like. In their case
the main thing is that the audience should have dined well."

A MOVING STORY.

It may be all right, but I don't like the look of things.
He went off this morning after breakfast as usual, and I
saw him to the corner in the ordinary way. I strolled
back to the house by the side gate, merely stopping to speak
to the next-door cat, who with her usual impertinence was
looking in our dustbin, and when I got into the hall they
were standing there, six of them, perfect strangers, in their
shirt-sleeves and smelling of straw. I just said, "What
about it?" when Missis picked me up and said I wasn't
to. The whole beastly day has been "I wasn't to." Cook's
as snappy as a Pom, Mary won't speak to me, and Missis
seems to have lost her head.

She's sat on a chair in the hall all day, letting those smelly
ruffians steal every blessed thing and carry off the lot into
two big kind of kennel-things standing in the road. The
baby's disappeared from the nursery (not that that's any-
thing to growl about); I can't see my whip hanging up any-
where (which is rather larks), but—where's my basket, eh?

And she's just sat there and encouraged them, and hoped
they wouldn't leave anything behind. When he comes
back, what shall I say? He'll hold me responsible, and a
nice fuss there'll be. Especially about that baby. It was
bad enough when I lost my collar, but now—Biscuits!!

They've gone, and everything with them. Missis and I
have been round the house, looking into every room, and
she seems rather sad. No wonder. What shall I say to
him? It's not my fault, but I can't tell him so, because—
(I'd have taken on the six if she'd let me.)

What's that? We're going now to find everything, and
never coming back here! *Never coming back*? Right-o,
Missis; you go on, and I'll catch you up in a jiffy.

Now where—where—WHERE did I bury that bone in the
garden last night?



WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

VI.—THE KING'S BREAKFAST.



The King asked
The Queen, and
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid.
"Could we have some
butter for
The Royal slice of bread?"
The Queen asked
The Dairymaid;
The Dairymaid
Said, "Certainly,
I'll go and tell
The cow
Now
Before she goes to bed."

The Dairymaid
She curtsied,
And went and told
The Alderney:
"Don't forget the butter for
The Royal slice of bread."
The Alderney
Said sleepily,
"You'd better tell
His Majesty
That many people now-
adays
Like marmalade
Instead."

The Dairymaid
Said, "Fancy!"
And went to
Her Majesty;
She curtsied to the Queen
and
She turned a little red:

"Excuse me,
Your Majesty,
For taking of
The liberty.
But marmalade is tasty if
It's very
Thickly
Spread."

The Queen said,
"Oh!"
And went to
His Majesty:
"Talking of the butter
for
The Royal slice of bread,
Many people
Think that
Marmalade
Is nicer.
Would you like to try a
little
Marmalade
Instead?"

The King said,
"Bother!"
And then he said,
"Oh, deary me!"
The King sobbed, "Oh,
deary me!"
And went back to bed.
"Nobody," he whim-
pered,
"Could call me
A fussy man;
I only want
A little bit

Of butter for
My bread!"

The Queen said,
"There, there!"
And went to
The Dairymaid;
The Dairymaid
Said, "There, there!"
And went to the shed.
The cow said, "There,
there!"
I didn't really
Mean it;
Here's milk for his por-
ringer
And butter for his bread."

The Queen took
The butter
And brought it to
His Majesty;
The King said,
"Butter, eh?"
And bounced out of bed.
"Nobody," he said,
As he kissed her
Tenderly—
"Nobody," he said,
As he slid down
The banisters—
"Nobody, my darling,
Could call me
A fussy man—
BUT
I do like a little bit of
butter to my bread!"
A. A. M.



Ernest H. Shepherd

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

X.—DOWN TO THE SEA IN SIPS.

"I WILL show you," I said, "one of the marvels of modern invention, one of those mechanical contrivances by which Art and Science, harmoniously allied, are rapidly spreading among mankind the minds of monkeys and the intelligence of sheep."

"What is that?" said the Man in the Moon.

"It is called a Super-Film. Or it is called A Monster Screen-Dramma. Or it is called The Greatest Reel-Thrill. Or The Most Stupendous Negative Yet Exposed. The early Egyptians, you remember, were only able to represent life artistically by crude and unconvincing drawings of human beings at rest, or at best in one position. We however are able to exhibit pictures, at once artistic and realistic, of human beings, horses and film favourites continuously *in motion*."

"It is true that about half of our motion-pictures, as we call them, consist of more-than-life-size photographs of the faces of beautiful men and women in a state of immobility, except for the lips and eyes. Which is one reason why I personally am not by habit a film-fan. But this reel which is now to be unrolled is something special. You are to see, for one thing, one of the most beautiful and thrilling of the works of man—the sailing ship, which we have now nearly succeeded in sweeping from the face of the waters; a real sailing ship really sailing on a real sea; and that is something which not one man in a million has ever seen or ever will see. You are also to see a real whale-hunt, which is also a comparatively uncommon spectacle in the streets of London. In short, there was never a subject so richly suitable to the peculiar genius of the film, and I take off my hat to the promoters. *There!*"

The curtain rose and we saw a "still" picture of a sailing-ship riding the seas under full sail. It was night, and her starboard-light was showing (real green), and by some device she was made to rock upon the waters, and someone behind the curtain rolled shot in a drum to represent the swish of the sea, and a stage-moon was thrust at lightning speed up the sky, the lights were lowered and stage-thunder was heard, and everything that could possibly be done to

make what was real theatrical and false was done; but in spite of all the ship remained impressive and beautiful.

Then it was removed, and we had three-quarters of an hour of *Dramma*.

We saw the stern old Quaker, *Morgan*, "who had started life with a harpoon in his hand." This singular precocity, it seemed, had given him lock-jaw, or bad teeth, and we watched him working his jaws with an expression of great pain.

"Why does he do that?" said the Man in the Moon.

"He is registering strict Quakerism

with his gums; and we saw various subsidiary characters who looked cute, mean, slimy or holy for long periods; and we flashed from *Morgan's* jaws to *Patience's* chapped lips, and on to the hero's sore gums, and back into the distant childhood of all of them. (*Patience's* lips have been chapped from her birth, poor girl!) Click!

"THEE IS NOT A QUAKER."

"BUT I'LL BE A QUAKER!"

"BUT THEE HAS NOT HARPOONED A WHALE."

(The strict old Quaker does not mind his son-in-law being a bogus Quaker, but he must harpoon a real whale.)

And now and then we caught a momentary glimpse of the masts of the ship in harbour. And at last the ship actually moved off, and—thrilling moment!—we saw the men on the yards, about to unfurl the sails—Click!

INTERVAL.

"I should have liked to see how they did that," said the Man in the Moon.

"Not important," I replied. "The *Dramma's* the thing."

Twice, later on, we again came near to seeing the actual process of making or shortening sail, for which, after all, in a film about ships, a second or two might well have been spared, I felt; but each time—click!—we were switched off to *Dramma*, to the hero attitudinising in the crow's-nest, where he remained apparently without relief for several weeks; to *Jake Finner* mauling in confinement, or back to *Patience* and her dolls.

Meanwhile, however, there were some wonderful and thrilling sips of the sea—sharks! terrible—click!—*Patience*—porpoises, a beautiful—click!

Sam Siggs—and once or twice we actually saw the ship itself—click! those miserable dolls again. A dead whale being cut to pieces—unpleasant, but better than *Dramma*—click!

MURDER!!!

Not clear how, or who—click!

THE EYE OF A WHALE IS NO LARGER THAN A COW'S.

Click! A page of the Bible—close-up. Click!

GRIM HERALDS OF MUTINY.

Still, at long last we sighted the whales and began the chase. And what good pictures now! The whales heaving and blowing in the distance; lowering the boats, hoisting sail (click! black-out, of



First Player. "WHAT'S THE IDEA OF THE FISHERMAN'S JERSEY? YOU'RE NOT A FISHERMAN."

Second Player. "WELL, FOR THAT MATTER, WHY ARE YOU WEARING GOLF THINGS?"



THE RULING PASSION.

Urchin. "GOT A CIGARETTE PICTURE, MISTER?"

course, before it was up); then after the whale—not much wind, and everybody paddles hard, except the hero, who does preposterous poses in the bows. Nevertheless this is great stuff. The tiny boat, the huge sea, the ninety-ton monster in the distance. Quotation from *Moby Dick*! Close-up of the "monster"—wallowing like a submarine. (PROBLEM: *Why does a whale eighty feet long wait about till a few men come up in a rowing-boat and throw harpoons at it?* Never mind. It does.) Nearly there! The hero is going mad. The whale remains unmoved. They are there. He has flung. He has hit. The whale is off. The boat goes after it like an express train. The boat leaps into the air, crashes down to the water again, is nearly swamped. Wonderful! But I am bound to say my heart goes out to the whale.

The music stops. The whale is done. No, he is not. He is going to charge the boat. He does charge the boat. He overturns it, flinging the men into the water. And it is all photographed. Marvellous! What luck! But the operator turns the handle so fast that we don't really see it. Surely a case for a slow-motion picture.

"Here, do that again!" said the Man in the Moon. "That was thrilling."

"No good. No Drama in it. This is the stuff." Click! *Patience* and her blessed dolls. Click! *Morgan* dying. Click! A lovely view of the ship—just a sip. Then, click! *Jake Finner* escaping. Click! Night-time, a storm. *Sam Siggs* is going to marry *Patience*. Click! *Jake Finner* dives overboard. Click! Torrents of rain; the hero is wet through at the wheel. Click! *Sam Siggs* has a pair-horse carriage for the wedding; torrents of rain; *Morgan* sinking, the ship ditto. Click! The hero; the horses; *Patience*; *Morgan's* jaw. Click! Quakers are married at night. Click! The ship founders. Click! The hero swims half-a-mile and runs three. Click! The horses are wet through. Click!

"I TAKE THEE, PATIENCE MORGAN, TO BE MY WIFE."

Click! *Jake Finner* is fighting the hero in the avenue. Click! *Patience* sucks her poor lips. Click! they are rolling on the ground. Click! a tree is struck by lightning. Click! *Patience*:

"I TAKE THEE, SAMUEL SIGGS, TO BE MY—"

Click! *Jake Finner* is struck by the tree. Just in time. Click! The hero. The window. Crash! *Siggs* registers discomfiture. Love's bliss. Click!

On our way home I read to the Man in the Moon the following passage from the programme: "More than 150,000 feet of film was exposed in photographing the whale pursuit, out of which approximately 9,000 feet is used in the completed picture."

"Something to do with the Moon, I suppose?" he said. A. P. H.

Our Ruthless Advertisers.

"Wanted, Young Lady for cutting-up."
Local Paper.

From a wedding description:—

"She had two grown up bridesmaids, and a child who was to be train-bearer, but she would not touch it."—Daily Paper.

Another "sympathetic strike."

"Men's Suburban Club, going concern, well established, for Sale, £2,000, all at. Worth £1,500. Valuation invited."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

Yes, a valuation would seem to be desirable.

From the prospectus of a new Ladies' Paper:—

"TELL THE WOMAN
and you
TELL THE WORLD."

If a man had said that he would have been accused of repeating the stale old gibe that a woman cannot keep a secret.



INTRODUCTION DE LUXE.

Stranger (in Dockyard Town). "ER—PARDON ME, BUT WHO IS THAT OFFICER?"
Sailor. "WOT—DON'T YOU KNOW 'IM? WHY, THAT'S 'PORT WINE PERCY.'"

MEALS WORTH REMEMBERING.

(TO WINIFRED.)

"THESE mercies" mean three meals a day;
 We say a grace and then forget them;
 A chef's *chef-d'œuvre* or crust and whey
 Become as though we'd never ate them;
 Yet here and there one hits upon,
 Their zest and bouquet all unbanished,
 Phantoms of feasts that still stay on,
 Though better ones—and worse—have vanished.

Do you remember (words that seem
 The spell to raise all recollection)
 A partridge—was it not a dream?—
 A Pommard—was it not perfection?—
 Served us on Soho's dubious ground?
 So, if their charms too much I deem of,
 We'll say they were so since I'd found
 Yourself perfection, dream to dream of.

Can tea be called a meal? Perhaps
 If Caledonia's cold and muddy,
 And you've not lunched, and there are baps
 And currant jelly, clearly ruddy;
 And if it's dark at half-past three—
 And 'tis so in a Scotch December—
 And if a peat burns goldily,
 And if— Ah, then you *do* remember?

Hail, phantom from a fishing inn!
 Late supper in the may-fly season;
 Stars and the white-starred jessamine
 In the wide window; what's the reason
 I so recall our Berkshire food?
 Yet when was better broiled two-pounder?
 Did ever duckling taste so good,
 Butter more fresh or claret sounder?

And, though, no doubt, we both may view
 At times some purely personal spectres,
 These do but add a salt unto
 Our joint ambrosias and nectars;
 And when such rose-wreathed wraiths appear,
 Menus, mayhap, from some old story,
 We were unfriendly churls, my dear,
 Could we not greet them *con amore*.

But meals, past, present and to come,
 On these old Solomon still wants beating—
 His *herbs* and his *stalled ox*; in sum,
 His is the inwardness of eating,
 That leaves me nothing to be said
 Save prayer sincere, if light as a feather—
 "Give us," I'll pray, "our daily bread,
 And may we eat it oft together!"

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF TROUSERS.

You can quite understand why somebody or other said that he didn't care a button who made a nation's laws so long as he could make their songs. You only get four hundred pounds a year for making the laws, but for making a song, say about bananas, you get paid at the rate of about four hundred pounds a minute. For my part, however, I think that the laws I should make would be even worse than the songs. If I wanted to do a nation a good turn I would elect to make that nation's trousers.

There is no doubt whatever that what we wear makes us what we are. Sir JAMES CANTLIE gave it as his opinion recently that the reason the modern boy is so unruly is that he is placed in bifuenced nether garments—"breeched"—too early, which accelerates the development of his masculine instincts. In Victorian days the boy was kept in petticoats a year or so longer, and consequently was subdued for the rest of his life. The same thing applies to the stage-villain. Would he be as vile clad in ladylike plus-fours as he is in those carefully creased trousers? No. What the world is suffering from is not too much syncopation but too much trousers.

I am confirmed in this belief by the erudite gentleman who keeps sending me interesting extracts from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. He tells me that the skirt is a tropical type of costume, whereas the trouser is arctic. The petticoated Southerner is proverbially gentle, but the be-trousered Northerner, probably because of the trouble he has to keep creases down the things, is bad-tempered, savage and warlike. Looking back through history you will always find that a nation in skirts has been beaten by one in trousers. The Franks, who, if contemporary art is any guide, wore brown-paper wrappings round their legs tied with string, beat the skirted Saracens, while the Romans, whose legs were mostly open to the air, were beaten by the Barbarians, who wore continuations.

You may argue that the Scots, who in their wild state wear skirts so abbreviated that they would shock the Rue de la Paix, are anything but effeminate. But a sartorial expert of my acquaintance says that Scotsmen wear kilts because they are cheaper and because they have no pockets, which gives them a good excuse for never being able to pay. Personally I am inclined to look on it as a merciful provision, otherwise the Scots would be so ferocious as to devour each other until none was left.

On the other hand, what happens



THE TUCK SHOP.

New Boy (son of successful contractor). "I SAY, ANY CHANCE OF FIXING UP A CONTRACT FOR THE TERM?"

when you put a Scot in trousers? He immediately starts South to conquer the world. Fleet Street is stuffed full of triumphant Scotsmen in trousers.

To take another example, consider for how many years the Women's Freedom League agitated for the vote. As soon as the War gave women the opportunity to don breeches they obtained their vote at sight, without having to burn down any more houses.

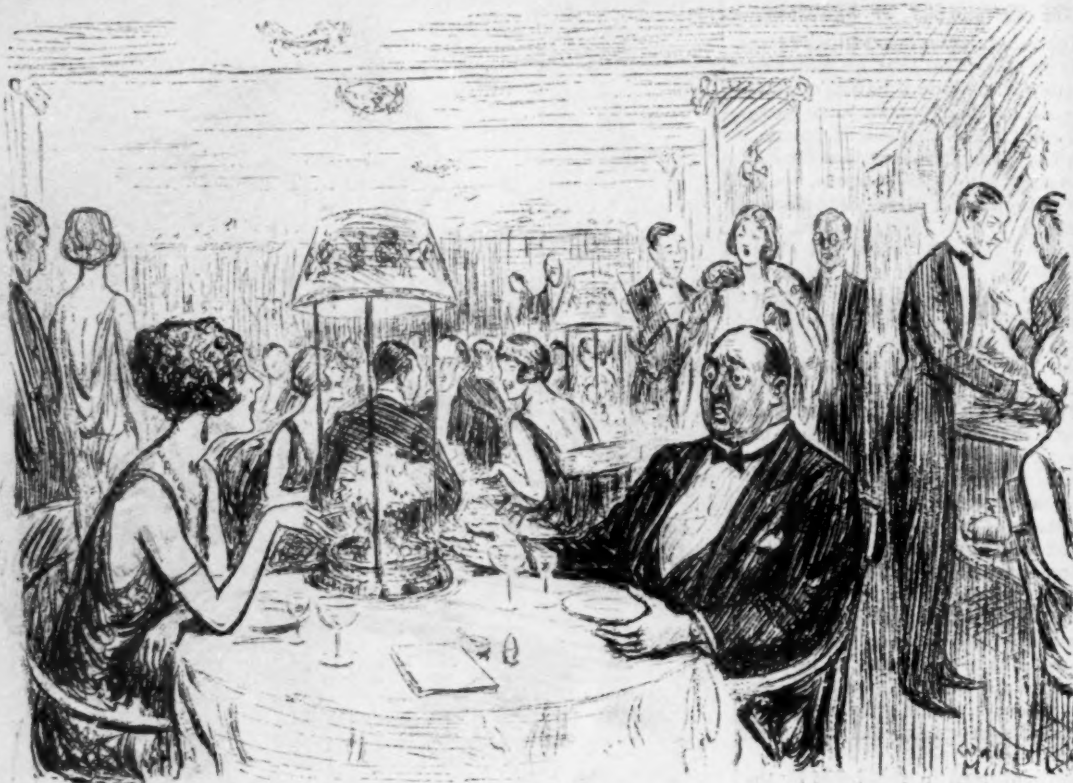
Very well then. In spite of the fact that *The Daily Mail* will never forgive me for finishing off their most cherished stunt, I propose a solution of all our Peace problems. Let us as the conquerors impose new sumptuary laws on the conquered. Let us compel the Germans to wear petticoats in order to

curb their martial spirit. Could the Green police shoot the Separatists, or the Separatists shoot the Nationalists, or the Nationalists shoot the Public, or the Public shoot everybody else, if all of them were dressed in garments that required doing up the back and prevented their running? In a generation or so, when they are all suitably chastened, we might allow them to resume their trousers.

Meanwhile what we want is not a discredited Conference of Ambassadors but a reputable League of Leg-wear.

Commercial Candour.

"Natural Skunk Stoles in 3 and 4-strand width, full Winter skins of rich, lustrous appearance. 14 Guinea value at —'s price, £18 18 0."—*Scots Paper*.



Diner. "THE WAITING 'ERE MAKES ME TIRED. GOOD 'EAVENS—SUPPOSE I WAS TO LOSE MY APPETITE!"

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

THE Air Vice-Marshal sits alone
And gazes at his telephone
With anxious eyes that seem to say,
"I hope it will not ring to-day."
But if the bell begins to ring
With loud insistent ting-a-ling
He deals it one decisive punch,
Observing, "It is time for lunch."

Air Commodores are fearsome folk
With whom it is not wise to joke;
Their lightest word must be obeyed,
And when they come upon parade
Group Captains even get the breeze
And tremble slightly at the knees;
But in their homes, most strange
to say,
Their stern demeanour melts away.
You ought to see them after tea;
As blithe and playful as can be,
They take delight in clockwork toys
And romp like little wanton boys.
So altered are these fiery men
That one might safely stroke them
then.

Your Squadron-Leader cuts a dash;
He sports a very fine moustache
Which well repays his ceaseless care,
It is so trim and debonair.

The nicest girls at all the dances
Reciprocate his bold advances,
Whilst Wing-Commanders, under par,
Drink cocktails in an empty bar.
In every way he sets the pace:
He rides to hounds and heads the
chase,
He dominates the tennis-court,
He buys a most expensive port
And smokes a really good cigar
(What lucky dogs his batmen are!).

The Flight-Cadet is far from gay;
He goes to lectures every day
Where grave Professors talk and talk
About the properties of chalk,
Or else are anxious to discuss
Quaint meanings of the calculus,
Or why the sea and sky are blue,
Or what a pilot ought to do
When both his wings break off at
once.

It makes him feel a sorry dunce
To hear these sage Professors speak,
Day in, day out, week after week,
On subjects which himself he rates
Among the milder opiates.

The Sergeant bears a swagger cane;
It is the symbol of his reign;
With this he rules the barrack-square
And drills his little rookies there.

The Sergeant has a pretty wit,
And, though his jests are rarely fit
For you to hear or me to tell,
The Sergeants' Mess receives them
well.

Aircraft-Apprentices are young
And therefore still remain unhung,
A state which I regard as bad.
There's really nothing more to add.

"Money Talks."

From a City article:—

"War Loan remains dull at 99 and Con-
versation has further declined to 75."
Welsh Paper.

"Here the wren picks up a fat living when
birds of the open are reduced by two days' snow
to skeletons; and their tiny rounded wings
and long bills frozen in the lark's throat."
Morning Paper.

Now we know why the lark does not
sing in winter.

From a musical criticism:—

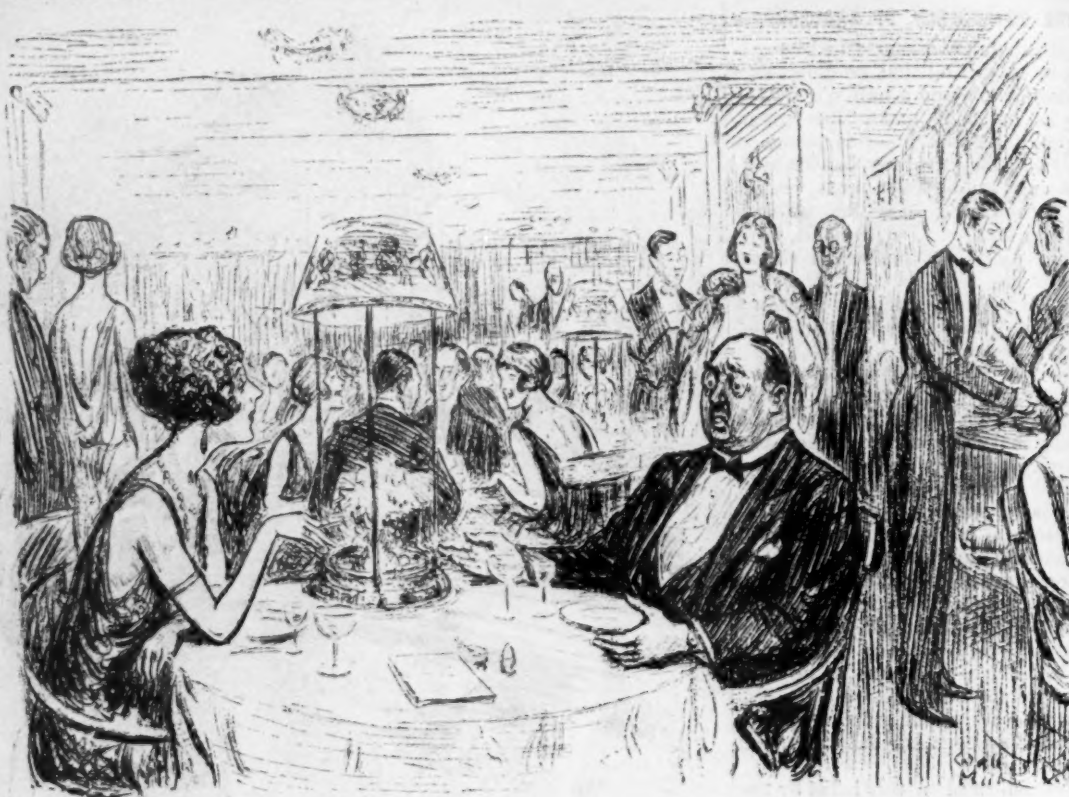
"We do not need to hear the words when
emotion has gone beyond articulation—as when
Tristan and Isolde are lying intoxicated in
each other's arms."—*Sunday Paper.*

When we last saw the opera, we are
glad to say, this distressing scene was
omitted.



NEW MEN, NEW METHODS.

THE DRAGON. "KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR I'M USED TO; BUT THIS SORT OF THING RATHER PUTS ME OFF."



Diner. "THE WAITING 'ERE MAKES ME TIRED. GOOD 'EAVENS—SUPPOSE I WAS TO LOSE MY APPETITE!"

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

THE Air Vice-Marshal sits alone
And gazes at his telephone
With anxious eyes that seem to say,
"I hope it will not ring to-day."
But if the bell begins to ring
With loud insistent ting-a-ling
He deals it one decisive punch,
Observing, "It is time for lunch."

Air Commodores are fearsome folk
With whom it is not wise to joke;
Their lightest word must be obeyed,
And when they come upon parade
Group Captains even get the breeze
And tremble slightly at the knees;
But in their homes, most strange
to say,

Their stern demeanour melts away.
You ought to see them after tea;
As blithe and playful as can be,
They take delight in clockwork toys
And romp like little wanton boys.
So altered are these fiery men
That one might safely stroke them
then.

Your Squadron-Leader cuts a dash;
He sports a very fine moustache
Which well repays his ceaseless care,
It is so trim and debonair.

The nicest girls at all the dances
Reciprocate his bold advances,
Whilst Wing-Commanders, under par,
Drink cocktails in an empty bar.
In every way he sets the pace:
He rides to hounds and heads the
chase,
He dominates the tennis-court,
He buys a most expensive port
And smokes a really good cigar
(What lucky dogs his batmen are!).

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Where grave Professors talk and talk
About the properties of chalk,
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NEW MEN, NEW METHODS.

THE DRAGON. "KNIGHTS IN ARMOUR I'M USED TO; BUT THIS SORT OF THING RATHER PUTS ME OFF."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, January 21st.—Members were so anxious to utilise their last chance of interrogating the Conservative Ministers—do they expect only “back-answers” from the next lot?—that they had put 158 Questions on the Paper. Not much information of importance was extracted but enough to show that the incoming Ministers will have plenty to occupy their minds. Mr. MACDONALD, who is going to double the post of Foreign Secretary and that of Prime Minister, seemed especially interested in Mr. CLIVE’s report on the Separatist movement in the Palatinate, with its charge of French connivance.

To a Liberal Member’s suggestion that Parliament should be kept sitting during the railway strike the PRIME MINISTER, with an air of relief, replied that that would be a matter for “whatever Government the hon. Member and his friends put in power.”

After Mr. ASQUITH’s speech last week, it seemed almost superfluous for any other Liberals to justify their intended votes for the Labour Party’s Amendment. Sir JOHN SIMON, however, was of a different opinion, and endeavoured to prove, by elaborate quotations from Ministerial speeches, that after the defeat of Protection the Government themselves could have no confidence in their capacity to govern. The House was more interested in his “feline amenities” at the expense of Mr. CHURCHILL, who, with all his “coruscating qualities,” was not, he thought, “the best authority on how to keep Labour out.”

Perhaps the chief merit of his speech was that it drew Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN from his tent to make the most vigorous attack that he has delivered since the Carlton Club meeting drove him into seclusion. He hit out all round. Sir JOHN SIMON was evidently about to fulfil the Labour Leader’s prophecy that he would shift his political caravan to Socialism “when Socialism becomes popular.” As for Mr. ASQUITH, he was “a relict of Victorian controversies,”

so afraid of contaminating himself with Tory pitch that he was “plunging headlong into a vat of Turkey Red.” He would have pleased the country better had he taken office himself, relying upon the support of Conservatives, with whose views—other than fiscal, of course—he was in sympathy. Instead, he had sung the swan’s song of the Liberal Party.

After these bickerings of the big-wigs on the heights it was rather a pleasant relief to come down with Miss MARGARET

journal it was that prompted his own statement that “Ireland has been transformed into a nation of prosperous free men.” In the words of the poet:—

“What do they know of Ireland who only the Scotland Division of Liverpool know?”

As “a historian trying to be honest” Sir CHARLES OMAN challenged the claim of the Labour Party to represent the nation, seeing that sixteen of its Candidates had failed to poll one-eighth of the electors. He advocated the formation of a “Government of Affairs” composed of all three Parties.

Sir ELLIS GRIFFITH surprised those who remember him as a faithful henchman of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE by refusing to vote for the Amendment. Where was the logic of turning out a Government in a minority of 99 in order to put in a Government which would be in a minority of 233?

Young Mr. BUCHANAN, who described himself as “the cabin-boy of the Clyde ship,” got a better hearing than cabin-boys usually do from their elders. He made some rather wild assertions—at least I myself have never been fortunate enough to see “the unemployed rich in the House of Lords dangling their wealth”—but they were redeemed by the obvious sincerity of his plea that every man and woman who had the power should render social service to the community.

So lively was the PRIME MINISTER’S opening, with its good-humoured chaff and its literary allusions, that one wished he could have maintained that tone to the end. His

serious defence of the Government was by contrast a little flat. He made it quite clear, however, that his own judgment, and not the allurements of Mr. AMERY or anybody else, had caused him to take the plunge into Protection. He also claimed that he and his colleagues had more nearly carried out their programme than any previous Ministry, and had left no serious outstanding problems—France and unemployment excepted—to their successors.

Mr. MACDONALD thought that the two exceptions were quite enough to go on with, and that no one who ever



SOME NEW BROOMS.

- (1) Mr. MORGAN JONES, PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY, EDUCATION. (2) Mr. PATRICK HASTINGS, K.C., ATTORNEY-GENERAL. (3) Mr. J. H. THOMAS, COLONIAL SECRETARY. (4) Mr. W. ADAMSON, SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND. (5) Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, HOME SECRETARY. (6) Mr. NOEL BUXTON, MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE. (7) Mr. C. G. AMMON, PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY, ADMIRALTY. (8) Mr. J. WHEATLEY, MINISTER OF HEALTH. (9) Mr. V. HARTSHORN, POSTMASTER-GENERAL. (10) Mr. T. SHAW, MINISTER OF LABOUR. (11) Mr. STEPHEN WALSH, WAR SECRETARY.

BONDFIELD to the practical question of women’s unemployment. She was a little shrill, the result, I imagine, of much open-air speaking, but not in the least shrewish.

Mr. AMERY commended his new cruisers to the kindly attention of the incoming Government, but said nothing about his alleged appearance in the rôle of the Protectionist Lorelei who lured Mr. BALDWIN to his doom. This omission greatly disappointed Mr. T. P. O’CONNOR, who, of course, believes all that he reads in the newspapers. I wonder, by the way, what Hibernian



Examiner. "WHAT IS THE PARTICULAR PROCESS IN NATURE WHICH CAUSES RAIN?"

Boy. "FATHER'S CORNS, SIR."

stepped into the Premiership was less to be envied than himself. In fact, the prospect seemed for the moment to have so depressed him that he was comparatively ineffective.

Quotations showing how little love was lost between Labour and Liberalism formed the staple of a lively speech by Sir DOUGLAS HOGG. It had, of course, no effect upon the division. For the Amendment, 328; against, 256. Majority against the Government, 72.

The Address disposed of, the PRIME MINISTER, by arrangement with Mr. MACDONALD, moved that the House should adjourn until February 12th. But this time "Labour" found the Liberals less obliging. Brother PRINGLE ascertained from the SPEAKER that the motion could not be proceeded with unless unopposed; Brother HOGGE, in his rasping Doric, supplied the necessary "I object"; and Mr. WHITLEY had to adjourn the House only till to-morrow.

Tuesday, January 22nd.—The House of Lords sat for twenty minutes, and in that brief space welcomed Lord INCHCAPE (on his promotion to a Viscounty) and Lord BANBURY of

Southam; received His Majesty's reply to their loyal Address; gave a First Reading to an Advertisement Bill introduced by Lord NEWTON, and learned from Lord CURZON that, in consequence of a vote given last night "in another place," the Government had resigned.

As no one responded to Lord CURZON's invitation to any noble Lord "who is entitled, or who is desirous, to speak on behalf of those who are likely before long to take our place," the House then adjourned to February 12th.

Proceedings in the "other place" ought not to have taken very much longer. But, after the few Questions on the Paper had been answered, there was a long wait while Members put down their names for the ballot for motions. During the interval Mr. MACDONALD, who was this morning sworn of the Privy Council, came in amid the cheers of his colleagues, and sat down by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who proceeded, judging by the expression on his face, to give his now right honourable friend a few excerpts from his forthcoming work, *Hints for Prime Ministers*.

Mr. LEIF JONES deplored the sad waste of time that would be caused by so long an adjournment. Eventually Mr. BALDWIN was able to announce the King's acceptance of his resignation and to move that the House should adjourn. All was not over even then. Captain BERKELEY, amid cries of "Agreed, agreed," referred to the war-pensioners, and was rebuked by Mr. JACK JONES for his untimely intervention; and then, as the last straw, Sir DOUGLAS NEWTON asked leave to refer to "the position of taxicab-drivers." I expected to hear Mr. JONES retort that "The position of taxicab-drivers is that they are out in Palace Yard waiting for 'Who goes Home?'" but he missed his chance.

At last the House was free to depart—the new PRIME MINISTER to attend the Labour Party meeting and to receive the formal congratulations (and admonitions) of his followers; and the rest to discuss in the Lobbies the strange turn of events by which another stage has been reached in the unending English Revolution that has been going on since the seventeenth century.

REVIEWING À LA MODE.

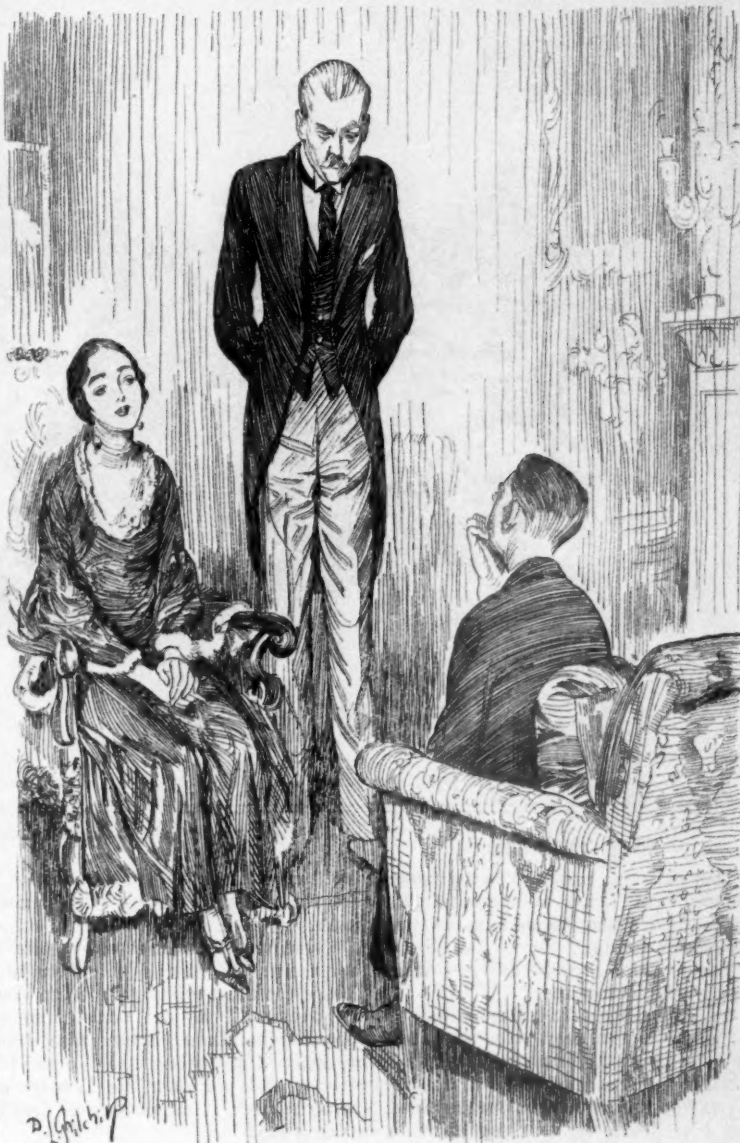
(In humble imitation of the best exponents of the New School of Apologetics.)

Mr. Lorenzo Muckley, it need hardly be observed, is a past-master of the art of visualizing those strange sub-conscious repercussions of love and hate which are felt in the blood before they are felt along the heart. In his pages, as in a fluorescent filter-screen, we see these emotional ganglia functioning as galliambic foci in one vibrating pullulating field of magnetism set up by men and women. We gaze enthralled on the spectacle of the psychic reflexes surging in endless endomose and exomose through the supra-granular cortex of the neopallium.

In *Chimpanzee* Mr. Muckley embodies these and similar august vividities with a passion which compels belief even when it excites disgust. For it cannot be denied that none of these stories is "pleasant" in the old Victorian sense of the word. They are insistently and persistently preoccupied with the physical; with the urge and reaction of desire. But happily, as of old in the period of the Coreyean revolt, the connotation of terms of eulogy and disparagement has been so far inverted that, at any rate in literary criticism, we are free to use them without the danger of being misunderstood.

If therefore we are moved to apply the epithet "ugly" to some of Mr. Muckley's fantasies we mean to convey that they are inspired by a noble virility, a transfiguring passion, suffused by a tender and mellow wisdom. If we are constrained to admit that they are "painful," it is with the pain without which the quest of beauty can never be brought to ultimate achievement. And if finally we are driven by the unbridled realism of certain passages to take refuge in the term "stercorous," we do so in recognition of the profound truth that pearls are to be sought in odoriferous places; that, in the noble words of CARLYLE, a man's work lies not isolated or stranded: "A whole busy world, a whole native element of mysterious never-resting force environs it, and will carry it forward or else backward. Always, infallibly, as living growth or as well-rotted manure, the Thing Done will come to use." The italics are ours.

It only remains to add that in the inevitable gradualness of the development of Mr. Muckley's genius a long preliminary process of self-disinfection will be necessary before it arrives at the ultimate altitudes of cosmic deodorisation.



Charming Lady. "MY HUSBAND AND I ARE GOING TO THE DANCE, MR. SIMPKINS, BUT IT'S SO DIFFICULT TO DECIDE ON APPROPRIATE COSTUMES."

Simpkins. "WHY NOT GO AS BEAUTY AND THE B—ER—AND THE BEANSTALK?"

THE GEOGRAPHY HORSE.

PAST our little garden gate,
Always at a lively rate,
Twenty times a week at least
Trots the nicest sort of beast
With the butcher's cart behind him—
But a fairy horse I find him.

Brown and white in spot and patch;
Funny horse, his sides don't match!
That's his magic; that's how he
Brightens up geography;
Brown for land and white for ocean;
Isn't that a pleasant notion?

South America he shows
When to mount our hill he goes;
But it's Portugal and Spain
As he rattles down again—
Proud, I know, to think I'm staring
At the jolly maps he's wearing!
W. K. H.

"It was stated by Mr. J. Bromley, yesterday, that a porter was firing on a train running between Bridlington and Hull. He added that this was an important breach of trade union rules."—*Provincial Paper*.

We are glad to note that even Mr. BROMLEY has some consideration for the comfort of passengers.



Voice from beyond the big bank. "WHAT'S ON THE OTHER SIDE OF IT?"

Irishman. "I AM—THANKS BE TO HIVEN!"

THE INVALID.

My old and not too easy friend Pernick was a few minutes late for lunch, and when he arrived he was pale and shaking.

Long before I could ask him what was wrong he told me.

"I've just come from Harley Street," he said. "I've been to a specialist. It's terrible. My heart's all wrong. I might go off any minute. I'm sorry if you find me a nuisance over my food, but I've got to be very particular, he said. Only the most easily digestible things." He sighed. "It practically amounts to a death-sentence."

I shook his hand again, in sympathy. "Well, we've all got to die," I said with the idea of being comforting.

"That's a very gloomy view," he replied, frowning. "And that reminds me—I must be most careful never to get ruffled, put out, the doctor said. Any sudden rage might be fatal."

"That's all right," I said. "We'll find something safe, and edible too, I hope; and of course you'll have no cause for irritation. This is my lunch, anyway. Leave your hat and coat over there."

He gave his things to the attendant, and I thought I caught the words "specialist" and "heart."

We went to our table and he seized the *carte du jour*.

"There's Lobster à l'Américaine," said the waiter, hovering with pencil poised.

"Now," said Pernick peevishly, "don't tempt me. Lobster à l'Américaine! That's the most indigestible thing you can tackle. I've just come from a specialist in Harley Street, who says my heart's all wrong and I must be careful; and you offer me Lobster à l'Américaine! It's monstrous. And I adore it too!"

I put my hand on his arm to soothe him.

"Yes," he went on to the waiter, "and you're making me angry. I'm losing my temper, and that may be fatal, he says. All the same," he resumed, "I don't see why I shouldn't have some of the claws. Lobster's claws are about the most digestible things there are. It's the back that's so bad for you. You'll see that nothing but claws are served?"

"You shall pick them out yourself," said the waiter.

"No, I'm not up to that," said Pernick. "I'm ill. That specialist rattled me. You do it. You're sure you like hot lobster?" he said to me.

"Go ahead," I replied. (I hate it.)

"And what will you have to follow?" the waiter asked on returning from giving the first order.

"Well," I remarked gaily, "whatever you choose, it won't be this!"—and I pointed to the words "*Caneton de Rouen*."

Never was a facetious warning less successful.

"And why not?" he asked with some asperity. "Why not? Nothing so good for you as a slice of a duck's breast, if it's tender."

"Can you guarantee that it will be tender?" he asked the waiter, although surely in a restaurant this is a question that answers itself.

"Certainly, Sir," the waiter replied. "Then may we have duck?" he asked me. "Forgive me if I seem to be rather running this show, but on a day like this . . . I'm not quite normal, I know." He reached for the *carte du jour* with a look of infinite self-pity.

"Very well, then," he said to the waiter; "duck, tender, sage and onions, apple-sauce and sprouts, and—" he looked down the *carte* again—"no sweet; but, for a savoury, mushrooms and cream."

"My dear Pernick," I began in remonstrating tones.

He held up his hand. "Don't cross

me," he said. "Remember I mustn't be crossed. And what about a dry Sauterne with the lobster and a white Burgundy afterwards?"

"You order them," I said, and he did.

While we were waiting to begin, he saw Richardson enter, and he sent for him.

"I've very grave news for you," he said. "You'll be bowled out by it. I've just come from a specialist in Harley Street who says my heart's all wrong."

"That's bad," said Richardson.

"Yes, but that's not the worst," said Pernick. "I've got to give up eating anything but slops—it practically comes to that. Isn't that awful?"

"Dreadful," said Richardson. "But if you're wise you'll go through with it. What I always say is, if you go to a specialist obey his orders."

"Yes, yes," said Pernick, "I agree. I'm going to."

He enjoyed his lobster claws so much that he had a piece of the back too.

"No use being morbidly obedient to one's doctor," he said. "We're all different inside. A specialist seeing you for the first time can't know everything."

Unfortunately the Burgundy was not right.

"Corked, isn't it?" he asked me.

"I don't notice it," I said.

He sipped and held his head on one side with his eyes gazing blankly on the ceiling. Then he sipped again and held his head on the other side with his eyes closed.

"Yes," he said, "corked."

He called the wine waiter.

"This wine is corked," he said.

The waiter prepared to pour some into another glass to test it.

Pernick stopped him. "It's no use arguing," he said. "If a customer says it's corked, it's corked. Get another bottle at once."

"But—" the waiter began.

"At once!" said Pernick. "And don't make me angry. You haven't heard that I've just seen a specialist, and he says that on no account must I be made angry. Get another bottle at once. You should have backed me up," he added, turning to me.

"But—" I began.

"No," he said, "I was right. My palate never errs. But don't let's discuss it any more, or I may get heated. They're very slow with that duck."

At this moment another of Pernick's friends passed and was stopped.

"I've got very sad news for you," said Pernick. "You'll be deeply grieved. I've just come from Harley Street, from a specialist. My heart's all wrong. Seriously wrong. And I dare say yours



A. E. Besant

Nouveau Riche (whose man has dropped his suit-case). "CONFOUND YOU! THAT WAS NOTHING BUT YOUR COMPLETE, BLITHERING, IDIOTIC CARELESSNESS."
The Perfect Servant. "YES, SIR; I WAS MUCH ANNOYED AT IT MYSELF."

is, if you only knew; but the point is you don't know, and therefore you can go on having a good time. Where ignorance is bliss . . . But I know, and I've got to be careful. Self-denial is my line for the rest of my life."

"You're beginning, like everyone else, to-morrow, I suppose," said the new-comer with a glance at the table.

"What do you mean?" Pernick exclaimed. "To-morrow! I'm beginning to-day. Don't be sarcastic with me; I can't stand it. The specialist told me that I mustn't on any account be made angry."

"I'm sorry," said his friend, and passed on.

"Cynical beast!" said Pernick. "I hate that kind of thing. And now for the duck! But I mustn't eat more than a slice or two of the breast. See that I'm sensible, won't you?"

If I could not make him sensible, I could at least envy him his appetite.

And then the creamed mushrooms! But to my intense relief he did not linger long after he had finished them.

"I shall have my coffee at the Club," he said, "if you don't mind. There are a lot of men there who'll want to hear about this. It'll upset them terribly, I'm afraid."

And off he went.

How little fun, I thought, can deaf-and-dumb men have when they too are sentenced to death!

E. V. L.

"RIVER MAIN FROZEN AT COLOGNE."
American Paper.

Serves the River Main right for getting out of its own bed.

"Wanted immediately in high-class boys' school, good Cook; 70-80 boys; four in kitchen."—*Daily Paper.*

But no doubt the new cook will soon chase the young rascals out of her domain.

WHAT EVERY BANKER KNOWS.

I PAID a New Year's visit to Catherine, my sister-in-law. She was lying on her big Chesterfield looking at her bank-book and some bills.

"Don't get up," I said.

"I won't," she answered. "I'm trying to keep my heart steady and my brain balanced. Please sit down and talk. I'll put these under the cushion and try to forget a little."

"Did you have a jolly Christmas?"

I asked conventionally.

"No," she said tersely. "Did you?"

"No, of course not. One enjoys it all hugely in anticipation, and then it's always the same hopeless frost. But didn't the children?"

"Just the same as you. They revelled in anticipation and in buying things for each other, but when the day came they all got too much and ate too much and then quarrelled. I think there's something wrong with human nature, and I don't believe it's due to Free Trade. I don't think one can even blame LLOYD GEORGE for it. I believe we're idealists. We idealise Christmas, and then it doesn't come off."

"It's rather crowded, isn't it?" I suggested. "If we let children have the day or gave it to the poor it would be all right. It's having to remember all one's cousins to the tenth degree and one's long-ago school-friends and all the postmen and one's sisters-in-law and so on. It's too much."

"It's ruinous," she said; "and the Bank agrees with me. I shall talk to that nice young man about my pass-book. Perhaps it's not really so bad as he thinks. But he's generally right. He'll be sorry for me; he always is. Bank men are very kind and intelligent, but of course even they can't alter facts. But I've got a system that saves a little."

"Share it with me."

"Well, of course, I circulate. We all do."

"How do you mean?"

"Well, people in these days don't write on cards; so I always send them on. And I never write on my own for the same unselfish reason. And calendars—I keep sending them on. Only I do wish people would enclose large new envelopes with the big calendars. One never has any oneself and I don't like to write on the old envelope. It's a little crude. Books, too. One can send them on."

"I know," I said. "One has come back to me after many days."

"Like your cast-off bread," said Catherine very innocently.

"There were turkeys too," she said, "and pheasants. If people would only

not send them all at once, or if I had a cold-storage place, it would be all right. We all love turkeys, but we don't want three on the same day. I took the third turkey to Julia, my cousin at No. 6, and met her bringing me a pheasant. Well, we just laughed. She said she *did* want a turkey, so that was all right. But she said her charwoman wouldn't pluck pheasants and that she daren't. I couldn't keep it for just the same reason. Mabel, our one and only 'bruised reed,' scowls if a pheasant comes near her. So you see it had to go."

"What did you do? Bury it?"

"No. It was dusk; so Julia and I brought it into her flat, and we wrote a label and tied it round the pheasant's neck. We put 'From two Ministering Angels' on the label and we took it to the house of the cross old man like *Scrooge* who complained of the children's scooters. We thought it might soften his heart. I laid it on the mat and rang the bell, and we both ran away and hid round the corner. I really enjoyed that bit of Christmas. But the rest has been hearing from people I didn't write to and giving things to people who probably don't want them."

"Thanks," I said as she paused, "for your nice book."

"Dear John! I thought it was just your sort. And I was careful not to write in it so that *you* can give it away."

"Just so. I gave it to you last Christmas, so that I can hardly give it to you again next Christmas."

"Did you?" Catherine asked with no sign of contrition.

"Yes. Richard had given it to me on a previous Christmas."

"Oh, I'm so glad you didn't lose over it, John! Who do you suppose benefits by all this?"

"The Postal Authorities. They've a mean little way of spoiling their stamps so that one can't use *them* again."

"Yes, that's like the Government. I hate to help them. I'm going to start a society by next Christmas to be called 'The Co-operative Christmas-keepers' Association.' Will you join?"

"Yes, if it means economy."

"It does; it means economy with a maximum of pleasure and good-will. You see, I write to you and say, 'Dear John, please credit yourself with five pounds, representing my affectionate good wishes to you. I have already credited myself with five pounds from you on the same score, so we're quits. Yours, etc.' You can change the amount from five pounds to half-a-crown, according to the person you address and your estimate of their pockets and affections."

"That nice young man at the Bank has just sent me this," she continued,

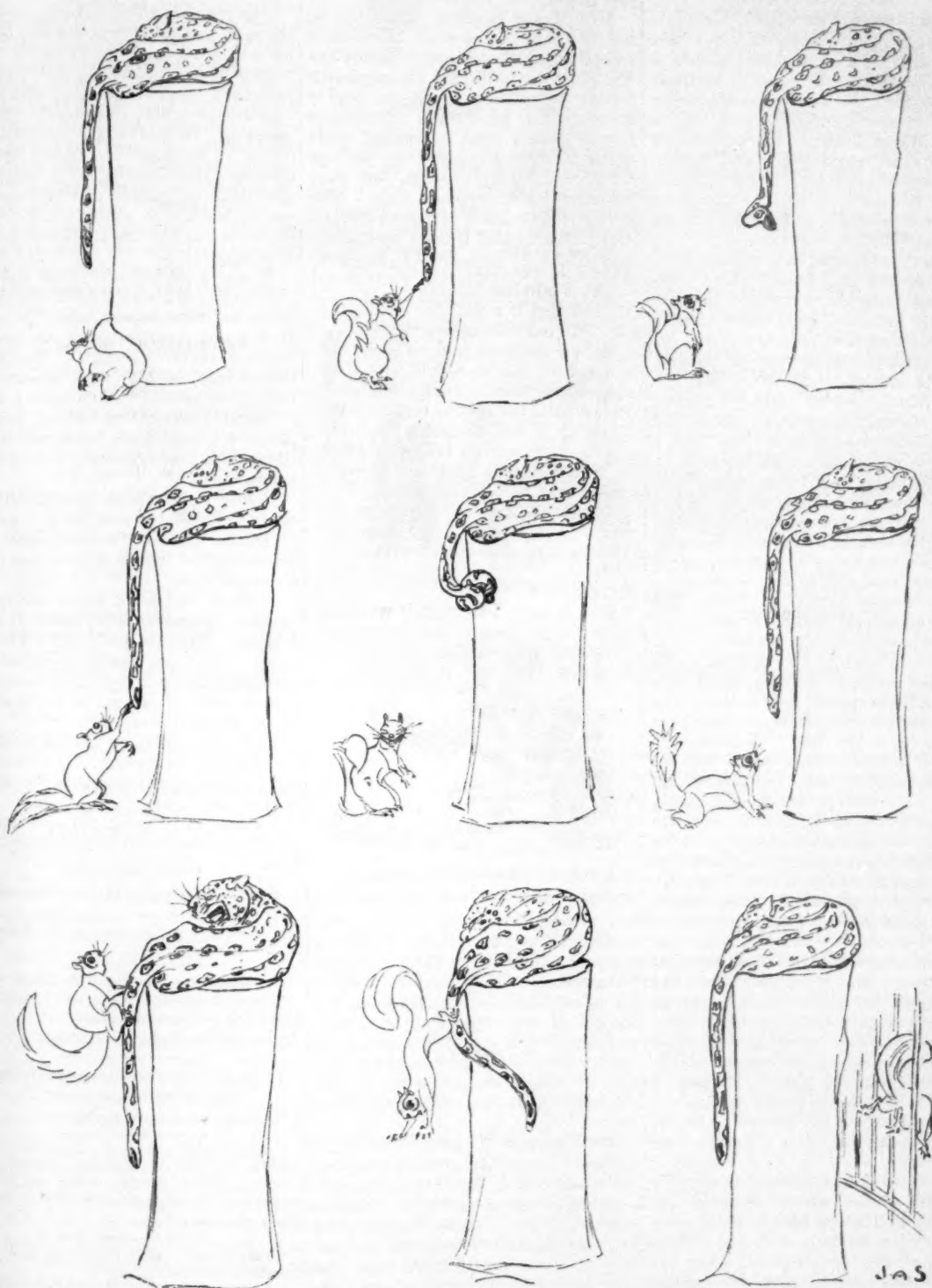
producing her bank-book. "I'd like to give it back to him, just as I gave you your book again, but I've a horrid feeling he'll only make the overdraft bigger next time. You see, I gave myself a hat for Christmas—from the Bank, because, of course, I hadn't any money. They haven't got the cheque in yet. I shan't give them the book for a little while. I don't think one ought to worry the Bank with one's affairs just after the New Year—do you?"

"I don't know," I said. "The Bank has a way of keeping its own end up. I think you'll find they know all about the hat when you see them next. It's wonderful all they know about us at the Bank."

THE STRIKERS WE NEED.

THAT strange "perversity of things" Of which the poet sadly sings Is clearly shown to-day alike By those who strike or never strike. The former—whether justified Or not, as the results decide—Contrive, as we have lately seen, To dislocate the old machine: The latter wound us by their stout Refusal ever to "come out." Enough of preface; here's a list Of those declining to desist From those activities unsleeping Which set judicious angels weeping.

Italic-mongering ink-slingers,
Inflammatory tocsin-ringers,
Stunt-merchants, camera fiends, news-
dopers,
And irrepressible White Hoppers;
Maidens who titivate their faces
Unblushingly in public places;
Beauties whose photographs afflict us
With their wide teeth-exposing *ricetus*;
People who talk of "duds" and
"screams";
People who analyse their dreams,
Or bellow, *à la* Boanerges,
About their "complexes" and "urges,"
Or in the Freudian cesspools grovel
In search of matter for a novel;
Poets whose genius finds expansion
In rhymeless verse defying scansion;
Critics who taste seraphic joys
In the nobility of noise,
Find "uplift" in the gloomiest scores
And worship EPSTEIN on all-fours.
And lastly, to complete the tale
Of those who never flag or fail,
People, resilient when rebuffed,
Who'd "look inimitable stuffed"—
Though living they affront the eye—
Who "know it, but they will not die."
If all these futile feverish folk,
Whose efforts mostly end in smoke,
Would permanently "down their tools"
And wholly cease to prey on fools,
Oh, then in truth "it would be grand"
For England's green and pleasant land.



A GREY SQUIRREL AT THE ZOO.

AT THE PLAY.

"ALICE SIT-BY-THE-FIRE" (Comedy).

A PLAY twenty years old must have good stuff in it to make its points as easily and incite to laughter as freely as does Sir J. M. BARRIE'S *Alice Sit-by-the-Fire*, now happily revived to give Miss MARIE TEMPEST better scope for her demure roguishness and accomplished technique than a recent regrettable venture, and to show forth an intriguing instance of hereditary talent in Miss ELIZABETH IRVING.

It isn't, of course, as if anyone could really believe that twenty short years ago any young girl of eighteen, not specifically imbecile, could have been so naïve as *Amy Grey* (Miss IRVING), who, from excessive frequenting of theatres like the Adelphi (old style) and Lyceum (new), sees life entirely in terms of the eternal triangle at its crudest and immediately assumes, on less than a shadow of evidence, that her mother, recently home from India, is guiltily in love with an old friend of the family and needs rescuing, even at the risk of tarnishing her own girlish honour. She must forsooth, according to pattern, go in evening dress, and late, to his rooms—"they always have rooms"—to "get back the letters," and must not let herself be baulked by his "man."

It would be a pity, I think, if the young men and maidens of to-day, apt already to be a little uppish, were to think that their mothers were likely to have been in the least like *Amy*. They were, in fact—if memory serves—apart from the fashion of their hair, gowns, dancing-steps and current key-words, pretty much what their daughters are. But I think we should be content to let Sir JAMES make even more absurd assumptions for the sake of the lively ingenuity with which this most complicated game of cross-purposes is played out. I should, it is true, have liked him to keep more strictly to its kennel that confounded mother-complex of his. But I suppose that is too much to expect. *Amy's* young brother, the snotty, supplies you with a useful gesture when the thing becomes too uncomfortable. You softly and thoughtfully stroke your cheek as he does when his mother and father threaten to become more demonstrative than the Osborne code allowed.

In general the author is happily waggish at the expense of plays and players, and keeps all his plates spinning with a masterly dexterity. There was just one danger-point, when the idiotic *Amy's* vagaries lead her parents to suspect the blameless *Steve* of the most impossible villainy, and plunge us into emotions too heavy to be sus-

tained by the light structure. You have just to gulp this bit down.

Miss MARIE TEMPEST (*Mrs. Grey*) on her entrance had a most affectionate reception, which evidently touched her. She gives you still that entirely satisfactory impression of so thoroughly knowing her job. Miss ELIZABETH IRVING gave a most interesting study of the dear young goose, *Amy*: perhaps rather a self-playing part, but competently and attractively done. Miss PEGGY RUSH made a very good thing of *Amy's* adoring and equally unsophisticated friend, *Leonora*. And I liked much Miss HELEN SAINTSBURY'S short sketch



HIS CASE SEEMED HOPELESS—



UNTIL HE EMBRACED BOLSHIEVISM.

of a young lodging-house drudge. Mr. GRAHAM BROWNE'S *Colonel Grey* was a sound, skilful, delightfully easy performance, with his shameless pride in his latest-born, his fine frenzy on the subject of the rupee and his understanding of the gay little wife who so unplausibly, at the ridiculously young age of forty, determines to become *Alice-Sit-by-the-Fire* and forswear flirting.

Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL (*Rollo*, the supposed lover) was admirably natural and whimsical as the inexplicable madnerness of the egregious *Amy* were dashed over him. Mr. LESLIE FRENCH gave an excellent imitation of the conventionally unemotional English boy. The play, admirably produced, ran on well-oiled bearings. Did my eyes deceive me, or did *Amy* really take three long white gloves to *Rollo's* rooms? T.

THE ROAD HOG.

"QUITE safe to go out by yourself," the man had said, "but don't speed up for a week or two."

As I gave a last loving polish to the radiator I recalled his words with pride—justifiable pride, I consider. "Don't speed up," he had begged me. "Safe" driver as he knew me to be, he had detected the dashing devil-may-care quality in my nature and had warned me to restrain it, surely for the sake of those on the road more timorous than myself.

It was a perfect afternoon, and the gleam of frosty sunlight and the sharp sweet air went to my head like wine. Had I not emerged from the garage without scathe or scratch? Had I not turned into the high road in a manner truly professional? And was I then to crawl ignominiously along, just to please a garage man, when the white ribbon of a road lay empty and inviting before me?

Boldly I pressed my foot still further on the accelerator and hung carefully on to the wheel. The hedgerows appeared to be whizzing past me in a shapeless blur.

I must be doing about thirty, I guessed; perhaps a little more. If only I knew! Then, to my delight, I heard a toot behind me. Good! If a roadster managed to pass me, I could watch its pace in front of me and arrive at some speed estimate from that.

I felt no temptation to race, for did I not want to be passed? . . . Another few yards of pursuit and then the object shot ahead of me.

I managed to gauge my speed quite easily. It was a school-girl on a push-bike.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The general theory . . . was that the cold spell is due to a sudden drop in the temperature."—*Evening Paper*.

"HOLLAND'S TANGLED POLITICS."

The Ditch ship of State moves happily in a backwater."—*Provincial Paper*.
And a very suitable place too.

From an Indian costumier's catalogue:

"BLACK SATIN DOUCHESSIE."

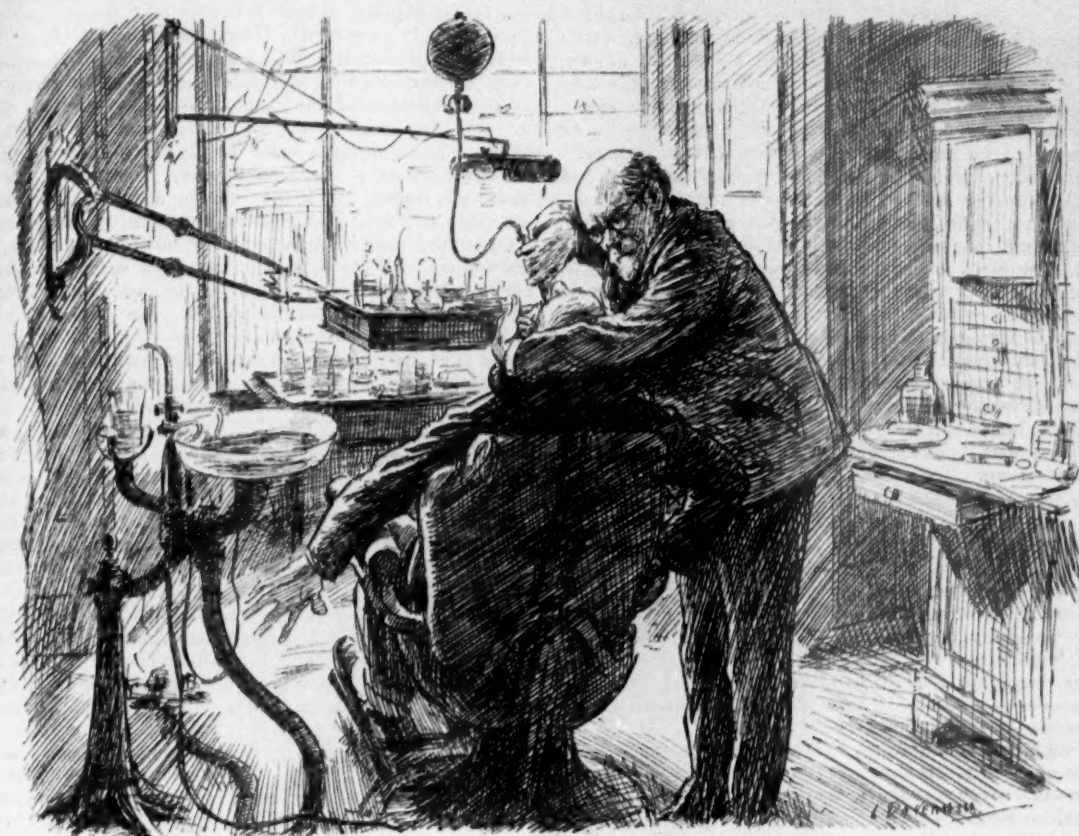
"Watered" satin, of course.

"I notice that a French clairvoyante . . . predicts for 1924 an unending catalogue of woe . . . Well, as she would say, 'Que voulez-vous?'"—*Provincial Paper*.
Only she wouldn't.

"Young Lady, aged about 18, as Junior Assistant, intuition given."

Advt. in Local Paper.

But the modern young woman of eighteen does not require intuition. She has it.



Dentist (chaffily). "PERSONALLY I SHOULD NOT FEAR THE MOST REVOLUTIONARY GOVERNMENT, AS I UNDERSTAND THAT IN RUSSIA, EVEN DURING THE WORST EXCESSES OF THE BOLSHIEVISTS, THEY ALWAYS SPARED THE DENTISTS."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is a classic temper about Mr. ASQUITH'S *Studies and Sketches* (HUTCHINSON). He sips decorum like a vintage and is never so genial as when singing the praises of sobriety. Even when he discourses on "Some Popular Frenzies in the Eighteenth Century" he rejoices to think that the era was, after all, "a prosaic and serene one," and "disposed of the two Stuart Pretenders, on the whole, with a minimum of noise and fuss." These unfashionable preferences, and the scholarship and judgment with which they are sustained, make all the less occasional of his fifteen papers interesting and significant reading; and the manner of their origin—two-thirds of them are reproductions of the spoken word—ensures their lucidity and grace. The Romanes Lecture on "Some Aspects of the Victorian Age" I had already encountered as a pamphlet. But I am delighted to welcome it to a third lease of life, and the Eton address on "Reading and Writing"—"the power of taking in and the power of giving out"—to a second. This latter contains the pleasant legend of the schoolmaster who, commenting on the conduct of a boy with a tiresome father and mother, wrote: "Dull, but steady; would make an excellent parent." The book's two political necrologies are, oddly enough, less pregnant than its literary chapters, but they undoubtedly lend a dignified completeness to a thoroughly representative volume.

As a dissertation on the whys and wherefores of marriage

in general, Mrs. FRED REYNOLDS' *Trefoil* (LANE), like the millionaire's wife in *Business is Business*, means well, but has no grasp. As a chronicle of the matrimonial dilemmas of one particular flapper, it is a trifle lavish with tears, smiles and dialect; but none of these factors, except perhaps the last, will be likely to baulk it of popularity. *Gay Hardinge* is the undamaged survivor of an accident which has hopelessly wrecked her fiancé, *Peter*. *Peter* takes it for granted that the engagement is at an end; not, however, without an unexpressed hope that *Gay* will contradict him. But *Gay* leaves *Peter* in the lurch and embarks on a New Forest flirtation with *Adam*, a half-witted gipsy of singularly attractive physique. His passions proving more difficult to allay than to rouse, she betakes herself to Cornwall; and here she is courted by an arid professor who is, I understand, her intellectual complement, just as *Adam* was the mate of her senses. Finding that the summit of her personality is still without its consort, she proceeds to Scotland, where a fourth lover, a tragic young minister, nobly assists at her ultimate union of souls with *Peter*. This is undoubtedly an excellent "curtain"; but I trust that none of the admirers and well-wishers of *Gay* and her "threefold nature" will be so ungrateful as to pursue their speculations beyond it.

I can for once conscientiously borrow a publisher's preliminary puff. Mr. BASIL MACDONALD HASTINGS' *Faithful Philanderers* (LONG) is described on its jacket as "a highly diverting novel of modern life." Highly diverting it is,

and skilfully characterised; seasoned moreover with shrewd and witty comment on modern moods and manners. *Arthur*, an unsuccessful but not stupid author, a distinctly amusing talker, if, as distinctly, in the pipsqueak category, is wedded to *Cicely*, a healthy, wholesome, athletic young beauty. *Eustace*, a rich young idler, hovers near, chivalrously and innocently enough, to supply *Cicely* with the companionship which *Vanessa*, a Golders-greenery-yallery young widow, supplies to *Arthur*. She also supplies that conscienceless young man with five thousand a year, which *Cicely* fondly believes, and *Arthur* allows her to believe, to be the rewards of his delicate pen. All four are convinced of the unreasonableness of an arrangement which leaves *Vanessa* and *Eustace* odd-folk-out, *Cicely* and *Arthur* equally odd-folk-in. Yet they have an unmodern prejudice against adultery, especially that form of it which is arranged to meet the requirements of the law of divorce. They toss for the dishonour—*Eustace* loses; so that man of

property (not in the Galsworthian sense) plans a quite innocent elopement to Italy, which, as the law will naturally believe the worst, will eventually free them and make a readjustment of partners and of joint incomes possible and, according to their code, honourable. A slight enough story, but well told.

Every book which serves to enlighten the public concerning the houses they want—and never can get—should be made welcome. Mr. MANNING ROBERTSON'S volume of collected essays, *Everyday Architecture* (FISHER UNWIN), contains much useful information and salutary advice on the subject. His work is generally introduced to the reader by Mr. H. R. SELLEY, President of the National

Federation of House Builders, who confesses that he has been engaged "for the past thirty years in house building in suburban London." It is unusual, as Mr. SELLEY admits, for a builder to recommend the doctrines of an architect, which, in the commerce of real life, are seldom acceptable to members of the building trade. Mr. SELLEY however considers that the sins of builders, which he acknowledges, are "due to the system." People who thought the system was the builder are clearly mistaken. Evidently the builder is an idealist fighting against a mysterious system, moistening his bricks with his tears, and, as Mr. SELLEY admits, remorsefully taking "liberties with architectural principles," because "the tastes of the people to whom the house has been sold" will have it so. This is glad news, and architects in particular will rejoice in it. For the future they will know that the builder, instead of trying to scamp his work, is really doing his best to comply with the exactions of the most pedantic architect, defying alike the "system" and popular taste, and taking an honest pride in constructing those charming (if slightly expensive) houses so pleasantly depicted in the illustrations of Mr. MANNING ROBERTSON'S discourses. Alas, these comely dwellings are not yet "everyday architecture," but only every other day, if that.

I rather like Mr. ALBERT KINROSS, who is responsible for *The Torch* (DUCKWORTH). He writes with zest. Much may be forgiven a man who tells a story as though he believed in it, and describes his characters as though he really had lived with them and liked them. Not that there is much to forgive in this novel. It is short and slight, but the author might perhaps have let his infectious enjoyment die down a bit if it had been longer. *The Torch* was the name of a weekly newspaper, run by a dubious gentleman who took pupils at a handsome premium. The elder Mr. Lushington, owner of twelve prosperous tobacco shops, had decided that his son *Geoffrey*, who tells the story, should embrace the pleasant calling of journalism, chiefly because he had won a Prize Poem at school. I suspect the author of having done something of the kind himself in his youth, for he prefixes a more than creditable sonnet to his twentieth chapter. He can also write prose, and in several manners. Now and then I can almost hear him say, "How

about a real old purple patch here?" or, "Shall we try them with a bit of WELLS?" But mostly he is bright and humorous, with an air of determination and a good sprinkling of slang. I enjoyed my short excursion with him back to the 'nineties, those strangled days when we took hansoms homewards after putting the paper to bed, when "Jimmy's" still adorned Piccadilly and a new minor poet blossomed in Vigo Street every week. Quite a pleasant companion, Mr. KINROSS, and the two ladies with whom he permits *Geoffrey* to fall in love do credit to his susceptible sensibility.

The Defence of London, 1915-1918 (MELROSE) is an illuminating book, even if we find ourselves unablentirely to agree with some of Colonel RAWLINSON'S opinions.

In September, 1915, Admiral Sir PERCY SCOTT took charge of the gunnery defence of London, and shortly afterwards Colonel RAWLINSON, at the time a Lieut.-Commander R.N.V.R., was appointed to command a body of men "who were destined in a very short time to develop into the R.N. Anti-Aircraft Mobile Brigade." At the moment the Metropolitan was fairly easy fruit for any hostile aircraft that cared to visit it, and honour is due to Colonel RAWLINSON for the active part he took in remedying our lamentable deficiencies after his appointment, in May, 1917, to the Western sub-command in London. His account of the Zeppelin raid of October 19th, 1917, brings home, almost shiveringly, the perils that hung over our heads. That London escaped destruction on that night he attributes to sheer good luck; and here we may be permitted to agree with him, while still thinking that he fails—he resigned his command early in 1918—to appreciate the efficiency which our Aircraft Defence had reached before the War ended. To some people this may seem to be a provocative volume, and certainly the author's pen is now and then dipped in gall; but it is written with real sincerity and by a man whose experiences are well worth recording.



COLD COMFORT DURING THE STRIKE.

Porter. "No, Sir, THE 10.15 WON'T RUN TILL THIS AFTERNOON. BUT IN THE MEANTIME YOU MAY LIKE TO LOOK AT OUR COLLECTION OF POSTERS. QUITE A LITTLE ROYAL ACADEMY, SIR, IF I MAY SAY SO."

CHARIVARIA.

MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW is of the opinion that Mr. SIDNEY WEBB is one of the twelve cleverest men in the world. He did not give the names of the other ten. *

According to Mr. BASIL DEAN no man should write a play unless he has something to say. It sounds like breaking new ground, but it is an experiment that might be worth trying. *

It has been suggested that the public should organise a strike to end strikes, so that we could all join in. *

A newly-invented microphone is so sensitive that it will pick up the sounds made by tiny insects. Take one on your next seaside holiday and while away the long night hours. *

"Early tulips with their rich golden petals, which were to be seen in the parks last week, disappeared almost as quickly as they appeared," announces a contemporary. It was found impossible to keep the news of the change of Government from them. *

According to a personal paragraph Mr. STEPHEN WALSH, the new Secretary of State for War, knows *The Ingoldsby Legends* by heart. This should lift a load of anxiety from those who have questioned his qualifications for the office. *

A coin of the first century, A.D., has been found at Cheam, Surrey. It is believed to have been dropped in an early flight of Capital. *

Dr. W. W. HILL, of Ottawa, has launched a campaign to abolish hand-shaking on the ground that germs are carried in the hands. It would be simpler if the public did not carry germs about like that, but made them walk. *

In a lecture at the Royal Geographical Society last week Captain S. C. BULLOCK spoke of discovering a bird in Brazil which barked like a dog. We have also heard Pomeranians trying to do it. *

At the Leicester Assizes Sir WILLIAM FINLAY received a pair of white gloves, there being no prisoners to try. One explanation is that local criminals are so unsportsmanlike that they commit

their crimes in other towns instead of supporting their own Assizes. *

An East End man who stole a letter containing a cheque eventually returned it because it was marked "Not Negotiable." If it had been a "Pay to Thief" cheque everything would have been all right. *

The British Empire Exhibition at Wembley is to have its own fire brigade. But should a fire break out at any time it is quite possible that other fire brigades will be invited to join them. *



Bored Night-watchman (counting the stars). "LET'S SEE—WHERE DID I LEAVE OFF LAST NIGHT?"

A burglar who broke into a Manchester restaurant and drank six bottles of champagne was found on the premises helplessly drunk. It is this sort of thing which lets the profession down in the eyes of the public. *

A New York church is being built in the form of a skyscraper. The intention is, of course, finally to close the gap between America and Heaven. *

Now that private soldiers in the Aldershot command are taking up golf, a certain Sergeant-Major would like to meet an expert golfer who could put him in the way of a bit of additional vocabulary. *

The Nobel Committee will award no Peace Prize this year, we are informed. For the coming year it is hoped that, if any person should hear rumours of peace anywhere, he will communicate with the committee. *

Incidentally it was at first thought that Mexico might apply for the Peace Prize, but so far they have not been able to fix the exact date in history when Mexico was mixed up in any peace. *

From Utah comes the story of a husband who was sold by his wife for a silver ring. This is a pleasing contradiction to the general belief that husbands are of no value in the States. *

An actress was recently robbed of several dresses and costumes. It is denied, however, that she ran after the burglar with her pearls, but failed to catch him. *

Mr. EPSTEIN, the sculptor, has expressed the opinion that the NELSON Monument ought to come down. Its apparent neglect of its duty is explained by the fact that it is stone deaf in one ear. *

A correspondent of *The Times* points out that there are five ex-Premiers living. We feel that he has done the right thing in ventilating this matter in the Press, but we are unable to suggest a remedy. *

Lecturing on "Headache" Sir ROBERT ARMSTRONG JONES warned sufferers to avoid prolonged mental strain, irregular and inadequate feeding and excess of alcohol, tobacco and tea. Nothing was said about lectures. *

An escaped convict, when pursued by a French police-dog, ran across country for two miles and then jumped a ditch twenty-six feet wide. Not so much of a jump considering the run he took. *

"HUNTING."

A collection will be made at each meet for the Wine and Poultry Fund. —*Yorkshire Paper.* *Jorrock*s would have approved of this. *

"The suggestion that because the index figure of time-charter rates was 16.73 in 1920, and that it fell to 3.62 last year, was an indication that the industry could not afford the increase was described by Mr. Bevin as 'ridiculous and absurd.' —*Evening Paper.* We, too, find the grammar of it a little farcical. *

HOW TO RESTORE THE ENTENTE.

[In view of the present depression in France, due in great measure to the fact that she has neglected to tax her own people adequately, it is proposed to clap a surtax of 20 per cent. on the hotel bills of foreigners, Belgians excepted. This will be levied on the proprietors of hotels, but is of course designed to come out of the pockets of their clients.]

WHEN I regard the shining graces
(Exposed in picture prints, page after page)
Of British forms and British faces—
Persons of Blood and Peris of the Stage—
Whose charm confers a nameless *bon ton*
Upon the tennis-courts of Cannes or Menton;—

At times in pensive mood one ponders
On all it costs to breathe that balmy clime,
The wealth that "*perfidie Albion*" squanders
To bulge the Frenchman's pockets all the time,
Right from the moment when she books
A one-night's lodging in the "*Blue de luxe*."

I muse on what these annual beansos
Keep pouring into France's common pool,
How fat the profits her Casinos
Rake in at Baccarat and pouch at Boule
(Yea, though we win, she scoops the lot,
Seeing we go and spend it on the spot);

And still, when hostel bills are heavy,
Expect no discount off for friendship's sake;
But, now that they propose to levy
A thumping tax upon the spoil they take—
Four francs to go to France's chest
For every louis spent—I *do* protest.

If it were only allocated
To working off the debt to her Ally,
I would not want the charge abated;
Willingly, with a smile in either eye,
To such a goal I'd help the French on;
But this is not, I take it, their intention.

Yet Spring, I hope, will see me heading,
Just as of old, for that same Côte d'Azur,
Though what I pay for board and bedding
Is taxed to keep POINCARÉ in the Ruhr,
And every sou on *grands vins* blown
Helps to blockade the British in Cologne.

O. S.

A MAN OF DISTINCTION.

"Heppelthwaite is a splendid fellow!" said Henry with an air of finality that startled me. "I have a high opinion of him and his. He is a white man. He counts."

As soon as Henry started praising Heppelthwaite I knew that something abnormal had supervened.

"You used to loathe the man," I interrupted during one of the brief pauses that Henry permitted himself for breathing purposes. "You used to say that Heppelthwaite's company was about as exhilarating as that of a sandworm; that his house reminded you of a mausoleum, and that—"

"Heppelthwaite," said Henry, "is a man who has been misunderstood. I confess that it is only of late that I myself have learned to appreciate him at his true worth. He has character. He is original—fearless—imaginative—distinguished. I shall cultivate Heppelthwaite."

"But why this sudden change?" I persisted.

For a moment Henry hesitated. Then his reserve broke down and he turned on me fiercely.

"Look here," he began—"have you ever sat in a cold room with a lot of people you didn't know, and didn't want

to know, like one of a row of owls on a wall, striving hard to catch some husky suggestions of music that you didn't like and would rather not hear, only you hadn't the moral courage to say so—"

"Well, of course—"

"—while some sickening ass mucked about with something he called a crystal and spouted streams of verbiage concerning high-tensions and condensers and earths and terminals and amplifiers and valves and wave-lengths and variables—"

"You must remember, Henry—"

"—and 'Grandpa Methuselah' or 'Barabbas' or whatever he calls himself broadcasted bilge for the babes and told some utterly idiotic cook how to spoil good food and what the weather was like or likely to be like?"

"It's like this, Henry—"

"Conceivably you have never sat shuddering opposite a defective loud-speaker while it bellowed dancing instructions into your face at point-blank range: 'One step forward, two to the left, three to the right, forward on top gear, reverse, jump, right foot, left foot, both feet, waggle your ears, forward, *centre à terre*.' You've heard it, haven't you?"

"If only you would give me a chance—"

"Have you ever had to put your overcoat on and follow a self-styled friend up a sixty-foot ladder on a dark rainy night, with the wind in the north-east, to make some idiotic pretence at helping him to mend an aerial that wasn't broken—just because the ladies were pretending impatience to hear the rest of some opera when you considered yourself fortunate in having heard it fizzle out in the first ten seconds?"

"My dear old Henry," I said, raising my voice and speaking sharply, "the man whose aerial requires—"

"Or down into a cockroachy cellar with your best suit on to affect enthusiasm over a bunch of verdigris wires poking into jampots or twisted round a rusty water-pipe while the owner made you stand on the coals and knock your head against rafters, and you had to go into the garden afterwards for your friend to brush the linewash and cobwebs off your clothes and hair?"

"MY DEAR OLD HENRY," I vociferated, "MAY I SAY A FEW WORDS?"

"By all means," said Henry. "You haven't answered one of my questions yet."

Then I took Henry in hand.

"If you were quite honest," I began, "you would tell me simply and plainly that you cultivate Heppelthwaite because he has one of those posh, up-to-date, six-valve wireless sets that give uniformly excellent results; one of those sets that stand absolutely complete on the drawing-room table. There are no stupid sixty-foot aerials to blow about and go wrong and interfere with your full enjoyment of the programme. Come now—have I not put the matter in a nutshell?"

"You have not," said Henry. "I cultivate Heppelthwaite—and esteem him—because he sternly forbids the very mention of wireless in his house."

What "Punch" has to put up with.

"His Honour—" Punch "set forth the and expressed the opinion that by the section dealing with partial incapacity, time a partially-incapacitated workman had considered the section he would be totally incapacitated. (Laughter.)"—*Daily Paper*.

"It was a great triumph for the English-speaking Union, whose branches are now firmly established all over the country. Every speaker was of either Scottish, Irish, or Welsh origin."—*Daily Paper*.

"Hoots, man, an' intee t' cootness, 'tis English I do be shpakin', bedad."

PUNCH, OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI.—FEBRUARY 6, 1924.



AFTER THE BREAKDOWN.



NOBODY AT OUR CULTURED BOARDING-HOUSE MINDS THE BATH-TIMES BEING DISORGANISED SINCE THAT GRAND OPERA TENOR ARRIVED.

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

JANUARY'S gone, and a wretch of a month it's been—alarums and excursions and horrors of all sorts. When I see a newspaper, almost I wish that my parents and guardians hadn't had me taught to read. But I don't look at them now. Last time I did so, over my early tea, I tore them up and threw them away, *en poussant un grand cri*, "What are we to do? Who's goin' to protect us? Are we to be given over to the spoilers, loek, stock and barrel?" And then I rang for Céline. "Take away those beastly things," I said, "and never bring me any more. I've been dreffully, dreffully angry. Come and take out the traces."

So she rubbed away my frown and used the dimpler and the happy-smile machine, as only Céline can; and then she sprang a shock on me, said she wanted to leave me, that's to say, not to leave me, but to leave what I give her for twice as much offered by The Lady Pentonville. (Butter and cheese! three months ago she was Mrs. Tubbs.)

"Why, Céline," I said, "you'll be thrown away on her. She'll do you no credit. How are you goin' to dress a

tank like that? It'll take you five minutes to walk round her."

"Oui, m'ladi," murmured Céline tearfully, "*il en est ainsi—je n'ignore pas ça—mais les appointements.*"

"Oh, là, là! *les appointements.*" I said. "Well, I must give you what the tank offers, for simply I can't face this cruel critical world without you, and you've got to stay."

And it was so.

Sarah Delamont blew in last week and says she means to stand for Parliament first opportunity. I'm not a bit s'prised. She always had a masculine mind, knew what direction the wind was blowing in, and how many things make a ton, and all that sort of out-of-the-way knowledge women don't generally have.

"And what d'you expect to do in Parliament?" I asked her.

"Expect to do?" she cried in her horridly emphatic way. "Isn't it 'All hands to save ship'? Oughtn't we to try to stem the rising tide of what's-its-name? And as well as that we women have got to legislate for women and children."

"Bats!" I said. "The women and children would much rather have men legislate for them."

"Oh, you're incorrigible!" she said.

"Here are you, with all your time on your hands—"

"No," I interrupted, holding up my pretty hands, "all my time is *not* on my hands; they don't look more than twenty."

She waved that aside. "Why aren't you up and doin' things for your country? Here are you, a widow, a dowager-countess, well off for the new poor—"

"Stop, you wicked woman!" I shrieked. "How dare you call me such drefful names! If my dear Dolgelly were living he wouldn't *allow* such things to be said of me. And, as for helping my country, the best thing I can do for her is to sit still and not join any of the gangs that are pullin' the poor old dear to pieces. I'm one of the women who think *charm* worth conserving, who value their complecks, who aren't always in a hurry, always bawlin' sport or politics, always—"

"Nuff said," she cut me short. "I'll tell you what you are, *tout court*, Sylvia Dolgelly: you're a lil old throw-back, a reactionary. So long."

To take the taste of Sarah out of my mouth, went round to Midshire House. Found them in top-hole spirits. Anne Midshire was writing out an announcement for the Press, with Rosabelle, all smiles and—no, not blushes; she's a

twencent girl—leaning over her correcting her spelling: "A marriage has been arranged and will shortly take place between Lady Rosabelle St. Adrian and 'Kid' Boggins of Bermondsey, the famous boxer and champion paper-weight of Europe."

Anne says, as times go, it's quite a good match. He makes an immense income and will be such a help to their second boy, Piers, who's regularly in the Ring now as a pro. "Dear 'Kid' will show him how to get into the 'big money,' as they call it," said Anne. "I'm told my darling boy's punch is not quite strong enough yet, and some wretches say his boxing is too much like wrestling, and bad wrestling at that—envious spiteful creatures! But dear 'Kid' will see to all that."

During our pow-wow the Duke came in from the film-studio where he's got a job to come on in crowds and riots in a forthcoming film. He hopes to have an individual part by-and-by—get mentioned in sub-titles and shown in close-ups. They told me that the famous Joy Smiley and her present husband, the equally famous Solo Sombbrero—they're the stars in the film the Duke's in—have taken Midshire Castle just for week-ends. "And they're jolly good tenants too!" said Anne.

Went one evening with Anne and Rosabelle to Jollyland, Bethnal Green, and saw their wonderful "Kid" Boggins flatten out another paper-weight, "Basher" Jinks of Rotherhithe. Thought the "Kid" a charming boy. If I were Rosabelle I'd make him always dress as he does to fight—he looks so dreffully chic.

Piers St. Adrian was in one of the lesser contests. He was knocked out directly he emerged from his corner. Anne screamed a little, but soon pulled herself together. "Didn't my darling boy fall *beautifully*?" she said. "Of course they've got to go through all this before they can get into the 'big money.'"

Meseemeth that my most outstanding memory of January is Princess Bobolinsky's "Wednesdays" in Grograve Square. She had the novel idea of making them a series of what she called "Little Love Lectures"—readings from those wonderful stories of hers, with impromptu additions. On the last of her "Wednesdays" she gave us what we all agreed was the best of all: "The Psychology of Kissing." The big black-and-scarlet drawing-room was dimly lit, save where the little Princess was. Her colour scheme matched the room, black, with scarlet poppies at her waist, scarlet shoes and a scarlet fan. Tiny fountains filled the room with a subtle and passionate scent. From



THE COCKTAIL GIRL.

Niece (to Uncle who has uniceilingly ordered a cocktail for her). "MUCH TOO SWEET! LET'S HAVE ALL THE OTHERS DRY."

hidden musicians came soft fitful strains of RAVEL, DEBUSSY and STRAVINSKY.

She took us through all the imaginable kisses in her own inimitable way. There was "the fierce glorious terror of the cave-man's savage primitive kiss," "the warm whirlwind kiss of the artistic genius," "the precise well-calculated kiss of the scientist," "the timid, apologetic, pale-grey kiss of the husband," "the rapturous, masterful deep crimson kiss of the lover," *et ainsi de suite*. Even I hardly realised there were so many kinds!

When we congratulated her afterwards we told her she ought to let the public hear the "Little Love Lectures," and that, if she gave them in one of the

big Halls, they'd have a *succès fou*. But she shook her pretty head and smiled. "Popularity and success are so banal," she said softly. Dear amazing little Sonia Bobolinsky! With her gifts and temperament she ought to go far—even farther than she has gone.

More "Recognition."

We understand that the Russian Government has passed a resolution that so long as the Labour Party remains in power the City of Petrograd shall, in acknowledgment of the friendly feeling shown by the British Government in proposing to appoint Mr. O'GRADY as Ambassador to Russia, be known as Petro'grad.

THE INLAND REVENUE.

(An Account of a Correspondence.)

THE Inland Revenue sent out a form
Which nobody on earth could understand
And followed it with letters, quite a swarm,
Communications typed, and signed by hand.

I wrote a letter to the Inland Revenue.

I wrote and said to them, "Your Schedule D
Is far too difficult. I wish to heaven you
Would aim at Mr. MOORE's lucidity."

The Inland Revenue made answer thus:

"Referring to your last, do you prefer
To have your income-tax assessed by us?"

I wrote and said, "I thank you kindly, Sir."

The Inland Revenue assessed my tax:

I thought that this was very kind of them;
They might have come and hit me with an axe
Or seized my savings by some stratagem.

I said, "You have assessed me far too highly;"

I said, "I am dumbfounded and aghast."

The Inland Revenue responded drily,

"Then fill up Schedule D."

Twelve letters passed.

I tried to understand their beastly Schedule,

I took the average of three past years,
I fanned the smouldering embers of a dead Yule,
I blew the ashes of forgotten fears.

I said, "I will submit to your assessment,

Though the canary must, of course, be sold.
If you had hearts, you'd know what that distress
meant."

This seemed to leave them singularly cold.

Long weeks went by. And now the dreaded spectre
That shadowed all my life grew faint and dim;
No letters reached me from the Tax Collector,
I did not strive to keep in touch with him.

And then the Tax Collector wrote and said:

"This matter cannot be allowed to rest;
Referring to my TBXYZ
And your acceptance of the amount assessed,

"His Majesty's Commissioners have seen
The tribulation which you lightly bore;
They fancy that you showed but mild chagrin,
And therefore they intend to tax you more."

I wrote and told the Tax Collector: "Please

Inform His Majesty's Commissioners
I laughed for hours at their delightful wheeze—
How the days do draw out when Spring recurs!"

The Tax Collector took his pen and wrote:

"This matter cannot be allowed to lie;
Your answer does not meet the case. Please quote
TBXYZ 2 in your reply."

I took my pen and wrote to him: "I soften.
The least of men may hope for future bliss.
St. MATTHEW was a tax collector; often
I calm my anger by remembering this.

"But, were I an uncharitable man,
Vindictive and on rude rejoinders set,
I should say things about the publican
Or tax collector which I might regret."

I thought this clever, if a trifle warm.

* * * * *
A fortnight later I was charmed to see
The Inland Revenue had sent a form,
In a buff envelope, marked "Schedule D." EVOE.

GOLF CLUB AMENITIES.

I SEE no objection to a Club appointing a chaplain if it really feels it needs one. I don't think a chaplain would have much of a show down at our place, but what we badly want—what we've wanted for years—is a resident medical officer. The type of man I have in mind is a well-seasoned ex-officer of the R.A.M.C., a man who knows his business and doesn't believe in pandering to the foibles of his patients. Such a man would be extraordinarily useful at our Club.

There's the Colonel, for instance. The Colonel has lost more matches than any man living, simply through having gout in the left foot. I've seen him go out full of confidence, play scratch golf (or something very like it) all the way to the turn, and then go completely to pieces, slicing, pulling, missing foot putts and even playing his opponent's ball. It is amazing how far-reaching are the effects of gout. If the Colonel could be patched up by a good doctor just before a round, I believe he'd get off twenty-four in a few weeks.

Then there's Green. Green's trouble is his liver. I've known him twice robbed of the Captain's Prize by his wretched liver. Only the other day it got in his way and balked him of a certain seventy-one. If Green could get his liver overhauled once a round or so, it would make all the difference in the world to his game. His own doctor, he tells me, says there is nothing much the matter with it (his liver, I mean), which of course is nonsense. There must be.

I have an idea that even Simpkinson might be helped by a Club doctor. Simpkinson is really quite a decent golfer, but he picked up malaria in the East, and malaria plays havoc with one. I've known it to catch him often without the slightest warning. He will be standing on the tee at the short eighth, intending to lay the ball dead on the pin, when all of a sudden on will come one of his spasms and the miserable ball will go scuttling away into the undergrowth to the right. It must come on just like that, with no warning at all, judging, that is, from what Simpkinson tells us.

Now I take it that a competent doctor, with nothing to do but look after the health of the Club members, could easily prevent disasters like that. Even if he failed at the beginning to forestall sudden seizures he would have no difficulty in preventing the trouble from hanging about indefinitely. In serious cases it would be permissible for him to accompany his patients on a round with the object of observing symptoms.

I admit that a doctor might not meet the requirements of every member. There's poor old Wilson, for example. Wilson's teeth play the very deuce with his driving, yet he positively refuses to see a dentist. With a Club dentist the thing would be simple. The troublesome member could be extracted while the next couple were allowed to go through, and Wilson would go on to beat his man easily.

I don't suggest that the Club would be justified in running to a dentist for the sole benefit of Wilson, but I do think the appointment of a medical officer is long overdue.

Anyhow, I've put the idea in our Suggestion Book.

"Butcher, 18 to 25, not afraid of work, drive Ford van; no killing."
West-Country Paper.

We trust his steaks will be as tender as his heart.



ARDENT GOLFER (on his eternal subject). "AND AT THE 17TH I DROVE OUT OF BOUNDS."

ROMANTIC LADY. "I'M AFRAID I DON'T KNOW WHAT THAT MEANS—BUT IT SOUNDS DELICIOUS."



Peter (fearful of interruption). "Go away, GRANNIE!"

Grannie (disconcerted). "SUPPOSING WHEN YOU CAME TO SEE ME I WERE TO SAY, 'GO AWAY, PETER'?"

Peter (promptly). "I SHOULD GO."

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

VII.—RICE PUDDING.

Nurse speaks :

*What is the matter with Mary Jane?
She's crying with all her might and main,
And she won't eat her dinner—rice-pudding again :
What is the matter with Mary Jane?*

*What is the matter with Mary Jane?
I've promised her dolls and a daisy-chain,
And a book about animals—all in vain :
What is the matter with Mary Jane?*

*What is the matter with Mary Jane?
She's perfectly well, and she hasn't a pain;
But look at her, now she's beginning again !
What is the matter with Mary Jane?*

*What is the matter with Mary Jane?
I've promised her sweets and a ride in the train,
And I've begged her to stop for a bit and explain :
What is the matter with Mary Jane?*

*What is the matter with Mary Jane?
She's perfectly well and she hasn't a pain,
And it's lovely rice-pudding for dinner again !
What is the matter with Mary Jane?*

VIII.—THE ALCHEMIST.

*THERE lives an old man at the top of the street,
And the end of his beard reaches down to his feet,
And he's just the one person I'm longing to meet,
I think that he sounds so exciting;
For he talks all the day to his tortoiseshell cat,
And he asks about this, and explains about that,
And at night he puts on a big wide-awake* hat
And sits in the writing-room, writing.*

*He has worked all his life (and he's terribly old)
At a wonderful spell which says, "Lo, and behold !
Your nursery fender is gold!"—and it's gold !
(Or the tongs, or the rod for the curtain):*

*But somehow he hasn't got hold of it quite,
Or the liquid you pour on it first isn't right,
So that's why he works at it night after night*

Till he knows he can do it for certain. A. A. M.

** So as not to go to sleep.*

From a business-house magazine :—

"A special word is due to the Programme Sellers for their exceedingly sporty action in making up the Programme takings to a level amount by a contribution from their own purses. 'Espirít de corps in excelsis.'"

The "special word," we suppose, is "esprit."

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

XI.—BEDLAM.

We have it on very high authority that a Court of Law is not a theatre. Nevertheless at the present time there are few better shows running in the town; and nothing is more fascinating than a walk round the courts on a wet afternoon. The entertainment is free, and as soon as you are bored with one case you can go out and try another.

No man, however, who drops in at a law-suit for a few minutes about half-way through can expect to leave it without a certain mystification; and I admit that it was foolish of me to send a perfect stranger like the Man in the Moon to the Law Courts by himself.

He returned excited and pleased, but insane. He had dropped in, I gather, at Divorce, Admiralty, Chancery, Commercial Cases, Appeal Court II. and the Official Referee, and he was particularly impressed by Sir Charles Gupp, K.C., who coloured all his recollections.

You know, of course, that the legal profession is ingeniously organised so as to give about three men more work than human men can do, about three hundred of nearly equal capacity a little work, and about three thousand no work at all. Sir Charles Gupp is frequently engaged in three different cases on the same day. Look in at Court IV., and you will see him diligently vindicating the character of the plaintiff in a libel action; drop in at the Divorce Court half an hour later and you will hear him diligently taking away the character of a married woman; and no sooner is that done than he is off to Court V., to get at the bottom of an embezzlement. Indeed, to judge from the wild statements of the Man in the Moon, Sir Charles was operating in every court he visited; but I can't help thinking that he was mistaken. Still, this delusion would account for the extraordinary description he gave me of a cross-examination which he says he heard. I use his own words, but accept no responsibility for them whatever.

"It was a case about Contingent Remainders," he said. "And there was a small man with pince-nez in the witness-box; and he said that tobacco was divided into two classes, one class called Trashy Bright and the other class called Bright Trash; and the judge was very fatherly and loved him; and Sir Charles stood up and hated him. And he said—

"You are Mr. Stanley?"

"That is my name," said Mr. Stanley.

"But of course your name is not Stanley at all, but Moss?"

"That is so," said Mr. Stanley.

"And before the War your name was Moses?"



OUTSIDE THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

"ERE Y'ARE, SIR—WORDS AND MUSIC, 'THE RED FLAG.'"

"Yes."

"And before the South African War your name was Finkelstein?"

"It is false."

"I put it to you that it was."

"It was not."

"Ah! And you tell us you are a certified tobacco-taster to the firm of Mantle and Fogg, 37, Old Jewry?"

"Bogg."

"Bogg? Quite sure, Mr. Moss?"

Very well. And would it be true to say, Mr. Stanley, that if the witness Walker has sworn that the transactions of the

14th, 15th, 18th, 19th and 21st August could not have taken place without your being a party to them, that is not a statement which is consistent with your own assertion that on the material dates you were not in Huddersfield, or not?"

"It is a lie."

"What were you doing at 6 A.M. on the morning of the 2nd of January, 1905?"

"I can't tell you."

"You can't tell us that?"

"No."

"Just so. And now, Mr. Stanley,



"WATCHER WANT TO FIGHT FOR? I AIN'T GOT NO QUARREL WIV YOU."

"NO, BUT YOU 'AD WIV JIM 'AWKINS."

"WOT ABAHT IT? 'E'S DEAD."

"WELL, POOR OLD JIM APPOINTED ME 'IS EXECUTOR."

melud, me learned friend has no right, melud—

"Well, Mr. Beit?"

"The witness betrayed great emotion and 'God forgive me,' he said, 'I have.'

"Then you, Mr. Stanley," said Sir Charles excitedly 'are MY FATHER!' And with these words he vaulted over the counter.

"My son! My son!" cried Mr. Moss, embracing him."

A. P. H.

WHAT IS MUSIC?

FROM the fact that a Judge of the High Court has recently asked this question I conclude that the labours of our musical critics must have been in vain. It seems a pity that after all those columns in our Sunday newspapers we should have a learned man, with a mind trained to sift evidence and to discover truth, confessing that he is still in the dark on this subject.

It is of little use, perhaps, to refer the Judge to some who are famous in our music-halls. The mention of their names

would only lead to supplementary questions, exposing further ignorance.

It is perhaps less easy to say what music is than what it is not. But we are safe in accepting the widespread opinion that it is the food of love. Ever since the late *Duke of Illyria* said to the band, "If music be the food of love, play on," countless thousands of players have demonstrated that there is no question at all in their minds that music does afford this excuse for untiring persistence.

Music is also that which hath charms to soothe the savage breast. Further, though it may seem incredible, it hath power to split rocks or bend a knotted oak. So if you are not sure about your neighbour's cornet—a very natural uncertainty—take him down to the Cornish coast or into Epping Forest and get him to play. Meanwhile finger the rocks now and again to see how they are getting on, or keep your eye on the knotted oaks. Thus will you be able to satisfy yourself whether the noises he makes are music or not.

Another thing about music is that the man that hath none of it in himself is fit for treasons, stratagems and spoils, to say nothing of the capital levy. That is why some people who have heard "The Red Flag" sung by our Cabinet Ministers in the parks feel that the country is in danger.

There is little doubt that music is the principal—some say the only—virtue of the Welsh. There is still less doubt that music is that for which the Scots have substituted the pibroch.

I have little to say about the music of the spheres, because I am inclined to think that it is only a rumour. At any rate I have never heard any, though I did once hear a man on Ramsgate beach play "Cock of the North" on a set of tumblers.

"Two Aldershot anglers fishing yesterday afternoon at Fleet, Hants, caught fourteen pike in four hours. The largest fish was 351 inches in length and weighed over 12lbs."

Welsh Paper.

We cannot imagine how so slim a fish allowed itself to be caught.

INTIMATE AFTERNOONS.

I.—DISMISSING ALGERNON.

SCENE.—Lady Cecilia is taking tea with Lady Marion in her drawing-room in Hertford Street. There is no time to describe these exquisite ladies, as they are already talking.

Cecilia (*pouring out*). And that reminds me, Marion. I suppose you know that I'm dismissing Algernon?

Marion (*languidly*). Which one is that—the second or the third? I hope it isn't the third. He has such a nice figure. [*She receives a cup from Cecilia.*]

C. There could never be a second or a third. Algernon is unique.

M. (*helping herself to cake*). He certainly has the sweetest ways. His manner of serving tea is quite incomparable.

C. Really, dear. You talk as if he were a footman.

M. (*opening her eyes sweetly*). Isn't he?

C. Heavens, no! It isn't as serious as that. Besides, I never have any trouble with the servants. I just give them everything they want, and trust to Providence.

M. It's safe to trust to Providence when one hasten thousand a year. Otherwise it's fatal. But who, pray, is Algernon?

C. I told Tom that if he took up aviation I should be obliged to take up something too. So I took up Algernon.

M. Not that very fair young man who was with you the other evening at the play?

C. I expect it was. He goes with me everywhere.

M. I've never noticed him.

C. One doesn't. That's his special merit. It's apt to be awkward if people notice. Algernon, I'm glad to say, is wholly inconspicuous.

M. Has Tom expressed himself on the subject?

C. Not a word.

M. No objections at all?

C. My dear Marion, you obviously haven't seen Algernon. One doesn't, unless one's attention is especially drawn. If Tom were *Othello* himself he could not possibly be jealous of the dear boy—not if I lost every handkerchief I ever possessed. Tom is just vaguely aware that I'm rather less on his hands than usual. Meanwhile Algernon keeps me amused.

M. (*shrewdly*). Then he's sufficiently positive for that.

C. (*indifferently*). Oh, I'm easily satisfied. I don't ask a man to talk to me. I gave that up long ago. Either he talks about himself, which is a bore; or he makes clever remarks, which is most fatiguing; or he expects you to make clever remarks of your own, which is even worse.

M. And Algernon?

C. He's the perfect companion. He makes sympathetic noises and never expects anything at all. If I say nothing he's quite content. If, on the other hand, I'm in form and say something rather good, he always seems to appreciate it. Of course he doesn't really understand, and he never tries. But he looks as if he did, which is so much better in every way.

the modern craze for companionship between the sexes. He'd no more think of helping me to choose a hat than I should think of assisting him to adjust a carburettor. We're terribly devoted and can be quite romantic at times. But we've quite given up any attempt to understand one another. Tom likes me to be unexpected, and I like Tom to be absurd.

M. That reminds me, dearest. I haven't yet congratulated you. Didn't they make him a Whip the other day?

C. They did. And I gave him a silver horn to celebrate the occasion. It seems, however, that his appointment had nothing to do with his exploits in the hunting-field, which are, I understand, prodigious, but that it's something they do in Parliament. I was terribly surprised. I knew of course that he

was an M.P., but I quite thought that he was on one of the other sides.

M. There are Whips, I believe, in all three parties.

C. (*sagely*). Ah! that explains it. Anyhow, it's very nice to know nothing whatever about it. It's fatal for husbands and wives to have any interests in common. There are the Trevors, for example, both musical, and now they've separated. It began, I believe, with an argument about Stravinsky.

M. Meanwhile we're forgetting Algernon.

C. One does. It's his greatest charm that one is always surprised to find that he still exists. One sends him for a cloak or a fan, and when he turns up a moment later one says, "Hullo, Algernon!" as though he'd suddenly sprung from the void.

M. (*intrigued*). I'm beginning to be curious about Algernon.

C. I must tell him that. Nothing like it has ever happened to him before.

M. I'm wondering exactly how he fits into the domestic scheme.

C. Admirably. Tom is a luxury—for special occasions. Algernon, on the other hand, is a necessity—for every day. He always gets the right seats at the play when other men would put you behind a pillar. His car is always the first to come up at the whistle. Waiters take to him instinctively. He always knows what's on and who's going to be there. He invariably takes one where one ought to be and arrives at just the right moment.



Mother. "I SUPPOSE IT'S ALL RIGHT, BUT I CAN'T HEAR ANYTHING."
Father. "YOU DON'T RECOGNISE IT, MY DEAR—IT'S A CHESS TOURNAMENT."

M. I quite agree with you there. I hate men who think they understand one. It's an impertinence.

C. The worst of liberties!

M. It's bad manners if they think they understand women, and it's bad morals if they really do.

C. Algernon is delightfully old-fashioned. So far as he is capable of any general ideas on the subject, he regards women as quaint and incomprehensible creatures, for whom it is a pleasure to render the minor services. He inherits this conception, I believe, from his American grandfather. America is the only country to-day where it is possible to find anything in the least out of date.

M. My own record is singularly fortunate. I've never made the slightest effort to understand my husband; and he, I'm glad to say, has never made the slightest effort to understand me. That's why we're still one of the few happily-married couples in London.

C. Tom also is quite unspoiled by



"IT'S NICE TO SEE A GOOD FIRE THIS WEATHER."

"YES. BUT WHEN I THINK OF THE PRICE OF COAL A LUMP COMES INTO MY THROAT."

M. Then why in heaven are you dismissing him?

C. Well, you know what men are—even Algernon.

M. My poor darling! When did it happen?

C. Last night in the car, as we were coming home. He was most encroaching. M. How exasperating!

C. I deserve your sympathy. Algernon deserves it too. It must be dreadfully humiliating when a man is trying to be bold and bad to—to—

M. Yes?

C. Well, Algernon bit his tongue. I didn't intend to knock him under the chin. But we were both rather taken by surprise.

M. (thoughtfully). You've quite made up your mind to send him away?

C. (plaintively). What else can one do?

M. I suppose not.

C. It's most unfortunate. It won't be so bad for Algernon. He'll soon find another situation. But it will be the ruin of my married life. Tom will have me perpetually on his hands again, and that is such a terrible strain for both of us. Besides, Algernon was so extraordinarily useful. I feel that life can never be the same again.

[The telephone bell rings.]

C. (to Marion, as she goes to the tele-

phone). Excuse me, dear. (She takes the receiver.) Hullo! (delightedly to Marion as she claps her hand over the instrument) It's Algernon. (Into the telephone) Is that you, Algernon? Will I what? Of course not. Well, I mean, how can I? No, I shall never forgive you, Algernon. It was quite unpardonable. (To Marion) He's got tickets for *The Babe Unborn*—to-morrow evening.

M. But they're not to be had.

C. (to Marion). Algernon always gets them when they're not to be had. (Into the telephone) Did you say the Duncombes? No, you mustn't go to the Duncombes. I want to go to the Duncombes myself, and it's quite impossible for us ever to meet again.

M. (eagerly, as Cynthia pauses). Don't put him off, Cecilia; I'm going to the Duncombes, too; and I should rather like to meet your Algernon.

C. (into the telephone to Algernon). Hold on a minute. (To Marion) Doubtless you would. Perhaps you would also like to go to *The Babe Unborn*?

M. (unabashed). It would be a pity to waste the tickets, and you said yourself that Algernon would soon find another situation.

C. (to Marion). Bandit! (Hastily into

the telephone) No; not you, Algernon. I was talking to a friend, though I admit the epithet was deserved. What's that you say? Never do it again? Very well, Algernon. I suppose I must forgive you... Sorry, I can't hear... You're punished enough already? What do you mean by that?... Oh, you poor child! So that's why you're talking so strangely. Try sucking a little ice. It must have been rather a bad bite... Yes... Well, it will perhaps be a warning to you in future. Very well, you dear thing. I'll be at the Duncombes about eleven, and I'll introduce you to a friend of mine... Yes, but you mustn't desert me for her. Oh, yes, she'll try. She's that kind of woman; always likes to have a useful young man in attendance. Good-bye! Yes, I forgive you entirely. Good-bye!

[She puts up the receiver, and looks at Marion.]

M. Well?

C. (sighing with relief). That was a narrow escape. I might really have dismissed him, Marion dear, if it hadn't been for you.

"He gazed at her, and saw the tears trickling from her ears."—Magazine.
We don't care for these "sloppy" stories.



MANNERS AND MODES.

Angry Young Lady. "I HATE HER! SHE SAYS SUCH CATTY THINGS. SHE JUST TOLD ME I HAD A PRETTY FIGURE."

Her Companion. "BUT—PARDON ME—WHY IS THAT SO OFFENSIVE?"

Angry Young Lady. "OH, SURELY EVEN YOU MUST KNOW THAT FIGURES ARE HOPELESSLY OUT OF FASHION!"

MORE METAMORPHOSES.

Persons:

Laura, aged 5½; *Stella*, 3½.

I.

Stella (distinctly). Quack, quack!

Laura (hoarsely). Qu-à-ck, qu-à-ck!

Enter Daddy.

Daddy. Stella! Throwing building-blocks at your sister! And as for you, Laura, I don't know what you think your best frock will be like after you've swum the nursery floor in it.

Laura. Qu-à-ck, qu-à-ck.

Daddy. Oh, so that's it; you're a frog. Well—

Laura. Tell him what I am, Stella. I can't speak.

Stella. Laura's a duck that says "Quack, quack," and this is the Park pond.

Daddy. I see; and you're the Park gardener, are you?

Stella. No, I'm Laura, throwing bread to the ducks. Come along, then.

Daddy. Oh, you're Laura, are you? Well, I never.

Stella. Quack, quack!

Daddy. Here, I say, you're not playing the game; you're being a duck, not Laura.

Stella. No, I'm not being a duck; I'm being Laura quacking at the quack-quacks. Come along, then.

Laura. Qu-à-ck, qu-à-ck!

Stella. Quack, quack!

[And so on indefinitely, with enormous gusto.]

II.

Laura. Well, Daddy dear, and what sort of a day have you had?

Stella. Oh, I've had a awful hard day. I've—

Laura. No, I forgot; you always say the same thing, so that had better come at the end. You ask about me first.

Stella. Well, Mummy dear, and what have you been doing to-day?

Laura. Oh, I've been very busy. In the morning I gave Mary notice.

Stella. Oh! Did she remember to say "Thank you"?

Laura. I'm not sure; I think a notice is something nasty. And in the afternoon Mrs. Gossamer came to tea. She is a gossip.

Stella. Oh!

Laura. Don't just go on saying "Oh!" Ask about the children.

Stella. Oh! And has my dear little old Stella been good?

Laura. Yes, pretty good.

Stella. Oh! And has Laura been good?

Laura. Yes, Laura's been as good as gold; and so sweet with Stella, as she always is.

Stella. Oh!

Laura. And now, Daddy dear, what sort of a day have you had?

Stella. Oh, I've had a awful hard day. I've been at a camitty meeting, and I was in the armchair, and it was a awful long meeting, and I spoke all the time. And after it was finished all the peoples came to me and said how nicely I'd spoke to them, and they'd all enjoyed theirselves ever so much. And nobody spoke but me.

Laura. That's very nice, Daddy dear. And what did you speak about?

Stella. Oh, I spoke— But I don't think Mummy ever asks that.

Laura. Well, she does now anyway.

Stella. Oh, well, then, I spoke—I spoke—I spoke about my l'il doggie.



THE LABOURS OF MACHERCULES.



GETTING BUSY.

(After Mr. G. RAYNER HOFF's "The Dignity of Labour," which gained for him the Rome Scholarship in Sculpture, 1922.)

THE GAPE CURE.

[“Yawn—do not be afraid to yawn. It is one of the most healthful of exercises. It does not necessarily express boredom. It indicates relaxation and freedom from poisons in the system.”—Dr. F. P. MILLARD, of Toronto, quoted by an Evening Paper.]

Long wearied with heavens and hells invented by wise
Mr. WELLS—

That marvellous binder of spells on the youth of our
wonderful time—

With ROTHERMERE's fervid appeals, LOVAT FRASER's italic-
ized squeals,

I was ready to take to my heels and levant to some
tropical clime

In search of the rest that I crave from the “gestures” of
BROMLEY the brave,

From cults that degrade or enslave, from the lure of this
triplicate rhyme.

But now, when all things are askew, with the speed of a
bolt from the blue

Comes the tidings, tremendous yet true, of a remedy,
painless and sure,

For the sorrows that fall to our share, never failing in
power to repair

Our bodies' and minds' wear and tear and expel what is
base and impure.

The gospel of “laugh and grow fat” is simply to talk
through one's hat—

Thanks be! we know better than that—No, yawning's
the one perfect cure.

You can practise it freely at large—no bobby will give you
in charge—

In the tram, in the Tube, on the marge of the Serpentine's
silvery tide;

You can practise it also at home; you can practise it under
the dome

Of St. Paul's; at a “cinemadrome,” or while reading a
speech from the Clyde;

Or, again, when the music of BAX imposes too heavy a tax
On your nerves, you can always relax and open your
mandibles wide.

It is healthy; it strengthens the jaw (it is probably prac-
tised by SHAW)

And entirely expels from the maw all poisons that prey
on our frame;

And it isn't at all impolite, for it doesn't imply any slight
Of the bore whose maleficent blight may be putting you
clean off your game.

No, it's merely a natural “urgo” of the generous instincts
that surge

From the heart till they conquer or purge “inhibitions”
that hamper our aim.

So in future, when BEAVERBROOK bawls, or when the baro-
meter falls,

Or Johnny is ploughed in his Smalls, or when my
account's overdrawn,

Or when GARVIN's Sabbatical screed imperils the rest that
I need

On the day that's divinely decreed for the ease of the
weary and “thrawn,”

I shall find an effective escape from every worry and scrape
In resort to an “oscitant gape”—a refreshing and
cavernous yawn.

“The [Special Service] Squadron will reach Sydney on April 12th.
The Battle Bruisers will stay there for 11 days.”—*Australian Paper.*

So called, no doubt, from their inveterate habit of boxing
the compass.

RAIL ART.

A SPECIAL meeting was held at Burlington House one evening last week to discuss the question whether or not it was in the best interests of Art for Royal Academicians and other painters of eminence to design advertisements for railway companies.

Sir ASTON WEBB, in opening the proceedings, said that he personally was more interested in structure than decoration. But architects and artists were old allies: If no railway stations were built by architects there would be no railway station walls for artists to put their meritorious posters on. He himself probably had as many ideas for tasty little railway stations and even big termini as they had for pictorial advertisements. (Cheers.) As one of the newly-appointed Commissioners of Fine Arts—(loud applause)—whose duty it was to look after the beautifying of England, he could not but approve of these plans; and the sooner the railway companies decided to adopt them the better for all concerned. (Renewed applause.)

Mr. SARGENT said that it was not such a novelty for Royal Academicians to be invited to make posters as some people seemed to think. Several years ago he had been pressed to design an attractive advertisement for a steamship company, the purpose of which was to lure the Jews back to Palestine. But he had decided that it was perhaps more prudent for him not to do anything to assist that movement.

Sir GEORGE FRAMP-TON said that he had heard a lot about pictorial art for railways, but nothing about plastic. (Marmoreal cheers.) Why should a picture

send a doubting holiday-maker to Brighton sooner than a statue? He had made a statue which had sent people farther afield than to Brighton—as far as Belgium. (Cheers.)

Mr. EPSTEIN said that he did not agree that the art of sculpture should be employed as an incentive to seaside tripping. He did not consider himself a limited man, but he was doubtful if it was within his power to make a bust that would do anything to emphasise the bracing quality of any East Coast resort. ("Oh! Oh!")

Lord BALFOUR said that now that the railway companies were proposing to advertise perhaps some of the other business concerns would think about the wisdom of trying to get their wares known by means of posters. He was not, perhaps, a very observant man—"Oh! Oh!"—but some things could hardly escape his notice, and he had often wondered why distillers and soap-manufacturers did so little to push their commodities. This enterprise on the part of the railways might have a really revolutionary effect on advertising generally. He had often thought that a series of articles in a paper like *The Times*, for example, eulogising some big firm—say, a catering firm—might lead to increased business. Perhaps somebody one day would try the experiment. He spoke, of course, as a child in such matters.

Mr. A. J. MUNNINGS said that nothing bored him so much as to hear an engine called an "iron horse." If all trains went either to Newmarket or Melton Mowbray, as they

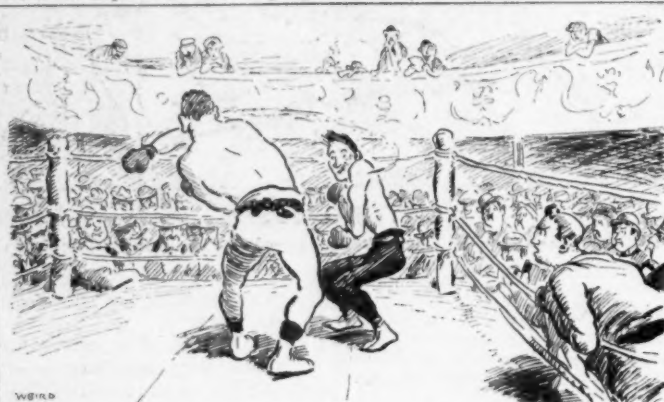
should, he might be tempted to join the poster brigade; but, as it was, he couldn't.

Mr. TOM WEBSTER said that there was no doubt that the public could be influenced by pictures. He had never been approached by railways or steamship companies, but he had a number of ideas that might have suited the Inman Line.

A Representative of the L.C.C. said that his people were watching the experiment with the deepest interest, because, if it succeeded and could be proved actually to increase the passenger traffic on the line, they were fully determined to engage a bunch of R.A.'s to boost the London tramways. (Loud applause.) If a man who had at first intended to walk across Blackfriars Bridge, for example, could be induced to change his mind by one of Sir REGINALD BLOMFIELD'S seascapes, or a pastel by Sir BERTRAM MACKENNAL, what an excellent thing that would be, and the L.C.C. would think no payment too high for those charming colourists. (Immense enthusiasm.)

Lord BALFOUR apologised for intervening again in a discussion which, after all, did not come precisely within his own field of activity, but there was a matter which had always bothered him, and he would like to know if anyone

present could provide the answer. His question arose out of the remarks of the previous speaker. What he wanted to know was this: How can a railway company tell whether a picture leads to custom or not? To take his own case. When he went to a station it was to catch a train for a definite place. He did not arrive with an open mind and allow pictorial representations to influence his movements. If he had an engagement to speak at



Second (to warrior, who has missed another right swing). "WHAT DO YOU THINK YOU ARE? AN ELECTRIC FAN?"

Manchester, for example, he would buy a ticket for Manchester and inflexibly go there. Painting might be a beautiful calling and artists wonderful fellows, but no picture on earth could deflect him from his travelling purpose or induce him to substitute one city for another. Were there actually people so gelatinous that they allowed R.A.'s to make up their minds for them? Amazing! (Sensation.)

Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR said that he was all on the side of advertisement. For the enterprise of the L.M.S. Railway he had nothing but respect, but he thought that in one little detail it fell short of perfection. There was no provision on each poster for a certificate of excellence and efficiency from some public man of eminence, such as, he understood, they had on all the best new films. If such a signature were deemed an advantage he himself would have no objection to supply it.

Lord ASHFIELD said that it was delightful to hear good art for railway posters spoken of as a novelty or innovation, considering that in his capacity as Chairman of the Underground he had been employing artists for years. But such was the acquisitive imitativeness of British business men that every pioneer was in danger of living long enough to be accused of copying himself.

Mr. BERNARD SHAW, speaking as an old art critic, said that the whole thing was, of course, wrong. (Laughter.) What was wanted was, not artists to pass into the railway companies' pay and do as they were told, but artists to



Lady. "DON'T YOU THINK KNITTING-NEEDLES ARE RATHER DANGEROUS THINGS TO CARRY HUNTING?"
Diminutive Daughter of M.F.H. "WELL, FATHER'S SO SLOW DRAWING THESE BIG COVERS. ONE MUST DO SOMETHING."

make the railway companies behave themselves. Let the Academy give space to pictures that criticized the companies, instead of sending out servile brushes to pander to them. (Sensation.) For instance, a picture of a child falling out of a carriage door might induce a certain railway company to add safety catches. Another picture might do something to get the name of the next station indicated in some way in the carriage or even in the fields. He did not see why sheep and cattle grazing near the line should not bear the glad tidings. Although opposed to eating them, he had no objection to seeing them made useful. (Cheers.)

MR. AUGUSTUS JOHN said that the scheme had no appeal to him. He had long since given up railways for caravans.

LORD BALFOUR said he deeply regretted having again to rise to his feet—"No, no!"—but an idea had just occurred to him which, he hoped, might be of use to railway companies in ascertaining the power of the poster. He was quite sure that an artist whose work had always given him the profoundest pleasure would be able to devise a scheme for testing and measuring such alleged power. Many of the most remarkable of recent inventions had sprung from this brain. He referred to MR. HEATH ROBINSON. (Frantic cheers.)

SIR ASTON WEBB, in summing up, said that it seemed to be the feeling of the meeting that in future an R.A. or A.R.A. was as essential to a railway company as an engine-driver or guard. (Loud applause.)

E. V. L.

From an advertisement:—

"Self-filling Fountain Pens, with 14wt. gold iridium tipped nib."
 We fear this would cramp our style. *Australian Paper.*

KING FISHER.

I MET with the Kingfisher down by the bridge,

And I said to him, "How is your wife?

How's Mrs. Kingfisher? What's she about?

Making her blackberry jam, no doubt.

Oh, what a life! What a life!"

This in my breezy colloquial style,

Wholly forgetting his rank;

Merely to pass him the time of the day,

Merely for anything hearty to say,

Meeting him there on the bank.

Just for a moment he stiffened his tail,

Feathered in azure and green,

Then he smiled up at me, gracious, amused,

Royally courteous. I stood confused,

Thinking how rude I had been.

"The Queen," he replied, "is in excellent health.

We'd a Ball at the Palace last night,

And I wish that you'd seen our two little princesses

Dancing away in their blue feather dresses—

I thought it an exquisite sight."

Then, as he flew up the river, his eye

Shot the most playful of darts.

"Even," he called, "in these Futurist days

Some of us follow traditional ways.

Queens don't make jam, they make tarts."

"Mr. — will give a lecture at —, on Winter Sports with slides."
 A very proper accompaniment. *Provincial Paper.*

THE GREAT INSURANCE RACE.

THE date was the 1st of April, 1934. "Rotten!" said the Business Manager.

"I know," replied the Editor, drawing his hand wearily across his brow. "But what are we to do?"

"We simply *must* have more."

"Well, haven't I tried everything? Italics, heart-shocks at the end of the serial, Jolly Jumbo, beauty competitions? Haven't I made them worse and more horrible every day? And still *The Daily Doom* gets ahead."

"Couldn't we do something in the streets?" suggested the Business Manager hopefully. "Banana skins, and bribing the motor-bus drivers?"

The Editor heaved a long sigh.

"We could do," he said. He was almost beginning to dislike his job, poor man.

For a long time *The Daily Accident* and *The Daily Doom* had run pretty level, killing about the same number every week. Each person killed got five hundred pounds, or rather his relatives did. Both papers made a tremendous feature of it. They scoffed at the tiresome longevity suffered by readers of the less enterprising sheets. "Happiness!" they cried, "in the home!"

GET YOUR GREAT-UNCLE

THE DAILY DOOM

AND SEE THAT HE FILLS IN THE FORM!

IF THE SERIAL DOESN'T CHOKE HIM THE EDITORIAL WILL.

FIVE HUNDRED POUNDS FOR FAVOURITE NIECES!

But *The Daily Accident* came out with—

MORTALITY IN TOOTING ENTIRELY DUE TO DAILY ACCIDENT'S DEADLY PARS.

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS LAST MONTH TO LUCKY LEGATEES!

Somehow or other, nobody quite knew why, *The Daily Doom* began to forge ahead. *The Daily Accident* complained that it slaughtered mainly in slum districts, where the mortality was higher in any case than in the healthy outer suburbs where *The Daily Accident* slew. But this was obviously sour grapes. It soon became clear that, where *The Daily Accident* was killing its five score, *The Daily Doom* was killing its five-score and ten. The circulation of the former paper began to be seriously affected. People with delicate relations began to turn instinctively to *The Daily Doom* and fill in its pleasant little forms for them. There was much

to be said, therefore, for the banana skin and motor-omnibus idea, and for a time, thanks to the Business Manager's happy inspiration, *The Daily Accident* began to hold its own. But not for long. *The Daily Doom* did not take more than a few weeks to tumble to the notion and, by hiring men to edge people off the platforms of the Underground just as trains were coming in, began to forge ahead once more.

Both organs had long ceased to publish any news. The lists of casualties, sandwiched in between the five-line editorials and the "Chats for Chicks," made up the whole of the daily issue, and excitement for the readers began to consist almost exclusively in betting on the death-rate. No household could watch its bread-winner depart without a thrill of expectancy, which sooner or later was sure to be gratified by the advent of a cheque . . .

But still *The Daily Doom* kept pride of place.

What for some months now had been known as "The Peckham Plague" troubled the Home Office and the Ministry of Health so sorely that a special band of investigators, with Jarvis Whatnot at their head, was commissioned to unravel the mystery. Men were dying in Peckham at a rate that had never been attained before, even by readers of the popular Press. And it did not take Jarvis Whatnot long to discover that subscribers to *The Daily Accident* were suffering far the most severely from the dreaded visitation. Cheques for five hundred pounds poured from *The Daily Accident* into Peckham homes. But why? How was it being done?

Jarvis Whatnot sat up for five days and five nights, smoking, with corrugated brow. On the sixth day light broke. He sent his emissaries to purchase copies of *The Daily Accident* at random all over Peckham. He did not read them. He sent them to the special analyst of the Home Office. His deductions were soon verified. One copy in every ten of *The Daily Accident* had been impregnated with a rare and little known South American poison, the fumes of which caused instant death.

The plea of Not Guilty and an impassioned defence by a leading K.C. did not save the proprietors and the editor of *The Daily Accident* from the extreme penalty of the law. The circulation of *The Daily Accident* fell with a crash to zero, for there was a note of something slightly underhand about this method of advertising which deeply shocked the minds of its readers. The relatives of the deceased were reduced to poverty. But they did not starve.

The Daily Doom came out with a fine placard:—

FORTUNE FOR MURDERERS' FAMILIES.

TEN THOUSAND POUNDS PAID OUT. STAFF OF *THE DAILY ACCIDENT* INSURED BY *THE DAILY DOOM*!

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

II.—THE METEOROLOGICAL OFFICER.

INSIDE a little wooden hut,
With doors and windows tightly shut,
The weather expert cons his log
And instantly predicts a fog.
He draws a lot of funny charts
With wavy lines and dots and darts
Which tell him all he needs to know
About the winds and why they blow.
Barometers both large and small
Hang down in clusters from the wall,
And, if you are his trusted friend,
One day perhaps he'll condescend
To ask you in to share his fun
And let you tap them, one by one.

Each morning and each afternoon
He sends aloft a toy balloon,
Pursuing with observant eye
Its upward progress through the sky;
And if it mounts with steady flight
He laughs aloud in sheer delight;
But should it rock and bob about
He bites his lip in anxious doubt,
Then sends a warning message forth:
"V-shaped depressions from the North
Are bearing down upon our coast;
Let every man be at his post."

If you should ever chance to meet
The weather expert in the street,
Enveloped in an overcoat,
With woolly wraps about his throat,
You'll find it only makes him wild
To mention that the day is mild
And how extremely warm the breeze is;
He'll answer, "Not at all, it freezes is;"
And quickly sketch a little plan
To prove that near the Isle of Man
A cyclone surges to and fro,
Which indicates a fall of snow,
Preceded by an icy blast.
"I hope," he'll add, "you see at last
That you are wrong and I am right:
Why, there it is in black and white!"

Commercial Candour.

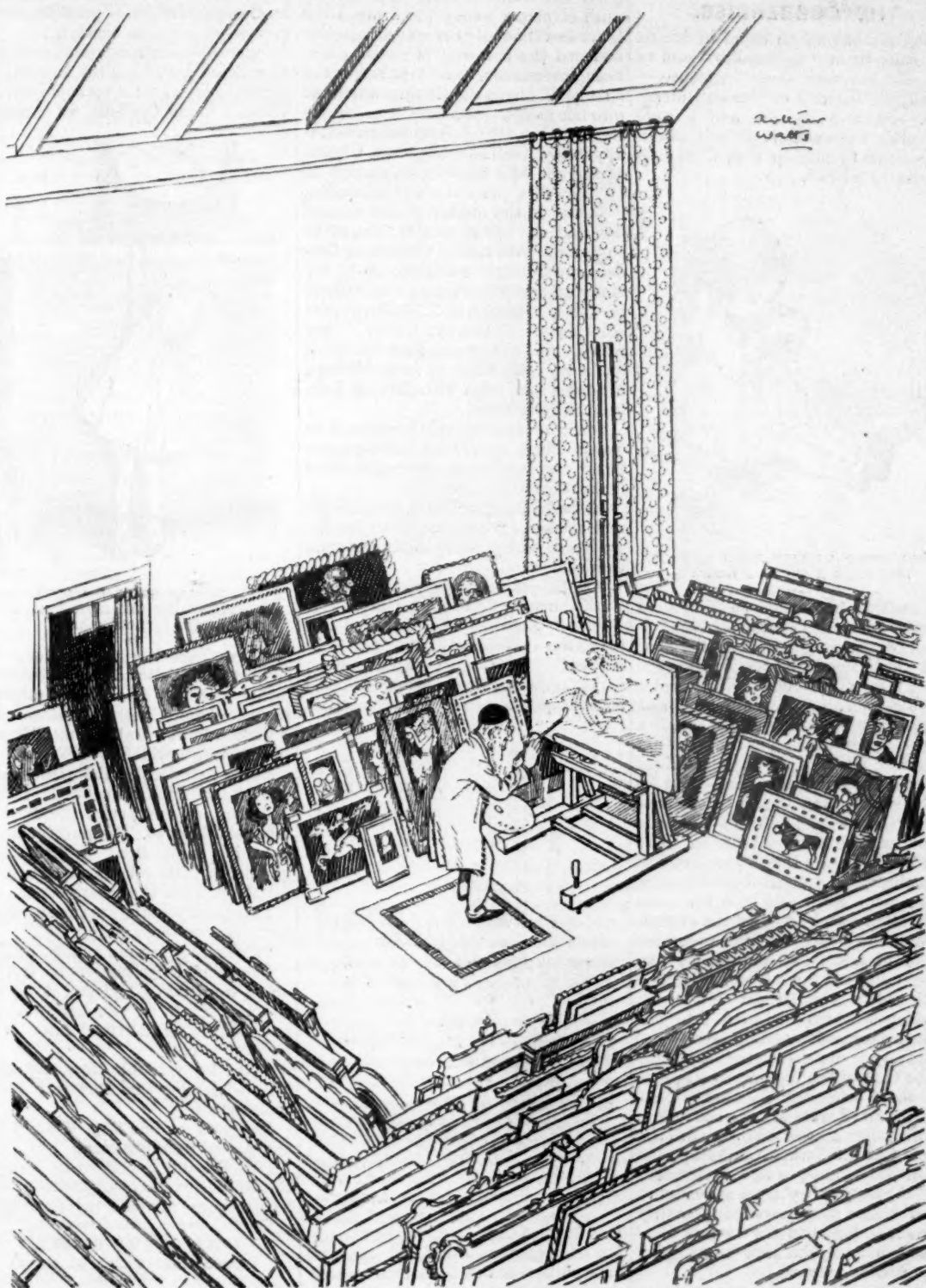
"THAT BAD TYRE YOU WANT TO REPLACE
GET IT HERE."
Advt. outside Garage.

Beneath a picture:—

"Lady —'s team of Lady golfers and their opponents after their game, in which the Men were victorious by 48 holes to 8. The Men conceded six (and in four cases nine) strokes a hole, but the odds were not big enough."

Weekly Paper.

Yet you would say they were ample.



THE WORLD'S WORST SELLER.

THE GOBBERDIES.

Cordelia has a firm belief in fairies. She calls them "Gobberdies" and of late she has seen them frequently—usually on Monday or Tuesday mornings. At first Isabella and I were extremely sceptical, since their activities seemed to develop with Cordelia's propensity for evil.



"SHE WOULD BE DISCOVERED MERRILY
DISSECTING A BOWL OF ROSES."

Sometimes she would be discovered merrily dissecting a bowl of roses in the drawing-room, sprinkling the floor with the dismembered petals; often she would return from some hidden corner of the garden after a few minutes spent in squeezing over-ripe plums which a south-west wind had brought within her reach, her face and hands stained with the incriminating juice. But we were always given the same explanation. "Gobberdy, gobberdy!" Cordelia would exclaim with a beaming smile that would disarm the sternest parent.

In short, we accepted the Gobberdies in the same spirit and with the same resignation as we accepted the explanation of the china which disintegrated in the housemaid's hands or by the machinations of the cat, while Cordelia continued to regard them as a divine providence which delivered into her hands strange and exciting joys.

But a time came when the visitations of the Gobberdies became so frequent and their behaviour so benign that Isabella and I were almost converted. We no longer associated them with the dread "Old Man" whom Cordelia had so vociferously forsworn at her christening. Although they never appeared to us we became so endeared to them that we went so far as to put a roll of films in the camera in the hope of snapping a leprechaun or two.

When Cordelia was two years old we gave her a money-box. This was to serve a double purpose. In the first

place she found it more attractive to push sixpenny pieces into a miniature letter-box than into her mouth, and this lessened the necessity of shaking her, head downwards, to recover any small change that from time to time wandered into her gullet. Secondly, it promoted thrift. By putting sixpences occasionally into Cordelia's money-box, I found at the end of a week or so, enough to buy myself a quarter-pound of tobacco.

It was in the matter of the money-box that the fairies proved themselves so useful. After their visitations Cordelia would come pattering up to my study and proudly display the fruits of her faith. "Gobberdy! Gobberdy give me money. Gobberdy, Daddy!" she would cry, at the same time throwing on to my table three or four shillings, the coins still warm with the heat from her hot little hand.

Sometimes there would be as much as five shillings, sometimes half-a-crown; never less, but just enough variation to make it exciting.

At first I imagined that kind friends and relations who came down for the week-end were pressing these gifts upon Cordelia.

"Did Aunt Betty give you this?" I asked her on a half-crown day.

"No! No—or," she answered impatiently—"Gobberdy give me, Gobberdy!"

Still as unconvinced and incredulous, I began to question our guests themselves.



"GOBBERDY GIVE ME MONEY, DADDY."

This doubled Cordelia's income at once. For who, on being asked if it was from their purse that this flow of silver came, could be so flint-hearted as not to slip upstairs to the nursery and push a shilling in the slot?

At last I determined to keep a watch on Cordelia and so, if possible, catch a glimpse of our elfin visitors.

When Monday came round once more, as soon as I had bidden farewell to a parting guest, I went up to the nursery. There I found Cordelia, very restless,



"AND FINALLY GRABBED A LITTLE PILE
OF SILVER THAT LAY INVITINGLY UPON
THE TABLE'S EDGE."

obviously expecting a visitation. She left me, and I followed her silently and rather guiltily. She went straight to the spare room, pushed open the door a little way and walked in. Through the opening I watched her.

For a little while she wandered to and fro, talking and chuckling to herself, and then, as she passed the dressing-table, she stopped. Her pink hand with difficulty crept along it, and finally grabbed a little pile of silver that lay invitingly upon the table's edge.

I regained the study in time to receive her. She pattered gaily in.

"Gobberdy give me money, Daddy."

She poured her new-found treasure on to my table. I picked it up and, slipping it into an envelope, put it on one side to be delivered later to the rightful owner.

"Not for you this time, my angel. The Gobberdies told Daddy it was for someone else."

She gave me one long straight look and passed from the room.

Isabella and I believe no more in Gobberdies, but Hannah, the housemaid, has recovered her faith in humanity.

"SLOGUNS OF SAFETY.
TOOQUHAI SHOH OL MOH
STREETS.

Don't turn your back when crossing a road."
Local Paper.

But try standing on your head.

A POLITICAL CRYPTOGRAM.

I HAVE discovered a cryptogram. Let me hasten to assure the reader, lest I lose him for ever, that it has nothing to do with the BACON-SHAKESPEARE controversy. It concerns a living author and the present crisis. It is, in fact, as the newspapers say, "of a palpitating actuality." Does that claim a hearing? If so, let me apply the "organon," or turn the handle, or whatever the Baconians do when they get busy.

You are doubtless acquainted with a book called *Land and Sea Tales*, attributed by the Ignorant Many to one RUDYARD KIPLING. At the end of that book there is a poem with the title "The Counting-Out Song." Mark the position, at the end, eluding the carelessness of the casual reader and rewarding the vigilance of the faithful; and note the reference to "Counting Out," with its suggestion of parliamentary manœuvre, of intrigue, of POLITICS.

I am aware that the poem purports to deal with the jingling formula of some childish game, but can we imagine that the real author of KIPLING's works would have descended to such trifling? Surely it is but a veil, a hint that there is something behind. As we read with an awakened eye there suddenly leaps through it—through the veil, I mean—as it were in letters of fire, the following quatrain:—

"Once and again, as the Ice went North.
The grass crept up to the Firth of Forth.
Once and again, as the Ice came South,
The glaciers ground over Lossiemouth."

Lossiemouth! Now we know where we are. And where are we? Why, in the thick of the present political crisis! Is not Lossiemouth the home of Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD? Did he not go there to hibernate, or whatever party leaders do in the close-season?

But the author is not content with a passing allusion; he has his views regarding future developments. He sees the relentless movement of the forces of reaction; he foresees the tremendous reversal at the next Election. "The glaciers ground over Lossiemouth!"

So far, perhaps, there has been some obscurity; with the next two lines we are in the open:—

"But grass or glacier, cold or hot,
The men went out who would rather not."

Could anything be more to the point? Probably they'll all be doing it in turns. Anyhow it's the one infallible prophecy, "The men went out who would rather not."

But now comes a more subtle touch:—

"And fought with the Tiger, the Pig and the Ape
To hammer the world into decent shape."



*Cheery Souls (in collision, simultaneously). "SORRY!" (Long pause.)
Cheery Souls (simultaneously). "EXCUSE ME, I SAID 'SORRY' FIRST!"*

Note that it is the "Outs" who do this; for that is what puts the expert knowledge and the distinctive ethos of the author beyond all doubt. Anybody knows that the "Outs" think of the "Ins" by the pleasant aliases of the first line of this couplet; but only an Old Parliamentary Hand would have realised that the possession of the highest moral aims is the exclusive appanage of an Opposition.

Still more subtle is the handling of the refrain by which the apparently meaningless jingle becomes a rune of the deepest significance. Darkling, as we first read them, are the lines:—

"Eence, Meence, Mainee, Mo!
What's the use of doing so?
Ask the Gods, for we don't know;
But Eence, Meence, Mainee, Mo!
Make—Us—It!"

Darkling; but there's a light behind.
For what, if you come to think of it,

could more appropriately suggest the shibboleths, the slogans, the arbitrariness and futility of a modern General Election? What a world of political philosophy in the frank avowal:—

"Eence, Meence, Mainee, Mo
(As who should say, 'Fee-fo-fum and Mumbo-jumbo')
Make—Us—It!"

It is clear, I think, that the author of this apocalypse wishes us to infer that he is a politician; not a mere simple citizen who sometimes lapses into political opinions, as Mr. KIPLING himself has been known to do, but a dyed-in-the-grain, deep-in-the-know Politician with a capital "P." But would any honest man wish to be mistaken for a politician? The answer is self-evident—and inoffensive. No honest man would wish to be mistaken for anything that he is not.

Now, Mr. KIPLING is an honest man

—"honest to the verge of simplicity," as a politician has taught us to say. He therefore is ruled out.

On the evidence before us we have to think of the author as possessing Disraelian prescience, Machiavellian subtlety, Mephistophelian cynicism. Probably each one of my readers has in mind some politician who unites these characteristics. If a majority of them agree in their ascription, they must, on the sacred principles of Democracy and the Poster Competitions, infallibly be right. Literary probability may, on the best Baconian precedents, be ignored.

I ought to add that this is not a competition, and nobody must write to the Editor about it.

WAYFARERS.

VI.—THE KING'S MESSENGER.

I AM the King his Messenger,
You shall not bar my way;
For I am bound for Eltham, Sir,
I must be there to-day;
So get you to the high-road's edge,
Flatten yourself against the hedge,
And let me pass, I pray.

Upon three hills three gibbets stand
Wherefrom three caitiffs swing
Whodared to touch with hindering hand
This servant of the King;
So lead your horses on one side,
These Kentish roads are none too wide
And I am hastening.

How? Will I clink a cup with you
And will I tarry till
You have unstrapped a flask or two?
Well—for the nonce—I will.
My nag is hot and weary both;
To let him breathe I am not loth
Ere we plod up the hill.

But, Sir, if Messengers like me
Should babble or drink deep,
As wroth our Lord the King would be
As a lion roused from sleep;
So mark—you must not think to share
The royal tidings that I bear
Nor in my scrip to peep.

Some Messengers are fortunate
And some are cruelly-starred.
He who brings tidings glad or great
Enjoys a great reward;
But he whose news is ill to tell,
He may be whipped (I wot it well!);
Ducked he may be, or tarred.

I had a fellow once—no more
He runs the roads, I ween—
'Twas he that to KING EDWARD bore
From PHILIPPA the Queen
Sweet tidings of their first-born Prince,
And forty shillings ever since
His yearly meed have been.

And what a happy task is his
Who brings to Englishmen
The news of golden victories
In Artois or Guienne!
But mark—it needeth not much wit
To know all tidings are not writ
On parchment with a pen.

A Messenger may speak with friends
And do his lord no wrong
(Nay, no more wine; when wine ascends
The wit flies out ere long);
Yea, he may tell what may be told,
Although he keep his parchment rolled
Within the wallet strong.

I draw the buckle tighter yet,
I pull the leathern knot;
'Tis three hours ere the sun will set;
The road is steep and hot;
Let us dismount and rest awhile,
Then briskly for the last long mile
My little nag shall trot.

On the horizon broods a haze;
There Eltham lies, I trow;
Beside the road our horses graze,
The brown bees murmur low;
Hark, friend, you shall hear many
things
Of quarrels, truces, Queens and Kings,
But—no one else must know.

D. M. S.

THE VILE STUFF.

At ten-thirty the book I had been reading at ten-ten slipped through my fingers and spread itself out on its stomach along the floor, as books always do, particularly well-bound books whose spinal cord you naturally want to preserve.

Aroused by the noise, I sat up and blinked my eyes several times. Having had for several nights some slight trouble with getting to sleep—really nothing at all, you know—and being at that moment somewhat drowsy, I decided to creep immediately off to bed and take sleep by stealth.

I closed my eyes until all the shapes and masses in the room had become hazy, got slowly out of my chair and tiptoed into my bedroom. I undressed very quietly; my collar did not pop, my shirt did not swish, and I lowered my shoes to the floor without a sound. I venture to say that few acts in this last decade have been so silently and unobtrusively performed.

As to my mental condition, I made a point of thinking of an infinite number of trivial things so that no one would leave its stamp on my mind. I succeeded beyond my hopes and when I crawled into bed my mind was sodrowsy that I had to awaken it slightly in order to repeat my customary Indifference Ultimatum, which consists in running over the theory that sleep makes no

difference in my life and can come or not, just as it pleases.

On my left side my thoughts ran so persistently on sleep that I turned over; this act invariably dissipates a dream for good and all. But it had not the same effect on my thoughts. It is true that on my right side I no longer thought of sleep, but, still worse, I thought about thinking of sleep.

It was, really, natural enough, of course, that I should think as I did, for there I lay so sleepy that I could not keep my eyes open. I tried opening them, just as an experiment, and they dropped back and shut again with gratifying rapidity. What a horrible catastrophe it would be, thought I, if I really *had* to stay awake! It simply could not be done. Heigh-ho! Gracious goodness, I was sleepy. Suppose I were a doctor and were compelled to stay awake! "Ha-ha," I chuckled; "it was well for the sick that I was not a doctor." How *did* doctors manage to stay awake? Of course they never got so sleepy as I was. If they did they would have to take something to keep them—COFFEE! Black coffee! Black after-dinner coffee! No, no; as a matter of fact I had refused it. That was a close call. There could be no question about my having refused it. Or could it possibly have been the evening before that I had refused it? No, no; it was this evening. I remembered very well. I said, "No, Alice, thank you; I have given up after-dinner coffee." Those were my exact words. What a relief! Now I could sleep.

Just suppose I had taken the stuff! At the thought I turned on my back and pushed off the extra blanket; it was a warm night. Peculiarly warm for mid-winter.

A clock began to strike. I counted thirteen. Unlucky number, thirteen. Unlucky beverage, coffee. I *had* drunk it. I was sure. I was positively positive, and there was no use denying it any longer. Oh, kind heavens!

I heard every hour strike from thirteen to eight, and got up in the morning a broken man.

I announced decisively over my coffee-cup (breakfast coffee is a different matter) that there should be never again in that house such a thing as after-dinner coffee.

"Did it keep you awake?" asked She in the tone I dislike.

"I didn't close my eyes."

"That's queer; because you didn't drink any, you know."

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"If there is no more rain," Lord—added, "there is every indication that the flooding will subside."—*Daily Paper.*

YOUR FIRST WIRELESS SET.

WHEN YOU HAVE YOUR FIRST WIRELESS SET INSTALLED FOR YOU—

Fraser



DO NOT DELAY—



TO TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE—



OF ITS ENTERTAINMENT—



FOR ONCE—



YOU GET—



BITTEN—



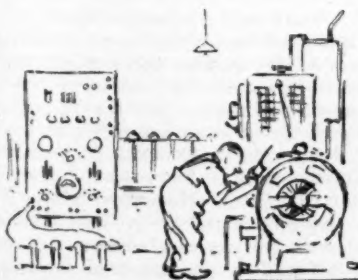
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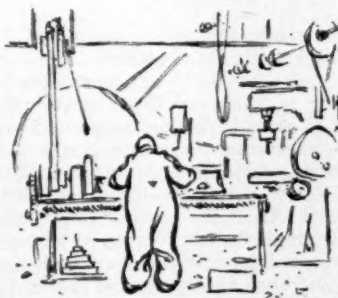
YOU WILL—



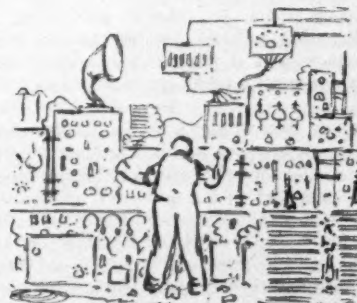
NEVER AGAIN—



HAVE—



MUCH—



LEISURE FOR LISTENING.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I RATHER fight shy of lattice-windows and nodding roses and pewter and panelling and silver and glass and jonquils in a copper vessel in the first paragraph of the first page of a first novel, above all when these tasteful effects surround an eminently nice family sharing an eminently nice meal somewhere in the comfortable nineties. I have been caught so often. One of those well-brought-up children—it is usually a girl—will, I know, take me ruthlessly back to school with her and abroad with her and drag me along in the train of her war-work and her love-affairs, usually illicit; and I shall marvel for the hundred-and-first time why an aptitude to remember or imagine these things should constitute for so many young men and women the whole duty of a novelist. To do justice to Miss KATHARINE PLEYDELL-BOUVERIE—whose *January* (HEINEMANN) is the immediate cause of these harsh remarks—she has added at least one out-of-the-way ingredient to the common fictional stock of her contemporaries. The finally reciprocated passion of her youthful heroine for a young uncle is a novel effort of audacity; and if its justification, according to the most rigid standard of morals, is a rather creaky piece of stage-carpentering, it at least accounts for and condones the delicacy and assurance with which this unattractive situation is handled. *Bill*, however, the uncle in question, is a poor figure. He is, of course, described as an artist. He spent, you are told, most of his income “surrounding himself with pleasant things,” among which was the misunderstood wife of a French connoisseur, who luckily died before *Jan* awoke to the true nature of her love for *Bill*. I was sorry to leave *Jan*, even legitimately, in *Bill*'s untrustworthy arms, for she is as interesting a little heroine as her creator's method can produce, and a pledge, I hope, of more vital work once the ego-centric tradition is abandoned.

Gora (MACMILLAN), by Sir RABINDRANATH TAGORE, is not so much a novel as an immense religious dissertation, in which the representatives of all the subtle shades of Hinduism take part with a quiet and an inexhaustible enthusiasm. There is some profound distinction between the Hinduism of the Brahmins and the Hinduism of the Brahmo Samaj, which the English student finds a difficulty in grasping. It is evidently the design of the author to suggest that there is, or might be, a form of religion calculated to reconcile all the differences of creed, numerous and stubborn as they are, among the three hundred millions of India. For the ex-

ponent of this comprehensive faith Sir RABINDRANATH somewhat surprisingly selects an Irishman, who is brought up to believe that he is an Indian. When his parents perished in the Mutiny, their infant was rescued by his two kind Indian foster-parents, who named him *Gourmahān*, or *Gora* for short. “He was nearly six feet tall, with big bones and fists like the claws of a tiger.” In spite of his formidable appearance and the singular pallor of his complexion, none of his friends suspected the alien origin of *Gourmahān Babu*. Apart from his habit of shouting people down in argument, *Gora* was a good creature, unaccountably convinced that his mission was to save India. To achieve that end he was

about to become an ascetic, when he learned the secret of his birth; whereupon he was very glad, because, being freed from the bonds of caste, he could marry the charming Hindu damsel, *Sucharita*, and attend to the rest of India afterwards. Sir RABINDRANATH's incidental delineations of Hindu domestic life and conversation have an interest of their own.

I cannot help thinking that we should have been given a clearer portrait of SANDERSON of Oundle if Mr. H. G. WELLS had refrained, in *The Story of a Great Schoolmaster* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), from emphasising his own prejudices and points of view. I fail to follow him when he writes two such sentences as these: “My impression is that if he [SANDERSON] had lived another two years he would have shed his last vestiges of theological paraphernalia and gone straight back to the teaching of the Nazarene, openly and plainly.” And then, some fifty pages later: “I cannot guess how Sanderson, had he lived, would have resolved this conflict between his House of Vision and his great chapel, just as I hazard no opinion of the ultimate form his interpretation of Christianity would have taken.” I submit to Mr. WELLS that he had already hazarded

an opinion, and that it was a losing hazard. Yet it is far easier to admire this little book as a whole than to find fault with certain portions of it. We may not agree entirely with Mr. WELLS's judgment of this eminent schoolmaster, but we can respect his enthusiasm for him. “Now that he is gone, now that all his later projects and intentions shrivel and fade and his great school recedes visibly towards the commonplace, I do not,” Mr. WELLS writes, “know where to turn to do an effective stroke for education.” Honestly I believe Mr. WELLS to be unduly pessimistic, and for my part I refuse absolutely to believe that the great lessons taught by SANDERSON will fail to bear full fruit in the vast field of education. I may add that the services rendered to Oundle by the Grocers' Company are not very generously recognised in these pages.



Parson. "I UNDERSTAND YOUR BOY IS GETTING ON WELL AT SCHOOL."

Woman. "WELL, 'E ALLUS WAS INTELLIGENT AN' FORWARD, EVEN AS A BABY. WHY, BELIEVE ME, 'E WAS GROUSIN' ABOUT THE RATES WHEN 'E WAS THREE."



Mary. "OH, MUMMY, WOULDN'T IT BE LOVELY TO HAVE ONE OF THOSE YELLOWY-CREAMY CAKES?"

Mother. "MARY, I'VE TOLD YOU YOU MUSTN'T ASK FOR ONE OF THOSE AS THEY'RE TOO RICH FOR YOU."

Mary. "I'M NOT ASKING FOR ONE, MUMMY. I'M MERELY TOYING WITH THE IDEA."

The worst of living abroad, and enjoying it, is that when you begin to write a novel—as sooner or later of course you do—it is almost bound to be constructed (like the dramas requisitioned by Mr. Vincent Crummles) round the cherished properties you have accumulated during your stay. Having considerable tenderness myself for the Italian equivalents of the pump and the *Infant Prodigy*, and a keen appreciation of unusually deft and graceful workmanship on the part of their latest exploiter, I hasten to congratulate Mr. WILFRANC HUBBARD on his Roman novel, *Compromise* (MACMILLAN). This contains half-a-dozen princesses, American and indigenous, enough English diplomatists to surround them with every attention, an Anglo-Italian hero, *Jem Danyers*, not too attached to a mission (undenominational) to resume platonic relations with an unhappily married Countess, and a charming American, *Maisie Cartaret*, very properly designated by one-half Rome as his affection's more suitable objective. There is also the Count, preferred by *Maisie* herself, and the "nice fellow from the British Embassy" to whom she turns for consolation when the Count proves unsatisfactory. The voice of a Cardinal is heard "off"; and a professional and peasant crowd—Roman lawyers and *Jim's* country tenants—constitutes the chorus. The plot itself is slender but sufficient; and a vein of pleasant irony, which I remember as adorning Mr. HUBBARD's classical dialogues, lends his second venture an intermittent but genuine grace.

In *Life's Antagonisms* (BUTTERWORTH) we have a story containing several elements that commonly make for popularity. Here, for example, is a family of "social climbers," such as Mr. E. F. BENSON used to give us, and there is

always plenty of fun and sometimes a touch of pathos to be got out of the gallant old couple who make a success of the new Emporium and then, for the sake of the children, sacrifice their comfort on the altar of Gentility. Mr. HARRY TIGHE has done his *Newbery* family quite well, though you will not like *May* and *Perce* so much as their amiable parents. Interwoven with the *Newbery* fortunes we have a study of the contrasting characters of the two daughters of one *Tim Finch*, a singularly unpleasant tobacconist in a small way up in North London, who refuses to come in with old *Newbery* when he is given a chance, and prefers to talk windy Socialism hard by the Marble Arch. With *Tim* and his sister, *Aunt Susan*, I think Mr. TIGHE has succeeded, but I confess the two daughters try my faith rather severely. *Clara* begins by being nearly as unpleasant as her father, but is married off to a labourer in the country and develops immediately into a model wife. *Daphne*, her sister, is no sooner married to young *Newbery* (who is not nearly good enough for her) than she blossoms forth into a hostess of unrivalled charm, which is rather much to expect from the daughter of *Tim Finch*. In short, I prefer the author's touch when he is drawing elderly eccentrics. But he has made quite a readable story out of the two sisters and their several struggles towards happiness.

When the teller of tales returns to "the time when the roses bloomed in the Garden of Paradise, eight hundred years and more ago," he is pitching expectation rather high, for he is asking his readers to revisit the enchanted land of *The Thousand Nights and One Night*. In *The Garden of Paradise* (FISHER URWIN) Mr. ARTHUR WEIGALL depicts, with much knowledge and considerable insight, Sultan and

Wazir, soldier and courtier and philosopher, each in his relation to an amorous intrigue, in which I suspect the author of taking but a tepid interest, compared with his enthusiasm for the character of our old friend (bound in limp morocco and diffusing a fragrance of culture in the suburbs) OMAR KHAYYAM. He was—not, as the American theatrical producer thought, Omar of Khayyam, but—Ghiyathuddin Abulfath Omar ben Ibrahim al-Khayyam (no less); and, according to Mr. WEIGALL, a learned astronomer, sensible and humane. Patron of the orphan lad, Yusuf, Omar was unable to save that ingenuous youth from falling into the cruel grip of the insidious *Hassan es-Sabbah*, better known as the Old Man of the Mountains, builder of the Garden of Paradise and amiable inventor of the white-robed order of the Assassins. Why did not the heedless Yusuf—in the Arabian phrase—write with a needle upon the interior corner of his eye the wise counsels of his friends? The consequences of that fatal neglect make so good a Persian tale that its spirited action serves to bridge the occasional lapses of Mr. WEIGALL's style into newspaper English.

In days of quick changes and short memories a biographer must not delay overmuch before publication. The *Life of Admiral of the Fleet Sir A. K. Wilson* (MURRAY) comes as a reminder of a man who is perhaps already half forgotten except in his own service, though if the War had been staged a few years before 1914 he would have been cast for the part of keeper of the seas. That he would finely have maintained such a trust Admiral Sir EDWARD BRADFORD leaves us in no manner of doubt, for, if there are no victories to be recorded here greater than those of fleet manoeuvres, yet it is well established that "Ard-eart WILSON" had in ideal combination those twofold qualities of scientist and leader of men that are demanded of an Admiral of to-day. He was a disciplinarian, as his nickname, given only half in jest, makes clear; but it is also clear that his "ardness of 'eart" was really no more than the expression of a strict concentration on his business—Naval efficiency. His lack of any kind of bombast is well shown in this entry from his diary—"June 6th. Docked Ship. Received the V.C."; and he used to insist that he was given this honour for doing nothing in particular at a battle—El Teh—where he was present as a mere chance spectator. Altogether the book gives the impression of a remarkable personality of the kind that we like to think peculiarly British—a man who talked little but accomplished much. It gives no impression at all of the author, except that he writes clean English and is content to remain entirely in the background.

Mrs. KILPATRICK, having led me in the past to expect humour of her, must forgive me if I do not take kindly to her at once as a writer of ordinary fiction. Not that *Sunshine Street* (NASH AND GRAYSON) is really quite ordinary fiction. Though *Harvey Rushton* is one of the great army of young men about town who, in books, invite nice girls, whom they could perfectly well marry, to their handsome flats at night, intending to devour them, *Olive*, his victim, is rescued, not by an immaculate hero, but by a sporting Americanised aunt. Then when *Harvey*, duly brought to heel, is punished by the aftermath of one of his intrigues, *Olive* is not consoled by the heart and hand of somebody much nicer, but taken away to make a new start in America by that same Aunt *Miranda*. So you will see that in some points, in spite of considerable conventionality in others, Mrs. KILPATRICK has preserved her individuality. There

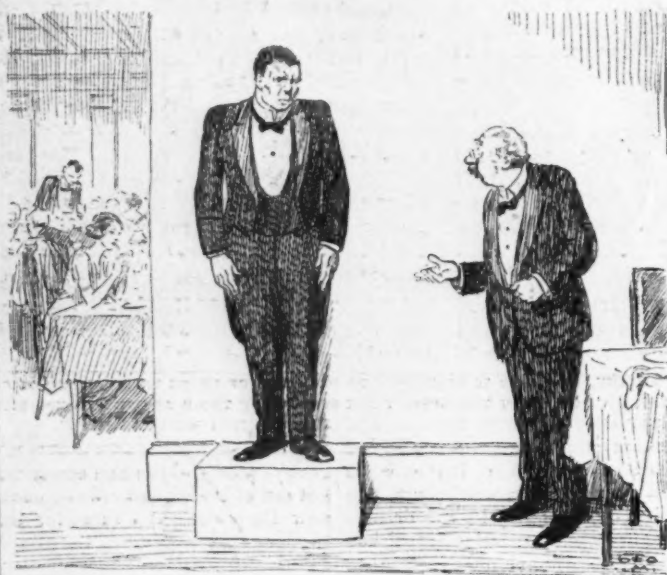
are nice touches too in the riverside village, the draper's shop, the unending repairs to the house in *Sunshine Street* where *Olive's* family lives; but on the whole I find it a little disappointing—"taking it whence it comes." And it seems a pity to let someone refer to *Harvey* as intriguing with his "wife's friend" when his "friend's wife" is really meant. There is too much difference.

The motif of the hero who, after a death-bed marriage, most inopportunistically recovers is so well-worn that, when I found it in *Celia-Bound* (HEATH CRANTON), I permitted myself to assume that Mrs. WINIFRED CARTER must be going to strike out a new line, harden her heart and let the bridegroom pass away, after all, in an odour of wedding-cake. But *Barry* recovered, apparently because *Celia* sat up all night beside his bed, and *Roger*, who thought he loved *Celia* and whom *Celia* thought she loved, made all the regulation difficulties. *Barry*, of course, attempted to commit suicide in order to release *Celia*, and she, for her part, decided that he was her only real love, and, final and most precious touch of all, *Barry* was rescued from the sea by a steamer "outward bound from Norway to Buenos Ayres and it had no wireless equipment." The story ends happily, as this particular story always does, and, being pleasantly written, it will no doubt be as well liked as ever by the many readers who have enjoyed it before.

At a ladies' hockey match:—

"Miss —, 'the lady Shoveller,' led the forwards and hit eight of the goals off her own stick."—*Daily Paper*.

This showed a nice feeling on her part; the practice of scoring with a heavier stick snatched from a defending back being, we have always considered, in doubtful taste.



ANOTHER WORLD'S WORKER.

Diner. "LET'S SEE—ARE YOU THE WINE WAITER?"

Waiter. "No, Sir."

Diner. "CIGARS AND CIGARETTES?"

Waiter. "No, Sir. MINE IS A RATHER PECULIAR POSITION, AND I AM NOT IN MUCH DEMAND. MY DUTY IS TO SLAP CUSTOMERS ON THE BACK WHEN THEIR FOOD GOES DOWN THE WRONG WAY."

CHARIVARIA.

A SMALL boy has called at 10, Downing Street, and presented Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD with a hat-rack. Can you wonder that Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL feels peevish? *

Six Americans have arrived in this country for the purpose of conducting a crusade against whiskers. "Hands off Chelsea!" is our slogan. *

It is stated that thirty or forty per cent. of our bricklayers began as bricklayers' "labourers." This would explain that tired feeling. *

One's experiences of the last few weeks seem to show that there is very little unemployment amongst Trade Union strike-leaders. *

The latest scientific assertion is that ADAM and EVE never existed. In that case we shall be glad to know who was to blame for all the trouble. *

According to Professor BRAMER a married native of the cannibal island of Haulita always devours his wife's mother the day after his marriage. This, in our opinion, is carrying the mother-in-law joke a little too far. *

A Munich man who married seven times has been certified insane by an expert. What puzzles most married men is why it should have been thought necessary to take the opinion of an expert. *

The United States Golf Association has adopted a new ball. One or two caddies of our acquaintance have been suspected of similar conduct. *

It has been announced that the Beef-eaters at the Tower complain of being overworked. A dear old lady writes from the country suggesting that they should be allowed to eat less. *

A British College of Furriery is to be opened in London shortly. Beginners will be taught how to lead a rabbit to the fur-factory and make it mink. *

An American author now in London has told a newspaper representative that he never plays golf. We have met

a number of golfers who don't seem to have the courage to be quite so frank about it. *

Now that M. K. GANDHI has been released from prison it is said he is willing to buy a half-share in some nice steady-going political upheaval. *

A recently published pamphlet informs its readers how to grow and cure their own tobacco. If some of the tobacco we smell at times has ever been cured it must have suffered a serious relapse. *

"Baby taken out with Measles," says a headline. They should never be taken out together. If any of the measles

who come to look at him are by no means oil-paintings. *

TROTSKY is said to be in bad odour in Russia. A suspicion is gaining ground that his opinions are tainted with Bolshevism. *

An outfitters' journal reminds us that the silk hat has survived nearly half a century of fickle chance and change. From our own observation of many specimens now in use we would add "only just." *

A painter working on the roof of a large building in Oxford Street accidentally dropped a tinful of red paint on a gentleman walking on the pavement below. The painter, we understand, dared not descend until he was assured that his victim was a member of the Brighter London Society. *

Sir LONDON RONALD complains that British barbers can talk about nothing but sport. British barbers, on the other hand, complain that musicians are interested in nothing but hair-dressing. *

The Dramatic Society of a London bank has given a performance of *Grumpy*. We fancy our own banker was rehearsing the name-part last time we saw him about that little matter of the overdraft. *

A contemporary has discovered that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD's first name is JAMES. We had a feeling that he had something up his sleeve. *

In connection with the shortage of artisans, to which attention has been drawn, it is believed that many potential plumbers' mates are still waiting to be fetched. *

The French Boxing Federation has forbidden kissing in the ring. In the interest of the pugilists it is hoped that musical chairs and puss-in-the-corner will still be permitted. *

Last year was the wettest for a century, we read. Our own view is that it is not advisable to put the present year on its mettle like this. *

A well-known actress has written a book called *My Lovers*. It will begin, of course, with Chap I.



Mother of Parliaments (to her new Chef). "DEAR ME! IT'S UNCOMMONLY LIKE THE LAST MENU WHICH MY LATE CHEF MADE UP JUST BEFORE I DISMISSED HIM."

The New Chef. "YES, MA'AM, BUT YOU'LL FIND THE FLAVOURING MORE PIQUANT."

must have exercise they should be given a run the first thing in the morning before the baby is up. *

The inventive spirit has been going strong of late. This is not surprising. The way of peace is commonly paved with good inventions. *

An attempt is being made to popularise British music in America. The simplest plan would be to prohibit it. *

Controversy about the Peace Treaty is dead, says a Parisian journal. That may be so, but, after studying the *affaire SPENDER (HAROLD)*, we gather that the funeral expenses have still to be paid. *

The Aard-Vark, or Earth-Pig, a new arrival at the Zoo, is described as a repulsively ugly beast. On the other hand, he is understood to have formed the impression that some of the people

THE DELIVERER:

A Pastoral Poem of 1954, at which time our poets will no doubt have reverted to the eighteenth-century manner.

[A recent scientific forecast is that synthetic food, made from by-products of coal, etc., will soon do away with the necessity of farming. English agriculture is, of course, dying already. Its only gleam of comfort is to be found in a remark made by H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, who pointed out that the cinema was sometimes able to help it, as in the case of the film *Coming Thro' the Rye*, for which six acres of rye were specially sown.]

STREPHON.

Oh, Colin, Colin, wherefore now so pale
Whose brawny arm was wont to wield the flail?
Why do the youngling pigs forsake thy care?
What rust is this that stains th' unpractised share?
Who drives the flock afield? Who tends the oats?
Where is thy book of eclogues, with the notes?

COLIN.

Strephon, thou knowest how from day to day
Our rural industries confess decay;
No mowers mow the field, no reapers reap;
Lorn on the hillsides stray the unfattened sheep;
Loud-lowing kine forsake their wonted byres,
And *Agriculture*, nip't by want, expires.

STREPHON.

State, Colin, what the cause is, for you touch
My heart by what you tell me very much.

COLIN.

Come, then, to yonder hazel copse repair,
Far from these charabangs that taint the air;
Far from the busy motor's mad carouse,
That frights the cock and overruns his spouse;
There let us take our bite of bread-and-cheese
(Canadian stuff: it comes from overseas).
Here the enamelled champaign may be seen
From Mudleigh Oaks to Bottlebury Green.

[They repair.]

Behold yon barren fields, undrained, untilled,
That once with harvest toil *Pomona* filled;
Here his large crops the labouring swain would raise,
Oats, barley, turnips, mangolds, chickweed, maize,
While *Thaïs* would oft, with pail and stool,
Win creamy produce for her dairies cool,
Her sweet-breathed charges gathering from the hill,
Undaunted by the Daylight Saving Bill.
Now wave no more the fields with feathery grain;
Unmilked the cattle moan in constant pain.
For why? With careful toil and chymic art
The hand of *Science* apes *Demeter's* part;
Essential salts she fits for gastric use,
Her ends the noblest, but her means the deuce.
Gases and tars replace the natural flour
And coal gives mutton-chops as well as power.
Who asks for eggs? Not one. Synthetic food
Subverts the product of the feathery brood;
Orchards forget their purpling spoils to yield;
Uncured the hog, untrenched the rootless field.

STREPHON.

Your rede, O Colin, if I rightly con,
There be strange things these times a-going on.

COLIN.

There be; I mean there are. But who comes here?
A cit from town!

CIT FROM TOWN.

Good morrow, hinds!

COLIN AND STREPHON.

Good cheer!

THE CIT.

These rustic fields and farms, by want decayed,
I come to renovate with timely aid.
Shepherds! I heard your grief, I know your plaint,
Luck is not with you.

COLIN AND STREPHON.

No, Sir, that it hain't.

THE CIT.

One thing alone can move the idle plow,
Fat the lean yearling and revive the cow;
One thing with plenty heap the granary floor,
Make oats abound and mangel-wurzels more;
I bring to help you (raise the loud *Huzza*!)
My *Kinematographic Kamera*!
Now sow the seed, now let the dairy-maid
In smock of cleanly sarsnet be arrayed;
Now let the jocund pigs leap high with squeals—
I have a film to make in fifteen reels
That will support for years the countryside;
The title of it is *The Poacher's Bride*.

COLIN AND STREPHON

(forgetting that this is a pastoral and not a musical comedy).

Now let the jocund pigs leap high with squeals;
He has a film to make in fifteen reels
That will support for years the countryside!
The title of it is *The Poacher's Bride*.

THE CIT.

The fops and beaux and ladies from the town
To feature in this film shall all come down;
But you, my bumpkins, shall have minor parts,
And serve not only *Ceres* but the *Arts*.

COLIN AND STREPHON (again carried away).

But we, his bumpkins, shall have minor parts,
And serve not only *Ceres* but the *Arts*!

THE CIT.

As once *Apollo* to *Admetus* came
And taught the ploughshare's use, the coulter's name,
Bucolic happiness shall now begin;
Hie with me therefore, swains, to yonder inn
And let us toast in ale with loud *Huzza*
The *Kinematographic Kinema*!

[They hie.
EVOE.]

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The industry has long been languishing, and now, when it is on the verge of collapse, the Federal Arbitration Court has piled Peltas upon Odeon."—*Australian Paper*.

Brighter Bell-ringing.

"A nervous finger may grasp the sally tightly in a futile effort to stop the swing, in which case he would be carried aloft, and probably killed, should his head strike the ceiling."—*Daily Paper*.
Personally, we always try to avoid these humorous sallies.

From a broadcasting programme:—

"9.45.—Grenadier Guards Band. Francis —, George — will sing—and take a little."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

And deserve it. It's thirsty work.

"Miss —, holding her first brief, appeared before Mr. Justice Eve in the Chancery Division yesterday. It was the first time a woman barrister had appeared here."—*Daily Paper*.

History rewrites itself; the first woman appears before EVE.



“AY, THERE’S THE RUB.”

THE MINISTER OF HEALTH (as Aladdin). “WITH THIS LAMP I CAN CAUSE HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS OF HOUSES TO RISE.”

JOHN BULL. “HOW WILL YOU GET IT TO WORK?”

THE MINISTER OF HEALTH. “OH, BY RUBBING IT THE RIGHT WAY.”



Sympathetic Charlady. "I 'EAR THESE R.A. ARTISES 'AS BIN TOLD OFF TO PAINT THE STATIONS. YOU AIN'T COME DOWN TO THAT YET, SIR."

CARRYING ON.

[Nightmare of a literary and dramatic critic who, having assisted at *The Lady of Belmont*, Mr. ST. JOHN ERVINE's prose sequel to *The Merchant of Venice*, is obsessed by the fear that other and less talented writers may be tempted to follow his example.]

IN *Fate—and Fancourt Babberly* (Kemball and Mush, 7/-) Mr. Tristram Pettigrew has written a sequel to a play by another hand. It will be remembered that in the work in question all the young people are paired off before the fall of the last curtain, and the audience is left to suppose that they lived happily ever afterwards. Mr. Pettigrew dispels this illusion. No gleam of hope illumines the inspissated gloom of this five-act tragedy in blank verse dealing with the fortunes of *Charley*, his aunt and his friends after they had left Oxford. During the First Act, which takes place in the *Fancourt Babberlys'* flat in Town, the emotions of the protagonists follow the example of that apartment in being more or less "self-contained"; but when they land in a mango-swamp off the Brazilian coast,

after a wreck which occurs (OFF) between Acts I. and II., the general dissatisfaction is much more freely expressed. Soon however their dialogue is rendered torpid by the cloying perfume of the blossoming lianas; and their movements take on the tropical languor of the moist and enervating airs that scarcely stir the whiskers of the blue-faced monkeys in the tree-tops.

Mr. Pettigrew deserves praise for his courage and ingenuity in allotting to these apes the part taken by the Chorus in Greek tragedy. It is a fine conception, finely carried out, though, when the play comes to be staged, practical difficulties may supervene. I am a little doubtful of the effect on the audience of the strophe—

These matrimonial difficulties
And readjustments shock us profoundly,

if the author's staged direction—(1st Semi-Chor., hanging by their tails from upastree on the right)—is adhered to by the management. And I am not sure that it would be wise to let the 2nd Semi-Chor. punctuate the anti-strophe with nuts dropped on the heads of those below.

Nevertheless I commend *Fate—and Fancourt Babberly* to the attention of the play-producing societies.

Mr. Cotterill Farr, finding himself unable to proceed with *Macbeth*, *Othello* or *Lear*, owing to the high rate of mortality in these plays, has turned his attention to *Romeo and Juliet*. His *Oh! Nurse!* (Padfield and Swayne, 3/6) is a rollicking farce. It is chiefly concerned with the efforts of the recently-widowed *Lady Capulet* and the *Nurse* to secure suitable second husbands, and with the frenzied but futile efforts of old *Montagu—Lady Capulet's* selection—and *Peter*, the page, to escape from their toils. The flapper element is supplied by *Rosaline* and the lively *Helena*. The dialogue is undistinguished and does not compare favourably with that of the earlier work, but there is a bedroom scene with opportunities for the display of crêpe-de-chine underwear, and some of the situations are amusing, so that any West End manager who has been contemplating the possibility of a revival of the tragedy of the ill-

starred lovers of Verona will probably be well advised to abandon the idea and put on *Oh! Nurse!* instead.

The Count (Batt and Bunnythorne, 9/-) does not deal with a foreign nobleman, but with the confusion existing in the mind of a child of eight regarding the exact number of her brothers and sisters. Mr. Jabez Trott has written a sociological tract in the form of a drama dealing with (a) the alleged failure of our system of education; (b) the advantages of cremation; (c) the deleterious effect on the brain of an excess of cereals. There may have been other points that I missed, but these were made abundantly clear during the course of five Acts.

The scene, a country churchyard on a summer evening, remains the same throughout. There are only three characters, Mr. William Wordsworth, a little girl named *Lucy*, and the *Sexton*, who interrupts their colloquy with the information that he is about to lock the gate for the night. Though he does not appear until the end of the last Act the popularity of the *Sexton* with the audience is assured.

There is no action. The poet and his young friend are discovered seated on a tombstone, and they are still there when the play ends. There is one slight break about the middle of the Third Act when the girl produces a little porringer and eats her supper, thus enabling her mentor to hold forth on the increase of mental power that she might derive from a different dietary. If only he had presented her with a pennyworth of stickjaw, keeping a piece for himself!

TO A MAHSEER.

TUCKED away among the Hills
Little Koshi slops and spills
Over a tiny terraced fall
Into a three-foot pool, where all
The prisoned sunbeams whirl and wink.
'Twas hereabouts, I like to think,
I saw you first as, silver-green,
You curved about and showed your sheen—

One blade of light in a shadowy shoal
Threading a three-foot water-hole;
And that, as you and I should know,
Was fully thirty years ago.

I met you next, I'm nearly sure,
When I was working a phantom lure
Over a shallow rocky bed
Where Koshi, broken and diamonded,
Earns at length the name of river.
A snatch, a light rod's sudden quiver,
A rollicking dance, and I'd hauled you out

Keen and game as a heather trout,
Keen and game and five years old,
Your silver-green all turned to gold,



Ferocious Golfer (after terrific impact). "DID YOU SEE ANYTHING OF THAT BALL?" Opponent. "No. I THINK IT MUST HAVE BURST."

Your scales afire. I liked your pluck,
So I dropped you back and wished you luck.

And after that? Well, Koshi's deep
From Khairna Ghat and, half asleep,
Through dim mysterious gorges flows
To sweep the Plains, and Heaven knows
What life's beneath or how you fared.
But one fine day a man declared
That in a black pool like a cup
He'd seen a pretty fish come up.
Bright and burnished under the moon—
Would I try? I tried a spoon.
Something seized it in the dark,
Wallowed over like a shark,
Broke me, snapped my line in two—
And I concluded it was you!

There's a backstream further down,
Forest-girt and golden-brown,
Shaded by some secret trees,
Milky-blossomed, loved of bees,
Where I sit sometimes and moon
Through a lazy afternoon.

One by one those blossoms fall
And a monster fish devours them all—
A monster fish that I never see,
For the water's golden-brown, and he
Just sucks them down. But I like to feel
That it's you once more, at a good
square meal;
And I like to think that you may know
How a fisherman spared you years ago.

"Wanted, lady as Housekeeper to professional widower."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*
Bluebeard?

"The Labor party is a class party, but the Administration which it forms will be the National Government, and must be viewed as such by all who have in view the good of the nation. To its policy no vindictive embarrassments must be offered. To its members no merely class animals must be shown."

Canadian Paper.

We can understand race-meetings being barred; but may not Mr. BUXTON occasionally attend an agricultural show?

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

XII.—THE NEW SLEUTHS.

"I AM going to dictate to you," said the Man in the Moon, "a letter to *The Times*."

"Fire away," I said. "But for Heaven's sake don't try to be funny; for, if you do, nobody will believe you are serious. A sad thing, but true."

"DEAR SIR," (he began),—"What fun the police have—!"

"But you can't begin like that," I protested.

"I can and shall," he replied. "Continue."

"I read to-day, in an account of the police-court proceedings against a Night Club which was raided yesterday, the following extract from the evidence of one of the police-inspectors who had previously patronised the place:—

"In the early morning a dancing instructress asked the officer to join her table, and he gave 35s. for a bottle of champagne. He also paid her £2 3s. as a dancing fee."

"Now, Sir, I hold no brief for Night Clubs; and I have watched with enthusiasm the increasing employment by our criminal investigators of what used to be known as the methods of the *agent provocateur*. These practices, though generally regarded as Continental in character and origin, are obviously so much in keeping with the traditions of British justice that no one will wish to discourage them on social or ethical grounds. Indeed their efficiency has been so overwhelmingly demonstrated that I believe few of the minor crimes are now committed without the assistance of the police; and it is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when no constable will be considered worthy of his sergeant's stripes till he has been through a thorough course of embezzlement and arson and has at least some practical experience of forgery, conspiracy and the higher branches of false pretences.

"And, of course, how much more likely is success to attend the efforts of our gallant officers in cases such as the above, where the offenders are mainly women—and confiding women! It is, is it not? a matter of great satisfaction

that our old-fashioned notions of chivalry have been so far discredited that there is now no kind of duplicity which a policeman may not honourably practise on a woman in order to obtain a conviction. I myself, Sir, some time ago, innocently entered an innocent-looking, though subterranean, Tea Room in the City, which I had frequently visited before without any untoward event. It is true that the place is quiet, the lights are artistically shaded and the tea provided is bad; but these are not necessarily an indication of wickedness. The waitresses were friendly, but not forward—and I may say that I have always regarded myself as a singularly attractive man. There were other persons present in the various alcoves, but, so far as I observed, they were drinking their tea with perfect taste and

"Meanwhile the remainder of the company seemed also to have suffered a tea-change at the apparition of the fascinating strangers. From every alcove there now emerged the sound of endearing terms; buns were thrown from table to table and many a waitress laughed outright. The scene of licence was only concluded by the departure of the two gentlemen, who left their ladies with many promises to return again and vows of affection very earnestly expressed on both sides. Nor, had I then been told that one of the parties was shamefully counterfeiting an emotion not genuinely felt, should I have judged the gentlemen to be the impostors.

"When they had left, the spirit seemed to go out of the place; the gay talk subsided and most of the company

withdrew, leaving the disconsolate waitresses to pick up the buns.

"Shocked as I was by what I had seen, you may imagine my relief and gratification when I read in a newspaper a day or two later an account of the prosecution of the owner of the establishment, and realised that the whole affair was but one more audacious blow for Justice and Propriety. For the two handsome gentlemen were none other than Inspectors Peeper and Pry, heroes of a hundred raids, men who have kissed more women in the way of duty

than most of us have done for pleasure. And how my heart glowed as I read in cold print, accurately recorded by the upright inspectors, the affectionate treatment to which they had been so unwillingly exposed, and heard again the very phrases of the romantic and unsuspecting young ladies!

"A few weeks later I had a similar experience, on the only occasion when I was taken to a frankly disreputable Night Club. I say 'disreputable,' for indeed it had a disreputable name; but for a long time I discovered nothing more disagreeable than bad food, a bad atmosphere, and a bad cloak-room (the whole underground). It may be that the people present were also bad; but I was only clear that they were exceedingly unhappy, and most of them extraordinarily unpleasant. And they all seemed to be dancing in exactly the same style and manner as I have often seen exhibited by the best people at the best hotels. At length, however,



THE GREAT COMMITTAL.

The Lady. "WELL, HE'S CERTAINLY PUT IT IN WRITING."

even, in some cases, with an air of respectable tedium.

"A little later, however, there entered two handsome, well-set-up, but stolid-looking gentlemen, who took their seats in an alcove close by. Their advent was the signal for the most extraordinary proceedings. Two young waitresses, as if magically stirred to life, walked swiftly into their alcove and exclaimed delightedly, 'Hullo, dearie!'; to which one of the gentlemen replied affectionately, 'Hullo, my dear—what about a cup of tea?' The young ladies then sat down beside them, and the gentlemen, with a confidence and dexterity suggestive of rich experience, placed their arms about their waists. And in this position, with intervals for refreshment, they remained till the end of the meal, when the ladies transferred themselves to the knees of their companions, and kisses were exchanged, with every appearance of genuine satisfaction on both sides.



Young Woman. "EXCELLENT SUPPER, DON'T YOU THINK?"

Young Man. "NOT BAD—BUT FATIGUING, TAKEN VERTICALLY."

I noticed a point of detail in which they differed. The room seemed to be arranged like a swimming-bath; only that one end was the Light End, and the other was the Dark End. And as they entered the Dark End many of the revolving couples earnestly kissed each other and pranced on into the light. The friend who had taken me there informed me that this is considered unusual, although, as a stranger to this planet, I was unable to see anything in the practice profoundly different in principle from the general style and manner of dancing which I had often seen exhibited by the best people at the best hotels. Indeed, in one way I felt that it might even be considered admirable, for one had already formed the conclusion that the couples were violently in love with each other, and these embraces testified, at any rate, to their sincerity.

"But, Sir, I am not concerned with the rights or wrongs of this kind of enjoyment. The point of interest is that it was impossible to find a seat at the Dark End for the press of constables and police-inspectors who sat there diligently counting the kisses. And when the doors were barred and the "raid" officially began I was again delighted to find that most of the ostensibly amorous dancers had been, in fact,

mere limbs of the law, doing their duty like Englishmen and men of honour.

"Well, Sir, so long as the Force is ready to sacrifice itself by counterfeiting wickedness and over-indulgence, I do not see how the genuine articles can ever prevail in your great country. True, as I hinted at first, the system needs expansion on more imaginative lines. For why stop at Night Clubs and Tea Rooms? We all know men who would readily rob a bank or steal an umbrella if they were given proper encouragement by the authorities. Convictions for bigamy, I believe, are lamentably rare in these days, but I have no doubt that, with a little organisation, some of the younger inspectors could put this right. And our whole system of divorce might be led into healthier channels if it could be taken out of the hands of a crowd of careless amateurs and given over to a few trained and trustworthy policemen.

"The possibilities are endless. This is an age of State action, in crime as in other things, and we shall not be true to ourselves so long as we leave our burglaries to be bungled by private enterprise. And why this continual persecution of the rich? Let them go down to South London, to The —, and do a little bogus illicit betting with the boxing fraternity there.

"But, Sir, my main point is this. As a taxpayer I do venture to protest against the extravagance of our Scotland Yard Lotharios. By all means let them stop at nothing to convict a woman of illegally consuming champagne. But, good heavens, need they pay 35s. for it? Not to mention £2 3s. for an imaginary dancing-lesson? Let justice be done, Sir; but let it be done on ginger-beer.

"I am, Sir, Yours faithfully,

"THE MAN IN THE MOON."

"Good stuff," I said. "But everyone will think you're trying to be funny." A. P. H.

"Polling took place in the City of London on Friday for the election of a Member of Parliament in the place of Lord Banbury (nee Sir Fredk. Banbury)."—*Provincial Paper*.

Some are born baronets, some achieve baronetcies, and some have peerages thrust upon them.

From the report of an Education Committee:—

"They also deeply sympathised with Miss —, a certificated assistant, who had sent in her resignation in view of her approaching marriage.

The members stood in silence in support of the vote."—*Welsh Paper*.

The Committee appear to share Mr. Punch's traditional views on the subject of matrimony.

THE PACIFIC POST.

THE PRIME MINISTER's letters to M. POINCARÉ and to the Soviet Government, suggesting that brotherly love is the thing, were by no means the only olive branches that he has despatched. Mr. Punch has received from the Foreign Office a communication, unsigned but apparently authentic, enclosing proofs of some of the others, and asking if he has any objection to their publication. He has not.

To the GERMAN CHANCELLOR.

DEAR SIR,—I wish one of my first acts as Prime Minister of Great Britain to be an attempt to bring about a more friendly feeling between Germany and France. If only you would pay up, how much jollier we should all be—yourself, poor POINCARÉ, who is letting this thing get terribly on his mind, and ourselves. Of course I don't know how much money you've got; no one does; but if you can pay, my dear fellow, do. I hate, when at last I have come into power, to find any trouble going on anywhere. I look upon hatchets solely as candidates for interment.

Believe me, Yours, etc.,

RAMSAY MACDONALD.

To Mr. ASQUITH.

DEAR ASQUITH,—Now that I am, not without your assistance, established at the head of things, I should like you to know with what a friendly eye I consider you, and how sure I am that nothing that the Government can do ought really to cause you any anxiety. You said something about the vigilance with which you would watch our legislation and prevent anything of which you as a Liberal disapproved. In fact, BALDWIN said something rather neat about your position—something about infanticide. Wouldn't it simplify things if I were to keep you informed of all our intentions? There is a commodious spare room at Chequers. May I suggest that you occupy it whenever anything that might be contentious is in preparation? I am, Yours, etc.,

RAMSAY MACDONALD.

To a Released Prisoner.

DEAR GANDHI,—I should like you to remember that one of my first acts as Prime Minister was to set you at liberty; and now that you are out and about again I trust that you will do nothing to make our task in India a more difficult one. You will be interested in hearing that the skin of that tiger which you may remember I shot when I was on my last visit to India is now in my study at Chequers.

Believe me, Yours, etc.,

RAMSAY MACDONALD.

To Mr. JACK JONES, M.P.

MY DEAR JACK,—No one admires your wit and readiness more than I do, but now that we are the governing body I wonder if it would not be a good thing if we all spoke rather less. I hate even to suggest interference with free speech; all I mean is that silence sometimes is golden. I am, Yours, etc.,

RAMSAY MACDONALD.

To Mr. BALDWIN.

DEAR BALDWIN,—Now that I am at the head of the Government I have been wondering if it might not be possible to scrap a great deal of the old machinery of Opposition. At our time of life don't you think that we might take a step towards amity and unity? I know that there are old shibboleths in our way—such as "the duty of an Opposition is to oppose," and so forth. But I know too—and you know—that to a very large extent the Conservative mind and the Labour mind agree. What I suggest is that you do your best to increase the number of points on which we do not differ and to induce your followers to do the same. Then how much more pleasant will attendance at the House become!

With all good wishes for a successful agricultural year, and especially for a good tobacco crop.

I am, Yours, etc.,

RAMSAY MACDONALD.

To Mr. KIRKWOOD, M.P.

DEAR DAVID,—I want you to know that it was a great grief to me not to be able to find any post in the Government that would exactly suit your genius. But there is a task that I think would eminently suit you. Someone ought to devote himself to watching BANBURY now that he is in the House of Lords. As you know, I have already made a peer or two, and I wonder if you would care to be another. Let me know. I am, Yours, etc.,

RAMSAY MACDONALD.

To President COOLIDGE.

DEAR MR. PRESIDENT,—I hasten, now that I am at the head of the British Government, to assure you of the cordial goodwill—more, affection—which I entertain for your country, your people, yourself, and even the Atlantic between. If I were not a Scotsman I should like above all things to be an American. At the moment there is, I think, no outstanding question on which we disagree, except possibly run-running. I am sorry that our activities in that direction cause you any embarrassment, although as a Scotsman I cannot but feel pride in the thought of what perils men will go through to obtain the product of our distilleries. You must not, however,

Mr. President, allow anything of that kind to disturb our very happy relations. Assuring you again of my admiration for all things American,

I am, Yours, etc.,

RAMSAY MACDONALD.

P.S.—I like your KELLOGG.

E. V. L.

VALENTINES FOR SICK CHILDREN.

"DEAR MR. PUNCH," the letter began,—*"Nobody has helped this Hospital so much as you."* Well, when a letter begins like that, I am bound to read it to the end, with a smile of self-complacency, though I am too mature not to know when I am being flattered. And the letter hints that an old love of mine—the Hospital for Sick Children in Great Ormond Street—would like a valentine from me (this of course is Leap Year) and from anybody else that I can think of and get in touch with. The idea is that, as the Hospital was born on St. Valentine's Day (as long ago as 1852), this would be a good chance of reviving the reputation of a Saint who has of recent years been a little under a shadow by sending a practical valentine in the form of a cheque or Treasury note in aid of the good work that is done in Great Ormond Street. Last year the Hospital had the care of 3,498 in-patients and about 100,000 out-patients; and to-day it has over 500 on its in-patient waiting list—all little children under twelve years of age.

Well, Valentine's Day is to-morrow, and my kind readers will be nicely in time with their birthday gifts if they will please send them at once to the Treasurer (J. F. W. DEACON, Esq.) of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, W.C.1. **PUNCH.**

"AT COVENT GARDEN.

The sudden illness of Mr. Walter Hyde made it impossible for the British National Opera Company to perform 'The Magic Flute' on Saturday afternoon."—*Morning Paper.*

It is inferred that Mr. HYDE was engaged at home on a one-man rendering of this well-known malady.

Mr. —, who is in charge of new music schemes at Messrs. —'s restaurants, said, with each tune the entire decorative scheme of the bandstand would be altered. If the orchestra were playing 'Parsifal' the setting would be G hic—and so on."—*Musical Paper.*

To indicate that the diners were taking it in the right spirit?

"Crime in — increased last year by 50 per cent. The year before there was only one case; last year two."—*Scots Paper.*

Our tame arithmetician says the seriousness of the situation has been much underestimated, and that the increase is really 100 per cent.



WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

IX.—TEDDY BEAR.

A BEAR, however hard he tries,
Grows tubby without exercise.
Our Teddy Bear is short and fat,
Which is not to be wondered at;
He gets what exercise he can
By falling off the ottoman.
But generally seems to lack
The energy to clamber back.

Now tubbiness is just the thing
Which gets a fellow wondering;
And Teddy worried lots about
The fact that he was rather stout.
He thought: "If only I were thin!
But how does anyone begin?"
He thought: "It really isn't fair
To grudge me exercise and air."

For many weeks he pressed in vain
His nose against the window-pane,
And envied those who walked
about
Reducing their unwanted stout.
None of the people he could see
"Is quite" (he said) "as fat as me!"
Then, with a still more moving
sigh,

"I mean" (he said), "as fat as I!"
Now Teddy, as was only right,
Slept in the ottoman at night,
And with him crowded in as well
More animals than I can tell;

Not only these, but books and things,
Such as a kind relation brings,
Old tales of "Once upon a time,"
And history re-told in rhyme.

One night it happened that he
took
A peep at an old picture-book,
Wherein he came across by chance
The picture of a King of France
(A stoutish man), and, down below,
These words: "King Louis So-and-
So,
Nicknamed 'The Handsome.'"
There he sat,
And (think of it!) the man was fat!

Our bear rejoiced like anything
To read about this famous King,
Nicknamed "The Handsome." There
he sat,
And certainly the man was fat.
Nicknamed "The Handsome." Not
a doubt
The man was definitely stout.
Why then a bear (for all his tub)
Might yet be named "The Hand-
some Cub!"

"Might yet be named." Or did he
mean
That years ago he "might have
been"?

For now he felt a slight misgiving:
"Is Louis So-and-So still living?
Fashions in beauty have a way
Of altering from day to day;
Is 'Handsome Louis' with us yet?
Unfortunately I forget."

Next morning (nose to window-pane)
The doubt occurred to him again.
One question hammered in his head:
"Is he alive or is he dead?"
Thus nose to pane he pondered; but
The lattice-win low, loosely shut,
Swung open. With one startled "Oh!"
Our Teddy disappeared below.

There happened to be passing by
A plump man with a twinkling eye,
Who, seeing Teddy in the street,
Raised him politely to his feet,
And murmured kindly in his ear
So's words of comfort and of cheer:
"We'll, well!" "Allow me!" "Not
at all."

"Tut-tut! A very nasty fall."

Our Teddy answered not a word;
It's doubtful if he even heard.
Our bear could only look and look:
The stout man in the picture-book!
That "handsome" King—could this
be he,
This man of adiposity?

"Impossible," he thought; "but
still,
No harm in asking. Yes, I will!"

"Are you," he said, "by any chance
His Majesty the King of France?"
The other answered, "I am that."
Bowed stiffly and removed his hat;
Then said, "Excuse me," with an air,
"But is it Mr. Edward Bear?"
And Teddy, bending very low,
Replied politely, "Even so."

They stood beneath the window
there,
The King and Mr. Edward Bear,
And, handsome, if a trifle fat,
Talked carelessly of this and that...
Then said His Majesty, "Well, well,
I must get on," and rang the bell.
"Your bear, I think," he smiled.
"Good-day!"
And turned and went upon his way.

A bear, however hard he tries,
Grows tubby without exercise;
Our Teddy Bear is short and fat,
Which is not to be wondered at.
But do you think it worries him
To know that he is far from slim?
No, just the other way about—
He's proud of being short and stout.
A. A. M.



Ernest H. Shepard



THE IRONIES OF EXCAVATION.

(From Our Special Correspondent at Carthage.)

February 2nd.—The long and patient efforts of the excavators at the Arab village of Sidi-bu-Said, which occupies part of the site of the ancient city of Carthage, have been crowned with triumph. To-day the door was opened

of what proves on incontestable evidence to be the funeral chamber of the famous but ill-starred Queen Dido. The outer shrine, which fills most of the chamber, is of indescribable magnificence, being entirely chryselephantine in its fabric, inlaid with a profusion of priceless jewels. On the north side there is another and smaller chamber, crowded with furniture, statues and art treasures, superb in their design and marvellously opulent in material.

February 5th.—Further explorations of the great and epoch-making discovery reported in my last despatch have revealed some curious features in the construction of the shrine. It appears on closer examination that the gold on the east, south and west sides is really tin cleverly painted so as to represent the more precious metal, and that what seems to be ivory is really a synthetic substance approximating somewhat to modern vulcanite. The upholstery of the magnificent throne found in the inner chambers shows signs of imperfect workmanship. It will be remembered that at the close of her reign Dido was obliged to intervene in drastic fashion in industrial disputes, and it is surmised that some of the workmen retaliated by scamping the execution of their tasks. Grave doubts are already felt as to the jewels on the shrine, several of which, on close mineralogical scrutiny, have proved to be of coloured glass. The magnificent but somewhat sinister bust of ÆNEAS found in the inner chamber, while it anticipates in some respects the methods of Mr. EPSTEIN, is not of Numidian marble, as was originally supposed, but of a somewhat inferior plaster.

February 10th.—To-day, amid scenes of unparalleled excitement and in the presence of several leading Touareg sheiks, Hollywood magnates and Lord Birkenbrook, the second shrine was

opened. If possible it is of more dazzling splendour and monumental magnificence than the first, being cut entirely out of solid emerald, with incised representations of Melkarth, Ashtoreth, and other Phœnician deities, and a complete history of Carthage from 850 B.C. in the ancient Tyrian script.

February 17th.—Some slight disappointment has been caused by the

been more than mitigated by the gorgeous appearance of the third shrine, disclosed to-day to the enraptured gaze of a select group of notables, including Mrs. ROSITA FORBES, Lord Beaverhead and Mr. ROBERT HICHENS. The material of which the shrine is composed is at present occult from observation and baffles description by its kaleidoscopic fluorescence. Lord Beaverhead was

profoundly moved and Mr. HICHENS murmured in a thrilling whisper "This beats *The Garden of Allah*."

February 21st.—The material of the third shrine turns out to be a curious form of solidified putty dyed with a tincture distilled from peacocks' tails, the secret of which was only known to the Phœnicians, according to POMPONIUS MELA. The labour trouble, already referred to, appears to have been acute at this stage of the construction of the tomb, and on all four sides the cracks and fissures are so frequent as to argue excessive haste and even carelessness on the part of the workmen. But language fails me when I attempt to render justice to the glories of the fourth and final shrine and the sarcophagus which it holds. These were disclosed to-day, with results so overwhelming that I must reserve them till my next despatch.

February 28th.—The fourth shrine is made of *papier-mâché* or, to be more correct, of pulped papyrus. The sarcophagus is a cenotaph. Mrs. ROSITA FORBES has left in her chariot drawn by cassowaries for Timbuctoo, and Mr. HICHENS has returned to Biskra to complete his great romantic Pentology dealing with the lives of HAMILCAR, HIMILCO, HANNO, HASDRUBAL and HANNIBAL.



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."
THE EXQUISITE MCKENNA (STEPHEN).

discovery that the second or emerald shrine is really built of bricks covered with a thin coating of painted tiles. It is also more than probable that the Tyrian script is in fact part of a rather rough decorative design, and that the portraits of Melkarth and Ashtoreth are merely rude graffiti or caricatures scraped on the surface by the workmen in moments of exuberance, or when the supervision of their foreman was relaxed. But these disappointments have

An "agony":—

"DEAR FRIEND,—Staying Bournemouth, I try to be of good courage, but it is difficult.—Alone."

Daily Paper.

A "brighter Bournemouth" seems to be required.

"She knew enough about golf to realise that as a onesome, with a foursome at her heels, she had no right to existence on that earth. 'Go through, of course,' she said, without speaking. 'Don't mind me in the least.'"

—Magazine.

Only a very clever girl could have conveyed all that just with a forward wave of her club.



Sailor (after vigorous struggle with rush-hour crowd). "THANK HEAVEN, THAT'S THE WORST PART OF ME JOURNEY OVER!"
 Chance Companion. "OW FER YER GOT TER GO, MATE?"
 Sailor. "CHINA."

INTIMATE AFTERNOONS.

II.—BREAKING IT OFF.

SCENE—Wilfred and Veronica are taking tea in the drawing-room.

Veronica (handing him a cup). It was most considerate of Aunt Polly to leave us alone together this afternoon.

Wilfred (with constraint). Most. Cake, dear?

V. Please. (Pause.) I always thought that you took two lumps.

W. No, I never take more than one. (Pause.) Biscuits?

V. No, thanks. I like tea to be sketchy.

W. Quite right. Tea is a terrible risk. May spoil one's dinner. (Pause.)

V. I like just one cup and some chocolates.

W. That reminds me, Ronny.

[He produces a box.]
 V. Wilfred, you are an angel—but you always were. (Anxiously) I hope you will go on spoiling me, Wilfred.

W. (uneasily). Why not?

V. I mean when we have settled down.

W. We needn't think about that this afternoon.

V. We have got to think about it,

Wilfred. That's why Aunt Polly has left us alone together. She expects it to take place very soon.

W. She has been expecting it for years. So has everybody. We were married in our cradles. Dash it, Ronny, we haven't had a chance!

V. A chance of what?

W. (lyrically). Freedom, romance, adventure. Here we are, engaged to be married. We hardly know how it happened, unless it was because the family expected it. And now, I suppose, we are going to fix the day because Aunt Polly expects to be told about it when she gets back. It is perfectly intolerable.

V. So that's what you had on your mind.

W. (earnestly). Look here, Ronny, I am not backing out, but would you be frightfully sorry if—

V. Break it off, you mean?

W. Why not?

V. (slowly). It rather depends how keen we happen to be, doesn't it? I have often wondered.

W. (eagerly). You see what I mean. It has always been taken for granted. You don't know any more than I do.

What we want is freedom, romance, adventure.

V. (drily). You said that before, Wilfred. I think I know what it means. It means Doris Rafferty.

W. (guiltily). What nonsense!

V. I noticed you dancing with her quite a lot the other evening. I am not surprised. You always had a weakness for red hair.

W. Don't be absurd, Ronny.

V. I admit it's a very lovely shade.

W. I never thought you would be jealous, Ronny.

V. (brightly). Jealous! I am delighted. (Warning to her tactics) It makes everything so simple. It's the best thing that could happen. I have wanted to tell you for ages, but I never dared.

W. Tell me what?

V. (very demure). I know you will think me rather deceitful, but—Well, I too have longed for freedom, romance, adventure; and red hair of that particular shade and texture is most terribly attractive.

W. (enlightened). You don't mean—

V. (downcast). Don't compel me to be explicit, Wilfred. A girl doesn't like



Smallholder. "HERE, THAT LAST TON OF HAY YOU SENT ME ONLY WEIGHED FIFTEEN HUNDRED."

Dealer. "I BE MORTAL GLAD YOU TOLD ME, JARGE. I WERE ONLY GOING TO CHARGE EE HALF A TON."

to confess such things, even to an old friend.

W. That means Terence Rafferty. I noticed you were dancing with him quite a lot the other evening.

V. You must thank him nicely, Wilfred. If he hadn't danced so much with me you would not have been able to dance so much with his sister. *(Suddenly clasping her hands)* Oh, Wilfred, dear, isn't it simply splendid?

W. (dudiously). That's all very well; but there's no occasion to be so terribly jolly about it.

V. But think how awkward it would be if either of us were really keen. But, as neither of us cares a bit, it's just hip! hip! burrah! It's freedom—

W. Yes, but—

V. Romance—

W. All the same—

V. Adventure!

W. (frigidly). It may be a motive for moderate satisfaction that we so entirely agree, but it's hardly an occasion for an exuberance so unbridled.

V. What lovely words! Some day, dear, you will be a great orator. I shall read your speeches in *The Times*, and

be very proud to think that once we were almost engaged. I hope Doris will invite me to dinner occasionally when you are a great man.

(She crows with amusement at this delightful idea.)

W. (nettled). I'm not sure that I like your manner. I don't think it's altogether nice.

V. (slippantly). He loves me, he loves me not . . . which is a great relief to both of us.

W. Really, Ronny, it simply isn't decent.

V. (opening her eyes). What's the matter?

W. There's no need to be so horribly pleased. We've had some jolly times together, and—er—and old associations, you know. One feels a certain regret.

V. But we shall always be friends, I hope. You will come to tea occasionally, and it will be so much nicer now that we are no longer expected to be sentimental. Only when you have nothing better to do, of course. I don't want you to feel bound in any way, and you must not neglect dear Doris.

W. (stiffly). I am not exactly engaged to Doris Rafferty.

V. Then you had better take the necessary steps at once. These half-measures are most unsatisfactory, as we know ourselves from experience.

W. (sarcastically). Meanwhile, I suppose Terence will be offering you the devotion of a lifetime.

V. He hasn't mentioned it yet. Doubtless with a little encouragement he will become rather more enterprising—especially now that you are out of the way.

W. (smarting under the lash). Look here, Ronny—do you really care for this fellow?

V. I haven't tried, but I will do my best. I shouldn't like you to feel that I was in any way on your mind.

W. (doggedly). Do you care for this fellow, or don't you?

V. I haven't seriously inquired. You see I always considered that my destiny was settled. Now that I am free I shall doubtless develop all kinds of unexpected emotions.

W. (setting his teeth). You refuse to answer my question?

V. Set your mind at rest, Wilfred, dear. If it's not Terence, it will certainly be someone else. I am not at all the sort of girl to be left alone. If I am the least little bit on your conscience, you may throw me off at once. I am bound to enjoy life whatever happens. Bless you, dear boy, and be happy with the girl of your choice.

W. Really, Ronny, your manner is most extraordinary. Do all the years we have spent together count for nothing?

V. They count, alas! It's a way years have.

W. Your whole attitude suggests that you are glad to be quit of me, and that you are delighted to seize the opportunity. You've been absolutely heartless over the whole affair. You know perfectly well that I don't care a button for Doris Rafferty, and that I should never dream of mentioning her in the same breath with—with the girl to whom I have been practically engaged for the last seven years.

V. How nice of you, Wilfred! Is it really seven years?

W. Seven years next November.

V. What a splendid head you have for dates!

W. (*insinuatingly*). It has been a very good time for both of us.

V. I suppose it has, in spite of Aunt Polly and her expectations.

W. (*diplomatically*). Well, after all, they were reasonable expectations.

V. I thought that was why you hated them. You don't want to be reasonable. You want freedom, romance—

W. Exactly; and I have begun to realise what is the best way to get them. Can't you guess?

V. That's an easy one. The answer is red hair.

W. I discovered the true answer the moment I was free to choose. That was just a quarter-of-an-hour ago.

V. How very rapid of you! In fact it seems hardly decent after all these years. You might at least have allowed a reasonable interval to elapse between the old love and the new. Men do that even for their widows.

W. (*crossly*). A man can't have a widow unless he is dead.

V. Well, you know what I mean.

W. Your meaning is all wrong; and I believe you know it.

V. (*meekly*). Then I hope you will put me right, Wilfred dear. I think perhaps it's time that you did.

W. (*with difficulty*). Ronny darling—

V. (*protesting*). Really, Wilfred, I don't think such expressions are quite correct coming from an *ex-fiancé*.

W. Confound it, Ronny, don't you appreciate the position? I am in love



The Virago. "THAT'S WOT YOU ARE—A BARE-FACED OLD SCOUNDREL!"

with you. I didn't realise it before. I know now that I adore you. I discovered it the moment I was free to choose.

V. (*modestly*). Oh, Wilfred! This is so unexpected.

W. (*hushily*). Tell me, dear—do you care for me enough to—

V. (*shyly*). Yes, dear. I discovered it a quarter-of-an-hour ago. In fact I discovered it the moment you wanted to be free to choose.

W. (*catching her in his arms*). You're a villain, Ronny. I believe you have been playing with me.

V. Never mind, dear. All's well that ends well. [*She sighs blissfully.*]

W. When shall it be?

V. I thought perhaps the seventeenth of next month. That would suit Aunt Polly splendidly.

W. Aunt Polly be—

V. (*putting a hand over his mouth*). Never mind Aunt Polly, dear. It will suit us perfectly too. Does anything else really matter?

W. Nothing else will really matter as long as the world goes round. (*And for the rest of the afternoon Aunt Polly is completely forgotten.*)

"Sectional Shed, 6 ft. x 5 ft. 9 in. x 4 ft. x 4 ft."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

The Fourth Dimension found at last!



The Lady. "NOW DON'T BOTHER TO COME ANY FARTHER—YOU'D HAVE TO GET A PLATFORM TICKET."
The Man (meaning well). "THAT'S ALL RIGHT. IT'S WORTH MORE THAN A PENNY TO SEE YOU OFF."

AFTERWARDS.

"HAVE you seen *Outward Bound*?" she inquired.

"No," I said, "not yet. It keeps on moving about so rapidly. Sometimes it's in the Northern suburbs and sometimes it's in the West End."

"Well, it's in the West End now."

"I must try to catch it," I said. "The title has been my favourite notice in the Tube for a long time. I always see it as one of those commands in Physical Training that we used to love so much. *Outward—bound. Inward—spring.* don't you know." But of course she didn't know.

"It doesn't mean that at all," she told me. "It's about a lot of people who are all dead."

"That sounds rather interesting. Was it?"

"No," she said. "Not to me. Everything was so utterly grotesque."

"I suppose it is rather a grotesque subject for a play," I agreed. "Of course in DANTE—"

"It wasn't like DANTE a bit," she said, taking an olive. "The whole action occurs on board a ship, just by the saloon bar. But you can't make head or tail of it, really. When any-

body goes outside on deck there is complete darkness and mystery, but inside the saloon everything is quite normal, and there's a young man who keeps drinking whisky-and-soda all the time."

"Is that what he died of?"

"I don't know," she said. "That's just the trouble about the play. Nothing seems to be explained. There's a steward in the saloon, a man who committed suicide. But there's no crew, and the passengers speak in one place about having had dinner; yet there doesn't seem to have been any cook."

"Rather like life on earth," I murmured. "Not here, of course," I went on hastily. "Who else was there on your ship?"

"Oh, a woman with a past, and a financier, a clergyman, and a charwoman and two lovers. And they all realised one after another that they were dead, except the two lovers, who weren't really dead at all. They were only half dead, because they had taken gas to kill themselves, but they came to in the last Act and escaped."

"Could they get drinks?" I asked, rather interested. The terrene licensing laws have always baffled me completely.

"They didn't," she said. "They kept flitting about, and one of them kept seeing a dog, which was called Jock. It was a kind of ghostly dog, you see, because it was a live dog, and they were half dead, and of course the completely dead people couldn't see it."

"No, of course not," I said brightly, helping myself to Brussels-sprouts. "Did anything else happen?"

"Oh, yes; the most puzzling part of all. There was a Great Examiner who came aboard when the ship got to the other end. And what do you think he was? A clergyman in white ducks. It appeared that heaven and hell were the same place."

"That does make the white ducks rather difficult," I said. "I mean the temperature, you know. You'd have expected the climate to be more like England. Or perhaps not England—say British Columbia or New Zealand. Was there anything else funny about him?"

"Well, he had rather long grey hair." "That seems much more appropriate," I submitted, though for the life of me I couldn't imagine why. "And what did he examine them on?"

"He told them all their past lives, and so far as I could make out (but I'm



THE INTERNATIONAL LOVER; OR, THE RIVAL VALENTINES.

not sure) he gave them consciences, and then they had to live their lives over again. All except the financier, because he wouldn't admit that he was born a German, and I don't know what happened to him."

"I expect he had to live in the Ruhr," I said. "And what about the two lovers who were gassed?"

"They couldn't be examined at all, don't you see? because they weren't dead. They had to go back in the ship."

I felt a doubt as to whether I was really coming to grips with it yet. And then I remembered a review.

"Didn't one of the critics say," I asked her, "that the whole action was probably meant to be a dream? The dream of the two lovers just before they came to themselves again?"

"Yes; but if it was *that*," she said, "we ought to have seen them at the beginning, before the dream began—when they were taking the gas, you know."

"Rather a gloomy opening, wouldn't it be?" I suggested. "I mean, it seems to have been comparatively bright on board the ship, from what you tell me. Besides, I think it would be rather difficult to bring the scent of gas across the footlights without really turning it on. There's always a lot of trouble about making a death completely death-like on the stage."

"But what do you suppose," she went on, "the Censor thought about the play? I mean, it's really a religious subject, isn't it?"

"I don't know," I said. "I'll ask Mr. STREET if you like. By the way, didn't you say at the beginning that you weren't interested in this play?"

"Did I?"

"Yes, you did. I don't believe that was quite an accurate way of putting it, was it?"

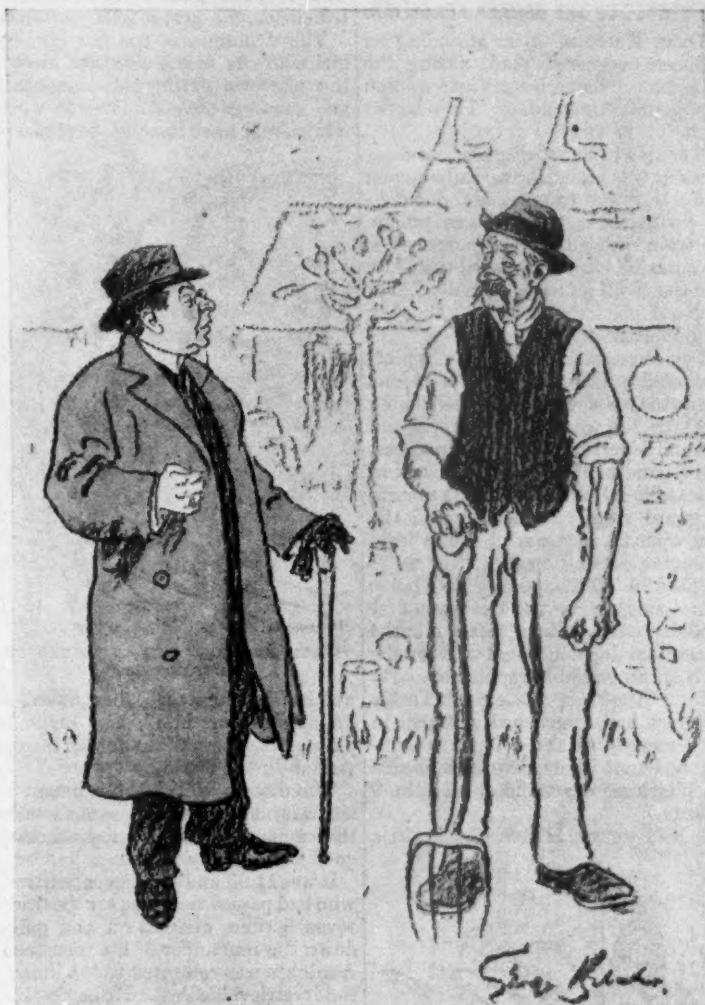
"Well, are *you* interested?"

"Oh, of course I'm not," I said. "All the same I think I shall go and see it. I should like to have a look at the *Great Examiner*." E. V. K.

FEBRUARY HYACINTHS.

In Autumn's dearth
Of warmth and mirth,
Take of kind earth
The fill of bowl,
And in it lay
Fair bulbs, and say,
"To this mere clay
Be living soul."

And now, behold,
Ere green and gold
To wood and wold
Abroad entice,



The Master. "WHILE I'M AWAY YOU WILL TAKE YOUR ORDERS FROM THE MISTRESS, GILES."
The Gardener. "YES, SIR—SAME AS IF YOU WAS AT HOME."

Pinks, whites and blues
Do fill your cruse
With scents and hues
Of Paradise.

In close-knit twirls
Of waxen curls
Each head unfurls
Beloved, apart;
Becurled, I'd add,
To match the lad
Of old who had
Apollo's heart.

Can bard do less,
Then, than confess
The loveliness
That doth belong
To flowers that stand
For Beauty, and
By his command,
Our Lord of Song?

Could column rare
A grief more fair
Lift into air
From graven plinth?
Could love be lit
By flame more fit,
More exquisite,
Than Hyacinth?

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Herculean efforts were made to keep the fire to a confined area."—*Indian Paper*.

It sounds like the Last Days of Pompeii.

At a religious lecture:—

"After the singing of the good old hymn,
'All police that on earth do dwell' . . ."

Canadian Paper.

We don't recall this hymn. Possibly it is a new setting of "The Boys in Blue."

THE SECRET OF THE BROKEN TRADITION.

[DEAR EDITOR,—After attending an engineers' dinner I read, during the train journey home, a story by a woman in a popular magazine. This is the result. I'm sorry.]

Of course I have to disguise the characters in this story, for we railwaymen have a tradition to uphold, and it does not do to make these things public. The train which I for the purposes of this occasion have designated the 11.59 from the No. 9 platform actually leaves the No. 7 platform at 12.36. But you will understand.

If you have stood on the No. 9 platform of the L.S.N.R. station at one minute to twelve you cannot help being struck by the wonderfully orderly and punctual departure of the 11.59 express. As the hand of the big electric clock in the station hall flicks on to the minute the guard steps into his van and the train, after three powerful snorts from the engine, sets off on its journey. It was back in '45 (the year of the Gauge Commission), when the 11.59 was first scheduled; and within a few months its punctual departure had won for the L.S.N.R. an enviable reputation. By 1867 an American Society of Traffic Managers had mentioned it twice in their Proceedings, and a German Company had sent its departmental heads on a pilgrimage to stand on the No. 9 platform.

In 1871 young Hallem-Carter, in a



"SHE FLUNG HER ARMS ROUND THE FIREMAN'S NECK."

moment of facetiousness, asked his uncle, the Chairman of the Company, what would happen if the express started late. The old gentleman, after making the necessary alterations in his will, died of heart failure.

Tradition overcame even the obstacle of the Great War. And then, in these times of super-heaters, piston valves,

booster engines and synchronised electric clocks, one day the train started late.

The woman was the fair blue-eyed girl who sits in the cigarette kiosk on the platform eating chocolate-creams and reading novels. Even a woman rival would have to admit that she was



"THEN HE THREW HER ON TO THE PERMANENT-WAY."

not bad-looking. But her fiancé, the fireman of the 11.59, had made the pioneer discovery that she was the only woman in the world.

The day on which the express was late was marked by the glorious weather that makes the countryside almost as good as a railway poster.

It was 11.55, and Mr. Algernon Strong, who had passed the kiosk for the thirty-seventh time, gnawed off and gulped down the remainder of his moustache. A minute was relegated to the limbo of the Irrecoverable Past. He betook himself to the kiosk to buy cigarettes to soothe his frayed nerves. The goddess of the kiosk, seeing that he trembled like an aspen-leaf and tried to light a match with a cigarette, divined with a woman's keen instinct that he was agitated and, in the manner of her sex, wrung the whole poignant story from his over-burdened soul.

In a voice strung taut with passion he told her that his beloved one, with whom he was going away on their first holiday together, had not yet arrived. He had reserved a carriage. He groaned, and then—the clock's hand jumped to two minutes to twelve. Afar off he caught sight of HER in the station-hall crowd, struggling to reach the barrier. He saw all her soul shining through her eyes. Would she reach the train in time?

Quickly the lady of the kiosk rose. "Go to her," she commanded. "The curfew shall not—" But he was gone.

Opening the flap of her box she realized with a woman's intuition the irrelevancy, in such a situation, of the vast commercial machine of which she was a part. One spring of her lithe young body took her on to the foot-plate of the locomotive.

The fireman stood hesitating betwixt duty and desire. The driver looked at the big clock, the hand of which was already on the minute of departure. The wild-eyed guard rushed, whistle in mouth, up the platform. But in the moment when she flung her arms round the fireman's neck and glued her lips to his, passion surged up from the nethermost depths of his being and obliterated the existence of everything but the mingling of their souls. Then reason returned. "Go away, my love," he whispered through his ears. But she clung closer yet.

The old Scottish driver placed a strong hand on the girl's shoulder.

"My God!" he said, just like that. "My God!!" (No, sorry. That's the wrong author.) Then he threw her on to the permanent-way. The door of a reserved carriage slammed. The clock hand jumped forward half-a-minute before the engine had time to give its accustomed three snorts.

And thus was a tradition, which took three-quarters of a century to build, broken.

Afar in the wilderness a chipmunk



"THE GUARD, IN A FIT OF ABSTRACTION, ATE THE BYE-LAWS OF THE COMPANY."

howled. (My mistake. I turned over two pages at once.)

Up in the superintendent's office the old station-master absent-mindedly acceded to the office-boy's request to be allowed leave of absence that he might be able to bury his seventeenth grandmother. The sight which the old ser-



THE SHEIK THAT FAILED: A VARIATION ON THE FAMILIAR SCHEME.

vant had just seen had left him a broken man . . .

The guard, in a fit of abstraction, ate the bye-laws of the company as he paced the narrow confines of his van . . .

In a reserved first-class carriage two happy lovers mingled eyebrows. Oblivious of the havoc that they had wrought, he had swept her head back and kissed her mouth so long and passionately that Time stopped still . . .

In the locomotive's cab the old driver looked through tear-dimmed eyes at misty signal semaphores, and a young fireman contemplated suicide . . .

And in the kiosk a fair-haired girl pictured herself as *The Lady Enoline* in *All for Love*. All the woman in her had risen to this great occasion. Like some presiding goddess she sat transfixed, her eyes shining.

All this happened a month ago, and now, if you buy cigarettes, the girl at the kiosk says to you, "You'd better run, Sir; this train always leaves on time."

The guard as he takes your tip will mutter, "Never been late since I've been on her, and that's twenty year." And the old station-master will consult his big silver watch and talk about the punctuality that is a pride to behold.

For we railwaymen have a tradition to uphold, and it does not do to make this sort of thing public.

A FAIRY VALENTINE.

COME out to me, come out and be

My Valentine this morning;
Far have I come and far have sought
To find the gifts that I have brought—
And all for your adorning:—

A pearly comb as white as foam
(In a mermaid's cave I found it),
Painted shoes and a purpled shawl,
A gilt pomander sweet as small
With a rhyming posy round it;

A rose in bloom; a crimson plume
Begged from a kindly robin;
A pot of star-dust for your wings,
And rainbow silk, to stitch your things,
Wound on an ivory hobbin.

And, search who may by night, by day,
The countryside and city,
He'll find no braver gifts than mine;
Then will you be my Valentine?

And will you not, my pretty? R. F.

Another Impending Apology.

"ROTARIANS AND RECREATION FOR WORKERS.
'How to increase happiness' was the attractive title of a paper given to members of the — Rotary Club by Rotarian H. —,"
Provincial Paper.

FOOL'S MATE.

I HAVE always been convinced that it is possible to checkmate the importunities, often nefarious, of most human beings, including the Income-Tax Collector, provided one sets about it in the right way.

As an instance I now record with due modesty how I overcame the desire of the Government to collect this year's tax from me.

So many people make the mistake of becoming angry with their local collector. I do not. On the other hand, I endeavour, with the aid of a little imagination, to regard him as of the same species as myself, as the following copy of a letter I wrote to him will plainly show.

DEAR SIR,—Contrary to my expectations I have received another demand for payment of income-tax. However, I feel convinced that it is only due to an oversight made by one of your staff. I am sure that my previous letter, in which I gave my reasons for reluctantly refusing to pay the tax, must have caused a man of your intellect and understanding to give instructions that further demands were not to be sent to me.

Hence, as I say, I regard it as a

slight lapse on the part of a clerk. As a rule your staff is so competent and courteous that I should take it as a personal favour if you would deal only lightly with the delinquent.

In case, however, I am wrong in attributing your demand to a clerical error and your superiors should instruct you to threaten me, I think it advisable to mention that I should not in the least object to being imprisoned, as my cottage is leaky and in a bad state of repair. So you see it would be more of a punishment to leave me where I am at present.

In conclusion I should like to impress upon you that I cordially approve, as a matter of principle, of the custom by which individuals contribute to the coffers of the State; and, without committing myself, I may say that, should I find it convenient to send a small sum to you next year, I will certainly do so. However, please do not build too much on this offer.

Wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year, Yours truly—

Now you realise how easy it is to deal with matters of this kind by means of a firm and tactful letter. My wife, to whom I have shown it, agrees with me that the matter can now be regarded as settled, for a considerable time has elapsed without further demands being received.

Later.—This morning's post has just arrived. I open an O.H.M.S. envelope. Someone has thwarted my heroic fight against tyranny.

I unfold an acknowledgment from the Income-Tax Authorities for £3 2s. 10d. "I look up to meet the eyes of my wife."

"I couldn't bear the thought of your going to prison, Johnny," she says, "so I paid it out of the housekeeping money."

I consider the fight well lost.

"GIRL IN LETTER CASE. RESULT."

Evening Paper.

We can't think how she got there, and trust the result was not serious.

"Meanwhile, a Labour Cabinet from which the name Arthur Henderson was omitted would be the court of the King of Denmark without Polonius."—*Religious Paper.*

This seems hardly fair to "Uncle Arthur."

"COUNTY — FOXHOUNDS."

The Mastership of this Pack will be vacant on May 1st, 1924. Country all grass, no wire; coverts in order and holding 42 couples of hounds; kennels and Master's Residence available."—*Art. in Sporting Paper.*

Nothing is said about the coverts holding any foxes; but as this is an Irish hunt they are perhaps quartered in the kennels.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE FAIRY TALE" (APOLLO).

The Fairy Tale, by MAY EDGINTON, is really a most delightfully ingenuous business, very skilfully performed, and may be commended to those who like to experience the luxury of a really good wallow in sentimentality of the most shameless kind. I understand that the exercise has valuable eupeptic effects.

Let me tell you so much of the tale as is necessary for your guidance. Little *John Star* lived once upon a time (I don't know what time—it was all a little vague) in a mean little house with a mean little father who whined and sneered, and a sweet little noble-hearted mother who encouraged her son in all his fine dreams, which were of being a very great man and living in a Tremendous House. She encouraged him because, as she said, finely enough, "If the children can't go into battle with hope, to whom are we to look for our victories?" or words something to that effect. But she also warned him that there were giants who would take a bit of conquering. And altogether she was a dear, helpful, wise little woman. Her chicken-hearted husband however, thoroughly fed up with English life and work, whisks her off to New Zealand, leaving his dreaming offspring to fend more or less for himself. And here endeth the Prologue.

Now young *John* used to hear the "rolling of the drums" (and also, I rather fancy, "voices," like *JOAN OF ARC*), so you are not to be surprised that seventeen years later all England is ringing with the name of a *Private John Star* who has done something stupendous on the Afghan border and is to be rewarded with a V.C. and a commission; also with the hand of *Lesley*, only daughter of *Sir Henry Stanley* of Red Manor, a darling vague old man with a perfectly sweet butler. It had all, as a matter of fact, happened in the most natural way in the world—for a fairy tale. *Private Star* on furlough, six months before the Afghanistan adventure, had been sitting hot and tired on a heap of stones in the road, and *Lesley* had opened the garden gate. They had exchanged just one glance, and *Lesley*, in rather a leap-yearish sort of a way, had said very simply, "Won't you come in?" and so forth.

Private John Star had a rival, a very unpleasant rising young statesman. This ass took the formal announcement of *Lesley's* engagement to the rank outsider as a personal affront and left the house, spurning a perfectly good dinner, which included the first of the outdoor peaches—such the measure of his passion and chagrin. Not, however, before

uttering a very slightly modified version of a familiar prophecy: "No matter. A time will come!"

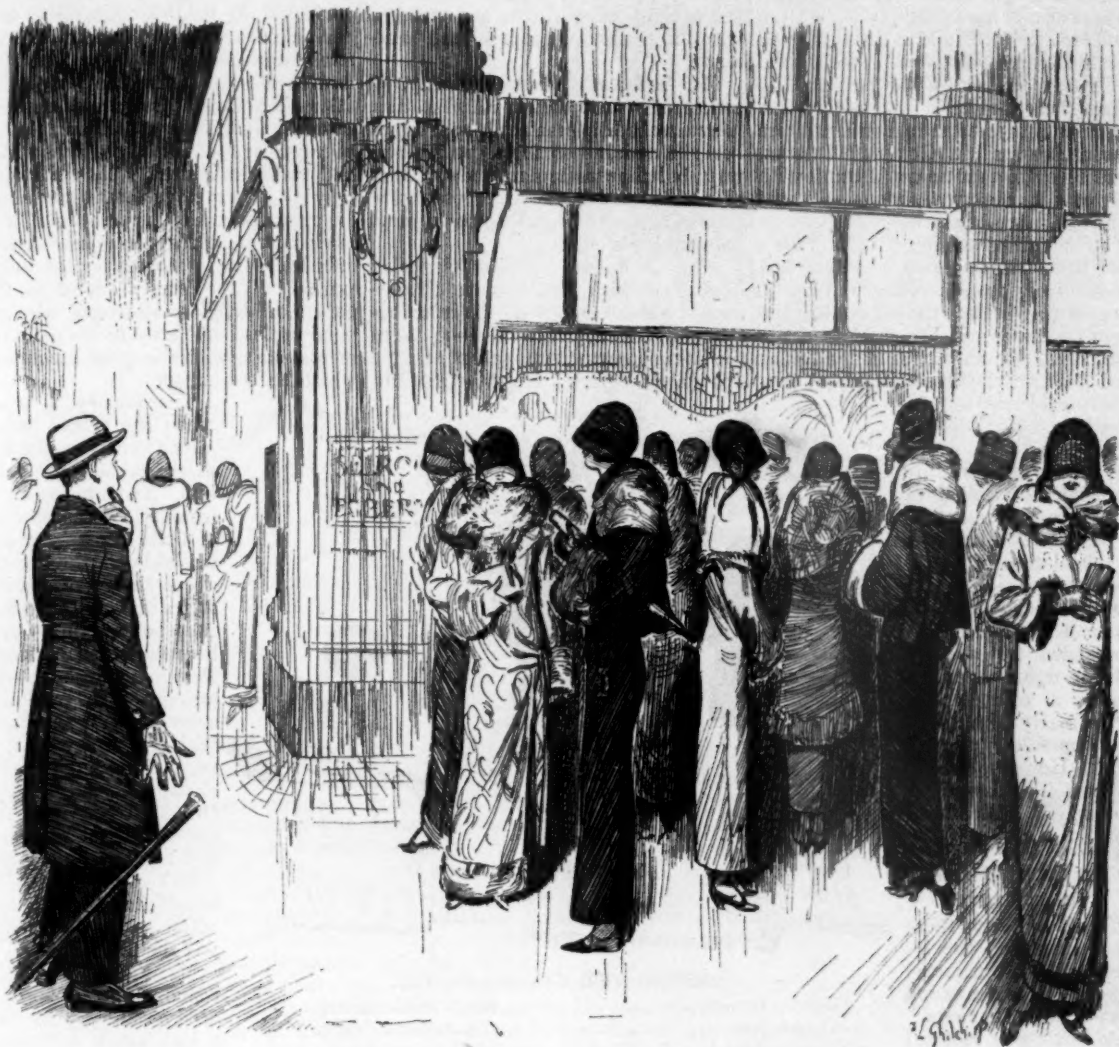
Thirteen years elapse. *General John Star*, with a tremendous record as soldier and administrator and Man of Iron, is returning through cheering crowds to a Tremendous House left him, with a fortune, by an eccentric stranger. A perfectly glorious world indeed, as he had always maintained. And tomorrow he, *John Star*, is to be knighted at Buckingham Palace; and his little mother, now happily widowed (and, to tell the truth, rather conveniently forgotten these thirty years), is to return from New Zealand to find him in a cocked-hat, scarlet tunic and gold spurs all complete.

But there is distinctly a giant in the ointment. The rising young statesman has meanwhile not been idle. On the contrary, the infant which *Mrs. (tomorrow, Lady) Star* is expecting is his. This is a facer. Anyone in a fairy tale can march into action (old style) to the rolling of the drums and the blare of the trumpets; anyone can inherit a fortune and be made a knight and wear a cocked-hat. But can he overcome himself? He cannot.

Shall he kill his wife? (She may cower when he so coarsely mentions that unpleasant word bastard, but otherwise she is fairly calm about the matter and offers various excuses in a detached sort of way.) Shall he kill the statesman? No; but it is nice to hear him stamp up and down talking about it. Of course, as we guessed, the little mother will arrive just in time to save the situation very sweetly and vaguely.

The great soldier will not kill his wife. (He never seemed to harbour any sort of suspicion that this "wasn't done.") That no doubt showed his low origin.) He will not even divorce her. He will rebuild the ruins of his love. One only slight reservation he will make, as he explains to the lover not without a certain directness. He will, if ever he finds that that worthy, who has just been ordered by his Government to Washington (I couldn't help wondering why), has returned to England, and if he ever again speaks to or even of *Lady Star*—why then he, *John Star*, will with his own hands break his — neck. Does the young statesman believe him? he asks grimly. "I'm afraid I do," says the Y. S. and slinks out, having got off on the whole more cheaply than he anticipated.

And that broadly is *The Fairy Tale* of the Tremendous House of *Sir John Star*, "where he learned all about man's greatest foe, who sits and sleeps and eats and walks and loves with him, and is greater than any of the other giants;



MANNERS AND MODES.
THE RENDEZVOUS (CLOCHE HAT PERIOD.)

where at length he slew that last giant; where he and his mother sat by the fire and dreamed again and fought again and heard the trumpets blow." Well, well!

What a dear sweet little mother Miss MARY JERROLD was! And what a fine figure of a successful soldier risen from the ranks was Mr. GODFREY TEARLE, looking quite as if he could break with his own hands anybody's — neck! And what a really charming old dodderer of a fond father was Mr. C. V. FRANCE'S *Sir Henry Stanley*, and how detached and unlikely was Miss MOYNA MACGILL as an erring bride. Lady TREE had the quite irrelevant and, I thought, tiresome part of a chattering aunt of the bride; and Mr. CHONIN WILSON, haunted by a heavy cold and a much too heavy part, did his best to make the rather preposterous villain plausible. Mr. ROTHBURY EVANS was attractive as a courtly old butler—of a school that I fear is being gathered to the past. Mr. GODFREY TEARLE was rapturously applauded for what, I admit, was, within its frame, a competent if artistically thankless and depressing piece of work. However, I don't suppose he takes it too seriously. I do hope not. T.

"THE CAMEL'S BACK" (PLAYHOUSE).

This is another of those pieces in which the interplay of the contrasted personalities of a man and his wife seems incompatible with any rational conception of their existence prior to the rise of the curtain. I will not inquire—indeed I have long ceased to ask this kind of question because it can so seldom be answered in the cold light of reason when we are concerned with stage life—I will not inquire how such a type as *Hermione*, with her devastating gift of irony, could ever have brought herself to marry so pompous an ass as *Valentine Lefevre*; but I may perhaps allow myself to marvel how it came about that his self-conceit had contrived to be still extant and going at full blast after sixteen years of married life with a woman so gifted. "Don't treat me like a fool," he says. "I am treating you," she replies, "as I have always treated you." The survival of his pomposity under these conditions was a great achievement and you will easily believe that it took

a fairly heavy "last straw" to break the back of a Camel who had emerged intact from sixteen years of such treatment.

Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM may, of course, say that during all that time *Hermione* had diplomatically suppressed her gift of irony so as to get her own way; but she was human, and could not always have resisted the temptation to use the rapier of her wit on so easy and vulnerable an object.

After a dullish opening the play brightened with the entrance of *Hermione*; but it was not till the introduction of a little suggestiveness—the more titillating because it was put into female lips (*Enid Lefevre*, flapper, started it,

how this confession would be likely to commend the youth to him, either as a personal friend or as an eligible husband for his niece. However, it had the desired effect of driving the Camel wild, after which there was a general conspiracy to treat his every word and gesture as a symptom of actual madness which had to be humoured. This situation may not be very novel, but it gave scope for some fun which, if perhaps a little obvious, was at least clean fun. And it afforded a happy excuse for the intervention of the family doctor in the person of Mr. HOLMAN CLARK, who applied professional tests to his patient's mental state with the quiet humour of which he is a master.

There came a point when the Camel determined to deserve the bad name that had been given him. Assuming an air of insanity, he seized a lot of little cakes from the tea-table, and threw them about the room, aiming at nothing in particular. At another time—and here there was more method in his madness—he arranged the preliminaries of a jaunt to Paris with his pretty cook, a very open-minded girl, cleverly played by Miss OLIVE SLOANE. At the end—I forget how, and it doesn't really matter—he was brought to his senses and agreed to the marriage of the youth and the flapper.

Mr. FRANK CELLIER'S sound acting of the part of *Valentine Lefevre* was a feat which demanded a camel's power of endurance. In his actions, however, he resembled that beast of burden less closely. He persistently strode about the place with great violence. Indeed so much did this feature seem to appeal to Mr. MAUGHAM that the back-view of *Lefevre* making an exit through the French-windows at full stride was made to furnish the crowning effect for two successive curtains. All this differed widely from the conduct of a camel in the course of being overloaded.

Miss NINA BOUCICAULT was very pleasant in the part of the widowed *Mrs. Lefevre, mère*, a dear old thing of sixty-five, who, after forty years of wedded happiness, wanted to live her own life, and in defiance of her son's protests pursued an adventurous existence in a second-rate London hotel, where she could pick up acquaintances among a



TESTING THE CAMEL'S SANITY.

<i>Valentine Lefevre</i>	MR. FRANK CELLIER.
<i>Dr. Dickinson</i>	MR. HOLMAN CLARK.
<i>Hermione Lefevre</i>	MRS. MADGE TITHERADGE.

and her aunt, *Hermione*, went one worse)—that the admirers of Mr. MAUGHAM began to feel at their ease. I did not worry much about the flapper, who was, as usual, colourless, and perhaps needed to be helped out with a touch of purple; but *Hermione's* wit, very subtly and sensitively conveyed by Miss MADGE TITHERADGE, was too fine to need this adventitious aid.

The scheme of the play was not quite new. It concerned itself with a woman's effort to conquer her husband's objection to the marriage of a young engaged couple. We had all this in *Mr. Pim*. But the measures adopted by Mr. MAUGHAM's lady were at least original. In order to break the back of her Camel she invents a war-time intrigue between herself and *Denis Armstrong*, the young man in question. It is not very clear



IN THE MOVEMENT.

"DIRECT ACTION." ANOTHER LABOUR REVOLT AGAINST CAPITAL.

variety of curious and illuminating types. Her first betting transaction, under the guidance of one of these new friends, afforded some innocent diversion.

I respect Mr. MAUGHAM's honesty in calling his play a farce, and could wish that this candour were more common among his kind. Except for the episode of the little cakes—and even that was not a very boisterous business—there was nothing of active farce in the play. Its farcical elements were rather to be found in the general unreasonableness of things. Such plays, where the characters are made to do or say just anything that strikes the author at the moment as being humorous or bizarre, ought not to be very hard to compose. And I think this one was not quite worth the while of so clever a writer as Mr. MAUGHAM. O. S.

AT THE OPERA.

"IOLANTHE" (PRINCES).

THE selection of *Iolanthe* for the opening of the new season may be taken as a measure of the Management's confidence in the superiority of GILBERT and SULLIVAN's opera over any other interest of the hour. As far as politics are concerned *Iolanthe* has, of course, been long out-of-date; but on the morrow of the instal-

lation of a Socialist Government there was a peculiar irony in the reminder that only a generation ago every British babe was born either Liberal or Conservative; and in the thought that the House of Lords could ever have expected the masses (to-day our masters) to genuflect before them.

In the matter of construction *Iolanthe* is not GILBERT at his best. Some of the entrances in the Second Act are amateurish, and poor *Phyllis* is left badly pendent in the background while my Lords *Mountararat* and *Tolloller* discuss the claims of friendship. But the enthusiasm of the audience was far too fervent for criticism of faults or even for discrimination of merits. All the well-loved airs came alike to them. Once again I suspected the gallery of having their legs pulled by SULLIVAN and mistaking the song about "Good King George's glorious days" for a patriotic ditty of the Rule-Britannia order. And in the passages, "Oh, amorous Dove!" and "Oh, Captain Shaw!" I think it must have been the deceptive poignancy of the music that appealed to the gods rather than the humour of the words, whose allusions were probably lost on them.

The old favourites—Mr. HENRY LYTON, Mr. LEO SHEFFIELD, Mr. DARRELL

FANCOURT, Mr. SYDNEY GRANVILLE, Miss BERTHA LEWIS (in greater form than ever) and Miss WINIFRED LAWSON—were received with exuberant rapture. Of the new-comers, Mr. SIDNEY POINTER made a sound *Tolloller*, and pretty Miss EILEEN SHARP, though she minced her vowel-sounds, sang quite well enough in the rather dull part of *Iolanthe*.

Except for the dresses there was little change in the familiar details of the production. I have a right regard for the traditions of propriety which have governed the costumes in these operas, and give to them, in these days of frank exposure, a certain *cachet* of distinction. But Elfland has a licence of its own, and I think the Chorus of Fairies might have been allowed to wear something a little less severe than those long tight-waisted Victorian frocks. Their black hair, too, with the heavy chignon-buns, did not help much to suggest an air of elfin levity.

You will gather that I am hard put to it to justify my profession of captious critic. And indeed it was a delightful evening. O. S.

From a football-report:—

"Craig headed the ball into the net with an adroit heel movement."—*Scots Paper*. This should have been illustrated.

HATS OFF TO HOLLYWOOD.

I HAVE been reconstructing my ideas about Hollywood, the film suburb of Los Angeles. In some extraordinary way I had imagined life there to be something very different indeed from what it is anywhere else. So it is, apparently, but not in the way that I had imagined.

The fact of the matter is that I have been reading so many fervent expositions of the true state of affairs at Los Angeles (as opposed to the ridiculously mistaken popular idea of it), written by those who are certainly in the best position to know the truth about this section of Movieland, that the memory of my former deplorable impressions fills me with shame.

To put myself right with Hollywood and the world, and incidentally to help the good work along, I have tried in all humility to construct a true picture of the life led by a film star. This is the kind of thing:—

Miss Maisie Mayflower, known to her millions of admirers as "Flower of the World," was just settling down to her modest supper of bread-and-milk and rusks when there came a knock at the door and vivacious little Sadie Sweetmeat, "The Girl with the Golden Eyes," blew into the room.

"Good evening, dear," she said in her silvery tones. "Are you just going to bed, or can I stop for a tiny chat?"

Maisie glanced at the plain lead watch on her delicate wrist. "No, dearest. It's only just nine o'clock, so we can have a nice little talk for half-an-hour or so. Or shall we be very naughty indeed—I feel awfully reckless somehow to-night—and stay up till ten?"

Sadie clapped her hands gleefully. "Oh, do let's! It's years since I did anything so wicked. But mind you don't let anyone know. The other girls would be dreadfully shocked."

"Of course not, dear. Have a rusk?"

"Thank you, darling. I adore rusks. Well, what have you been doing to-day?"

Maisie shrugged her slim shoulders. "Oh, much as usual. I got up at six and went for a nice walk before breakfast. I met Otis J. Hammerhausen, you know, dear"—(here she blushed)—"that rather nice young man who stars for the Second International; and what do you think? He actually wanted to walk with me!"

"The idea!" cried Sadie in shocked tones. "As if a girl could be seen walking with a man without a chap-eron! I should cut him in future, dear. He couldn't be a gentleman to suggest such a thing."

"But that's not all," pursued the indignant Maisie. "Will you believe it—he actually wanted me to go to a dance with him!"

"A dance! How terrible! Dancing's very dangerous, isn't it?"

"Dreadfully!" exclaimed Maisie in a voice of horror. "Except when one's working, of course. That's different."

"Oh, yes," Sadie agreed. "Our director always says that nothing's wicked if it's part of one's work. Not even—"

"Yes, dear?"

Sadie simpered. "Well, not even holding a gentleman's hand; or—or even being k—"

"Hush, darling!" Maisie interrupted.

"Of course," said Sadie, "we know we have to do it in work, because we're acting, and it's a thing those naughty people do outside our own dear Hollywood. But don't let's talk of it."

"You're right, dear," Maisie agreed contritely. "I suppose it's because I'm so excited at the idea of staying up late that I'm saying such dreadful things. There—that's the last of my bread-and-milk. Now I can bring my knitting, and we'll have a real cosy gossip by the fire."

Yes, I've no doubt at all now that this gives an absolutely fair and accurate picture of Hollywood life, and that we were all in error when we thought it would be an exceptionally interesting place to live at.

SELL IT TO MUSIC.

MY DEAR AUGUSTUS,—I cannot tell you how pleased I was to read that a florist's catalogue had been set to music and effectively rendered at the Æolian Hall. Some critics appear to have jibbed at it, but I do not suppose that, to most of us, the libretto would sound any worse than an opera in German, a Welsh Eisteddfod, or a Nicht wi' Burns, and surely any movement in the direction of brighter business deserves encouragement! Besides which, apart from the scope which such a departure offers to new composers like yourself, splendid opportunities for doing good and popular work as commercial travellers would be offered to many singers to whom the plaudits of the musical public have hitherto been denied. When I think of what a mellifluous tenor might achieve with a musical setting of a wine-merchant's sale list at stock prices, I am overcome with anticipatory emotion. As for the big bold baritone who endeavours to dispose of a new patent vacuum cleaner by means of operatic demonstration, he should have no difficulty in winning the favours of the sentimental suburban housewife.

As things are at present there are many songs which really cannot be said to be of very great practical service to the general public; songs about love and kisses, and birds and gardens, and moonlight and old mothers. Quite nice songs, I grant you, but they do not take us by the throat, as it were, and tell us what to do with our money. Some of them are such very sad songs too. Now under the new combination of art and business these songs need not be sad at all. Take the case of the sad song about a girl whose lover has gone away and forgotten all about her. Think what a difference would be made by a slight alteration in the last verse showing how, thanks to So-and-So's Marvellous System of Memory Training, the young man remembered her after all, and came back. The audience would be left in a much more cheerful frame of mind, and some good business would probably be done with young lovers by the firm advertised.

Here is a suggestion for a possible masterpiece which I think you might call "Simpkins' Sausage Symphony." It would look well on those jolly Queen's Hall Promenade programmes which tell you the plot of a musical work as it goes along. If the idea does not appear to you to be developed to complete technical perfection, that is because I have no intention of doing your work for you.

As I have conceived it the description would read somewhat in this way:—

"The theme is given out by the plaintive notes of the double-basses, with a recurring ground melody for wood-wind, harps and *Glockenspiel*. This depicts Mr. Simpkins preparing to construct one of his world-famous sausages. *Arpeggio* passages for flute and clarinet declaim the purity of the materials used by Mr. Simpkins, while the growling of the bassoons indicates his annoyance at coming across a piece of gristle. As the manufacture of the sausage proceeds the industry of Mr. Simpkins is heard in glowing *fortissimo* passages for full orchestra, giving place to a simple pastoral air suggestive of Mr. Simpkins' thoughts reverting with tranquil pride to the rustic scenes amid which the raw material for the sausage first saw the light. A brilliant and vivacious *coda*, descriptive of the passing of the sausage through the concluding stages of manufacture, terminates with a spirited fanfare announcing that Mr. Simpkins and his assistants have finished their task and that the sausage is ready for transport."

I think something of this sort would add considerably to your reputation, to say nothing of the sale of Simpkins' Sausages.

Your sincere PANTAGRUEL.



JOHN BAYESMAN 1924

THE MAN WHO GOT TICKETS FOR THE WRONG NIGHT.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

A FINE malice and a more spiritual outlook would, I think, have rendered *A Cure of Souls* (HUTCHINSON) the best novel Miss MAY SINCLAIR has ever written. The long spectacle of the Reverend Canon Clement Purcell Chamberlain roasting at her slow fire of analysis and comment is not a pretty one; but Miss SINCLAIR has "no call to be bonny," and her great gifts of characterization—the straightforward characterization of her pre-Freudian days—have seldom been more tellingly exerted. The story opens under the wane of the Coalition; "What a Government to have to pray for every Sunday!" the Rector feelingly observes. This antipathy and a strangled sympathy for his niece Daphne are the only sentiments not wholly animal or utilitarian that emerge in the course of the Reverend Clement's career. His main notion in life is to anticipate on earth that inertia which is half mankind's idea of heaven, and his attitude towards his cure is the legitimate distaste of a good man baulked of a worthy object by a petty but pervasive obstacle. He is blandly brutal over the War Memorial—which the villagers want in the village and the Rector manages to install in the church—and he suffers untold misery from the fervours and scruples of his curates until he at last succeeds in diverting the boyish strenuousness of Mr. Cartwright to an urban parish, and the nebulous speculations of Mr. Jackman to the Poplar Lay Mission. His crowning iniquity is his irresponsible exploitation of the local "mystic," Miss Lambert, an exaltée deaconess who, assiduously encouraged by interviews with the Rector, does half the work of the parish before succumbing to a nervous breakdown. Finally he marries a wealthy woman and resigns his cure. As an example to deter, I would willingly recommend the Rector of Queningsford to ecclesiastics of any complexion. But—perhaps it is just my luck—I have yet to meet the cleric who is idle, greedy, callous and (above all) rich enough really to profit by him.

The name of CECIL CHAMPAIN LOWIS, I admit, is strange to me, though he seems already to have more than two books to his credit. In *The Runagate* (CAPE) he exploits an acquaintance with Burma—the Burma of KING THEEBAW and the expedition of Sir HARRY PRENDERGAST—which seems to be authentic and fairly complete. But he has made a curious book out of it. Two young men who are competing for a forestry appointment in the Burmese commercial office of Blewitt Brothers get entangled together at the outset owing to an accident to a borrowed trap as they are trying to catch the last train back to town, and each is too anxious to evade the outraged proprietor to stop and inquire whether the other escaped when the cart of Mr. John Sollas

crashed against the bridge over the river Addle. Then David Betteridge found matters further complicated by the fact that he happened to be wearing C. H. Grogan's overcoat, complete with the appointment, in one of the side-pockets, to the coveted post in Rangoon. Clearly there is here material for no end of complications, especially as the two young men immediately set out for Burma, both taking the name of Grogan; and the false Grogan arrives first and is forthwith despatched up-country in hot haste to recover some elephants that have been commandeered by THEEBAW. Meanwhile the real Grogan has made profitable use of his voyage by falling headlong in love with Geraldine Appleby, also on her way out to Burma. And in the end things are so contrived that all three come together, swept by the backwash of the war into an obscure huddle of thatched huts known as Kaladet. At that point, it seems to me, Mr. LOWIS

loses grip of his story, perhaps in a laudable anxiety to avoid the commonplace of a happy ending. Most readers, I imagine, will prefer Mr. Betteridge to the real Mr. Grogan, and feel a certain soreness with the author and Geraldine for conspiring to put the former out of the way. But Mr. LOWIS certainly has contrived to catch the Burmese atmosphere, and that makes amends for much.

Mr. W. SHAW SPARROW'S volume, *Angling in British Art* (LANE), shows that, while few really great pictures have been inspired by angling subjects, there are many fine pictures in which a fishing interest is incidental. He has however, no illusions in the matter. He is perhaps more enthusiastic about a few of the essentially fishing pictures than some of his readers may be, but he states implicitly that correct angling technique alone will not create a masterpiece of painting, and that Art is not a window-pane.

Among his reproductions are several Turners and a Cotman, each of which contains as part of a magnificent composition small figures engaged in various kinds of angling. There are besides many plates in which angling is the main theme, and probably those taken from prints by the ALKENS, the POLLARDS, NEWTON FIELDING, SAMUEL HOWITT, MORLAND and FRANCIS BARLOW will appeal to sporting collectors generally. It should be added, moreover, that, though the subject on a superficial conception may seem to be restricted within fairly narrow limits, the author has a most engaging way of overstepping the boundaries. Not only is there much jolly gossip about anglers and artists, but the literature and philosophy of both Art and angling are brought into a cheerful alliance; there are disquisitions on the social life depicted, and occasionally there is even a vague political flavouring. Mr. SPARROW claims that his is the first history on his subject, and also that it is the first history of any kind that has been written backwards. He begins, that is to say, with the artists of our own time, such as Mr. BRANGWYN, and works back to those of the time of IZAAK



Tommy. "WHY, THERE'S BERTIE 'OGGS GOIN' TO THE PICTURES AGAIN. 'E SEEMS TO 'AVE A LOT OF MONEY."
Billy. "YUS—'AVEN'T YOU 'EARD? 'E'S JUST SOLD 'IS CIGARETTE-PICTURE COLLECTION."



"ALLOW ME, SIR. IT DON'T DO TO 'AVE EVEN A SHORT 'AIR ON YEE COAT IN THESE DAYS O' SHINGLING."

WALTON. This experiment in topsyturvydom has not bewildered one reader, at any rate; and the numerous illustrations in colour and black-and-white would be a joy in whatever order they appeared.

Whenever anything interrupted my reading of *The Happy Isles* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) I felt to wondering why I was enjoying it so much. I was really a little ashamed of my emotions because the plot—the rich man's heir stolen from his "pram," his upbringing as a poor boy, his love for a high-born maiden and his final return to the family circle—is more than old. Also there have been rather too many recent novels beginning with the baby, as nurses say, "from the month," and ending with him at the altar. The fact is that Mr. BASIL KING—but I don't very much believe in that "Mr."—has written a book which is fascinating because it is so full of human beings, and the plot doesn't seem stale because they greet its happenings as real people would, not as good characters are supposed to. There is *Tom Whitelaw*, the stolen baby, who loves the memory of the woman who stole him and doesn't feel any more drawn to his real mother than he would to any stranger for whom he was sorry; and *Mrs. Whitelaw* too, tortured for years by the rumour that here or there her son had been found, quite unable to recognise him in the grown man, and only asking that she shall be made to suffer no more, is equally true to life, at least until the book's last paragraph. But the best thing in it is *Mr. Lem Honeybun*, the burglar who adopts *Tom* as his "next-o'-kin" and sends him to Harvard. *Honeybun's* conversation is a delight, and I greatly approved his description of an "orthodox": "It ain't so much a kind o' religion as it's a kind o' way o' thinkin'. You're a orthodox when you don't think at all."

Gerry Dallas was just starting upon his honeymoon when by chance he learned that his mother, who had died when he was a boy, had been a homicidal maniac. What was he to do? I am not attempting to answer that conundrum, but what he did was to disappear with no waste of time and with scant explanations. In *The Adventures of Gerry* (HUTCHINSON) Mrs. CONYERS gives a vivid account of the fugitive's experiences in an old Irish country-house. Ireland at the time was in the worst of her troubles, and, if you were ignorant of the Irish nature, some of the incidents here related might suggest one of those fictitious Balkan States so industriously manufactured by novelists. Nothing was so true in the Ireland of that time as the incredible, and the picture that Mrs. CONYERS draws with unfailing sympathy and humour is clearly taken from life. And I can promise anyone who is at present debarred from hunting by necessary restrictions that he may enjoy some excellent sport from the runs that are chronicled in these pages. I have one complaint to make. It is that, although I consider myself one of the worst guessers in the world, I was not given the ghost of a chance to bungle over the outcome of *Gerry's* flight. Mrs. CONYERS really goes out of her way to let me into her confidence.

Mr. GEOFFREY MOSS, in his *Defeat* (CONSTABLE), places the reviewer in a difficulty, for I cannot but regard it as unfortunate that he should have cast his collection of stories in a form which, quite apart from their technical qualities, provokes the reader to judge their merits solely by the criterion of their accuracy as transcripts of life in Germany of to-day. That is one of the disadvantages of treating in fiction a contemporary subject concerning which opinions are divided and feelings exacerbated. Here is a series of

the most miserable episodes which chiefly convey the impression that Mr. Moss intensely sympathises with the German people by reason of their sufferings following the War. Some people will ask, "Who made the War?" and so on, a controversy into which a reviewer cannot enter. In a word, a dispassionate consideration of *Defeat* is nearly impossible. If it is not propaganda—hideous word—it might be, and that is fatal to art. I like best the story which gives its name to the book; but even here the effect is made to depend upon whether in fact French officers have ever done what they are described by Mr. Moss as doing habitually. The victim of that horrid affair, *Graf Koekeritz*, was at least a decent person. As for the other Germans delineated by Mr. Moss, the less that is said about them the better.

James Strang, the hero of *The Day-Boy* (GRANT RICHARDS), was the son of a foreman fitter, and was educated at the L.C.C. School for Boys, Stockham. From there he won a scholarship at Oxford, and eventually he went as a master to Harleigh, a public school fully equipped with traditions and prejudices. Finally he returned to teach at Stockham. In a letter written to one of his old masters after he had made his final decision, *Strang* said, "Anyway, next term I go across the Great Divide—back to my own people again. I wonder if one day this idea of crossing the divide by going from Harleigh to Stockham will go? At present they're poles apart. . . . It's something to work for ultimately, perhaps something to hope for." Mr. RONALD GURNER gives a clear picture of *Strang* at Stockham and at Harleigh, but Oxford has proved a stumbling-block to his hero, as it has to many other novelists. The impression given of him as an undergraduate is misty and confused, and as a matter

of detail I do not believe that a scholar of no athletic or social prominence would be elected to his college dining and club in his second year. But, although Mr. GURNER trips when trying to describe Oxford, his steps are firm and steady when he is dealing with school-life.

Cross Lights (PALMER) is the first volume I have encountered of that long series of dramas, poems, tales and letters which, when completed, is to form what Mr. BERNARD GILBERT calls a "God's-Eye View" of a large tract of rural Lincolnshire. I am bound to admit that I came to its perusal a little sceptical as to the identity of Mr. GILBERT's standpoint with that of the Almighty, and that I rose from four or five hours' immersion in the annals of Fletton, Bly and Barkston with a strong sense of having spent a wet afternoon in an inn-parlour in company with last week's local paper, last year's County Directory and as much gossip as I could drink in whenever the tap-room door was left ajar or the girl came in to put the coal on. None of this

is unpleasant, if you like it. And apart from its first half-dozen numbers—pieces of sculduggery whose worst example has not even the excuse of aptness—the book is seldom without legitimate interest. The War from the point of view of the farmers has five pungent sketches to its credit; and there is an admirable account of a balloon ascent in "Tryon's Ride." Observation and memory are Mr. GILBERT's strong suits. He is not creative. Perhaps that is why the Creator's omniscience does not exactly become him.

Mr. Page was an organist and he had two daughters whom, with high-handed paternal cruelty, he christened *Melody* and *Harmony*. It is the latter who is the heroine of Miss DIANA PATRICK's new novel, *All to Seek* (HUTCHIN-

SON), and what she seeks is scarcely, as her creator seems to imagine, the "merchandise that no man ever found" of Mr. NOYES' poem, from which the title is taken, but rather every sort of material pleasure and perquisite for herself. *Melody's* husband, turning their car suddenly to avoid running over an illegitimate child of his, throws her out and kills her; but after a very short interval, chiefly devoted to parties and dancing, our pretty *Harmony* has promised to marry him herself. Fate is good to her and parts them, and, after several narrow escapes of even worse alliances, she is happily married to the sanest and richest man in the book. I have no objection to reading stories about vain and heartless little adventuresses, but Miss PATRICK obviously expects me to admire this one. Here we part company.

I received a rather shrewd blow when I discovered that *Major Fenton*, the exceptionally crafty villain of *The Red Lodge* (MILLS AND BOON), had been, if Mr. VICTOR BRIDGES is to be believed, educated at the same school as I was. But, although I repudiate *Major Fenton* with all my might, I have also to acknowledge that his craftiness and crimes contribute to the making of a most readable story. By this time Mr. BRIDGES occupies a firmly established position as a sensational writer, and he deserves it. His novels are not comprised of a series of hysterical incidents, but are logically and carefully constructed. And for Scotland Yard he shows a respect that is rare enough in detective fiction.

The Editor also desires to acknowledge the following books:—*Kelly's Post Office London Directory, 1924* (KELLY'S DIRECTORIES, LTD.), with a Supplement giving a list of the new Parliament; *Benham's Book of Quotations* (WARD, LOCK AND Co.), a new and greatly enlarged edition of this well-known work of reference; *Broadcasting from Within* (NEWNES), by C. A. LEWIS ("Uncle Caractacus"), with a foreword by Lord GAINFORD, and *The Woman's Year-Book, 1923-4* (WOMEN PUBLISHERS, LTD.), edited by Miss G. EVELYN GATES, M.A.



Little Girl. "MOTHER, WHY HAS HE GOT TO PUSH LIKE THAT?"

CHARIVARIA.

THE halo headdress is to be fashionable for women this year. We can't think why Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL never thought of that one.

The centenary of the Athenæum Club is to be celebrated by a banquet. Complimentary tickets will be sent to all the surviving original members.

In a recent speech the PRIME MINISTER remarked that Foreign Secretaries are human. It is said that upon reading this Lord CURZON made gurgling noises.

It is stated that a history of Messrs. Cox and Co., the Army bankers, is to be written. We hope it will include that pathetic little dirge entitled "The Subaltern's Farewell to his Overdraft."

"Influenza in Camp," says a headline. But only the more healthy germs could possibly sleep under canvas in this weather.

At a recent fashionable wedding bridesmaids were dispensed with. There is a tendency nowadays to break away from the old marriage customs, but so far no bride however smart has departed from the pretty one of being attended by a bridegroom.

Giving evidence last week an East London girl stated that her lover promised her the earth when they became engaged. We fancy we know the name of the politician who first gave her *fiancé* the idea.

According to Mr. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, vegetarians are the most ferocious beings in human society. The way they glare before savagely pouncing upon a nut outlet is said to remind one of the Wild West.

One of the advantages of Mr. SHAW's play, *Back to Methuselah*, is that theatre patrons can go to bed between the Acts.

"I confess to an increasing doubt whether the present European system can ever right itself," says Mr. H. G. WELLS. We hope this does not mean that the famous author has given up the idea of doing it himself.

Lord LEVERHULME has confessed that he gets up at four-thirty every morning. Another terrible example of what success brings a man to.

Miss I. A. R. WYLIE regards the present as a fine age to be alive in. There



Hairdresser. "AND WHAT FOR YOU, MY LITTLE MAN?"

Little Man. "CAN I HAVE A DRY CHAMPAGNE, PLEASE?"

must be something in this assertion for we notice that even our pessimists seem to keep hanging on.

Boxing, we read, is taught in a Bermondsey Sunday School. Many of our leading pugilists give the impression of having learnt their boxing in a religious atmosphere.

A French doctor claims to have discovered a cure for snoring. He may thus be the means of eliminating one deplorable feature from Parliamentary debate; it now remains to be seen if he can do anything about Mr. KIRKWOOD.

A French aviator was recently shot in the foot by a revolver bullet whilst flying at a low altitude. It is thought that he inadvertently passed over a field in which a duel was in progress.

With reference to the POET LAUREATE's trip to America it is stated in a personal paragraph that he was formerly

a country doctor and used to write poetry in his spare time. It seems rather a pity he didn't keep up this hobby.

Mr. G. WARD PRICE has explained in *The Daily Mail* that Gibraltar is obsolete. It is accordingly anticipated that the Government will give instructions for the Rock to be towed away and broken up for building purposes.

A sailor has been swinging Indian clubs continuously for three days and three nights. We can only suppose that he had no idea it was so late.

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Express* to say that some years ago there was no full moon during the month of February. It is only fair to point out that the Labour Government was not in power then.

Natives of the Philippine Islands think that the world is upside down. Dean INGE is sure of it.

THE LIBERAL DICTATOR.

I WONDER what the Wild Men thought
Of RAMSAY'S modest bill of fare;
In vain for any hint they sought
Of good hot stuff to raise your hair;
You might, in point of spice and fat,
Have had a menu much like that
Done by a Tory Democrat!

When there "emerged" no scheme of
red

For bathing Capital in its gore,
Little above their breath they said,
But, like the parrot, thought the
more;

Murmuring low, "A time will come
When we will take, to make things hum,
Our own sweet way. Fee-fi-fo-fum!"

Meanwhile to Labour's virgin screed
BALDWIN applied the silken lash;
Excellent schemes—his own, indeed—
But how would RAMSAY raise the
cash?

He doubted too if Russia's face,
Where dirty tricks had left their trace,
Was good enough for our embrace.

Then up rose ASQUITH, breathing doom,
And crossed the floor to face his foe
(For so he named the Party whom
He put in power a month ago);
"I am the Judge who seals your fate,"
He told them baldly; "I dictate
Your lease of life, your funeral's date!"

"The things your so-called guardians do
Are, by my final edict, banned;
Your WHEATLEY, ay, and all your crew,
Lie in the hollow of my hand;
Unless that man—take this from me—
Shins down from yonder Poplar tree,
I and my henchmen shoot!" says he.
O. S.

HELP!

INSULAR prejudice throughout this England of ours has been responsible for many a thoughtless libel against the foreigner. But of all the calumnies that have ever been uttered none is more cruel than that which charges the Italian railway-official with being unhelpful. Like ourselves, he is probably only human. He may occasionally forget where he left the key of his booking-office or where he put the particular brand of ticket you happen to fancy. He may have to work out his calculations with a bit of chalk on the nearest wall. He may even forget to give you your correct change. But of all railway-officials in Europe it is doubtful whether any come forward more willingly, more determinedly or in such numbers to assist the foreigner to his train.

It was my good fortune, not long since, to experience some of this help-

fulness in Milan station. And if any of the good Milanese who left their all to follow my fortunes on that occasion were unable to remain with me until I eventually succeeded in obtaining my ticket I take this opportunity of thanking them for what they tried to do, or wanted to try to do, or narrowly failed of completing.

My original intention, on entering the station, had been to avoid anything in the nature of undue ostentation; to discover the correct booking-office by stealth, and blush to find myself in the right train.

But the warm-hearted staff wouldn't hear of it. No sooner had I set foot in the booking-hall than my two suit-cases, my handbag, my rug and my umbrella became the objective of a powerful baggage column. The organization was wonderful. There was no overlapping to speak of, very little shouting and practically nothing in the nature of open riot. Not a drop of blood was spilt. And although at the end of ten seconds I began to experience some difficulty in distinguishing between those who were helping me, those who were helping the men who were helping me and those who *had* helped or *wanted* to help or were *waiting* to help me, I am ready to admit that this little weakness in the organization might easily have been overcome in about ten minutes by the simple provision of auxiliary helpers—men whose sole duty would consist in helping me to distinguish clearly between helpers engaged in helping legitimate helpers, and helpers who, in the din, might conceivably be tempted to help themselves.

An interpreter took the first real step towards aiding me in my quest for a ticket. At the moment of my entrance he was busy leaning against the angle formed by another interpreter and a wall. But he jumped to his feet, fought his way to my side, ascertained where I wanted to go, placed me at the end of a long booking-queue, pocketed his tip, touched his cap and vanished—all in the twinkling of an eye. I have never seen a smarter piece of work, unless it was that of the friendly porter who immediately afterwards pulled me out of the queue again. Through the mixed medium of gesture and broken English, this man and his supporters explained to me that I was in the wrong queue altogether. Nor would they leave me until I had accompanied them to a distant booking-office, which bore all the appearance of never having been opened since it was built.

"Stop here," they commanded, again in the language of gesture, "while we exert our influence with the authorities. Only thus can you ever hope to secure the

particular variety of ticket upon which you appear to have set your heart."

They returned five minutes later, driving a tame official before them.

"What luck?" I inquired, advancing to meet them.

With a fatherly smile the official brandished the very ticket which I had ordered! Gladly and promiscuously I tipped, paid my fare, received my ticket—which bore a striking resemblance to a music-hall programme—and fell into step at the rear of the column that was helping me with my two suit-cases, my handbag, my rug and my umbrella.

At the barrier a halt was called, word was passed back and I moved up to the head of the line.

"Your ticket," shouted the inspector, or Italian idioms to that effect; and with a flourish of triumph I swung the thing before his startled gaze.

For a moment the man looked incredulous. Then, snatching the document, he gazed at it for a while before raising his eyes to fix me reproachfully. As plainly as if he had spoken I read his thoughts. "Why didn't you let me get this for you?" he said, with his shoulders, his eyebrows and his moustache.

But his anger passed. The irresistible instinct of the Italian railway-official rose uppermost in his being, and he prepared to help me. My train was due out in about three minutes, a fact that might easily have been seized upon as an excuse for withholding any further assistance. But no; instead, producing a pair of iron-rimmed spectacles, the inspector put them on, adjusted them, turned to paragraph three on page five of my ticket, and read the passage out, word for word, in the divine language of DANTE. A lump rose in my throat; a mist came before my eyes. I wanted to shake the inspector by the hand. I felt that I ought to ask after his family. An almost overwhelming desire seized me to tell him that, if only the departure of my train could be delayed for an hour or so, nothing would please me more than to go through the whole ticket with him, chapter by chapter. My total ignorance of Italian, however, combined with the uproar occasioned by such of my following as had broken rank to elaborate on what the inspector had been reading, decided me to bow gracefully, recover my ticket with a snatch, and shove my way on to the platform.

From the window of my carriage I assisted at the vociferous demobilization of the baggage column. And as they straggled back in the direction of the booking-hall I watched my late helpers help one another to count the lira notes with which I had sprinkled them.



THE OBSCURANTISTS.

THE ACTOR } (together). { "I HEAR THEY WANT MORE DAYLIGHT."
THE COW }

[The Theatrical Managers' Association, in protesting, on behalf of themselves and the Profession, against the proposed extension of Summer Time, refer to similar protests made by farmers' associations.]



Perplexed Jurorwoman (as the jury leave the box). "OH, EXCUSE ME ASKING A QUESTION, MY LORD, BUT I'D BE SO GLAD IF YOU'D TELL ME IF THE PRISONER DID REALLY COMMIT THE THEFT."

THE NEW BRASSIE.

I SAW you in the shop and found you fair,
A club compact of everything most meet;
In all the ordered row that met me there
Was none so sweet, so sweet.

I handled you, and to the shopman spake:
"Sound, sound the clarion, friend, and fill the fife;
This is an article by which we take
To a new kind of life.

"Here is that subtle force that all men seek
(How vainly, shopman, most); that hidden strength
Which makes a person strong where he was weak,
And gives him line with length.

"This must be mine in all its gracious pride;
(Sing, shopman!) life shall be a merry tale
Henceforth; what's more," I definitely cried,
"I pay you on the nail."

Yes, you were fair—a thing that all could praise,
And I for one was well prepared to love;
At once to my old club of other days
I coldly gave the shove.

And out in all your peerless pride you came,
And I have played with you not once nor twice,
And daily have you bowed my head in shame;
My hat, how you can slice!

I know (God wot) that in your normal kind,
Ev'n with the best, it is a racial trait;
But, when it comes to them, we wait resigned;
The mood will pass, we say.

But you—with you it's chronic; not a stroke
But searches out the wide and distant off;
It is no fleeting mood; it is no joke;
It surely is not golf.

You nearly slew a man the other morn,
A harmless distant man, to your disgrace,
Who looked on me with sour and bitter scorn
Ev'n as he rubbed the place.

I laid you by, and sadly took again
The friend I had discarded—tried and true
In days when I was happy—but in vain;
He's started slicing too.

Even my calm respectable old spoon,
Old Slow-and-Sure, has grown erratic now
With a fierce recklessness one might as soon
Have looked for in a cow.

My comely friend, I can no more endure
This poison; if you carry the disease
Unwitting, still I have to find a cure,
If not for you, for these.

You will now deal this ball a hearty biff,
Despatching it, I trust, both straight and far;
If you accomplish this achievement, if
You do, then there we are.

But, if the mad ball hurtles off the map
To that wild rough of which you seem so fond,
Why then, I swear it by my handicap,
I give you to the Pond. DUM-DUM.

THE RATTLE.

My niece is blissfully ignorant of the business methods of the British Post Office, or, indeed, of any of the major worries of life, with the possible exceptions of the vagaries of parents and the vagaries of the climate. She will not read this number of *Punch*, and I shall not tell her of the incident here recorded. Experiences of this kind will come to her in good time. Meanwhile let her grow up in the faith that civilisation (including the Post Office) is, broadly speaking, based on commonsense.

At the moment my niece is little more than a year old; her birthday was last week. My wife having decided that a rattle was the memento *de rigueur* of this attainment, and myself having provided what seemed to me an exorbitant sum for such a trifle, I took the thing to be posted. My wife, whose faith in the Post Office is almost negligible, insisted that the parcel should be registered.

So, entering the Post Office, I made the customary tour of inspection and eventually located the yard or so of counter which proclaimed "Registered Letters."

"Registered, please," I said politely, handing the precious package over the grill.

The clerk held out a condescending hand, took the parcel, turned it over suspiciously once or twice and then shook it.

"Rattles," she said.

"No, only one," I corrected.

The young lady looked at me rather pityingly.

"I say it rattles," she said, a little more kindly.

"It does, doesn't it?" I replied brightly. I was not to be outdone in amiability by a Post Office clerk.

But I had made a psychological miscalculation. The damsel was not aiming at a friendly exchange of views at all. Tossing her shingled hair, she rapped out at me:—

"Can't-take-it—yes?"

The final word of the phrase was an interrogative, and was not addressed to me, but to the customer behind me. Having a fair share of good manners and quite a good knowledge of this particular Post Office game, I waited while the other customer argued about the price of a registered envelope and eventually departed. After that I decided to be firm.

"I think that we misunderstand each other slightly," I said. "What I require is to have this package despatched by registered—"

"And what I've said is that I can't register a parcel that rattles."



The Wife. "I'VE JUST SHOWN HIM THE BILL FOR THIS HAT AND——"

Her Mother. "OH, LAURA, YOUR EXTRAVAGANCE WILL——"

The Wife. "AND HE SAID, 'WHY DIDN'T YOU GET A BETTER ONE?'"

"But, my dear young lady," I expostulated, "the thing contains a rattle. I use the word as a concrete substantive. To be quite clear, a child's rattle."

"Oh!" exclaimed my young friend, "I see. Why didn't you tell me that before? All the same I can't take it as it is. Couldn't you pack it so that it wouldn't make a noise?"

I looked at the young lady with fresh interest. Here, I reflected, was one of the future mothers of the race.

I regret to say that, for a moment, I became sarcastic.

"Of course," I replied, "I could cut open the celluloid container, extract the peas and pack them in cotton-wool, or——"

I perceived that my sarcasm was missing its mark. The parcel was coming back to me over the rail, pre-

sumably in order that I might carry out my suggestion. So I altered my tactics.

"I'm afraid," I continued with all the dignity I could command, "that you do not grasp the subtleties of the situation. However, if, as I understand the position, the POSTMASTER-GENERAL is not prepared to accept a child's rattle for transmission by registered post, I must—er—send it the other way. Perhaps you'll tell me how much and give me the stamps?"

Over the wire defences the rattle came back to me, and through the mesh a voice.

"Next counter, unregistered," said the voice.

"The whole of the Household Appointments will be sold in lots,"—*Birmingham Paper*. We are glad that the PRIME MINISTER did not adopt this arrangement.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

XIII.—LOVE; OR, THE LUMBAR GANGLION.*

I KNEW it would happen.

One day last week the Man in the Moon stopped eating. The next day he told me he had stopped sleeping. That night he refused drink. Meanwhile he sat about in attitudes of profound melancholy and paid no attention to the conversation of others. Every now and then he rose from his chair and sighed heavily, or walked up and downstairs singing in a sad voice a very gay song. In the streets he was a perfect nuisance, either crawling along with his head on his chest and too deep in thought to apologise about collisions, or skipping like a lamb, striking the lamp-posts with his stick. And when he halted in Trafalgar Square and rapturously blew a kiss in the general direction of NELSON I felt it was time to intervene.

"I don't quite know what's the matter with me," he explained. "I am rapturously happy—I know that—but I don't seem to be enjoying it."

"You don't," I said; "I never saw any man get less fun out of a rapture."

"What is it?" he went on. "I have never before felt so warm an affection for the human race; I feel that every man is friendly and good; I long for everyone to be as happy as I am, yet I am unable to pay any attention to what they say. Life, the earth and every common sight have a new meaning for me; but I have not the remotest idea what it is. I overflow with generous impulses, and I feel like a bear with a sore head. Indeed I sometimes wonder whether I am quite right in the head. Perhaps I have stayed in your planet too long. We have nothing like this in the Moon. What is it?"

"It all dates," he went on, without waiting for a reply, "from Friday week, when I happened to meet a young lady called Phyllis—Phyllis Fair—Phyllis—Phyllis—Phyllis," he murmured—"Phyllis Fair."

"Go on," I said; "I can remember that."

"This, of course, may be nothing more than a coincidence. Indeed it must be, for I see very clearly that this young lady is in no way remarkable. I have

seen thousands more beautiful, hundreds more agreeable and dozens more intelligent. Yet in her presence my heart beats at a rate which my doctor advises me is abnormal and even dangerous. I find myself anxious that the whole world should share my good opinion of the young person; yet as soon as any man shows signs of doing so it is with difficulty that I restrain myself from killing him. My doctor can do nothing for me. What is this disease?"

"It is Love," I replied, "*Amor Intolerabilis*."

"And what does one do for that?"

"Curiously enough," I said, "I am at this moment reading a book which should be of use to you. It is called *Psycho-Analysis and the Unconscious*, and the chapter I am reading is called

plane of subjective dynamic consciousness arises the corresponding first plane of objective consciousness, the objective unconscious, polarised in the cardiac plexus and the thoracic ganglion——"

"Give me the book," said he.

"What's Phyllis Fair's address?"

"21, Laburnum Villas, Chelsea, S.W.3."

"Right. I'll send her a copy." And I did.

Yesterday my friend took me to call. Phyllis was charming. And the book, at any rate, had taught them both that love is not a thing to be ashamed of, provided it is expressed in the right language. The Man in the Moon broached the subject before tea was over, ignoring my presence entirely.

"Miss Fair," he said, "I can keep silence no longer. From the positive pole of my cardiac plexus flows out that effluence which we call selfless love. From the strong ganglion of my shoulders proceeds the negative circuit, searching and exploring, bringing back pure objective apprehension, not critical in the mental sense, and yet passionately discriminative."

"May I give you some more tea?" said Phyllis.

"Thanks. This is the dual polarity. Within the individual the polarity is fourfold. In a relation between two individuals the polarity is already eightfold. I am polarised. You are polarised. The question is—are we polarised in the same plane? In a word, will you marry me?"

"The roots of vision are in the cardiac plexus," replied the girl. "I don't know what to say."

"You are right," said the Man in the Moon. "Of that reflected moon-love, derived from the head, that spurious form of love which predominates to-day, we will not speak, you and I. Love is a great objective flux, a streaming forth of the self in blissful departure, like sunbeams streaming. And I——"

"You know, of course," she said, "that the lumbar ganglion negatively polarises the solar plexus in the primal psychic activity of a normal individual. Do you find that?" she added searchingly.

"Yes," he answered, meeting her gaze.

"I sometimes sit in my window," she whispered, "when the moon is up and polarise my lumbar ganglion——"

"I too," he broke in wildly. "And from the thoracic ganglion also my un-



"IT'S ALL SWANK—E'S ONLY WORE THAT SINCE THE PRINCE 'AD 'IS ACCIDENT."

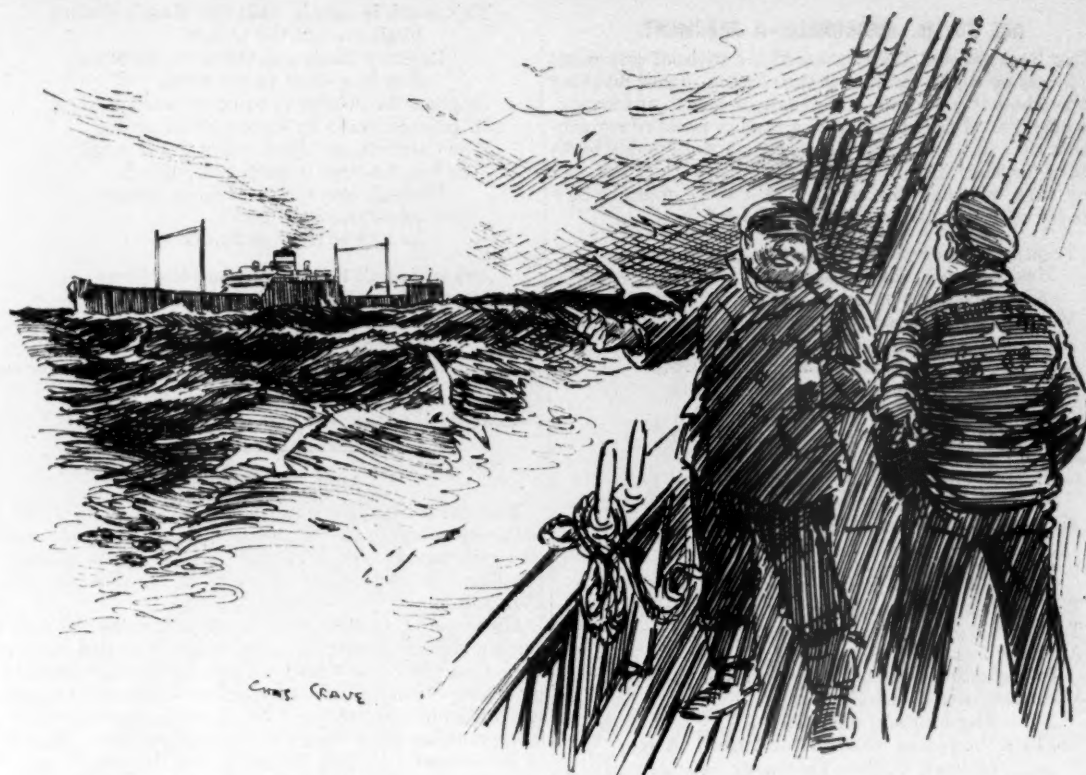
"The Lover and the Beloved." The fact is, the human race has been loving for some considerable time, but we are only now beginning to understand love, and it is very fortunate that you should have chosen to visit the Earth at this particular moment, when Mr. D. H. LAWRENCE and others of the moderns have made the whole matter plain. You read this chapter, my boy; forget all that old-fashioned nonsense about the heart and rapture and so forth, and go and have a good talk to Phyllis. Listen:—

"THE LOVER AND THE BELOVED.

"Consciousness develops on successive planes. On each plane there is the dual polarity, positive and negative, of the sympathetic and voluntary nerve centres. The first plane is established between the poles of the sympathetic solar plexus and the voluntary lumbar ganglion. This is the active first plane of the subjective unconscious, from which the whole of consciousness arises.

"Immediately succeeding the first

* "Ganglion. Enlargement or knot on nerve from which nerve-fibres radiate: mass of grey matter in central nervous system forming a nerve-nucleus."—*Concise Oxford Dictionary*.



Captain of Schooner (indicating modern steamship). "Now, I suppose, Jim, on a boat like that the skipper would 'AVE TO BE A KIND OF REFEREE."

conscious goes forth in its quest of the beloved. Last night the young snow-drops were calling to me, and my whole *psyche* went out in a passionate flux of sympathetic love, subjective-abdominal and objective-devotional, both."

"You too?" she breathed. "But there must be the twofold passion circuit of separatist realisation, the lower, vital *self-realisation*, and the upper, intense realisation of the other, a realisation which includes a recognition of abysmal *otherness*. Can you give me that?"

"There is nothing I would not do for you," he answered.

"Perhaps, between lovers," she mused, "in the objective way of love, either the voluntary separative mode predominates, or the sympathetic mode of communion—one or the other. In the North we have worshipped the latter mode; but in the South it is different—the objective sapient manner of love seems more natural. Which is yours?"

"The former," he replied, falling on his knees. "O my dear, Spring is waking in the woods; in tiny sheaths the daffodil prepares its glory, on every bough the whitethroat practises the song of

Summer, and from the passionate conscious-centre of my breast goes forth my lonely unconscious, groping after your unconscious on the first upper plane, dynamic, functional, positive and negative. And shall not these two unconscious be one unconscious? Be mine!"

"Alas!" she cried, "it cannot be;" and she buried her face in her hands. "Ah, how can I tell you?" she whimpered, raising a face from which all the colour had fled, and most of the powder. "I have lost my unconscious."

"What!" cried the stricken lover. "Lost it!"

"Last night," she said, "the moon had a golden ring, and for a happy hour or two my dynamic consciousness was subjective. Little thinking what I was doing, I linked up the two poles of the cardiac plexus and the thoracic ganglion and sent forth my unconscious on the second plane. Alas! the poles were both *positive*, and there was a short circuit. My unconscious never came back. I have no unconscious," she wailed, clinging to the Man in the Moon, whose face was now suffused with passion. "Just Heaven, give me back my unconscious!"

He flung her from him with a brutal gesture.

"Unsexed!" he cried, and madly left the building. A. P. H.

A NORTHERN ORPHEUS.

WHEN Jamie took it in his heid
He wasna meant for wark or study,
An' wandered fiddlin' for his breid,
An' livin' like a gangrel buddy,
The unco guid in ferm an' toon
Wad shake their heids ower sie a
riddle—
"A dacent lad turned beggar loon!
But—step inbye; let's hear yer
fiddle."

When Jamie, auld an' wrunkled, dee'd,
Smooored in a snawdrift i' the swire,
An' gae'd, as folks had prophesied,
Tae regions of eternal fire,
The deil cam ben an' whispered, "James,
Nae need tae roast there i' the middle;
There's a caller bit ayont the flames
I keep for lads that plays the fiddle."

"As the time of the appointment drew nearer she listened fearfully to every football in the corridor."—*Daily Paper feuilleton*.

Poor girl! How she must have longed for the referee's whistle.

ODE TO MR. MACDONALD—A FRAGMENT.

THE lines printed below reached me without any name or address by which to identify the sender. Their meaning on the whole is clear, but their manner seems unwarrantably obscure. I take them to be a further proof of my contention that poets will soon be returning to the eighteenth century for their inspiration. If CONGREVE, they possibly argue, then why not DRYDEN? But is there going to be a Ministry of Arts? I have not heard about it.

Thou who, undaunted in debate,
Hast set up Vulcan in the seat of Jove,
Which makes men pretty mauve,*
Who see the hand of rapine reared against the State:
Whether to-day thine arm propels along
The golf-ball, or thou gatherest in a drove
Thy followers, be a decent cove,
RAMSAY, and hear my song.
From Beauty, Heavenly Beauty, grows
Yon light that overspreads the sky
Of Sculpture, Painting, and of Poetry;
Prosperity, without, were all my eye.
We simply must have lots and lots of those.

I therefore, taking up the lyre,
Submit this thesis by express desire:—
That more than Mr. WENN's elaborate schemes
To oust the old, to start the new régimes,
Alone, in fact, of all thy dreams
To make thee dear to men of wit and parts
Most rare, most admirable seems
Thy Ministry of Arts.
Too long the pining Muse hath mourned an age
Of fickle Publick Patronage;
I am not speaking now about the Stage,
Though even that
Might benefit by being nat.†
But all the pencil's crafts, and all
The instruments harmoniously musical,
And song-birds' voices stifled by the weight
Of ponderous dulness and Bæotian hate,
To these, MACDONALD, when thou criest "Ho!
Things being so,
We'll make a Minister, and one with a Portfolio,"
Such wealth of gratitude shall soon outpour
As not the Augustan Age nor PERICLES had more.

To know who first shall hold the scales
In that nice Court of Fame
Presumptuous Fancy asks, but quails,
Nor Ramour breathes the name;
But Hope surrounds his path with prosperous gales
And Joy from heaven looks down,
While disconcerted Envy groans,
"It might, of course, be Mr. JONES,
Member for Silvertown."
Or SIDNEY's self at last, from Bluebooks torn,
Leaving statistics in his desk forlorn,
On that thrice happy, happy morn
Might seize the oboe and the clavichord;
Or Mr. SHAW, with timbrel and with tabor,
Fly the unfruitful Ministry of Labour;
Or, Baal and his ships abhorred,
AMMON in Phæbus find superb reward.
Or, if not these, why then some Labour Lord;
Or WHEATLEY hear the harp's insidious strain
And shadowy Poplar weep for him in vain.

* Sc. Blue.

† Sc. Nationalised.

This much is certain, that the Muse's charms
Shall overtilt the weight
Of every Rank and Office in the State
And lure them to her arms.
So great the chance of being hymned in song
Or painted gratis by some painter strong
(For Cabinets are short, while Art is long);
So big the hope in each quick mind,
Through counterfeit of oil or bronze,
New immortality to find
As EPSTEINS or as JOHNS.

And last of all the Publick and the Press
Thy saving virtues, RAMSAY, shall confess,
And, fearful of Philistia's awful charge,
Envelop thee with margo.‡
And vow for Beauty's sovran sake no tax can be too
large

Unhappily the fragment breaks off here.

EVOE.

AIDS TO GARDENING.

THE gardening calendar which Clarissa hung up in the hall, ostensibly for my benefit, is a decorative and informative publication, yet I always pass it by as quickly as possible. It reminds me too much of the sad case of poor Peterson.

Like most of us, Peterson was happily contented with the artistic side of gardening—smelling a rose, picking a carnation and so forth—until someone presented him with a gardening calendar. He then became possessed of a passion to grow some sea-kale; he felt, I think, that he would be living a fuller life if he grew his own sea-kale. According to the calendar it was necessary that he should sow the sea-kale either between 5.50 A.M. and 6.50 A.M., or between 8.15 A.M. and 10.40 A.M. Try as he would, Peterson could not fit himself into that schedule. He would awake with unfailing regularity at 6.55 A.M., but he knew it was useless to leap out of bed and sow his sea-kale, as apparently, on the authority of the time-table, it would perish and its blood would be on his head. By 8.15 he would be sound asleep again and would awake with just enough time to snatch a hasty breakfast and catch the 9.14 to town. So he never succeeded in growing his own sea-kale; and he had just the same trouble with Dutch turnips and German greens. As a result he lost interest in horticulture and took to playing golf and keeping a canary.

They are heart-breaking things, these gardening guides. I once took one up, feeling the old Adam stir within me and yearning to plough and to sow and to reap and to mow, etc. The book said, "Bulbs coming on in the ground should be mulched lightly." I rather fancied the idea of doing a little mulching; the word had a merry, old-English, rustic flavour. I put my head over the fence and asked the man next door if he had a mulcher. He said he had not; wouldn't have that breed of dog as a gift. And from the way he talks about his aspidistra you would think that man was a gardener.

I went to one of those shops where they have pretty patterns in the window done in split peas and haricot beans and packets of seeds and bags of flour and boxes of ants' eggs on the counter. I said I wanted to mulch a bit; what did he recommend? He was a man of ideas and suggested a dictionary. So I looked up "mulching" in the dictionary and decided I did not want to do any; it seemed just an ordinary sordid occupation after all. Curious how often a dictionary destroys one's pleasant illusions.

‡ An oily substance.



"SARAH, I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO CLEAN ALL THE SILVER."

"YES, MUM, I WAS VERY PARTICULAR TO LOOK—AND THIS IS ALL WHAT'S GOT THE LION ON IT."



OUR VILLAGE CHESS CLUB.

Local Champion (after a long pause in the game). "LAWKS, WILLUM, YE DOAN'T SAY AS OI'VE FLUMMOXED 'EE ALREADY?"
Opponent. "NOW JEST A MINUTE, MASTER WIGGIN. ER—LET'S SEE NOW—BE OI WHOITE OR BLACK?"

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Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Those who have climbed to the top are too often content to remain where they are."

Daily Paper.

From Smith Minor's geography-paper:—

"The streets of Venice are noiseless, for they are canals; boats called gorgonzolas take the place of cabs."

"The senior steward presented the Rev. E. — with a wallet of notes on behalf of the Church and circuit. Numerous other presents have been given to Mr. and Mrs. —. They will be missed."—*Religious Weekly.*

We advise a burglary insurance.

NEW SHAPES FOR THE HUMAN BODY.

"Did you notice," said the little man in the corner of the carriage, "that Professor Burstall says, if he could design the man of the future, he'd make him spherical?"

Besides myself there was only the morose individual in the opposite corner, and he apparently didn't want to be sociable, so I said "Yes."

"Spherical!" went on the little man. "Can you picture it? The Professor reckons that a globular man would be easier to clothe; but that's nonsense. I'm a tailor myself, and we should never be able to get a collar to sit nicely. The average tailor's nightmares are of fat men whose backs start right out from under their ears. And look how a man with even a slight tendency to convexity has trouble with his braces, to prevent their riding off."

I nodded. The little man went on:

"When you come to think of it, our anatomy is still modelled on the requirements of the cave-man, and it is consequently ill-adapted to modern conditions. He needed his claws and toe-nails to climb trees after the plesiosaurus, but all they do for us is to wear holes in our socks and gloves. Then who wants knees in these days of lifts? They only make trousers baggy."

"That's of course from a professional point of view," I said. "But supposing you could re-design man according to the general needs of the near future what improvements would you make?"

"I don't quite know," said the imaginative little tailor. "Perhaps a couple of extra ears for wireless reception, and a third hand, so that he could strap-hang and read at the same time. And more easily detachable teeth. I've just left my dentist."

"But why have teeth at all, when half the food we eat is already masticated for us? Our digestive apparatus was intended to deal with the raw food that old man Pliocene brought home for his supper, and, owing to the fact that we don't use half of it, we suffer from all sorts of ills, from diabetes to bad temper. If we could concentrate all the alimentary processes into one organ, look at the extra space there'd be in us for the necessary glands of the future. What do you think, Sir?" he added to the morose man.

"Me?" said he. "All I'd do would be to give the new man six legs instead of two."

"But why?" said the argumentative little tailor as the train slowed down. "Imagine the noise he'd make going upstairs to bed. He'd sound like a platoon of infantry. How would he keep himself in step? He'd have to



Wife. "I FEEL SO SPRINGLIKE. THE SWEET LITTLE CROCUSES JUST SHOWING—BIRDS SINGING—LOVELY! DO YOU FEEL SPRINGLIKE, CHARLES?"

Husband. "YES—ROTTEN!"

cross the road in echelon. And think of the doormats he'd wear out, wiping all his feet to oblige his wife.

"I admit that six legs would be handy at times, for example, to a footballer. He'd be able to kick the ball occasionally, as well as run all over the field as he does now. And they would be useful when indulging in some of the latest dances. You could stand on two feet and use the others to do the steps with. But with the increased risk of breaking a leg there would be an end of newspaper insurance. Now if you had said a pair of wings—"

"No," said the miserable man, gathering up his bag and papers as the train stopped. "Why should he fly? Man is an insect. Let him walk. It's

good for his health and lets him see the scenery."

As he got out the ticket-inspector touched his cap. I asked that functionary who the morose man was.

"Sir John Wilks, the boot manufacturer," he said.

It all depends on the point of view. Lord ROTHERMERE no doubt would want to give the future man more heads so that he could have more hats to take off.

More About Wigan.

A local resident sends us the following geographical note:—

"The River Douglas, which rises in the hills to the North of Wigan, flows South until it reaches Wigan, when it immediately goes West." The italics are his.

INTIMATE AFTERNOONS.

III.—THE RIVALS.

George and Maurice have met in *The Shades*.

George (*draining his glass*). Thank you, Maurice; I needed that one badly.

Maurice. Strenuous afternoon?

G. Rather. Been shopping with Virginia.

M. Lucky man.

G. Began at ten o'clock this morning. Lunch at the Stores—sort of lunch they provide for women customers. On again this afternoon. Then Virginia suggested tea. I hastily swallowed the nauseous draught and at last escaped into this friendly bar.

[Pause.]

M. Doing anything to-night?

G. Virginia says I'm taking her to a play—one of those Scandinavian things.

M. Pity. We're making up rather a jolly party for *Giggles*. Thought perhaps you'd like to join us.

G. (*wistfully*). I'm afraid it's impossible.

M. Perhaps we could go to-morrow night?

G. Can't be done. Virginia wants to hear this new fiddler from Belgrade.

M. Then what about a week-end? I have some fellows coming down to Walton Heath for some golf.

G. I should love it, but Virginia has specially asked me to stand by. She's interested in some Sunday show at one of the play societies.

M. She keeps you pretty busy.

G. As you see.

M. It must be tremendously gratifying to find yourself so indispensable to a girl like Virginia. You're a proud and happy man.

G. Quite.

M. Wonderful girl, Virginia.

G. Yes.

M. Prettiest woman in London—dashed clever with it too. (*Slapping George on the back*) George, you're a fortunate fellow.

G. Yes, Maurice. But I sometimes wonder—

M. Wonder?

G. Yes. I mean, do I really deserve it?

M. Come, come, George. You thoroughly deserve Virginia. You cut us all out completely—carried her off under our very noses.

G. Do you know, Maurice, I'm beginning to doubt whether I acted quite

fairly by you all, especially you. You were very fond of Virginia, and she certainly had a soft corner for you. You practically gave her up, old boy. I was an interloper—a confounded interloper. In plain terms I stole Virginia from my best friend.

M. (*hurriedly*). Not at all. You are exaggerating. Virginia and I were just good friends. It was never more than that.

G. It was said at the time that you were practically engaged to Virginia. I thought so myself till you solemnly assured me you weren't.



Frantic Householder. "ETHEL! ETHEL! QUICK. THIS ISN'T 'HOUSEHOLD HINTS' YOU'VE GIVEN ME; THIS IS 'GEMS FROM THE POETS.'"

M. Virginia and I were never in any sense engaged. I was terribly devoted, of course, but when she took such a violent fancy to you I naturally felt it only right to withdraw.

G. (*looking at him keenly*). Did you ever go to classical concerts with her, Maurice?

M. I did.

G. And did you take her to picture shows and Scandinavian plays and fiddlers from Belgrade?

M. (*testily*). I've already told you that I was devoted to her.

G. And did it amuse you, Maurice?

M. That, George, is a leading question. I did these things for Virginia. That should suffice.

G. (*inexorably*). Yes, but did it?

M. George, I am beginning to wonder whether you really deserve your good fortune.

G. And I'm beginning to feel quite sure that I don't in the least deserve Virginia. I'm not worthy of her, Maurice. You ought not to have given her up. Don't you ever feel any regret on the subject?

M. I try not to think about it. When I do—

G. (*eagerly*). Yes?

M. (*guardedly*). Well, naturally Virginia leaves a gap.

G. She would. Virginia is a wholetime job.

M. I quite realise, of course, that I've lost the most beautiful and the most brilliant girl in London. Naturally, there are moments when I wonder how I could have brought myself to do it.

G. (*seizing his opportunity*). It was quixotic of you, Maurice. It makes me feel mean. After all, she has much more in common with you than with me.

M. Nonsense. In any case it's too late now to raise that question.

G. Is it really too late? She often mentions you, Maurice.

M. That means less than nothing, I'm afraid. Virginia makes a point of mentioning one's predecessors. She did it in my time.

G. But she mentioned you in a special sort of way. I'm sure in my own mind that it's you she really likes. She only took me out of pique.

M. Fiddlesticks.

G. Why don't you take her to this Sunday show and let me go to Walton Heath? I could easily make some excuse.

M. I consider that's a very heartless suggestion. In order

to satisfy an unfounded and trivial curiosity you're prepared to inflict considerable pain on your best friend.

G. Do you mean to say that it would give you pain to take Virginia to the theatre on Sunday?

M. Of course it would give me pain. Are you completely devoid of the finer feelings? Think of the old associations it would call up, the hopes that were never destined to be fulfilled. Besides, I promised quite definitely to go to Walton Heath.

G. You disappoint me, Maurice. I offer you Virginia and you talk to me of Walton Heath. I'm perfectly willing to go to Walton Heath in your place. (*Earnestly*) Go with Virginia



Hunting Man (having rashly mounted a friend). "BUT, MY DEAR FELLOW, A BETTER-MANNERED HORSE NEVER LOOKED THROUGH A BRIDLE."

Humbled Novice. "QUITE MY FAULT, OLD MAN. NEVER DID A WORSE RIDER TALK THROUGH HIS HAT."

on Sunday. This may be the turning-point in our lives. You may find that she's willing to forget me. It would be a serious blow, but I'd bear it cheerfully for her sake and for yours.

M. Thank you, George, but when I gave Virginia up to you I swore that I would never go back on my decision. If Virginia really needed me it would be different, but I'm sure that she never actually cared, and that at this moment there are quite a number of young men who are far more to her than I am.

G. (quickly). I never thought of that.

M. Never thought of what?

G. (eagerly). Do you mean that perhaps there might be someone else?

M. Now, George, keep a rein upon your jealous temper.

G. My dear Maurice, I'm like you in one respect. I'd give up Virginia cheerfully if I could be sure that she cared for somebody more deserving. Who is my rival?

M. Well, I saw her in Bunters the other day with young Somerville.

G. Young Somerville! Excellent. Most suitable in every way.

M. Virginia was looking at him in the way we know. She likes him, George; and of course he simply adores Virginia.

G. Of course.

M. Who would not? The most beautiful girl in London.

G. So extraordinarily brilliant.

M. And such fascinating ways. The fellow could not help himself if she really made up her mind.

G. Maurice, I've been feeling for some time that Virginia's been rather cool to me. I've noticed a subtle change in her manner. Her thoughts seem frequently to be elsewhere. I imagined at first it was you. I thought she was pining after her old love. I was wrong, Maurice. It must be young Somerville.

M. I shouldn't be at all surprised. *(Looking intently at his friend)* He would suit her admirably.

G. The happiness of Virginia must come before everything else. I feel it my duty to give way to the better man. *(Anxiously)* You really think she likes young Somerville sufficiently?

M. Virginia easily takes to people. We might approach Somerville tactfully—encourage him.

G. He shall go with Virginia on Sunday.

M. And Virginia will do the rest.

G. (musing). I might have a sudden chill, perhaps.

M. Virginia might want to nurse you.

G. Not if Somerville turns up with

the tickets. We must put in a little staff work.

M. After all, the end justifies the means.

G. Exactly. I can be quite unscrupulous where Virginia's happiness is at stake.

M. George, I feel that Somerville was born to marry Virginia. He has a beautiful nature. He likes classical music. She will mould him, George. They are going to be very happy together. Virginia will cling to him.

G. Lucky fellow. Virginia clings divinely. We shall miss her, Maurice, but we must try to keep up our spirits. Perhaps some evening next week—

Giggles, I think you were saying.

M. All right. I'll buy another ticket in case.

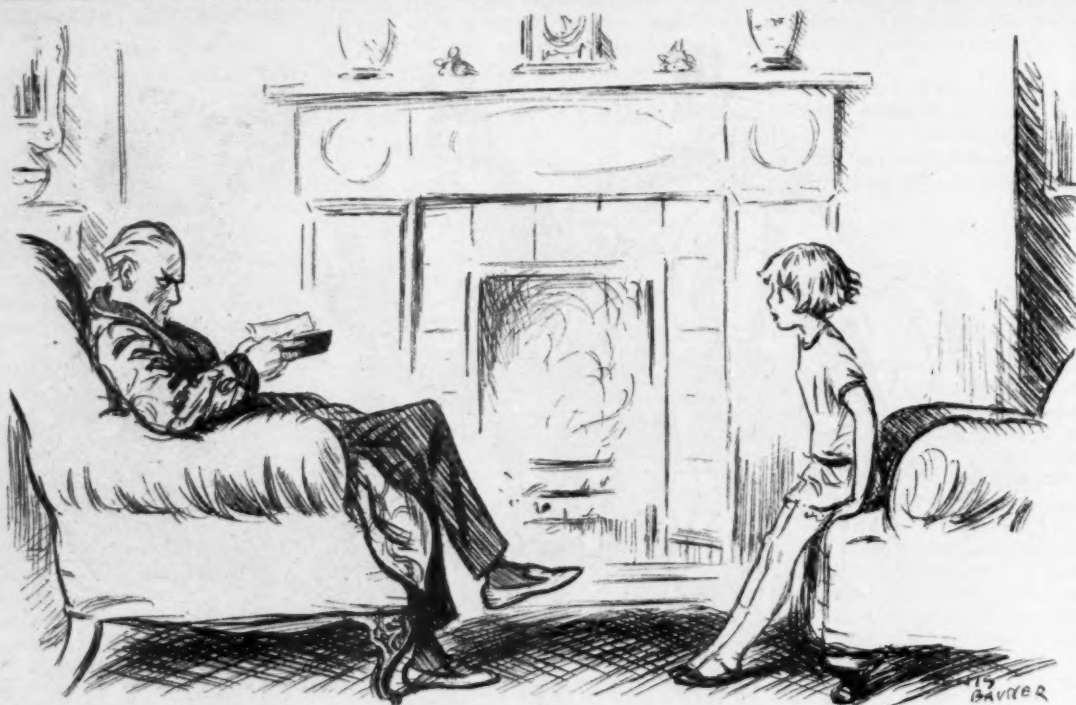
Another Impending Apology.

"In the Ladies' events at the Temperance Union sports gathering yesterday Miss — was the most consistent winner of the day."
New Zealand Paper.

"Sir,—On arriving at my home last night I found my Airedale had a family of twelve. Surely this wants beating."

Letter in "Daily Express."

We don't see why it should. What has this innocent family done to merit castigation?



Small Girl (with an inquiring mind—to father recovering from 'flu). "DADDY, WHEN GEORGE IS GROWN UP, WILL HE MARRY?"

Daddy. "I DARE SAY HE WILL."

Small Girl. "IF HE MARRIES, WILL HE LEAVE HOME LIKE SISSIE DID WHEN SHE MARRIED?"

Daddy. "OF COURSE HE WILL."

Small Girl. "DADDY, ARE YOU MARRIED?"

Daddy. "YES, YES—OF COURSE I AM."

Small Girl. "WELL THEN, DADDY, WHY DON'T YOU LEAVE HOME?"

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

X.—BUCKINGHAM PALACE.

THEY're changing guard at Buckingham Palace—

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

Alice is marrying one of the guard . . .

"A soldier's life is terrible hard,"

Says Alice.

THEY're changing guard at Buckingham Palace—

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

We saw a guard in a sentry-box . . .

"One of the sergeants looks after their socks,"

Says Alice.

THEY're changing guard at Buckingham Palace—

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

We looked for the KING, but he never came . . .

"Well, God take care of him all the same,"

Says Alice.

THEY're changing guard at Buckingham Palace—

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

They've great big parties inside the grounds . . .

"I wouldn't be King for a hundred pounds,"

Says Alice.

THEY're changing guard at Buckingham Palace—

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

A face looked out, but it wasn't the KING's . . .

"He's much too busy a-signing things,"

Says Alice.

THEY're changing guard at Buckingham Palace—

Christopher Robin went down with Alice.

Do you think the KING knows all about me?

"Sure to, dear, but it's time for tea."

Says Alice.

XI.—AT THE ZOO.

THERE are lions and roaring tigers, and enormous camels and things,

There are biffalo-buffalo-bisons, and a great big bear with wings;

There's a sort of a tiny potamus, and a tiny noceros too—

But I gave buns to the elephant when I went down to the Zoo!

There are badgers and bidgers and bodgers, and a Super-intendent's House,

There are masses of goats, and a Polar, and different kinds of mouse,

And I think there's a sort of a something which is called a wallaboo—

But I gave buns to the elephant when I went down to the Zoo!

If you try to talk to the bison he never quite understands; You can't shake hands with a mingo, he doesn't like shaking hands;

And lions and roaring tigers hate saying, "How do you do?" But I give buns to the elephant when I go down to the Zoo!

A. A. M.



RAMSAY THE UNRUDDY.

Sir Despard Murgatroyd—Mr. MacDONALD.

Mad Margaret—SOCIALISM.

D. M. "I ONCE WAS A VERY ABANDONED PERSON——"

M. M. "MAKING THE MOST OF EVIL CHANCES."

D. M. "NOBODY COULD CONCEIVE A WORSE 'UN . . .'" [Dance.

M. M. "THAT IS ONE OF OUR BLAMELESS DANCES."—*Ruddigore, Act II.*



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, February 12th.—The arrival of a Labour Government has intensified the difficulty of the seating problem in the House of Commons. It was always a case of getting a quart into a pint-pot, but in former days a portion of the quart (and not always the frothiest portion) was content to remain outside. Now it all insists on trying to get in. The result this morning was an "ugly rush"



THE PAISLEY PORTABLE.

SPECIALA DESIGNED FOR LIBERAL EX-MINISTERS WHO WANT SOMETHING TO THUMP.

among the early arrivals, in which Mr. SEXTON was bowled over and Mrs. WINTINGHAM lost her hat, but not, I am glad to say, her head. Why should not the Commons take a hint from other purveyors of popular entertainment, and have "two Houses a night"? For the second "House" the Front Benches might be manned by understudies, thus giving some sixty or seventy budding statesmen a chance of displaying their fitness for office.

Mr. MACDONALD and Mr. BALDWIN have changed places; Mr. ASQUITH has been relegated for the first time since 1892 to a seat below the Gangway, where he will have no box to thump unless he adopts our artist's suggestion; and Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR, who for more than forty years has been "agin' the Government," has crossed to the Ministerial side and turned his other cheek to the SPEAKER.

There are no other revolutionary changes to record. Although this is a Labour Government and *laborare est orare*, the Chaplain read prayers as usual. No sinister significance, I may add, attaches to the fact that the PRIME MINISTER carried his papers in a red despatch-box. Mr. BALDWIN did the same.

From the ordeal of Question-time the

new Ministers emerged for the most part very well. Some of them have adopted the old formulas, "The answer is in the negative," "I shall require notice of that," and so forth; but Mr. WHEATLEY pleased the House by rapping out, "The answer is 'Yes,'" and the PRIME MINISTER a little surprised it by saying that negotiations with France and Belgium had been going on "ever since my Government took office," though he afterwards admitted, in reply to Mr. MCNEILL, that they had been going on before.

Mr. MACDONALD, as he grows accustomed to his new dignity, will doubtless get rid of the tendency to over-emphasis which still impairs one's enjoyment of his speeches. With such a big canvas to cover—foreign affairs, housing, unemployment, etc.—the details were necessarily a little vague. He admitted that his programme was largely based upon that of the late Government as set forth in the King's Speech, but insisted that everything depended upon the spirit in which the work was approached. His most important announcements were that the Government had no intention of going out if defeated in a snap-division or upon a minor question; that they hoped to provide working-class dwellings which could be built for five hundred pounds and let for nine shillings a week, and that they would set

have been on the Government Front Bench in the House of Lords this afternoon. It was a desert indeed, untenanted at first even by one bright spirit. But presently Lords PARMOOR, CHELMSFORD and MUIR MACKENZIE arrived; and a little later their forces were doubled by the addition of Lords OLIVIER, THOMSON and ARNOLD, new creations.

LORD HALDANE outlined the policy of the Labour Government in a speech so



LORD BALFOUR ENDURES LORD BIRKENHEAD'S HUMOUR.

sweetly reasonable that Lord CURZON compared it to a well-known brand of soothing-syrup. The House was, I think, relieved to hear from the LORD CHANCELLOR that the Government intended to keep up the national defences in order the better to negotiate for general disarmament, and that he himself would give up some of his judicial work in order to preside over the Committee of Imperial Defence. The "attenuated" condition of the Government benches inspired Lord CURZON to some good-humoured chaff of its occupants. Lord MUIR MACKENZIE as Whip would, he suggested, have an easy task in shepherding his little flock into the Lobby. Barring the unconditional recognition of the Soviet Government, "a very great mistake," and the Poplar surrender, "a direct encouragement to profligate expenditure," he approved the Government's policy as presented, and he declared, in the words of the IRON DUKE, that "the King's Government must be carried on," and that it was the duty of the Peers to give Ministers what aid they could.

Viscount GREY, from his place below the Gangway on the Government side,



Little Bo-Peep. "TWO, FOUR, SIX—ANY—HOW I HAVEN'T LOST ANY OF MY SHEEP."

LORD MUIR MACKENZIE
(LABOUR WHIP IN THE HOUSE OF LORDS).

up a strong Committee to investigate the possibilities of reducing the National Debt.

The poet who expressed his desire for a sojourn in the desert "with one bright spirit for my Minister" should

spoke to much the same effect. Lord BIRKENHEAD was very facetious at the expense of Lord PARMOOR and Lord CHELMSFORD: Lord BALFOUR sat with his head in his hands, the better to endure his japes. Lord CHELMSFORD met the bowling with a straight bat, and gave a plain account of the circumstances in which he had taken office. He had come in, as one detached from politics, to help in carrying out "a disclosed programme," but would at once resign if at any moment he found himself in disagreement with his colleagues.

Wednesday, February 13th.—Lord BIRKENHEAD was not present to hear Lord PARMOOR's reply to the sarcasms levelled at him the day before. Lord CURZON seemed to think that the Lord PRESIDENT should have waited for the arrival of his critic; another noble lord retorted that the critic should have been there. Anyway it did not much matter, for on the subject of his personal relations to the Ministry of which he is a member Lord PARMOOR practically said ditto to Lord CHELMSFORD.

Mr. BALDWIN, evidently thinking that the time has not yet come for the official Opposition to open its heavy guns upon the Government, contented himself for the most part with friendly railery. The whole House enjoyed his sallies at the expense of "the Blessed Damosels" on the Treasury Bench, still wondering how they got there; and his innocent inquiry as to whether the PRIME MINISTER, who had taken credit for the recent rise in the price of stocks, was also to be accounted responsible for the rise in the price of food.

It was Mr. ASQUITH who furnished the surprise of the sitting. Crossing over to the Opposition Front Bench, he took his stand at the Box he loves so well—one of its advantages, as he observed, being that "you can see your opponents." The phrase must have sounded a little ominous to the Ministers he had so lately put into office. Their fears were quickly justified when, after putting some rather searching questions regarding other points in their programme, he came down in his old sledge-hammer style upon the Popular surrender. By condoning the illegalities of the Guardians the MINISTER OF HEALTH had set a very bad precedent, of which other poverty-stricken municipalities would be sure to take advantage, and we should have Poplars all over the country. Mr. ASQUITH concluded by demanding a day for discussion.

This Mr. CLYNES promptly conceded. Later on the Labour Party cheered Lady ASTOR's tribute to "the wonderful speech of the PRIME MINISTER on social reform," but did not show the same

enthusiasm for her defence of Capitalism, which she described as "in itself a most uninteresting thing, but a most necessary thing."



ADMIRAL AMERY NAILS HIS COLOURS TO THE MAST.

On Monday the Tory Party (Mr. AMERY, ex-First Lord, excepted) agreed to put Protection on the shelf; to-night Mr. WARDLAW MILNE, having been successful in the ballot, fetched it down again, and called attention to "the necessity



"WHY SHOULD POPULAR ALONE BE PUT IN A PILLORY?"

MR. LANSBURY.

for regulating imports and the protection of home industries." His motion, of course, went down heavily before Liberalism and Labour combined.

But after Mr. ASQUITH's speech how

long will the combination last? That is what everyone was asking.

Thursday, February 14th.—On Valentine's Day it was appropriate that Lord CHARNWOOD should want to know whether the PRIME MINISTER's "somewhat serious entanglement" with the Socialist International at Hamburg was a formal betrothal or a temporary flirtation. In foreign affairs would he be guided by the Covenant of the League of Nations—a body composed of organised Governments—or by the rules of a society many of whose members were violently opposed to organised government? Why, only a few years ago, a leading official of the International had assassinated a Prime Minister, an act which Lord PARMOOR, he was confident, would regard as "a breach of good taste."

Lord PARMOOR refrained from expressing an opinion on this delicate point, and perhaps wisely, as he seemed to think there was little difference between the International and the World Alliance for Promoting International Friendliness between the Churches (to which he himself belongs).

There was a keenly-contested conflict between the LORD CHANCELLOR and Lord PARMOOR as to whether Lord BANBURY should or should not put a question that he had on the Paper. Lord BANBURY eventually agreed to postpone it. But the incident has probably strengthened his regret at leaving his happy home at the other end of the corridor to come to a place where it is impossible to master the rules of procedure, because there aren't any.

Possibly Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN considered that his leader's criticism of the Ministry yesterday was too gentle. At any rate he put much more "pep" into his own remarks, whether they were directed against the Government or the Liberals who put them in office. He plainly resented Mr. ASQUITH's invasion of the Front Opposition Bench. "He sits on one side, speaks on the other, and votes alternately on this side and that—the fine art of wangling!"

A propos of some sartorial criticism of the new Ministers:—

"A correct crease is not always the mark of a correct mind, and many an honest heart may beat beneath a baggy pair of trousers."

North-Country Paper.

Only, however, when they are cut very high.

The Editor begs to acknowledge with respectful gratitude a valentine of early Spring flowers sent to him from the Fairy Queen, through one of Her Charming Majesty's agents (anonymous).



Friend (to victim of scrap). "YOU ARE LOOKIN' WELL, BILL." Bill (defiantly). "YES, I'M IN RUDE 'EALTH, I AM." Friend. "BLEST IF ONE SIDE O' YER FACE AIN'T IN RUDE 'EALTH THAN THE OTHER!"

AT THE PLAY.

"THE WAY OF THE WORLD"
(LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH).

IF MR. CONGREVE were offering *The Way of the World* to the town for the first time one would feel bound to point out that his plot had a most unpalatable complexity which at times was apt to hamper the appreciation of his wit and most felicitous phrasing. Even a re-reading of the text on the very day of the performance did not remove all the obscurities; but it did at least—to take an instance—make one realise who the two ladies were in the opening dialogue of the Second Act, where the discovery to the audience was too long delayed to be explained as a dramatic device for arresting attention; and it certainly helped one to form some idea of the history and functions of the mysterious black box which works to the confusion of the unscrupulous *Fainall* and to the complete mystification of an unprepared audience.

No intelligent playgoer should miss this admirable presentation. And none who is wise will omit to provide himself

with the text, so that he may skim through it beforehand, and afterwards recall and enhance his enjoyment of the performance by re-reading, for fuller appreciation of the exquisite matter, at least the passages of the rare courtship of *Millamant*, the adorably roguish coquette (and much more and better than that), by a *Mirabell* shaken out of his cynical libertine's ways by her beauty, wit, charm, spirit and, emphatically, brains: in particular, that passage (so adorably spoken by Miss EDITH EVANS) in which *Millamant* debates the surrender of her liberty, and that conference for the laying down of provisos and guarantees before the ultimate surrender and the final plaintive "Well, if *Mirabell* should not make a good husband" (which, on the evidence, I conceive to be highly unlikely), "I am a lost thing, for I find I love him—violently."

There is, of course, much that is plainly diverting in a straightforward enough way: the chatter and banter of the sham-sparkling *Witwoud* and the coarse *Petulant*; the drolleries of *Sir Wilfull*, drunk and sober; the grotesqueries of *Lady Wishfort*. These last

seemed to me perhaps a little overdone, no doubt in accordance with a plan of production which, for box-office rather than artistic purposes, I assume, had rather an air of taking at second-hand the garments and moods of *The Beggar's Opera*. Little episodes like the lighting of the sconces "by numbers," as it were, get their laugh, but seem rather intrusive; and there was a good deal of conscious posturing and grouping which made for distraction. However, the precise method of best producing a play of a time long past is no easy matter to determine. It is sufficient to say that Mr. NIGEL PLAYFAIR's production was successful according to the method chosen.

It is becoming a little monotonous to praise the consistently interesting work of Miss EDITH EVANS—the "Mrs." EVANS of the pleasantly archaic programme. She has, to tell the truth, the player's indispensable gift of abounding personality; to which is added intelligent study which brings out not only the brilliant whole but the variety and beauty of the detail in so excellently written a part as this of *Millamant*. I

have seen no other *Millamant*, and had in my mind something a little more haughty and detached. But I gladly surrender this vague vision for the exquisite, warm, lively creature now offered to us. I will, however, complain that very occasionally Miss EVANS dropped her voice and lost us a phrase or two.

Mr. ROBERT LORRAINE's *Mirabell* I thought just a trifle too heavy, a little *Rassendyllish* perhaps, and the pace a little slow. But the man was palpably hit, and I suppose a love-converted rake must needs be a fairly solemn fellow—"sententious" withal and apt for a cruel and witty mistress to pour her laughter on. And certainly Mr. LORRAINE has a gallant air and a rich pleasing voice.

"Mrs." GREEN as the mischievous *Marwood* looked very handsome in a most effective highway-manish dress. Her elocution was admirably clear. There never seemed quite enough reason for her busy malice, but perhaps other times other passions.

I liked Mr. PLAYFAIR's *Witwoud* without reserve, and Mr. NORMAN's fantastic *Petulant* was successful. *Sir Wilfull's* rustic airs and his sound, if slow, sense were well conveyed by Mr. RUSSELL. "Mrs." YARDE's *Lady Wishfort*—if you grant the key—was a fine hearty piece of work.

Mr. ANSTRUTHER's *Fainall* might, I thought, have been a little more sinister, a little less airy. He was a thoroughly bad egg; this *Fainall*, even according to Restoration lights. "Mrs." TAYLOR as *Fainall's* wife—the most colourless of the main characters—was pleasant enough. In fact a thoroughly competent cast.

I noticed, not for the first time, that eager members of audiences which have a reputation to keep up, audiences with a high-brow leaven, often think it necessary to laugh loud at points of which the authentic tribute is a smile. There is plenty to cause spontaneous laughter in *The Way of the World*; but there is more to smile at with a quiet connoisseurship which is much more appropriate homage to author and player and much less distracting to the—to the low-brow. Laughter of course may show that one has taken the point. But I don't think that's important.

"LORD O' CREATION" (SAVOY).

THERE are such engaging feats of individual playing in *Lord o' Creation*, Mr. NORMAN MACOWAN's new sentimental comedy, that one can readily forgive a certain naïveté of outlook and sundry unlikely assumptions on the part of the author. A play that is bad in grain inflicts a devastating boredom on the sophisticated beholder, and the fact that one was not bored, but continually being interested and entertained, can't altogether be due to the players. The author must have his share of the credit for it.

The central idea, if perhaps not very likely, is ingenious enough. A young Fettes-Magdalen Scotsman, *John Alec*

sible to Scotland and bonnie *Janet Gray*, whom he loves. A quite proper double life, be it understood. He is duly married as *Alec Baird*, and lets his wife know no more than that he has "something to do with shipping." Being a very masterful man—a *Lord o' Creation*, in fact—he thinks that a man's work is not his wife's business. Lords o' creation being not only clever but credulous, he supposes that *Janet*, overwhelmed by his masterfulness, has accepted this rather unsatisfactory reticence and is to think no more about it.

At any rate for sixteen long years *John Alec Baird*, the pushful London shipowner, is continually disappearing, not his secretary nor his devoted mother ever knowing where or why.

It says well for the world that nobody makes any scandalised comments on this phenomenon. While away he takes up the life of *Alec Baird*, assumed to be a sailor on furlough, actually a father of three little *Bairds* and the adored husband of the ineffably discreet *Janet*. It also says much—perhaps rather too much—for the self-control, not merely of the *Grays*, but of the whole village, that for sixteen years nobody should draw any dark conclusions from such mysterious ways.

It was not till *Lord Leithing*, the rival shipowner, now thoroughly alarmed by the brilliant progress of *John Alec Baird*, stumbled across the truth and thought

he could use it by way of discreet blackmail to induce *Baird* to abandon the Eastern Route, which he looked upon as his own preserve, that—but I won't spoil your pleasure by disclosing the attractive way the author straightens his tangled tackle.

Of course I never believed in *John Alec*. He talked much too freely about his brains and his efficiency, his hunger for Reality and his masterfulness, ever to have been the great man he was supposed to be. And as to *Alec*, he was for ever protesting too much about his inordinate happiness in the fisherman's cottage to be beyond suspicion. (Mr. IAN FLEMING was probably not to blame for this failure.)

But *Janet*—if a little too good and wise to be true—was rather a dear; an attractive maid, romantic yet controlled, and a steadfast, managing wife and mother; and very attractively played



A SUDDEN SQUALL ON THE EAST COAST OF SCOTLAND.

Janet Gray
Robert Gray

MISS MONA HARRISON.
MR. HORACE HODGES.

Baird, inherits a shipping business and a feud with a rival shipowner who has contrived—on strictly business principles, a little stretched, maybe—the ruin of *Baird's* father. Before setting his teeth into the job of building up his line and getting even, or better, with his father's rival, young *Baird* puts in a longish holiday with a friend in a Scottish fishing village. The two boys work for a wage for old *Robert Gray*, who has a small herring-boat. To conceal their identity and gentility they affect a broad Doric, which, if not quite of the local brand and flavour, is yet likely enough to pass for the speech of some "foreign" part—such as Edinburgh.

John Alec loves the hard physical labour, the dangers, the reality of the fisherfolk's ways and determines to lead a double life: to carry on his work in London and to escape as often as pos-



AGE AND YOUTH.

Small Boy (to flapper). "OH, MISS SMITH, WHY DID YOU NEVER MARRY?"

by Miss MONA HARRISON. I liked Miss LINDSAY GRAY's sound performance as *Mrs. Gray*, while Mr. HORACE HODGES' playing of *Robert Gray*, especially in the "sixteen years after" scene, when he was an old and failing man, was as good a piece of acting as I have seen for many a long day. What a relief to have so shrewdly-observed and competent a study, informed too by a quiet chuckling humour, instead of those quavering old dodderers stricken with that disease so commonly incident to old men on the stage, the vibrating palsy!

I liked Mr. FREDERICK LEISTER as *John's* friend, perhaps better as a youth than as a knighted Brigadier. A slight portrait of a drawing husband-hunting aristocrat was pleasantly touched in by Miss MOLLY TOMPKINS. Mr. RONALD SIMPSON gave a promising sketch of an unnecessary young ass.

Miss MARY JERROLD, who is at present specialising in dear old mothers with portentous sons—she has another running at The Apollo—was her usual attractive self; as she is no doubt meant to be. And Mr. LEON M. LEON

as *Lord Leithing* gave us, with his accustomed gusto, one of those bizarre character-studies which he manages so skilfully. I got the idea that British shipping must be in rather a bad way if *John Alec Baird* and *Lord Leithing*—both "Controllers" during the War, by the way—were its outstanding figures. But I am quite prepared to believe that *Robert Gray* handled the *Grisel* better than any other fisherman in Scotland.

T.

Pianissimo.

"During the playing of the overture you could have heard a pin drop."—*Daily Paper*.

"Mr. Weir [the Premier's Private Parliamentary Secretary] has ability under his white spats."—*Glasgow Paper*.

Mr. MACDONALD's attention was attracted, no doubt, by his fine understanding.

From an account of a newspaper competition:—

"Altogether, the shillings sent with the ballot amounted to a subscription of £9,889 15s. 11d."—*Daily Paper*.

Somebody seems to have been a penny shy.

THE SAFETY GAME.

THE ladies, Grant's wife and mine, had retired and left us to the port.

"I've been thinking," said Grant, tilting back his chair, "how absurd and unintelligent it is of us to rely entirely on golf for our week-end amusement. Every week-end it is the same business—golf on Saturday, golf on Sunday, just as if there were nothing else in the world to do."

"What else," I asked, "is there?"

"There you are," he retorted. "I really believe you think there's nothing else to do. Surely it's frightfully narrow."

I had never heard Grant talk like this before, and it was a little puzzling.

"Tell me," I urged him, "all about it?"

"There's nothing to tell," he replied, "except that in my opinion this mad chase after golf is stupid and undignified and even unhealthy."

"Grant," I said, "you've been reading."

"Nothing of the sort," he answered indignantly. "I've been thinking,

that's all; and anyone who thinks for a moment will see that I am right. It struck me particularly last week-end."

He sighed.

"What happened last week-end?" I inquired.

"Nothing," he replied, "only that we went down to stay with some people in the country—the Mortimers. I thought I should be bored stiff because I knew there would be no golf, and I simply hated the idea of going. And yet I honestly haven't enjoyed a week-end so much for years. You've no idea what a relief it was to get away from the scramble of golf—the dash for a place on the first tee, the hustled lunch, the rush for the tee again, and the anxiety that it will be dark before the round is over. It was simply perfect, and I felt twice as fit on Monday morning."

He leaned back and blew contemplative smokerings at the ceiling. I watched him, wondering; there was more in this, I felt, than had so far met the ear.

"What did you do with yourselves all day?" I asked.

"Do?" he replied. "Oh, there was tons to do. And yet one never seemed to be busy or in a hurry. That was the beauty of it; plenty of time for breakfast, then a ride or a run in the car, you know; a good lunch, a stroll round and all that."

"Any bridge?" I asked. Bridge is Grant's favourite game, after golf. He was here to-night to play bridge—a duel with his wife against us.

"No," he answered. "And there again—bridge. I assure you it was quite a treat not to have to play bridge hour after hour. Really, you know, I do think it's most frightfully dull of us to think there's nothing else in life but golf and bridge."

I poured him out another glass of port.

"What did you do in the evenings?" I asked.

"Music," he replied, "and dancing and so on."

I stifled a cry of laughter at the thought of Grant as a lover of music; it is doubtful whether he would recognise any tune but "God Save the King" and "Auld Lang Syne"; and I have heard him sing both these. And Grant as a dancer—I dared not think of it.

"Really!" I said. "How ripping!"

An expression of tender reminiscence had settled on his face and he was puffing rings of smoke again. I thought I saw my way.

"And wasn't there," I said, "an absolutely priceless girl who played the piano and sang beautifully and danced like a fairy, and—" He shot a look of surprise at me, and I grew bolder—"an awfully cheery girl and jolly intelli-

gent, with blue eyes" (Grant would never notice the colour of anyone's eyes)

"and a ripping laugh, and—"

"How do you know?" he demanded eagerly.

I shrugged my shoulders and rose from my chair.

"Grant," I said, "you're a bad lad. You've been married for twelve years, and the first time you get away from the safety of the golf links and the card-room you fall a victim to the charms of a pretty woman. And, as if this were not enough, you aggravate the offence by delivering a wholly unjustifiable diatribe against the very games that have hitherto preserved you as a respectable citizen. It is very, very disappointing of you."

He laughed a sardonic laugh and straightened the ends of his tie.

"What an idea!" he exclaimed. "I never heard of such a thing."

"It's an old story," I continued.

"Be warned in time. Stick to golf and bridge; all other games are too dangerous for a man of your age and responsibilities. Now let us join the ladies."

* * * * *

As a matter of fact it is all right about Grant. We had an excellent evening's bridge, and at the end of it we made our golf plans for the following week-end. He is by now, I think, completely out of danger.

But I cannot help reflecting what a terribly precarious life it must be for women whose husbands don't play golf, and how fortunate those women must surely be counted, at any rate from a matrimonial point of view, who are only golf widows.

THE CRITIC.

In the days when I used to write poetry I had a literary friend who wrote short stories intended for the magazines, and we dined at the same chop-house not very far from Piccadilly Circus. That was a long while ago, before motor-cars, before cinemas, before Tubes, when few people had the telephone and none the gramophone. And yet we did very well. When we could afford it we jingled home in a hansom, now and then exchanging a joke through the roof with the cabman, which no one has ever done with a taxi-driver. And if there were no cinemas there was ELIZABETH ANN BELLWOOD singing, or PAUL CINQUEVALLI juggling, at the Pavilion, and WYNDHAM was at the Criterion and IRVING at the Lyceum, and Regent Street stood.

The peculiarity of our chop-house was the extreme deliberation of the waiters. There were only two, and if it were possible for either of them to

be slower than the other he was. It was only on the understanding that you, so to speak, accepted their tardiness that you were served at all; but once having established yourself as a customer you remained. There is something hypnotic in leisurely processes: you were drugged; but there were such positive advantages too as the excellence of the food when it did arrive, the excellence of the beer, the sweet reasonableness of the charges, and the fun of watching strangers, unaware of the special guarded character of the place, getting angrier and angrier, and at last flinging out. In a word, if you were going to the theatre, it was the worst eating-place in London; if you wanted to talk, it was the best.

I remember one evening awaiting Mark, as I will call him, with no little excitement, because I had just finished a poem and I thought sufficiently well of it to wish for his praise.

"I wanted to see you," I said. "I've written some verses which I rather think you'll like. About dreams," and I took the manuscript out of my pocket.

"Talking of dreams," he said, "I've just finished a story about one. Very odd you should have brought it to my mind like that. I should like to tell you about it. In fact, I happen to have the first draft with me, and we might see if we can't improve it while we eat."

I placed rather carefully beside my plate the sheet of paper on which my poem was written. "It's astonishing," I said, "what trouble even a little lyric can give one! No one reading this"—and I tapped it—"would believe that I spent three hours on one of the four stanzas."

"I don't know," he said. "I always feel that rhymes help you. Now, in writing a story you get no help. The art of the short story is one of the most difficult to master. But I flatter myself—" here he disappeared for a few moments behind a tankard—"I flatter myself I'm getting nearer to it. This story"—he deposited his exhibit on the table too—"this story is about a man who dreams futures. He lives in a village and has got a terrific reputation for his gift. You go to him and impress your personality on him in some way—"

"If you've got one," I suggested.

"Yes; don't interrupt, please. Of course, if you've got one. And then he dreams about you. Well, my story is about one of these dreams. A girl goes to him and he dreams a future for her, and she has to have it, go through with it, just as he said: she can't frustrate it. It's very uncanny. In fact"—he glanced at himself in a mirror with some satisfaction—"I can't think how I thought of it. We are greater than we know"—how



Village Dame. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT BE THE MATTER WITH ME. I WISH ZOMETIMES I 'AD THE WINGS OF A DOVE SO AS I COULD 'AVE A CHANGE."

Crony. "I DON'T 'OLD WI' THAT ZART O' VITTLES. GIE I A BIT O' COLD PORK."

does the line go? Anyway, it's about this girl that I think you might possibly be able to help . . ."

I won't bother you with any more of the story. Suffice it to say that Mark was still picking my brains when we suddenly realised how late it was and hurried off just in time to see HARRY PLEON, who came on that week at 10.35.

The next time we met, at the same place, I had a triumph to display: my poem had been accepted and I had the evening paper containing it in my pocket.

"This is the dream-lyric I wanted you to read when we were here last," I said. He ran his eye over it:—

ALTRUISM.

My nights among the dead are passed;
When sleep at last is here
Into my dreams come thronging fast
The friends of yesteryear.

They share the wild absurdities
That mark the dreamer's track;
Caprice controls their entrances;
But ah! I've brought them back.

Nor I nor they display surprise;
Familiar is their shape—
I wonder if they realise
And relish their escape?

If so, then let us sleep the more,
To help them, over there—
Our friends not lost but gone before—
To constant change of air.

"Not bad," he said as he handed the paper back. "I like it better than when you showed it me first."

E. V. L.

ART AND ECONOMICS.

As "brighteners" of labour
The fiddle, pipe and tabor
Are welcomed for their influential aid;
And their genial ministrations
To the comity of nations
Are in keeping with the gospel of Free Trade.

But when from foreign lands men
Come to rob our British bandsmen
Of their earnings in depreciated pounds,
It is obvious, on reflection,
That unqualified Protection
Must be pressed on "purely economic grounds."

The corybantic Zulu
Or hands from Honolulu

Are free to jazz at any British ball;
But the players from Vienna
Would be safer in Gehenna,
For the moment, than in Covent Garden's Hall.

The danger still is serious
When one views the deleterious
And reactionary preference that's shown

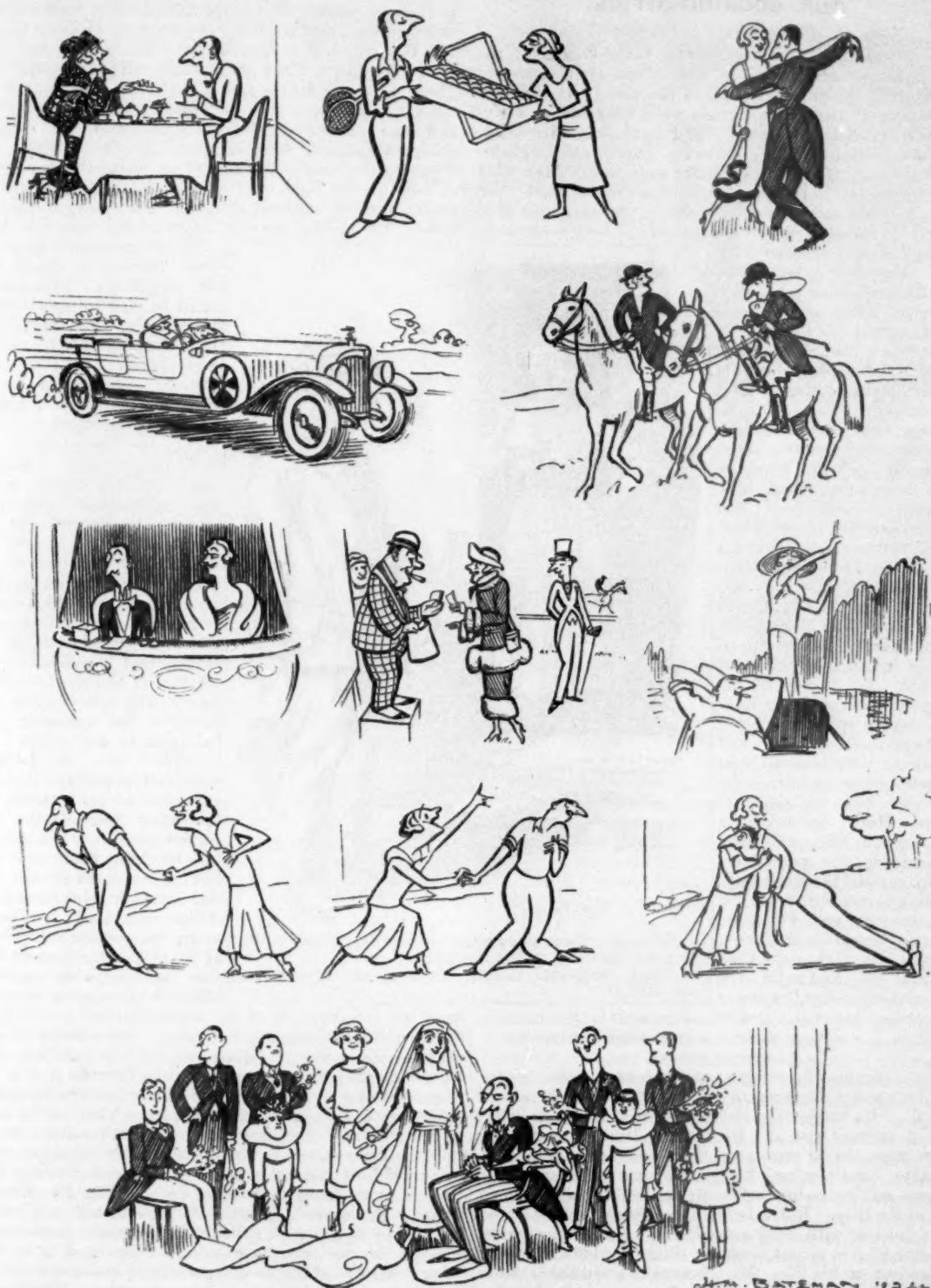
To BELLINI and PUCCINI,
GALLI-CURCI, TETRAZZINI,
In the vocal and the operatic zone.

Then wake, ye native singers,
And unite against the bringers
To our shores of this superfluous alien throng,
Who with bountiful *bravura*
And superb *coloratura*
Invade the fair preserves of British song.

Art in its high adventures
Contemns all mundane censures;
Art knows no narrow patriotic bounds;
But within its wide communion
It must respect the "Union"
And act on "purely economic grounds."



LEAP YEAR.



JOHN BATEMAN 1924

LEAP YEAR.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IT is a little hard on Mrs. OLWEN WARD CAMPBELL that her comprehensive and critical *Shelley and the Unromantics* (METHUEN) comes just on top of the sifted simplicities of M. MAUROIS' *Ariel*, now, by the way, available in a good English translation (LANE). Yet I think no reader willing and able to clear his mind of cant—French and English—can fail to see that the two books supplement each other. Mrs. CAMPBELL is too poignantly aware of SHELLEY's previous biographers. She sees herself a second FLORA MACDONALD, conniving at the escape of her hero's character through a critic-infested territory. Every time he crosses the Rubicon (and how often this river recurs in the annals of SHELLEY!) she looks round to see if he is holding his skirts too high. All this is due to a wholly illogical desire to level the man up to his gift. M. MAUROIS deals with the human being on his own merits. That is why his pellucid fiction is more convincing than Mrs. CAMPBELL's cloudy facts; and why his handling of the WESTBROOK marriage (always the crux of SHELLEY biography) is a triumph, while hers is a failure. But take Mrs. CAMPBELL's book on its literary side and you have a real attempt to grapple with the genius of SHELLEY, the growth of his own perception of it, the English romantic spirit in general, and its portents, antidotes and imitations. "The love of a light distance appearing over a comparatively dark horizon . . . Escape, Hope, Infinity," as RUSKIN said in *Modern Painters*—these things she understands and prizes; and these she finds in a unique measure in KEATS, WORDSWORTH and SHELLEY. Her airy relegation of BYRON, in whom "the Eighteenth Century and the Romantic Age met—and quarrelled," is one of the prettiest things in a book whose greatest fault, a rare one nowadays, is a somewhat indiscreet display of earnestness.

After a pleasant interlude of experiment in other styles, Mr. ARCHIBALD MARSHALL has reverted to his normal method. His stories are never violently exciting. They move at an easy gait, and in *Anthony Dare* (COLLINS) the author seems to be even more than commonly unhurried. He takes *Tony's* school life at Hilbury from sixteen to eighteen, and leaves him safely planted in his half-brother's office in the City. But it is quite clear that we have by no means finished with *Tony* yet. He is not at all the sort of character who is meant to go on filling up bills of lading for the rest of his life. Mr. MARSHALL's publisher hints not obscurely at other volumes to follow, and the foundation here laid is wide and strong enough to bear the rest of a trilogy at the least. For we have already been in-

troduced to a considerable number of characters. There is Hilbury School, with a sprinkling of the staff and some of the boys, and the lively *Hopwoods* of Hilbury Grange, and the severe Mrs. Hawthorne, with *Stephen* and *Ruth*, who looks after *Tony* for a while after his father dies. Then there are *Henry* and *Laura*, the half-brother and his enigmatic wife, and the remarkable *Aunt Charlotte*, and two celebrated literary men (who are certainly going to reappear later on), and *Sir James March*, who supports the double distinction of being the one person of title in the book and also of figuring in a striking attitude on the coloured wrapper. All these are real characters, not merely wooden puppets, and they are drawn

with all the quiet subtlety we have learned to expect from Mr. MARSHALL. Personally, I shall be glad to meet some of them again, with *Tony* himself, in the London suburbs or down at Hastings or by the Norfolk Broads. The author does all three very well, but I think I like his Broads best.

I congratulate "SAKI's" sister without reserve on the gay, sympathetic and unassuming biography she has prefixed to *The Square Egg* (LANE), by the late H. H. MUNRO. Three of her brother's short stories, five of his essays, two pocket melodramas and a three-act farce make up the second half of the book; and the first of the short stories, a merry little episode of an *estaminet* in the war-zone, gives its name to the whole. But "SAKI's" life, so gallantly sacrificed, is perhaps the most attractive of his legacies; and his sister, obviously the ideal confederate of her two motherless brothers, could not have been bettered as its annalist. She chronicles HECTOR's aunt-ridden childhood in Devonshire, his passion for politics at seven and for Roman History at nine, his enduring love of uncommon animals,

from the Houdan cock of his small boyhood to the tiger-kitten of his Burmese police days. She takes a sisterly pride in his youthful escapades—did she not hold their Bohemian guide in conversation while HECTOR stole a hair from the tail of WALLENSTEIN's horse? She touches lightly on his journalistic and literary successes when seven bouts of malaria had invalidated him home, and spares us his country-house parties to stress that zeal for untrodden ways which led him to think of farming in Siberia after the War. How it came about that there was no after the War for "SAKI" she leaves to a fellow-Fusilier to tell, and brings her task to an end with a disarming but quite unnecessary apology for her own prominence. The rest is a true "SAKI" farrago of boyish irresponsibility and ironic insight. Personally I found the two one-act plays, "The Death-Trap" and "Karl Ludwig's Window," more satisfying than the farce, which for all its wit is little more than a super-



Milkman. "YOU NEEDN'T LOOK AT THE MILK LIKE THAT; IT'S THE CLEANEST IN THE DISTRICT."

Client. "AND WELL IT MIGHT BE WITH ALL THE WASHING YOU GIVE IT."



Mistress. "I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOUR MASTER WILL SAY, JANE—HIS FAVOURITE VASE."
 Jane. "OH, MUM, I WOULD HAVE WILLINGLY BROKEN EVERYTHING ELSE."

charade. The essays and tales are all good of their kind, and the drawings which go to illustrate a score of vivacious letters deserve special mention for their gusto and drollery.

I cannot help thinking that Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU would be a more forceful writer if he would not so persistently mistake violence of phrasing for strength. Much labour is expended in *Gerald Cranston's Lady* (HUTCHINSON) to give the effect of an iron will, of ice-cold detachment, of flamed energy, of the "terror" of sex as a factor disturbing to work and money-getting. "He felt his anger re-incandescence"; "yet always ghostlike behind the rage and the power-lust moved fear"—Mr. FRANKAU has to pile it on like this to get over to us the simple fact that *Cranston*, who married his Lady, a beautiful titled thoroughbred, because he thought she would be useful, not unnaturally begins to feel the seductions of propinquity, but is so obsessed by the necessity of keeping himself completely detached and concentrated for *Cranston and Co.'s* corn and coal business that he hardly escapes apoplexy under the strain of his inhibitions. The strain indeed is sufficient to reduce him to the folly of attempting to settle a coal strike with an automatic pistol. He is timely dissuaded by a stunning blow on the head with a huge lump of the material in dispute. And that, of course, was all that was necessary to make him and his lady see how indispensable they were to each other. The author can tell a story and describe well a tense scene such as that at the pit-head. But a persistent and most tiresome use of over-emphatic words doubly underlined suggests a machine-

made and machine-driven rather than a living hero. And I never believed for a moment in *Cranston's* wraith of a Lady.

It is perhaps as well in these days to relieve the natural apprehension that in Mr. E. A. WYKE SMITH's spirited story, *The Second Chance* (LANE), the dubious advantage of artificially prolonged existence is conferred by some horrid surgical operation. Dr. Taggart—that passionate pioneer of science—would have stooped to nothing so conventional. Exactly what were the methods he used to rejuvenate the aged, rich, benevolent Sir Arthur Chappel are not divulged. Whether they were strictly scientific or had in them a touch of magic, is a question Mr. WYKE SMITH tantalisingly raises without answering it. After years of agonising research Dr. Taggart was not satisfied merely to prolong life, but he must needs challenge death itself, with the help of a civil engineer, who chivalrously supplies in his own person the material for an extremely painful and a very hazardous experiment. The worst of these marvellous discoveries is that their chronicler must make his account with those who offer the obvious criticism that either they are real or they are not. If real, the novelist must explain why nothing seems to be done about it. If not real, how does he justify his own position? I can assure his readers, however, that Mr. WYKE SMITH knows his business, and I can promise them, if not a real discovery, a real comedy, which, all things considered, is perhaps the greater benefit of the two. There is tragedy, too, but that came of meddling with idols, always a dangerous experiment.

All people connected with the business of writing—and in particular, perhaps, those disgruntled authors (and credulous laymen) who are inclined to store in their minds an old epigram about BARABRAS and the publishers—must certainly possess themselves of the late Dr. WALTER PAGE'S *A Publisher's Confession* (HEINEMANN). Here is a conspicuously honest, intelligent, tolerant and cultured man speaking with pride and knowledge of his trade—profession, exposing its difficulties, giving harsh details of its business calculations of profit and loss, discussing with candour and understanding the delicate relations between the artist—writer who is also a party to a commercial deal and the critic—publisher who has to balance his prepossessions, as critic, in favour of a sound piece of work with his estimate and forebodings, as publisher, in regard to the size of the author's public, and, if his immediate estimates turn out from the business viewpoint unfavourable, to determine how far a dead loss can be incurred for the sake of the reputation of the house. If this is a publisher's apologia it is in no sense a feat of special pleading, but an illustration of the fact that, if any intelligent craftsman will speak of his craft with enthusiasm and disclose as much as may be of its technique, he will produce something which any other intelligent man will be glad to hear. Dr. PAGE was a sound craftsman—writer without and has wise words to say of the need of that apprenticeship to writing which, as a professional observer, he judges to be too often neglected by modern penmen in an age of hurry.

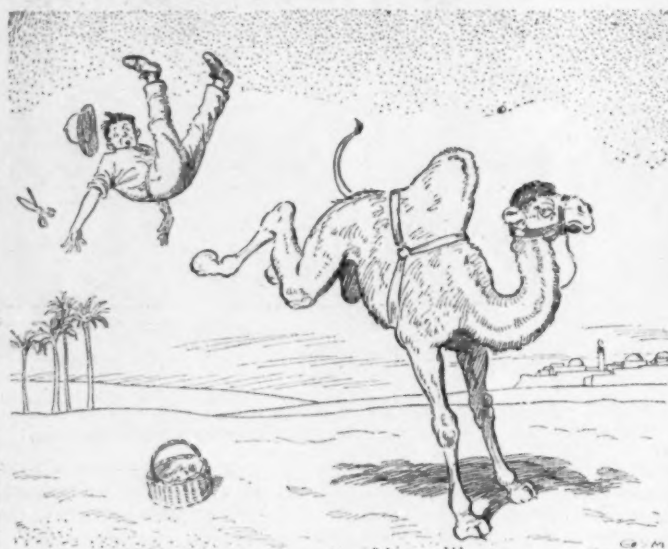
In *The King's Red-Haired Girl* (HUTCHINSON) we are introduced

to yet another fancy Balkan State, under the fancy name *Kavallia*. Its sudden importance in Great British eyes was due to its oil, a product which, whatever its use may be in composing troubled waters, seems both in fact and fiction to cause a lot of disturbance upon land. Mr. SELWYN JERSON however can be trusted not to concern himself too closely with politics, and is here content to tell a tale of amusing adventure. Given the mood, you will enjoy the light-heartedness which never fails him. His hero, *Peter Michael Paynton-Ambleton*, never for a moment convinced me that he was deeply in love; but he was an engaging youth, and had a shrewd way with him, thanks to which and a fine gift for bluff he succeeded in both winning the red-haired *Elizabeth* and in frustrating his country's enemies. As a foil to *Peter* Mr. JERSON gives us his cousin, *Herbert Forsyth*, a foolish person, who is described as "a rising but conscientious member of the Diplomatic Service." If we are to accept the sinister implication in that word "but" (which I, for one, decline to do), it may be that his conscientiousness, though I detected little sign of it, militated against his success. Anyhow, this "rising" young man never rose very far.

The *Surplus* (FISHER UNWIN) which Miss SYLVIA STEVENSON deals with in this more than promising first novel is that creation of the statistician, the surplus woman. I have never met one myself, and I am not sure that Miss STEVENSON'S *Sally Wraith* isn't disqualified by the fact that she only avoided marriage as it were by the skin of her teeth and by her own choice, just as I had decided that the author was going to be weak enough to marry her off after all. *Sally* is a selfish, unreasonable, jealous young person, like lots of real girls, and like them very lovable in spite of it. We leave her wondering whether her "job" is not "to teach some other unmated woman that she hasn't missed the greatest thing in the world if she's had a great friendship." It is to be hoped, if the statisticians are right, that *Sally* is right too. Meanwhile, to turn to a different subject, where do the majority of Mr. FISHER UNWIN'S brilliant young first novelists go to when they should be second novelists? That is what I want to be told. We know what

has become of some—Miss ETHEL M. DELL among them—but why do so many begin excellently and then go no further?

The Deception of Ursula (STANLEY PAUL)—she is in the objective genitive—is a variation on a rather threadbare theme. Old Mr. *Anderley*, with his son wanting to throw up the law and go to Texas, one daughter planning a trip to Florence with a friend of whom he disapproves, and the other—worst of all—threatening to turn his study into a bedroom, uses the promise of an early distribution of his property as a means of getting his own way. How the ruse succeeded and how it failed is the mat-



MARTYRS OF COMMERCIAL ENTERPRISE.

AN EMPLOYEE OF AN ARTISTS SUPPLY COMPANY EXPERIENCES DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING CAMEL'S HAIR FOR BRUSHES.

ter of Mr. THOMAS COBB'S story. He has written it in a curiously flat manner, as though he had not found it very interesting himself, but has redeemed it by creating in *Frank Brumley*, a successful novelist of doubtful origin, and in *Laure Farebrother*, the young woman of whom Mr. *Anderley* disapproves, two such likely and lovable characters that one takes pleasure in the whole book for their sakes. At the same time I must confess that I expect Mr. COBB to give me a little amusement too.

"PROFESSIONAL ENTERTAINERS, ETC.

Local Contesting Band require Flugel and Cornet Players; work found for bricklayers or joiners."—*Provincial Paper*.

But why not plumbers? Surely they have a well-established reputation as professional entertainers.

From the announcement of a motor-sale:—

"1 automobile Cow, moteur Aster, magnéto Bosch, carburateur Zenith."—*Mauritius Paper*.

Now we understand why (as reported in our issue of January 23rd) Mr. HENRY FORD abandoned his motor-cow project. He had been forestalled.

CHARIVARIA.

THE G.P.O. is conducting research work with the view of eliminating cross-talk on the telephones. We shall miss our merry moments with the back-chat artiste at the Exchange.

We are relieved to learn that the majority of the audience that sat out the performance of *Back to Methuselah* have now returned to their homes.

Greece is hoping to try another form of Government if somebody will kindly think of one they haven't tried already.

A Norwegian named NIELS AASEN claims to have invented a projectile by means of which war can be waged without men. Another good thing would be a peace which could be waged without politicians.

Lecturing on "The World of To-morrow," Sir FREDERICK KEEBLE declared that he had succeeded in changing the colour of young shrimps so that they grew up brown or green or striped. He is to be made an Honorary Member of the Brighter Tea-table Movement.

A strike of school-children at Maids Moreton, Bucks, was settled by the Rector. Fortunately before Eton and Harrow could come out in sympathy.

Sir CHARTRES BIRON has stated that during his eighteen years on the Bench he has only cracked one joke in court. How many of our judges and magistrates can make a similarly proud boast?

M. GRABSKI has been invited to form the New Polish Government. It is a wonder that he waited to be asked.

A man has been summoned in Dublin for assaulting a landlord. This seems to indicate that under some new law this sort of thing has developed into an offence.

The President of the National Builders and Engineers Brick Federation has written to the Press to say there are heaps of bricks. The opinion grows that unless more houses are built somebody will start throwing these bricks.

Sunset-pink is to be the prevailing colour this year. The fashion, of course, was anticipated by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

The International Middle Classes Congress will, it is announced, be held at Berne in October. This announcement leaves plenty of time to select the Upper Tooting delegates.



Bluejacket. "PULL YERSELF TOGETHER, 'ERBERT. WE LICKED ALL THE CHAMPAGNE OFF 'ER BOWS WHEN SHE WAS LAUNCHED."

Electoral reforms are being contemplated in a South American Republic. It is thought likely that the one-man-one-revolver plan will be adopted.

TROTSKY has been advised to go to a warmer climate. This merely repeats what many people have advocated ever since he came into public notice.

A fire which occurred in a large hotel in Hampshire last Monday week was extinguished, but broke out again on the following Thursday. It is not known where it had been in the meantime.

The latest researches of science indicate that only the man with a firm square jaw will succeed in business.

This is bad news for business men who happen to have an ingrowing chin.

We have had a very poor jumping season, says a sporting writer. No such complaint has been made by short-sighted pedestrians.

It is pointed out by a contemporary that housewives are attending classes to learn how to do odd jobs about the house. It is always useful to know the best way of unsoldering a plumber's mate from the two-thirty racing edition.

The latest proposal is that two referees should officiate at football matches. The idea is that the other would be in a position to give evidence at the inquest.

"YOUR FOOD."

[Thoughts attributed to a Free Trader on reading the above elliptic phrase on the poster of an evening paper during the dockers' strike.]

THE cruel ironies of life!

"Was it for this," I said,
"That England foiled Protection's knife
Which meant to kill her dead—
For this, that, when the foe was battered
And put by Free Trade on the floor,
Our food—the thing that really mattered—
Was yet to cost us more?"

I heard of herrings left to rot
Unkippered on the quay;
Of mutton rooted to the spot
Where it arrived from sea;
Of ripe bananas coming croppers
Into the gutter, there to stay,
With HENDERSON'S indulgent coppers
Looking the other way.

But now, for just a breathing spell,
The hatchet 's gone below;
They've made a truce they might as well
Have made a month ago;
The "peaceful" pickets (thankyou, Heaven!)
Cease from their frightfulness, and I've
Secured the leave of Mr. BEVIN
Still to remain alive.*

But not for long; a little space
I may enjoy my luck,
Then other men will take his place
And other strikes be struck;
What good to us, the stricken classes,
To be excused from famine, if
The miners mean, ere Winter passes,
To have us frozen stiff?

O. S.

SCUTTLES AND SCOOPS.

FIRES are splendid friends, we are all agreed. The splutter and the flag and the crackle of them! They cook chestnuts and toast bread and keep grog hot, and if we gaze into the heart of them we see the counterfeit presentments of friends, dogs and celebrities. Even when we turn our backs to them they stimulate us to air our political views. If they spit and burn holes in the Persian rug they have friends in the Insurance world who pay cheerfully for all the damage they do—striking evidence of their lovable nature. But, alas! they involve the use of scuttles and scoops.

There are several kinds of coal-scuttles. First in order of abomination is what is known as the "coal-box in Jacobean oak." This looks like a cheese-dish with a slipped face, has a handle on top and a shovel or scoop in a pocket behind it. When it is lifted up by the handle on top all the coal falls out. Hence servants carrying in coal have to put both arms round it as if it were a large struggling dog.

But a veil may be cast over its transport. Let us suppose you have got the malefic thing safely by the fireside. The fire needs feeding. You go to the coal-box and crouch before it, very much as you used to at physical jerks in the army. But, instead of keeping both hands on your hips, you extend the right and snatch at the handle of the coal-scoop.

Instantly a tragedy. The coal-scoop fits too tightly in its pocket, and so the scuttle is jerked forward. The lid opens and coal pours over the floor When the

atmosphere is fit to breathe once more, you place your foot fairly on the Jacobean cheese-dish, seize the handle of the coal-scoop with both hands in an overlapping grip and pull back. Sometimes you do not hit the edge of the table behind you with the back of your head, but it depends on your luck.

Having withdrawn the scoop, you now attempt to scoop coal out of the scuttle. The coal, of course, has been carefully wedged in. The maid has crammed it full, so that it shall last all day, thus saving her from journeys to the cellar when she is wearing her afternoon salmon-pink silk stockings. The result of this packing is that nothing less than a charge of dynamite will get the coal out of the scuttle. You scratch at it, you dig at it, you kick at it, you very nearly lie down on the floor and bite it, but no coal comes out.

Hastily throwing the scoop aside, so that the tin shovel parts from the wooden handle with a musical ring, you gather up the scuttle and turn it upon the now feeble blaze. The entire contents pour out as if they were milk, and the flame is put out for ever.

We now pass to the second-class torture, that of the coal-cauldron or vase. This is a repulsive circular structure, sometimes with a lid and sometimes without. It has handles on either side and is made of brass, copper or oxidised silver. It is impossible to tip the coal out of this into the fire unless you are a contortionist. Try it for yourself. Your hands are occupied with the two handles. Balancing on your left foot, you bring the right toe under the base of the cauldron and endeavour to draw it towards you with the view of turning the top over the grate. Invariably, when you get your right knee close to your chin and the trick is all but accomplished, there comes a twinge of rheumatism in the left calf and over you go with the coals tipped into the hearth.

Of course the correct way to feed a fire from a cauldron is with tongs. Come, oh come with me to the "Fireside Accessories and Hearth Furnishings" Department, and let us buy a pair. What kind will you have? That antique copper little pet, constructed like a pair of scissors, that cuts ridges in your forefinger and thumb without boasting about it, or that exquisite little treasure resembling a pair of nutcrackers, which requires two hands for its management? You need to put pressure on both of its arms in order that it may retain its grip on the selected lump; and it never lets go till you are close to the grate, so enabling you to strike your forehead on the mantelpiece as you dive hearthwards to retrieve the coal.

Or perhaps that long outrage over there attracts you. You know the kind of tong. It stretches its repulsive form at full length on the hearth, with its head resting on "dogs," and is used exclusively for hitting their namesakes when they bring bones into the drawing-room. Take your choice, I beg you.

I have suffered for fires and have no great hopes for the future. Friends recommend a gas-stove or an electric radiator, but I hope I shall die an Englishman. . . . This New Year, however, I did make an effort in the direction of a less violent existence and bought for my wife a beautiful thing called an "Inlaid Mahogany Coal Cabinet, £5 14s. 0d." You just pull a knob and the coal almost walks into the fire. Well, the thing arrived and was greeted with transports of delight. They have decided to keep music in it.

"For sale—Bargain, 17-fool launch, 2½ horse-power, good as new. Fine family boat."—*Canadian Paper.*

Few families in Canada, we hope, require such accommodation as this.

* All this is a roseate anticipation, not yet confirmed at the time of going to press.



UP THE POPLAR TREE.

MR. ASQUITH. "I WONDER WHETHER GLADSTONE WOULD HAVE SPARED THIS TREE."



Young and inexperienced Kitchenmaid (who has been taking a peep at the diners). "I DO THINK GENTLEMEN LOOK LOVELY IN DRESS-CLOTHES!"

Waiter. "Do you? WE THINK NOTHING OF IT."

GRAND OR NATIONAL OPERA?

Mr. Punch, an opera-goer of eighty years' standing, is of course keenly interested in the controversy which, arising out of the proposed and postponed visit of the Viennese Opera Company, has developed into a contest between the supporters of "Grand" and "National" Opera. Mr. Punch's experiences are probably unique, for who else has heard LABLACHE, MARIO and GRISI, JENNY LIND, TITIENS, ALBONI, VIARDOT-GARCIA, PATTI, NILSSON and TREBELLI in their prime, as well as the DE RESZKES, TAMAGNO, TERNINA, MELBA, down to DESTINN and CARUSO? Then he knew all the great operatic conductors from COSTA to RICHTER and from RICHTER to COATES and GOOSSENS; all the great dancers from TAGLIONI to LOPOKOVA.

When he began opera-going, Italian composers ruled the roast; he witnessed the advent of WAGNER, the fury of his detractors, his ultimate triumph and his partial supersession by RICHARD the Younger—now in turn regarded as a back number by the modernists—by

the Russians and PUCCINI. But of all the experiences in his operatic career perhaps the most illuminating was a visit to Covent Garden about a year ago, when *Siegfried* was done, and very well done, by the British National Opera Company. Then and for the first time Mr. Punch was fully awakened to the coming of the new audience. Gone were the diamonds and tiaras, the sumptuously-apparelled Society beauties, gilded youth and well-groomed age. The house was crowded, but mostly with young people in tweeds and jumpers—keen, critical, unfashionable, even unkempt. Mr. Punch is old-fashioned enough to regret the change on the ground that, as you are (or were) expected to put on your best clothes on Sunday, so it is right and fitting to put on your smartest dress at the Opera. He is quite certain that the performers like it—not from snobbery, but from a sense that Opera is a sort of festival and demands festal attire. But the experience was most enlightening in that it enabled Mr. Punch to recognise that "Grand" Opera (in the true sense of the adjective) does not necessarily demand grandeur or dis-

play on the part of the audience or the payment of thirty shillings for a stall. The new audience—the generation born since the present Promenade Concerts were started in 1897—know a great deal more about the music in which they are interested than their predecessors. The average standard of musicianship is much higher. They care more for *ensemble* and the orchestra than for "stars" and *roulades*; for "character" in music than for beauty—has not one of their shining lights recently told us that no sound which is deliberate can be pronounced ugly? Yet they are not immune to the charm of the *bel canto* or of *bravura* (when it is allied to a lovely voice), and, though they proscribe MENDELSSOHN, they cannot do without BACH and they adore MOZART.

In short they are a factor in the situation which cannot be ignored, in view of their numbers, their tastes and their limited means. In these lean years Opera is dominated, like everything else, by economics; and "Grand Opera," when it involves the engagement of "star" performers at fees three or four times as large as those paid to PATTI

forty or fifty years ago, cannot live on the support of the younger generation of opera-goers. Indeed it is doubtful whether it can be made a "commercial proposition" on lines which rule them out. The "old nobility" who supported it are impoverished; the new rich of to-day have not yet acquired the opera-going habit. Perhaps they may. But the fact remains that for the last few years the "star singers" have stayed in America, because British and Continental impresarios could not offer terms which would make it worth their while to cross the Atlantic. And this has proved the opportunity of the British National Opera Company, which, in spite of imperfections and inevitable limitations, has catered in the main successfully for the new operatic audience.

The B.N.O.C. has its difficulties, for co-operation is a principle peculiarly difficult to translate into practice in the sphere of Art. Co-operation involves compromise, and compromise is fatal to Art. Again, it is hard to dispense with capitalists. The development of the modern Russian school is the best illustration of their value, for it was solely owing to the munificence of the rich widow of a railway magnate that TCHAIKOVSKY was able to devote himself to composition, while BELAIEFF, a prosperous timber merchant, was the good genius of that remarkable group whose works might never have seen the light but for his enlightened aid.

The difficulties of the B.N.O.C. are largely financial. You may dispense with "star" singers at fabulous salaries, but you cannot dispense with a first-rate orchestra. Orchestral players in the past were badly paid, and the foundation of a "Musicians' Union" was perhaps inevitable, though its developments may be not exempt from criticism. It is hard to be a good artist when you always have your eye on the clock at a rehearsal. And then there are high rents; and finally there is Mr. HARRY HIGGINS. Mr. Punch welcomes the evidence of hereditary controversial skill shown recently in *The Times* by the son of his old friend and contributor, "JACOB OMNIUM." It was in *Punch's* own pages that THACKERAY once wrote, in his "Ballad of Policeman X":—

"His name is Jacob Homnium, Esquire;
And if I'd committed crimes,
Good Lord! I wouldn't ave that mann
Attack me in *The Times*!—"

The B.N.O.C. have not "committed crimes"; they have, on the contrary, done a work which deserves cordial support and encouragement, and Mr. Punch cannot but regret the somewhat ungenerous tone of Mr. HARRY HIGGINS's references to their activities, though some of his criticisms are legiti-



Partner (to ladylike young man). "DO TELL ME WHO DOES YOUR SHINGLING FOR YOU."

mate and well founded. But the British National Opera Company need not be dismayed. They have enlightened musical opinion, youth and numbers on their side; and they may confidently face the future if they avoid Chauvinism, welcome competition and induce some benevolent millionaire to pay for the cost of their rehearsals.

Our Shameless Advertisers.

"IF YOU HAVE NOTHING ON
come to the
LADIES' LEAP YEAR CARNIVAL."
North-Country Paper.

"At Grimsby and Hull railwaymen, who support the dockers, refused to handle fish. Supplies were short at Covent Garden."

Daily Paper.

On the other hand flowers (of rhetoric) were still plentiful at Billingsgate.

A DULL AFTERNOON.

I DON'T know where I put my ball
And someone's pinched my bone;
My basket's in the draughty hall;
They've left me quite alone;
I can't play with the kitchen mat
'Cos Cook's just washed the floor;
I can't run out and chase that cat,
They've shut the garden door;
I don't feel well; I've got a pain;
There's nothing I can chew;
I'd better go to sleep again—
What else is there to do?

From the prospectus of a popular entertainer:—

"When he is imitating the characters he loved so well, the audience never takes its eyes off him, except to wipe them."

Not, we gather, a dry humourist.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

XIV.—DRESSING-UP.

"WITH all our intelligence," I said, "our unprecedented intelligence, we cultured men and women of the modern world are extremely childish at heart, I am glad to say. And one of our favourite recreations in the winter months is the nursery game of 'dressing-up.' Come, I have some tickets for the 'Abdul' Fancy-Dress Ball. You will there see a large number of our leading artists, writers, musicians, sculptors and common artistic dog's-bodies from Chelsea, with not a few real actors and *littérateurs*, whatever they may be.

"The note of the Ball is Oriental, for it is intended to celebrate the Oriental play, *Abdul*, and most of the costumes will be somehow connected with that drama. It is commonly supposed that the Oriental stage provides a wide range of costumes; but in fact, as a man, you have but three alternatives. You may appear as a Sheikh, a Negro Torturer, or a Merchant of Bargdard; and all these costumes may be hired in Wardour Street for an unreasonable sum.

"If you were a woman you could appear as a Houri in silk trousers, an Odalisque in silk trousers, or an Oriental Vampire in pyjamas. Man, as usual, has the wider opportunities.

"Fancy Dress, however, is optional, and, if you like, you may go in Full Evening Dress, which is in many ways a more original costume than any of them. Which will you be—an Arab Sheikh or an English Gentleman? I've asked Phyllis Fair to come," I added.

"I have never yet put on the old-fashioned uniform of an English Gentleman," said the Man in the Moon. "If you will help me, I should like to go as that."

We took great pains over the Man in the Moon's costume, and I personally superintended the dressing of him. First the shirt—an extraordinary garment of pure white linen and long-cloth, a kind of ephod, fitting tightly round the neck. The whole of the breast and most of the stomach is covered by a kind of cuirass of stiff starched linen, hard as a board and desperately uncomfortable. Then to the top is attached a two-and-a-half-inch collar, unyielding as nails and preventing any movement of the neck or head, except in front,

where a small opening is left to obviate choking and provide a small manoeuvre-space for the Adam's Apple. The collar is made smaller than the top of the cuirass, so that it can only be fastened by main force, with the help of an iron stud; and, when fastened thus, it overlaps the cuirass, so that small folds of skin are pinched between the two, causing acute pain and discomfort.

"I don't like this," said the Man in Moon, wriggling cautiously. "Can't I be a Torturer?"

"You'll soon grow used to it," I

noticed in the old legends that distressed maidens felt perfectly safe with the knights in armour who rescued them, not because the knights were particularly good, but because they were obviously not *dressed* for making love. The tenderest embrace would have killed the girl. Well, we have discarded the helmet and visor, but we keep the cuirass; and the result is that there is almost nothing but Platonic love among the upper classes.

"These are what we call 'trousers'—from the French '*trousses*'—breeches—literally, 'bundles.'"

The Man in the Moon put on his bundles and I handed him the socks.

The bundles, I explained, are suspended from the shoulders by gaily-coloured pieces of elastic called braces, and the socks are braced up by suspenders. They have a metal clasp which digs into the flesh, and are drawn very tight, generally producing varicose veins.

After this a strip of white linen is tied round the neck in a childish bow. This is very difficult to do. There are two methods. One is to tie the bow loosely so that it hangs down and reveals the stud; the other is to knot it fiercely, so that the stud is concealed, the linen loses its shape and the whole thing looks like a white bootlace. This is what I did.

"Now the waistcoat," I said. "Many ladies fondly suppose that a man's dress is less complicated than theirs. Observe this waistcoat, which is the central beauty of the gentleman at night. It has four buttons, beautifully done in mother-of-pearl, and each of these has to be fastened in individually with a kind of

key-ring, painful to the fingers. During the time that it takes to do this a woman of ordinary capacity could put on a couple of one-piece frocks. There! The waistcoat is, of course, too small, and will in a few moments be puckered all over, besides giving you indigestion.

"And now the coat. The coat! The crowning glory! The coat, you observe, like the bundles, is of a funereal black and adds the final touch of gloom. It is faced with black silk, and has two extraordinary black appendages at the back, like the wings of a black-beetle. At the beginning of the nineteenth century the officers of His Majesty's



"CURIOSITIES OF LITERATURE."

ADMIRAL NEWBOLT.

told him, "and when you have the whole thing on you'll find that you feel tremendously good. The fact is, this part of the costume is a relic of the old Puritan times in England. It was felt that nobody could misbehave himself in a dress like this. You can't imagine yourself embracing anyone passionately in that shirt—can you?—not even Phyllis. It is done in books, of course, but, looking back, I can't remember that it ever happened in real life."

"What do I put on next?" said the Man in the Moon gloomily.

"It was the same thing," I said, "in the Age of Chivalry. You may have



Mother. "HAVE YOU THOUGHT OVER WHAT I SAID ABOUT NOT LETTING THE SUN GO DOWN UPON YOUR ANGER?"

Boy. "YES."

Mother (hopefully). "AND WHAT DO YOUR THOUGHTS TELL YOU?"

Boy. "THAT I CAN'T HELP WHAT THE SUN DOES."

Navy wore similar coats, with the trifling difference that they were pale blue, with buttons of gold, and were worn with knee-breeches. However, this coat is well enough—if only it were worn with knee-breeches; and the trousers are well enough, if worn with another kind of coat. Together, however, you must admit, the effect is bizarre and striking in the extreme. Come, let us go. I may say that I myself am a Merchant of Bargdard."

There is nothing like a Fancy-Dress Ball to make one question the legend of the Beauty of the Human Form.* The wrong women will wear trousers, and the wrong men will appear as Negro Torturers,† displaying yards of the human back, meaty and a trifle warm, like Monday's cold lunch in the summer-time. One longed for a skewer. I counted twenty-five Negro Torturers, ten or more acres of the human back and thirty-seven Odaliskes in trousers. The room was full of gaily-coloured Sheikhs, Princes, Dominoes, Columbines, Jesters, Harlequins, Caliphs, Rajahs, Bedouins,

Soldiers, Sailors and Merchants of Bargdard. A fox-trot was in progress and, as if there was not enough colour already, green lights and yellow, yea, mauve and heliotrope, were flung upon the throng. One has seen this before; but it used to be done with deliberation, so that one grew accustomed to the face of the loved one being a livid yellow before it went heliotrope. But life is speeding up everywhere, and now, by means of a revolving wheel, the lights are changed continually, and the loved one is green, yellow and purple at the same time, a pretty picture of confusion. Through this brilliant scene the Man in the Moon moved stately with Phyllis Fair, entranced, enamoured, blinded with the lights and bumping occasionally into the pillars.

After the fox-trot the guests were ordered to parade for the Judging of the Costumes. First, there were two prizes for *Abdul* costumes; but it was the open competition which provoked most interest. Hand-in-hand the Rajahs and Columbines and Negro Torturers lined up and marched round the room, producing, I thought, an

effect of garish uniformity. Nothing, somehow, seemed to catch the eye. Stealthily I pushed the Man in the Moon into the moving line, and meekly he fell into step.

All eyes were immediately upon him, a distinguished and unique figure in that commonplace crowd of fancy characters, with his gleaming white cuirass and extraordinary beetle-tails and the ridiculous bootlace-bow. There was never a doubt of the result; and in a minute or two, amid general cheers, he was being presented with the First Prize in the All-Comers' Competition "FOR THE MOST FANTASTIC COSTUME."

A. P. H.

"Another advantage of the new escalator . . . is that any or all of the three staircases can be made to go in either direction at the same time."—*Local Paper*.

We foresee complications.

"Chauffeur, single; Liverpool district: must have beer in private service."

Advt. in Local Paper.

That does not seem unreasonable. Some chauffeurs would insist on having champagne.

* There are exceptions, of course.

† There are no exceptions.

THESTYLIS.

WE had a cook, but she has gone away,
She was too good, too beautiful to stay—
Beautiful in her art, I mean to say.

There is no book
That can expound the sorrow of the thing
When a light hand with pastry taketh wing;
We can but sit and weep, remembering
How she could cook.

It was a dreary and a winter morn
What time the taxicabman wound his horn,
And Thestylis, her trunk of tin upborne
With a great push
On to the taxi, bade us both adieu:
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new—
The actual place was in some avenue
Near Shepherd's Bush.

Ay, Thestylis is gone, who had no peer
(Young Thestylis) in making thick or clear,
Or doing simply anything, my dear;
Why, she could scrub!

Ah, false and fickle as the white sea foam,
Why did her wayward footsteps choose to roam
Just when one got as good a joint at home
As at the Club?

There was no sound of trouble when she went,
No observation on the way she spent
Her outings, and her work was excellent:
She did not leave
Through having words with Mary over spoons,
She got her ordinary afternoons,
She did not come to crave for extra boons,
Like Genevieve.

She was not bribed away with alien gold;
We would have had the grand piano sold
To keep her. Then what ailed the girl? The old,
Old fatuous whim.

She had a friend. I count it a disgrace
That Love should trench on Art in any case.
She had a friend. She took another place
To be near him.

Him at the dancing palace, Hammersmith,
It was her custom to go dancing with
(O vanished steaks! O mutton now a myth!),
And so she left.

Blunt is to-day the ineffectual steel
Because of that young man, and poor the meal;
The concave soufflé tells what woe we feel;
We are bereft.

O happy basement where her feet are set,
Wherein she turns to-day the omelette;
Shall she remember or can we forget
Our too brief bliss?
The fricassees, the savouries, the stews,
The various cheer from which she bade us choose?
These mutton cutlets are like ancient shoes,
Ah Thestylis!

But happier he and favourite of chance,
That youth who now attends her at the dance
And sees on Thestylis's countenance
A lover's look;

He has no other thing for which to pray,
And, when he bids her name the happy day,
His lot shall be all roses and all may,
For she can cook.

EVOE.

THE PASSING OF HAMPSTEAD.

My telephone is, or was, Hampstead 9999, though I don't live there. Telephone numbers in my popular and salubrious suburb were something of a lottery and I happily drew "Hampstead." My next-door neighbour is "Finchley." Probably in education, appearance and means he would be considered my superior—and yet? Hampstead. There is a touch of patronage, of condescension in my morning greeting which he does not resent. He feels that it is justified. Somehow our telephone exchanges place us socially. About Hampstead there is a something, an aroma, a bouquet, which obviously belongs neither to Finchley nor Hendon. It has so many literary and historical associations—the Heath, KEATS, cockernuts, the "Spaniards." It maintains its attraction for the great. Mr. MASEFIELD and Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD live there. It was from a Hampstead house that Mr. BROMLEY said, "Let there be a strike," and there was a strike. And from Hampstead he said, "Let there be trains," and behold! there were trains. Hampstead is superior, despite Mr. DRINKWATER's indefensible assertion that the bulk of the inhabitants drink their coffee out of large cups. What may be described as the Upper Zionist Movement runs through Hampstead to Park Lane. The White Stone Pond, the deepest tube lift-shaft in London, and Lord LEVERHULME are all to be found in Hampstead. "Hampstead 9999." Oh! a number to be proud of.

The blow fell about two months ago. The POSTMASTER-GENERAL, officially indifferent to the painful fact that he was about to lose his job, wrote tactfully and delicately. Certainly he used a buff form, but his mode and manner of address at once removed the unpleasantness one associates with such sombre-tinted literature. He said frankly that he proposed to open a new Exchange in my district and that I should be transferred to that Exchange. But he regretted that he could not inform me at present what my new number would be (little I cared) nor what the new Exchange would be called. I suppose he had realised that a new Government must take office and that it should be left for them to name this beautiful new Exchange.

All very well; but what of me, doomed to lose my "Hampstead"? For weeks I found names for the new Exchange. I remembered a jolly one in the Borough called "Hop," and wondered if they would carry on with "Skip," reserving "Jump" for another change of Government.

Time passed and a second buff form arrived. The new Exchange is suitably to open on April 1st; my number is unchanged. But the name—the vital name I must perforce use, though "Hampstead" remains written on my heart?—"SPEEDWELL"! And in my bereavement I had said, "No flowers, by request."

At the Zoo:—

"There are Rufus-headed whydahs, rosy-faced parakeets, black cheeks, ruddies, bush-babies, and other birds whose strange names are known only to chronologists."—*Provincial Paper*.

Well, why not? Time flies, too, you know.

"Meanwhile Luxor is filled with disconsolate American women and tourists, mostly elderly, all wearing plus fours."—*Provincial Paper*.
Why hasn't *The Times* given us some snap-shots of these sporting females?

From a speech by M. POINCARÉ:—

"The Government appealed to the majority of the Chamber to rally round it and to form a square to repulse the attacks against the franc."
Manchester Paper.

We have long feared that the French PREMIER was trying to square the circle.



WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

XII.—NURSERY CHAIRS.

*One of the chairs is South America,
One of the chairs is a ship at sea,
One is a cage for a great big lion,
And one is a chair for Me.*

The First Chair.

When I go up the Amazon,
I stop at night and fire a gun
To call my faithful band;
And Indians, in twos and threes,
Come silently between the trees
And wait for me to land.
And if I do not want to play
With any Indians to-day
I simply wave my hand,
And then they turn and go away—
They always understand.

The Second Chair.

I'm a great big lion in my cage,
And I often frighten Nanny with a roar.
Then I hold her very tight and
Tell her not to be so frightened—
And she doesn't be so frightened any more.

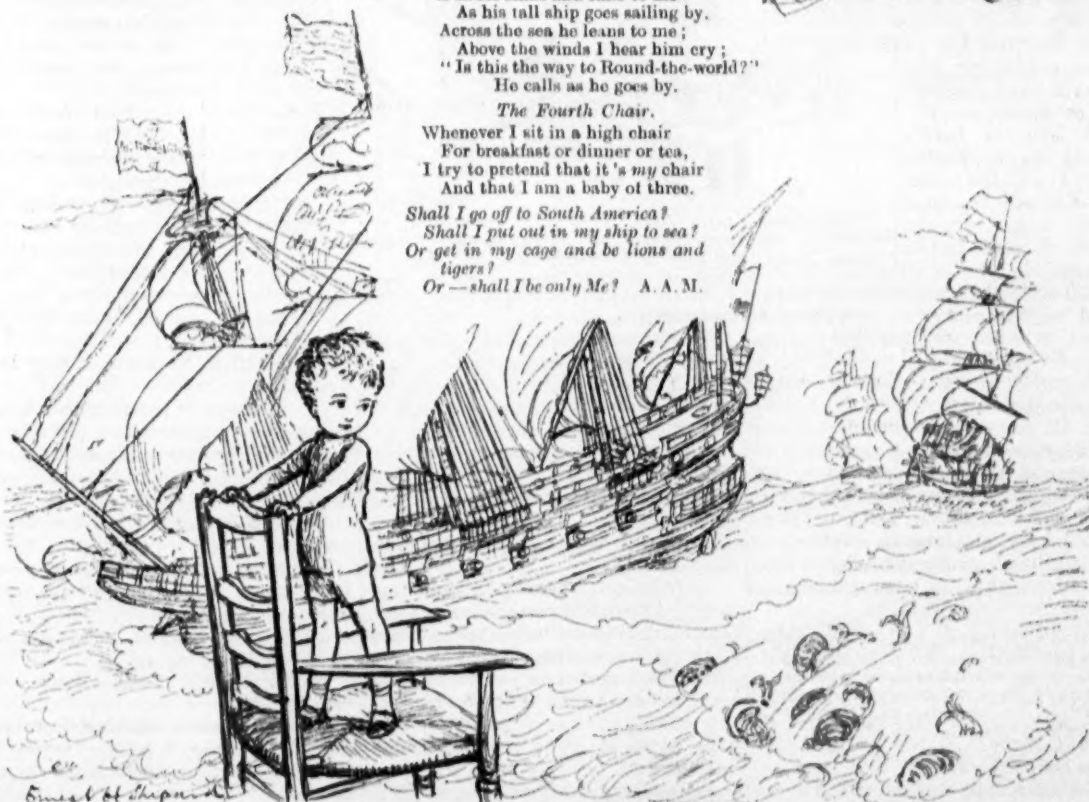
The Third Chair.

When I am in my ship, I see
The other ships go sailing by.
A sailor leans and calls to me
As his tall ship goes sailing by.
Across the sea he leans to me;
Above the winds I hear him cry:
"Is this the way to Round-the-world?"
He calls as he goes by.

The Fourth Chair.

Whenever I sit in a high chair
For breakfast or dinner or tea,
I try to pretend that it's my chair
And that I am a baby of three.

*Shall I go off to South America?
Shall I put out in my ship to sea?
Or get in my cage and be lions and
tigers?
Or—shall I be only Me? A. A. M.*



INTIMATE AFTERNOONS.

IV.—THE CANDID COURTSHIP.

SCENE—Ernest has called upon Geraldine. They have taken tea, and Ernest is now continuing a previous conversation.

Ernest. I shall never forget that moment. It was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me in all my life. I thought you were the most beautiful girl I had ever met.

Geraldine. Really.

E. And when you spoke to me I realised at once that you were as charming as you looked. As a rule I am afraid of clever girls, but with you it was different.

G. Then I am clever as well as beautiful?

E. (sticking to his guns). Yes, dear, you are clever as well as beautiful.

G. (unexpectedly). How well you do it, Ernest!

E. What do you mean?

G. A little heavy perhaps, but that is probably the effect of our terribly long lunch at the Ivy.

E. You're not, I hope, suggesting that what I have just said to you was insincere?

G. You can hardly expect me to believe that I am the most beautiful and the most gifted woman in the world. It would not be seemly.

E. The point isn't whether you are the most beautiful and gifted woman in the world, but whether I think that you are.

G. Do you?

E. (stiffly). I believe I made a statement to that effect.

G. Of course. So would anybody else in your position. A man when he is engaged to a girl is obliged to say those things. Most girls would be disappointed if he didn't. But I'm different; I hate compliments. When you tell me that I am beautiful I look into the mirror, which at once reminds me that my nose isn't straight.

E. (obstinately). It's an adorable nose.

G. (inevitably). But it isn't straight. Then my eyes are too close together.

E. (as before). They're adorable eyes.

G. But they're too close together. Then I know I'm not so clever as some girls. There's Winnie Durham, for instance, who understands HENRY JAMES.

E. Affected creature.

G. Which?

E. Both.

G. But she understands him and I don't. It's no use, Ernest. I know my deficiencies only too well, and I hate to be admired on false pretences. I want to believe that you know all my faults and see me exactly as I am.

E. (argumentatively). But I am in love with you, Geraldine. It would not be natural for me to see you as you are.

G. You were not always in love with me. Throw back your mind. Can't you remember how I seemed to you when you met me first?

E. (shortly). No, I can't.

G. That's rather a poor compliment to me.

ago I thought you were the most beautiful woman in the world. Perhaps I was mistaken. My feelings ran away with me. It was a delusion.

G. Then you admit that my nose isn't straight?

E. (coldly). It is most decidedly a crooked nose.

G. And my eyes are too close together?

E. (frigidly). There ought to be at least another inch between them.

G. And I am not frightfully clever?

E. (icily). I think it most unlikely that you would ever master the binomial theorem.

G. Thank you, Ernest.

E. (politely). Pray don't mention it.

G. You realise now, don't you, dear, that honesty is the best policy?

E. Certainly.

G. Between people who love each other as we do there should be perfect frankness?

E. Quite.

G. (coaxingly). I wish you would try to remember your first impressions of me. You must remember that first evening. It was at Lady Berwick's ball. I remember perfectly my first impression of you.

E. (sarcastically). Please be quite frank about it.

G. You were with the Perkins girl. I remember wondering why you laughed so much. I know she's supposed to be terribly amusing, but I think myself that she's overrated. I wonder whether you were just playing up to her, as men do, or whether you were really tickled.

E. Dorothy Perkins is a very brilliant girl.

G. So they say. But men will say anything of a girl with a pretty face. I once saw her put out her tongue at an archbishop. All the men thought it most amazingly witty.

E. Dorothy Perkins is a very lovely creature.

G. (sarcastically). The most beautiful woman in the world, perhaps.

E. I didn't say so.

G. It's the kind of thing you are quite capable of saying.

E. No, darling. You have cured me of that.

G. Aren't we wandering from the point? We are, I believe, trying to recollect our first impressions of one another.

E. (thinking hard). I remember now.



Voice from 2 L.O. "ONE, BEGIN WITH LEFT FOOT, AND STEP DIRECTLY FORWARD. TWO, STEP DIAGONALLY FORWARD TO RIGHT, WEIGHT ON RIGHT FOOT. THREE, DRAW LEFT FOOT UP TO RIGHT, DIP," ETC., ETC.

E. (scoring). I thought you hated compliments.

G. I was using the word compliment in quite a different sense.

E. You pretend not to be clever, but you are evidently too clever for me.

G. The remedy is obvious.

E. What do you mean by that?

G. I mean it isn't as if our engagement had been actually sent to *The Morning Post*.

E. (in despair). What are we squabbling about?

G. (righteously). It's your fault entirely. I have told you to be sincere. Marriage is a very serious thing. We have got to live together for years and years, and you won't always be blind to my shortcomings. You must try to think what it will be like when the glamour has worn off.

E. (wearily). Very well, dear. I will say anything you like. Five minutes

I thought you were rather good-looking. I also remember that you said some rather cutting things about poor Dorothy. That's one of your faults, dear. You are often terribly down on other girls. And there's another thing—

G. Yes, dear, do tell me what it is.

E. You won't be offended?

G. Of course not. Haven't I asked you to be frank?

E. Well, you are just a little bit inconsistent. *(She makes to speak, but controls herself with an effort.)* You often say one thing, and it turns out afterwards that either you have changed your mind or that you must have meant something else.

G. (indignantly). Really, Ernest—

E. (eagerly making his point). There, you see what I mean. You've just asked me to be frank, and when I do what you wish you are perfectly furious. That's what I mean by being inconsistent.

G. (subduing her temper). I am not in the least furious. I am merely surprised. I have my faults, but, whatever my bitterest enemy may say of me, I am never in the least inconsistent.

E. (doggedly). You asked me to be frank with you.

G. I asked you to be frank, but I didn't ask you to be malicious. I want you to tell me my *real* faults. I didn't ask you to invent *imaginary* ones.

E. (beaten). Very well, dear, then I take it back. You aren't in the least inconsistent. It's merely my stupidity. I can't always follow your line of thought. Please don't be upset about it. I take it back. You're always and utterly consistent. I tell you, I take it back.

G. (tearfully). You can't take it back. I know now what you think of me. I'm spiteful and I'm inconsistent and I'm plain.

E. (outraged). Plain! I never said you were plain.

G. You said I was rather good-looking, which amounts to the same thing, especially when you referred in almost the same breath to somebody else as a lovely creature. *(Feeling for her handkerchief)* The best thing we can do is to break off our engagement at once.

[She weeps with the utmost frankness.]

E. (with conviction). Geraldine, dearest, I have been a fool.

G. I want you to be f-f-f-frank with me, b-b-but I don't want you to be unkind.

E. (soothing her). Of course not. I quite see your point. My subtle darling! I shall understand you better in future.

G. (through her tears). And you will always be quite honest with me, won't you?

E. The soul of candour. How sweet



"HOW DE 'EE, MRS. TIMMINS?"

"I BAIN'T ALTOGETHER MYSELF, JOSHYYER. I 'VE A-GOT ONE OF YOUR BAD LEGS."

you look with the tears in your eyes! You have the most lovely eyes.

G. (archly). But don't you think they're just a little too close together?

E. Not a bit. They're exactly the right distance. An eighth of an inch more would spoil the whole effect.

G. (with a little sniff). Excuse me, dear, but I must blow my nose—my crooked nose.

E. (indignantly). Crooked? It's as straight as a die.

G. Honestly?

E. Honestly. I shall always be quite candid with you, Geraldine. I have realised this afternoon that it's no use trying to throw dust in your eyes. You are not like other girls; you are much too clever to be deceived by flattery. I shall always tell you the plain truth, even if it hurts.

G. It will never hurt me, Ernest dear, not if it's really the truth.

E. My wonderful Geraldine!

G. Am I really wonderful?

E. Entirely and absolutely wonderful. I am sorry if it offends you, but I promised to be frank, and the truth is the truth.

G. (leaning gently on his shoulder). I don't mind it in the least, dear; not if you really mean what you say. Please go on.

E. Go on?

G. Yes, dear. Please go on being frank.

"We learn with deep concern the news of transfer of —, the popular Munsif of —. He was impartial and innocuous. He was so sharp & keen that he threshed out at the very outset the tenderest fabrics which the legal tactics of lawyers managed to hotchpotch with a farrago of ambiguities. His judicial howitzer almost always hit right at the target."

Indian Paper.

How different from the editorial blunderbuss!

A LESSON IN TACT.

[A well-known scientist, lecturing in New York, has said that the grafting of monkey glands on human beings will eventually cause mankind to revert to the monkey type from which it evolved.]

Mrs. Smith caught her husband's eye at the other end of the table. "Do



J.M.S.
20.

"CALMLY HOISTED BOTH HIS KNEES TO THE LEVEL OF HIS CHIN AND REMAINED THUS PENDULOUS."

you think that Grandfather is *quite* all right, dear?" she signalled with her eyebrows. Mrs. Smith had very expressive eyebrows.

Mr. Smith glanced at Grandfather. "Oh, yes, he's all right," he signalled back with his nose. Mr. Smith had a remarkably eloquent nose.

"But really, dear, I've never seen him behave quite like *this* before. And so awkward, with the Pilkington-Browns here for the first time and everything. You *know* how ridiculously punctilious Mrs. P.-B. is," Mrs. Smith remarked with her shoulders. Mrs. Smith had curiously garrulous shoulders.

"Never mind Mrs. P.-B.," Mr. Smith observed with his ears. Mr. Smith had strikingly chatty ears. "The old chap's all right."

Nevertheless Mrs. Smith's alarm was not entirely without cause. The doctor who had carried out the operation had been quite emphatic in his warning that, in the case of a man whose parents had both undergone the same process, a further experiment might possibly be attended by somewhat unexpected

results. In the few months that had elapsed since then it is true that nothing untoward had happened; but Grandfather's demeanour to-night, the curious light in his eyes and his refusal to utter a single word, even when directly addressed, filled Mrs. Smith with painful forebodings.

Her anxiety might have been substantially increased had her husband, whose reassurances were masking the liveliest uneasiness, informed her that, travelling back from business on the Tube that evening, Grandfather, unable to find a seat, had attached himself to a strap with one hand and, straightening his arm to its fullest extent, calmly hoisted both his knees to the level of his chin and remained thus pendulous for the rest of the journey, to the undisguised interest of his fellow-passengers.

The next moment both she and Mr. Smith were working their hardest to appear unconscious of the fact that Grandfather, having suddenly abandoned the more conventional attitude in favour of a cross-legged position on his chair, had taken a handful of nuts from a convenient dish and was cracking them vigorously between his two remaining teeth. The kernels he masticated with every sign and sound of enjoyment; the shells he expelled forcibly from his mouth in all directions.

"What a charming house you have here, Mrs. Smith!" said Mrs. Pilkington-Brown serenely, only shuddering faintly as a piece of shell grazed one of her ear-whiskers.

"S-so kind of you to s-say so," smiled Mrs. Smith nervously, keeping an anxious eye upon her sharp-shooting grand-



"GRANDFATHER BEGAN TO PEER HOPEFULLY INTO THE INTRICACIES OF MRS. PILKINGTON-BROWN'S COIFFURE."

father. Mrs. Smith lacked Mrs. Pilkington-Brown's aristocratic calm.

"Bought it outright, I hear?" asked Mr. Pilkington-Brown tactfully.

"Yes," said Mr. Smith. "Got the chance of"—(he ducked sharply to avoid half a walnut shell)—"of a bargain and took it."

"So delightfully situated," observed Mrs. Pilkington-Brown graciously, and

nobody could have told whether or not she had noticed that Grandfather was now climbing laboriously and unnecessarily down the back of his chair to the floor. As a matter of strict truth she certainly had.

"Freehold?" asked Mr. Pilkington-Brown, carefully avoiding anything like a direct glance at Grandfather as he shuffled, in a curiously bent attitude, towards the back of Mrs. Pilkington-Brown's chair.

"Yes," said Mr. Smith; and, aban-



"SWUNG HIMSELF NIMBLY ON TO THE TOP OF THE PIANO AGAIN."

doning all decorum, watched with a glassy eye as Grandfather began to peer hopefully into the intricacies of Mrs. Pilkington-Brown's coiffure, parting the well-coiled strands with both his hands as he did so.

It was Mrs. Smith who saved the situation. Deftly catching Mrs. Pilkington-Brown's frenzied eye, she rose to her feet and pushed back her chair. So did Mrs. Pilkington-Brown. Grandfather, on the other hand, receiving the chair in his solar plexus, descended heavily to the floor. As the ladies, not without a certain relief, left the room, Mr. Smith picked him up and set him in a chair before proceeding to discuss stocks and shares with his guest.

When, half-an-hour later, they joined the ladies in the dining-room, Mrs. Pilkington-Brown was playing the piano. Grandfather pricked up his ears, hesitated a moment and then swung himself, by way of an occasional table, on to the top of the piano. Then, with hunched shoulders and picking up each foot alternately in time to the music, he began to sway slowly from side to side.

Mrs. Pilkington-Brown, who must have been a really heroic woman, played on unmoved.

After a few minutes Grandfather let himself down from the piano and, shuffling over to Mr. Smith, halted before him with palm outstretched and a wistful expression in his eyes. Mr. Smith did his best to pretend that Grandfather did not exist. Mrs. Pilkington-Brown played on.

Grandfather shifted his position and held out his hand to Mr. Pilkington-



"WELL, ARE YOU GOING TO HAVE A GARDEN THIS YEAR?"

"No. YOU HAVE A GARDEN; IT'S MY TURN TO KEEP CHICKENS."

Brown. The latter, exhibiting a readier tact than his host, dropped three pennies into it.

With a shrill cry of joy Grandfather stowed them away in his cheek and swung himself nimbly on to the top of the piano again. There he disembarassed his face of the pennies and, leaning forward perilously, dropped them down Mrs. Pilkington-Brown's back.

It was then, and not till then, that this wonderful woman's iron nerve at last broke down. But only her nerve. Tactful to the last, she resolutely refused to notice anything unusual in anyone's behaviour and simply decided to faint.

Oh, let us all take a lesson from Mrs. Pilkington-Brown!

Getting his Own Back.

From Smith minor's essay on "Good Manners":—

"A polite boy will raise his hat when he meets a lady, or a school-master or a gentleman."

"Cries of Old London, by Wheatley."

Advt. in Daily Paper.

"Hello! Poplar."

ENGLAND'S GLORY.

["If there is one glorious thing in England which must never die, it is a breakfast of bacon and eggs."—Mr. G. K. Chesterton.]

I HAVE relished the rolls in Vienna,
I have played with the porridge in Perth,

I have dreamt of an ice in Gehenna,
But never (for breakfast) on earth;
The Picardy omelettes are grateful,
Tho' often the coffee is dregs,
But you have to come home for a plateful

Of Bacon and Eggs.

There are some who find heaven in honey,

While others are joyful with jam;
In Tunis they try you with tunny,
In Chicago they help you to ham;
Some persist in abusing the liver

By breakfasting largely on "pegs,"
And these would undoubtedly shiver

At Bacon and Eggs.

It is whispered that epicures favour
A kidney or even a sole,
While to others the sausage's flavour
Is an exquisite ultimate goal;

But the browner and brawnier Briton
For manlier nourishment begs,
And the Tale of the Empire was written

On BACON and EGGS.

Then here's to the earliest blender
Of the fruit of the hog and the hen;
May the former be streaky and tender
And the latter be fresh from the pen!
For the glorious fact that enables
Old England to stand on her legs
Is that nine out of ten breakfast-tables
Show BACON and EGGS.

Another Plea for Dilution?

"At the meeting of — Water Committee, yesterday, a letter was read from the — Licensed Victuallers asking for a reduction in the water rates."—Local Paper.

"Most of the evening Sir Thomas [Beecham] conducted with his hands, sometimes with his fingers, and often with his clenched fists.

With the palm of his hand he literally smoothed out some of the exquisite violin passages in the first movement."

Provincial Paper.

Most embarrassing for the fiddlers if he really did it "literally."



CULTURE AT CAMBRIDGE.

[TIME—The present week, during the performance of "The Birds" of ARISTOPHANES in the original.]

Maid. "IF YOU PLEASE, 'M, CAN I GO TO THE THEATRE THIS EVENING TO SEE THEM 'BIRDS'?"

Mistress. "BUT DO YOU THINK YOU WOULD CARE FOR IT? YOU KNOW IT'S A GREEK PLAY."

Maid. "WELL, 'M, I SAW SOME PERFORMING FLEAS ONCE—AND THEY WAS FRENCH. I ENJOYED IT VERY MUCH."

THE SPOKEN WORD.

WHENEVER a discussion springs up as to the respective merits of the Stage and the Film, one of the first arguments one hears put forward by the supporters of the Stage is "the spoken word."

"Ah," they say, "the Film may be very beautiful, but you miss the spoken word."

They are quite right. You do. But is this a disadvantage? I hold no brief for the Film, but I really feel it is time someone spoke a word about this spoken word. I have therefore constructed the Third Act of a play, in which I have used only words and phrases heard in West End theatres during the past six months. They have been collected with a good deal of care and, impossible though some of them may seem, I can vouch for their authenticity.

The play is called—

RE-UNATED.

ACT III.

The "location" is immaterial as the play is produced with the latest system of lighting, and the scene serves for a Drawing-Room in Mayfair, a Factory in Wigan, a Railway Station at Omsk,

and a Nasty Mess. At rise of curtain Lady Elice Edams is discovered. Enter Lady Vahlet Meetland.

Elice. Oh! Vahlet—haow nace of you to come! On sech a day too.

Vahlet. Yes, it's tahsome weather, isn't it? There was a snevstorm in the nate.

Elice. Come, sit by the fah. (Slowly) Vahlet, I hev something sirious to say. The Juke is here.

Vahlet. Oh, Elice! I must gaow. I cannot meet him.

Elice. I knaow it's only nacherel that you should hev bitter thorts about him, but I wanchu to see him.

Vahlet. But, Elice, he treated me so crooly—to jilt me when I was but a gairl for that woman. To make her his Duch-ess—the mother of his chul-dren.

Elice. All that is past. He will'egs-plain.

[Exit Lady Elice. A pause. Enter the Juke.

Juke. Vahlet!—may Vahlet!

Vahlet (sarcastically). Pleased to meechu, I'm shore.

Juke. Don't be so erool. I hev come to ask you to forgive me. I knaow

haow you hev suffered jawring all these years.

Vahlet. But, Harry—to cast me asaid for that woman!

Juke. I couldn't egspain then. There were reasons— But there—I see you cannot forgive. Oh, if you would be may waife!

Vahlet. But she—the other woman?

Juke. She went awf and left me years ago. I divorced her. She is naow at the Empire—in the Bellet.

Vahlet. I foresawrit! Oh! Harry, you hev suffered too, eving as I hev.

Juke. Oh! Vahlet, canchu—wanchu—forgive me? (Looks eagerly at her.) I thort I sawr a look of lahve in your aye. Will you be may waife?

Vahlet. Prehaps. (They embrace.)

Juke. We will go to Inja for our honeymoon. Asiaris beautiful.

Vahlet. Oh, Harry! . . . But your chuldrren. What of them?

Juke. They neeju, Vahlet. They hev never knaown a mother's lahve.

Vahlet. They shell naow.

Juke. Oh, Vahlet!

CURTAIN.

Yes, there is that about the Film—you do miss the "spoken word."



A MORAL VICTORY.

UNDER-SECRETARY FOR AIR. "I SUPPOSE I'VE GOT TO GO ON WITH THIS 'WINGED VICTORY' ACCORDING TO THE ORIGINAL DESIGN; BUT LATER ON I HOPE TO TURN IT INTO AN ANGEL."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, February 18th.—This is "the Government that's different," as the advertisers say; yet it may be doubted if a stranger, unaware of recent events, who dropped into the House of Commons would notice any very great change. There is a new PRIME MINISTER, but his manner in answering the numerous Questions addressed to him (there were 59 to-day out of a total of 175) differs little from that of the old ones. It might have been Mr. BALDWIN who informed Viscount CURZON that the recognition of Mexico involved "complicated issues," though I fancy that the late PRIME MINISTER would have replied to Mr. A. M. SAMUEL that he would gladly ask the United States to take over Mexico, but for the fear that the United States might retort with the request that the British Government should take over Russia.

Posed with inquiries as to the exact scope of the "Russia" that he had recognised, I can imagine Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, that eminent opportunist, replying like Mr. MacDONALD: "I must just take the circumstances as they are;" while no one can be in doubt as to the source of the PRIME MINISTER'S answer to Mr. PRINGLE'S inquiry as to how Scottish legal questions were to be dealt with in the absence of the Scottish Law Officers: "My honourable friend must just wait and see."

Judging by the favourable reception given by Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS and Dr. MACNAMARA to Mr. SHAW'S Unemployment Insurance

Bill any other Government would have felt equally bound to abolish the much-abused "gap"; and Mr. BUXTON, although he does not look the part of agriculturist quite so well as Sir ROBERT SANDERS, said little on the subject of foot-and-mouth disease that his predecessor would have disclaimed. Research in this matter is most necessary, but to set up a laboratory in an old warship and to house the animals under observation in a couple of lighters alongside seems hardly the best or humanest method of pursuing it.

Tuesday, February 19th.—A Question by Lord RUSSELL regarding the inequality of the sentences passed upon drunken motorists was delayed by the non-arrival of Lord PARMOOR, who, as he explained subsequently, had himself been detained by the dangers of the streets. He was less sympathetic than might have been expected in the circumstances to Lord RUSSELL'S request that the Home Office should circularize

the magistrates, suggesting imprisonment in all such cases, and pointed out that there was probably "no inequality if you have all the facts before you."

The LORD CHANCELLOR explained to Lord NOVAR that there might be some delay in proceeding with the Church of Scotland (Property and Endowment) Bill. Everybody in Scotland (where they have a taste for gritty food, mental as well as physical) is apparently reading it and making comments upon it, with the result (to use Lord HALDANE'S own words) that "the state of affairs there is rather like a wasps' nest just at present, and we must let the wasps settle down."

Lord DESBOROUGH (wearing the pink carnation of eternal youth) called attention to the disastrous effect of road-

Sir SAMUEL HOARE, the mildest-mannered man that ever dropped a bomb, caused a violent explosion in the House after dinner. This was not his intention, for his speech, drawing attention to the insufficiency of our Air Force, was couched in studiously moderate terms. The detonation was done by Mr. LEACH, the Under-Secretary for Air, who proceeded to enunciate a series of ultra-Pacifist aphorisms—such as "the nation that prepared for war got the most war," "preparedness is not the best weapon in diplomacy"—that alarmed the majority of the House.

General SEELY was particularly alarmed, and drew a horrifying picture of the fate of London if we had no means of coping with enemy air-raids. Mr. J. H. THOMAS came to the rescue

of his colleague, and pointed out that the Government were continuing the late Government's policy of increasing the Air Force for the present, but wished to do nothing which would prevent them working for general disarmament.

The House was still perturbed, and only the refusal of the SPEAKER to grant the closure saved the Government from what might have been a disastrous division.

Wednesday, February 20th.—The Government will shortly be obliged to make known their attitude towards the Preference resolution passed at the Imperial Economic Conference. Lord BEAUCHAMP is almost the last of the Cobdenites, and distrusts anything that impairs the symmetry of theoretical Free Trade. His avowed object this afternoon

was to obtain information about Dominion Preferences; his real object, it seemed, was to show that they were hardly worth having and that British Trade as a whole would be better without them.

Neither his figures nor his deductions were entirely accepted by Lord ARNOLD, who made a capital maiden speech. He in no way underrated the Dominion Preferences, but gave no hint of how much further, if at all, the Government here are inclined to reciprocate. On that point Lord OLIVIER was slightly more explicit. India, he said, was not likely to give us a preference, save in the improbable event of our putting a tariff on foodstuffs.

A debate on cruelty to children, initiated by Lord GORELL, was inconclusive, but enabled Lord DE LA WARR, the latest recruit to the Government ranks, to win his oratorical spurs very creditably. The most remarkable feature of his speech, apart from its engaging modesty, was that it revealed him as a

In Memoriam.

It is with sincere regret that we have to record the death of Sir Henry Lucy, in his 79th year. Succeeding Tom Taylor, in 1881, as the Parliamentary representative of *Punch*, for thirty-five years, under the familiar name of "Toby, M.P.," he contributed to these pages his light-hearted and impartial "Essence." Few men of his time had so full a knowledge of the manners and personalities of modern Parliaments as the "Member for Barks." Both before and after his retirement from *Punch* in 1916 he produced many volumes containing his reminiscences, of which the last appeared only a few months ago. His hospitality brought together in Ashley Gardens a great variety of men distinguished in political and social life, among whom, and through a wide circle of unknown friends, the loss that his death brings will be deeply felt. To Lady Lucy, his loyal fellow-worker, and for more than fifty years the devoted partner of his joys and cares, we ask leave to offer our true sympathy.

tarring upon fisheries. Tar, Lord PARMOOR agreed, was the mischief; asphaltic bitumen should be used; then (according to an official report) there would be "no appreciable toxic character due either to soluble materials extracted by the rain from the bitumen itself, or to colloidal particles derived from the bituminous surface on disintegration." Highway authorities, please note.

Of the 167 Questions on the Commons' Order Paper less than half received an oral answer. Loud complaints were uttered by the Scotsmen (as by the Greeks on a famous occasion) that they were "neglected in the daily ministration." But the SPEAKER calmed them down by observing that he was always anxious to hear Scottish Members (Mr. WHITLEY has infinite patience), and that their desire would probably be attained if Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY and others would show "a little more discretion, restraint and unselfishness" in putting Supplementaries.

real convert to Labour, anxious "to serve in any way possible a Government which commands so much enthusiasm amongst the youth of this country." This, from a youth who "did his bit" during the war as an A.B., is a portent not to be neglected.

The PRIME MINISTER was bombarded



THE MAN WHO FILLED THE "GAP."
MR. TOM SHAW.

with inquiries as to what action the Government proposed to take in various contingencies that might arise out of the dock strike. His replies might be summed up as "Don't talk to the man at the wheel."

I think that Mr. DUKES, the Labour Member for Warrington, must have been surprised at the unanimous welcome accorded by Members of all parties to his proposal that State pensions should be given to all widows with children and other mothers whose breadwinner has become incapacitated. It seems that hearts are not the monopoly of the party in office, but that Tories and Liberals also possess them.

The mover did not go deeply into the finance of the question, but mentioned a round figure of twenty millions as likely to meet the bill. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, though entirely sympathetic to the proposal, had to look at it rather more closely. Mr. SNOWDON discovered an unsuspected vein of humour in describing the demands that he was expected to meet—increases of expenditure in this and that direction, coupled with the abolition or reduction of nearly all the existing taxes.

Thursday, February 21st.—Although the Government have issued an elaborate White Paper explaining their action over Poplar, they have not allayed the apprehensions of Lord BEAUCHAMP. Detecting in the document the "master-hand of the LORD CHANCELLOR," he roundly asked him if he agreed with

Mr. LANSBURY's doctrine that "the more the Government got Poplarized the more popular it would be."

As Gaddy-in-chief of the Opposition Lord BIRKENHEAD did not approve Lord BEAUCHAMP's encroachment on his province, and was most sarcastic at the expense of Liberals who attacked a Government which but for them would never have come into existence.

The theory that Lord HALDANE was the author of the White Paper was confirmed by his speech, which was if anything more cloudy and incoherent than that document. Almost the only intelligible statement in it was that in remitting surcharges before they were imposed the MINISTER OF HEALTH "had done nothing to encourage the Guardians to exceed the law;" and who will agree with him in that? Certainly not Mr. LANSBURY.

In the present state of parties the House of Commons grows more and more like a kaleidoscope every day. The least shake will cause a redistribution of atoms and a fresh pattern. To-day's jar came from the PARLIAMENTARY SECRETARY to the Admiralty, who at Question-time announced the Government's intention to lay down five new cruisers, adding that tenders will be invited at once.

While the Conservatives cheered,



"THE MILDEST-MANNERED MAN THAT EVER DROPPED A BOMB."

SIR SAMUEL HOARE.

protests came from the Liberal and Labour benches. Mr. PRINGLE, always willing to step into the limelight, promptly asked leave to move the adjournment, and was supported by all the Liberals and many of the Labour Members.

When the debate came on, however, some of Mr. PRINGLE's steam was dissipated by the Government's announcement that work on the new cruisers would not be begun till the House had sanctioned it; and what remained was not of a highly propulsive quality. Nor did he get much help from Lieut.-Com-



1924

MACDONALD RULES THE WAVES.

mander KENWORTHY's attempt to prove that we had plenty of cruisers already.

The PRIME MINISTER had no difficulty in showing that the Government were not instituting a new programme or prejudicing the policy of disarmament. These cruisers would be required shortly to replace obsolescent vessels, and to lay them down at once would prevent the growth of unemployment in the dockyard towns.

At each of his ringing sentences the malcontents steadily wilted; and when the division came only one Labourite (Mr. DUNNICO) voted against his leader; and the Government, supported by the whole Conservative Party present, had a majority of 299. Only 72 Liberals supported Mr. PRINGLE—the exact number, it is worth recalling, by which Mr. BALDWIN's Government was defeated six weeks ago.

"What is described as a sea lion, 8ft. long, weighing about 6cwt., has been washed ashore dead on Pridmouth Beach, near Fowey, Cornwall, knocked down and badly injured by a motor-car in London-road, Kingston."

Evening Paper.

It seems to have come down the Thames to the sea. What were the river police doing to overlook a thing like that?



"WHERE THE RAINBOW ENDS."

YEOMAN SERVICE.

IN the trifling disturbance produced in trade and economics generally by the Docks problem, the real gravity of the Beefeaters' strike has been lost sight of. But unless something is done there will be no one to show the Tower to anybody on Easter Monday. Various conferences have been held, but so far without a solution. In order that there may be no confusion, it should be stated that the men's demand is not for more beef, but for more leisure. They have all the beef they can eat, but they protest that they are overworked.

At a recent meeting of sympathisers the Chair was taken by Mr. HENRY A. LYTTON, who first read letters of regret from various well-known people. Mr. BERNARD SHAW wrote that he was unable to raise his voice on behalf of men who ate beef, but, if they would mend their ways and become, say, beet-eaters, he would even write a non-stop play for them. Sir WILLIAM BULL regretted that he could not be present, as the situation might become too painful for him. Mr. SWIFT MACNEILL sent some reminiscences of the Rump Parliament, which he hoped might be apposite.

Mr. LYTTON, in his opening address, said that years of impersonating *Jack Point* in *The Yeomen of the Guard* had given him a peculiar insight into the Beefeaters' temperament, and he was pleased to be present to raise his voice on their behalf. His famous remark, as *Jack Point*, about passing the mustard would have only a fraction of its success if no one ate beef. It was delightful to be among men who did nothing else. ("Oh! oh!") He trusted that he had not said anything amiss; what he meant was, it was delightful to be among men who proudly carried the title of Beefeater and who, when put upon by the authorities, had the courage to protest. (Enormous enthusiasm.)

The Senior Beefeater said that he and his colleagues were delighted to see so many eminent persons present. Their case was a very simple one. Briefly, they were asked to do too much, and unless a change was made the public would suffer very seriously. It was of the highest importance that old ladies who wanted to know where the Bloody Tower was should be suitably informed. (Loud cheers.) Thieves with an eye to the Crown Jewels needed expert treat-

ment, and only Beefeaters of long standing could penetrate their various disguises. As the late Mr. DAN LENO, the sociologist, had observed, with his unfailing penetration, a Beefeater was the first friend of the thirsty and hungry. He would go further and say that, if an analysis of the crowds that came to the Tower could be made, it would be found that more came to see the Beefeaters than the masonry. (Loud cheers.) The Beefeaters should not only be treated fairly; they were an institution so ancient and unique as to deserve to be pampered. They were an essential, an integral part of Old England. (Loud cheers and "For he's a jolly good fellow.")

Sir HENRY HADOW said that he was there to show his regard and admiration for the gallant guardians of the Tower; but he was bound to lodge a protest against the careless use of the word "beefeater" and the erroneous ideas that it set up. The notion seemed to be prevalent, if not universal, that these officials spent their time in eating beef. In fact there had already been allusions to that habit. For all he knew they did eat large quantities; and he trusted that it was home-grown (Loud cheers); but

as a matter of scientific fact the word "beefeater" was a corruption and had nothing to do with the consumption of bovine tissue whatever. (Sensation.) Advantage had probably been taken of a loose pronunciation; and it had no justification beyond usage. ("Oh! oh!") The word "beefeater" resulted from a careless English way of saying the French word "*buffetier*," signifying one who dispenses food. (Renewed sensation.) To dispense food, he would point out, and to eat it, were very different actions, and there might be occasions when the distinction was really pathetic. ("Shame!")

LORD DANESFORTH said that Sir HENRY HADOW might be right in deriving "beefeater" from "*buffetier*"; but he had not disposed of the matter there. Did not one go to the buffet for cold beef? (Loud cheers.) And might not the official in charge now and then assure himself in the usual manner that that commodity was in good condition? (Enthusiasm.) He could not sit there and allow honest Beefeaters to have their traditional glorious associations stripped from them. ("Hear, hear.") In fact, he would go further and suggest that the French word *buffetier* was a corruption, a dilution, of the fine old English word which the Vice-Chancellor of Sheffield University had done his worst to defame. (Loud cheers.)

Sir HENRY HADOW said that he was sorry to have raised such a storm. He had come there in the friendliest possible spirit. ("Oh! oh!") His one purpose was to support the claims of the Tower guardians; but they appealed to his sympathies only as *buffetiers*. If the carnivorous connotation was persisted in he must retire.

The Senior Beefeater, rising again, said that he and his colleagues were distressed at the etymological turn which the proceedings had taken. ("Hear, hear.") Whatever the origin of the term, Beefeaters they were and Beefeaters they would continue, and to the end of his days he should consider the saddest phrase in English literature to be SHAKESPEARE'S line, "The times are out of joint." (Renewed cheers.) But beefeating was not the question before the meeting. The question before the meeting was justice. ("Hear, hear.") None the less, when it was over, he hoped to enjoy a slice or two of the undercut; and he might add that he preferred horse-radish to mustard. (Renewed applause, during which Mr. LYTTON shed tears.)

The meeting then passed a vote of confidence in the Beefeaters and their cause, and, after joining in singing "The Roast Beef of Old England," broke up.

E. V. L.

AT THE PLAY.

"BACK TO METHUSELAH" (COURT).

I.—In the Beginning.

MR. SHAW'S main thesis is something as follows:—

Civilization is threatened because the job of running it is too big for man as he is, especially if he likes wine, meat, cigars and golf; more especially if he is as childish and immature as the Englishman. Look at the War; and the Peace; and the prospects of the Future. If man doesn't develop, and that promptly, he will inevitably share the fate of the mastodon.

But evolution, falsely analysed (by an impostor who was not even original, CHARLES DARWIN) as a process of accidental selection, is really a creative process of conscious willing on the part of the evolved. If, being a fish or pig in a certain environment, you sufficiently need and will to fly, wings will one day be added to you; and that suddenly, for Nature does everything by leaps.

Now, proceeds the argument, just as a man has begun to learn something, at seventy or so, he is beginning to decay and is ready to die—still hopelessly immature. Let him take thought, then, and increase his span of life to, say, three hundred years by steadfastly willing it and there will be some hope for him. That is the drift of this "metabiological Pentateuch" of our modern MOSES.

Of course it is not the slightest use wasting time complaining of Mr. SHAW'S infuriating unfairness in argument, his exasperatingly perverse generalisations, his calculated insolences, his lapses from taste. He needed them, and he willed them, no doubt, to gain attention. And it cannot be denied that he has succeeded. You are annoyed, so you sit up and listen. You continue to be interested. And, as there is enough thought and tonic wit and more than enough fundamental seriousness to equip a half-dozen tolerable dramatists, one wisely takes the rough with the smooth and is grateful, as one ought to be. The irrelevances, often brilliant, sometimes dull, are harder to justify; certainly in a dramatist whose job is compression—especially as we of the audience are not yet "back to METHUSELAH." I don't think Mr. SHAW easily blots a line or strangles a weak joke, fond parent that he is.

The First Act of *In the Beginning* seemed to me a thing of rare beauty, invention, imagination and wit. That buried poet in Mr. SHAW here comes fully to life. And it is testimony to his knowledge of his job that, while admirable to read, he gains immensely on the stage.

Adam finds a dead fawn. He calls *Eve*. They here see death for the first time and know fear. But Adam knows an even greater fear—that of having to live for ever. It is a terrible dilemma. The *Serpent* holds the key of knowledge and tells *Eve* of birth; and how she (the *Serpent*) gathered a part of the life that was in her body and shut it into a tiny white case and showed it to the sun, and it burst and there came out a little snake that grew to be as big as herself. So *Lilith* had done with Adam and *Eve*—or something like it. *Lilith* had first imagined the story, then told it to the *Serpent*, then willed it to be true. But to compass so much alone was too dreadful a burden. That burden must be shared; and the *Serpent* whispers to *Eve* the full secret of birth. *Eve* is first eagerly interested, then overwhelmed with the horror we call shame. . . . But thus life, which is so full of wonder, can go on; and yet man can still win the happy release of death after his allotted span. Adam willed himself a thousand years. Optimist!

Act II. takes us in "a few centuries" to an oasis in Mesopotamia. Adam delves, *Eve* spins. To them enters the first gentleman of leisure, Cain—vegetarian, murderer, hunter, warrior and (by Jove!) talker. He pours scorn upon his poor old drudge of a father, who has been scratching at the earth for centuries; talks to him as Mr. SHAW alone can talk, so that Adam takes up his spade against Cain's spear, *Eve* parting them. There is a long wrangle with much turning inside-out and upside-down of old sayings and beliefs; and plenty of diverting epigram.

Eve talks wisely and beautifully of Hope and Love and of her Artist sons, who (if I understand aright) invent the patterns for the children she bears, which might make even the most cultured amongst us glad that Mr. EPSTEIN was not at work in those days.

Mr. SHAW has now wandered somewhat from creative evolution. He was so pleased with Cain that he had to give him his head—to our entertainment, I allow. But we have not been shown any startling advantages that length of years brought to these early ancestors of ours.

The décor was admirable. The *Serpent* in particular was most adroitly and plausibly managed. The acting was competent—that of Miss GWYNETH FRANKLIN-DAVIES as *Eve* much more than that. Just such bewitching innocence and wondering simplicity might have walked in Eden. Mr. KEITH-JONSTON was a sound Adam. I thought Miss CAROLINE KEITH'S *Serpent* perhaps a little lacking in the subtlety of which



MANNERS AND MODES.

Dressmaker. "TO CREATE FOR MODOM IS INDEED A PLEASURE—MODOM IS SO SWEETLY SLINKY!"

that entertaining Shavian reptile so frequently boasted. Mr. SCOTT SUNDERLAND's *Cain*, if not a little too noisy, was perhaps just a little too restless and gesticulatory. But he acted with spirit and intelligence, and we could hear him, though he had to talk like a house on fire.

II.—The Gospel of the Brothers Barnabas.

We are now whisked off to Franklyn Barnabas's house in Hampstead shortly after the War. Conrad Barnabas, biologist, and his brother Franklyn, ex-clergyman—and metabiologist?—are be-

ginning a discussion of their joint thesis that man must will to live three hundred years or the race will come to grief through the incompetence incident to immaturity. There is an interruption; the parlourmaid shows in the young Rector, a Mr. Haslam, a guileless and not very obviously suitable clergyman (both maid and Rector are significant folk in the cycle). Mr. Haslam is in love with Franklyn Barnabas's daughter, a slangy and shingled flapper (or perhaps it was merely bobbed). A further interruption occurs in the person of Joyce Burge, who comes to solicit Franklyn's support for his policy as leader of the

Liberal Party; and yet another in the person of Lubin, who has a precisely similar object. After some desultory conversation and a candid announcement of the brothers' idea of politics and politicians they, by way of trying it on the least susceptible kind of dog, put forward their own thesis. After the first pang of stupefaction the quick-witted Burge, naturally altogether sceptical, sees votes in it if adroitly handled; while the detached Lubin, even more fundamentally sceptical, also begins to wonder whether it might not conceivably be worked up into a Dodge for dishing the Tories, who could be

labelled "the party of premature death." The curtain drops once for the actors to take breath, and the debate finally peters out with *Burge* pledging himself to "work this stunt in," to the despair of the outraged brothers, and with *Franklyn's* not very convincing, if unanswerable, reply to young *Haslam's* summary of the extension-of-life business, "Well, it won't be any of us"—"How do you know?"

There is no need to discuss the question as to whether the presentation of such recognisable and as it were documented burlesques as *Lubin* and *Joyce Burge* goes beyond the tolerable limit of personation. What is more pertinent is to inquire how far the yielding to the temptation of making them abysmal idiots weakens whatever there is of seriousness in this part of the argument. If we are to have the case against the politician—and Heaven knows there is a case—let us also have some sort of a case for him. The author seems to have taken the easy and cheap way and thus surely sterilises his criticism. It is a first principle of sound dialectics to demolish your adversary at his best, not at his most futile. Burlesque and wanton exaggeration would have seemed much more like fair public comment if the author had made his politicians anything but *crétins* of straw.

We have spent this Act mainly in an atmosphere of farce. Yet there still echoes the fundamental challenge—The world is getting too much for you. What are you going to do about it?

Mr. OSMUND WILLSON's *Lubin* and Mr. LEO CARROLL's *Joyce Burge* were very adroitly done. I much liked Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE's *Rector* and Mr. FRANK MOORE's tousled emphatic *Conrad*. Mr. WALLACE EVERETT was effectively serious as *Franklyn*. The elocution of the whole company was commendably clear.

III.—The Thing Happens.

It is the year 2170 A.D. In a white-and-silver, hygienic, Wellsian room, with strange switchboards, a telephonic apparatus and a hatstand (of the style of the Georgian Restaurant) for the strange filets worn by the officials, sits a hearty, ruddy, youngish middle-aged man in rude health and clothed in strange crimson garments

laced with gold. He is the President of the British Islands, an Englishman (strange to say) and gorgeously stupid (needless to say); by name *Burge-Lubin*, a descendant of the two Liberal leaders we met in Hampstead. He is telephoning, and at the same time seeing on the screen *Barnabas*, the *Accountant-General*, also, clearly, a descendant of one of our old friends. *Barnabas* is a choleric fellow, almost as stupid as the President, but more energetic; an Englishman also. (Oddly enough we learn incidentally that poverty has been abolished and the universal compulsory age for retiring on full pension is forty-three—so the old country doesn't seem to be doing so badly. Why then "back to METHUSELAH"? But let that pass.)



HASELDEN.

FORWARD TO CONFUCIUS.

Confucius (British Chief Secretary) . . . MR. PAUL SMYTHE.
Burge-Lubin (British President) . . . MR. TERENCE O'BRIEN.
Time A.D. 2170. An interval of about two-and-a-half centuries has elapsed since the previous Act.

A Chinese gentleman, one *Confucius*, the *Chief Secretary*, with other aliens, such as the *Minister of Health*, a negro, with whom the *President* evidently contemplates an intrigue, conducts the real business of the country; while the real business of the English officials and the citizens generally is conducted from Friday to Tuesday on the golf-links and in other charming pleasaunces (something like the millennium already?). The point of course is that the English can't govern themselves. (Have the Scots, the Welsh and the Irish altogether disappeared into their native fastnesses in an age of universal home rule and federation?) And this thesis of the political incapacity of the English is developed by *Confucius* in a lecture he gives to the puzzled *President*.

Enter the *Accountant General* in a

passion because he has discovered at a cinematographic demonstration—how it does not appear—that the *Archbishop of York* is one and the same person as four former worthies, duly reported drowned—two *Archbishops*, a *General* and a *President*. He must be two-hundred-and-seventy at least, and he ought to have died at the age of seventy-eight point six. A swindler, defrauding the Treasury!

The *Archbishop* is announced. Yes, he is two-hundred-and-seventy—he looks a young fifty. He did arrange to be found drowned four times. What else could he do? He was always getting into difficulties about his age.

The *Domestic Minister* enters—a grave formidable woman. "Dear me, where

have I seen your face before?" each thinks of the other. The *Archbishop* is young *Haslam*, the *Rector*, and she is the *Franklyn's* housemaid. They have been terribly lonely—everyone about them is so intolerably childish. They will marry, then, and perpetuate the new *Methuselah* species. Consternation of the youngster officials.

An amusing scene throughout. As an Englishman I could wish to hear less of this eternal gibing at my excellent fellow-countrymen. Nor are we mollified by the sop thrown to us, that because we are so desperately immature our destiny is the greatest of all. We are children as contrasted with, among others, the Irish! We have no sense of governing ourselves—

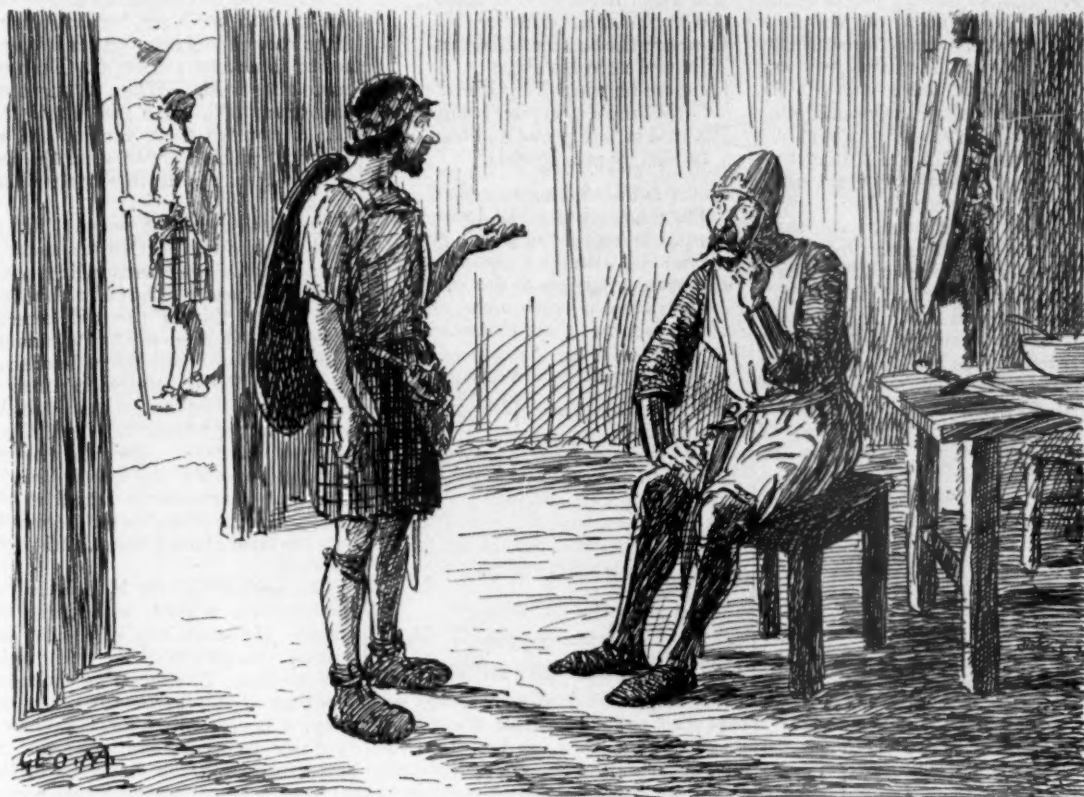
never had . . . Well, we are, at any rate, courteous and patient hosts. But perhaps that's only our dullness.

There were many variegated and brilliant streaks of dialogue and the whole scene went with a good swing. But it did not advance us a single step in our serious argument. Indeed the business seemed to have lapsed beyond control into good plain fooling. A pity.

Mr. TERENCE O'BRIEN (the *President*), Mr. FRANK MOORE (*Barnabas*), Mr. PAUL SMYTHE (*Confucius*), Miss MARGARET CHATWIN (the *Domestic Minister*) and especially Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE (the *Archbishop*), all played well and well together.

The Birmingham Repertory Company deserve the utmost credit. They certainly hold their own against any company of players in London. T.

(To be continued.)



Soldier. "YOUR MAJESTY, THE OFFICER IN CHARGE OF THE MASCOT YOU GAVE US COMPLAINS THAT HE CANNOT GET IT TO MARCH PROPERLY AT THE HEAD OF THE REGIMENT."

King Robert the Bruce. "WELL, WELL, TELL HIM TO USE A SUBSTITUTE. BUT IT'S A PITY. I HAD SET MY HEART ON THAT SPIDER."

AT THE OPERA.

"RUDDIGORE" (PRINCES).

I HAVE read somewhere that, while SULLIVAN is at his best in *Ruddigore*, GILBERT is at his least good. Yet he never invented a funnier idea than his chorus of Professional Bridesmaids. But I admit that some of the humour of the First Act—the bashfulness of *Robin* and the maidenly propriety of *Rose*, and her reiterated references to her pocket-book of etiquette—seem today a little thin and faded, and I question if it ever fractured many ribs. Indeed it is not till the entrance of the *Wicked Baronet* (in the person of Mr. LEO SHEFFIELD of the mobile features) that any single character moved us to something more than respectful hilarity.

It was a very finished performance. Naturally the highest note of enthusiasm was registered in response to the *Twenty-first Baronet's* great song, delivered by Mr. DARRELL FANCOURT with immense gusto. (I wonder, by the way, if GILBERT's famous refrain, "The dead

of the night's high noon," was an unconscious echo of ROSSETTI's line in *Rose Mary*. "In stormy bowers of the night's mid-noon.") But perhaps the most exquisite artistry, both of voice and gesture, was shown in Miss BERTHA LEWIS's rendering of *Dame Hannah's* ballad, "There grew a little flower."

Mr. HENRY LYTTON was of course impeccable as *Sir Ruthven* (late *Robin*); but, though there is much fresher fun to be got out of the affected depravities of an ex-Puritan than from the hypocritical virtue of a reformed criminal, it is in human nature to be more easily amused by the latter, and Mr. SHEFFIELD once more made this evident.

Mr. CHARLES GOULDING as *Richard Dauntless*, though perhaps he did not quite convey the full irony of the song of "the bold Mounseer," did some excellent work; and Miss EILEEN SHARP, a very piquant figure as *Mad Margaret*, had the opportunity, denied to her in the part of *Iolanthe*, of showing true gifts of imagination and humour. Miss ELSIE GRIFFIN as *Rose* (in the daintiest of frocks) did nearly all that was pos-

sible with a part which is not very salient in its humour or its romance.

The concerted passages were delightfully rendered, though you might think that the tight breeches of the Waterloo officers, which "more expressed than hid" that part of the chest which falls below the belt (rather generously developed in some cases), would militate against the free utterance of their deeper notes.

I appear to have been in error when I suggested, the other day, that the gallery seemed to miss in *Iolanthe* the irony of the song of "Good King George's glorious days," and the allusions to OVID and Captain SHAW. A protesting correspondent points out to me that the gods represent the very flower of British intelligence; that they know by heart every word, every note of all the operas; that they appreciate the subtlest nuances in the designs of both author and composer. I bow my lowest to the omniscience of a god who is apparently familiar with the quality, night after night, of the gallery's brains, whether he happens to be there

or not. And, anyhow, I was of course wrong, in these days of the New Poverty, to imply that the occupants of the gallery are less intelligent and appreciative than those who fill the higher-priced seats (always excepting the critics, who have their stalls kindly given to them). But am I to gather that the great mass of the upper audience attend these revivals for the joy of indulging in reminiscence? Are there then so few of our virgin youth drinking delight that is new to them and impressing on the clean tablets of their minds what will serve to make happy memories for them when they in turn have come to middle-age? What will happen when—if I may touch on so painful a thought—my correspondent and his contemporaries have in the course of nature passed away? I put it to Mr. D'OYLEY CARTE that, if he wants the great traditions of GILBERT and SULLIVAN Opera (which, as far as the production goes, he preserves with so loyal a punctilio) to be handed on to posterity, he should set aside large blocks of seats, at convenient prices, for the exclusive use of the rising generation. O. S.

WAYFARERS.

VII.—THE MUMMER.

FELLOW, fellow, have a care,

The pack is half undone;

What if we lost *King Herod's* hair

Or the casque of *Ganelon*?

Without his ruddy bristling locks

What would the tyrant do?

And the traitor-knight were a woeful sight

Without his helm of blue.

'Tis you who lead the ass to-day

And I who bear the drum;

Turn and turn about, I say,

And take them as they come;

'Tis Jenkin's turn to go ahead

(A lusty voice has he),

To let folk hear that we draw near

And that we mummers be.

Draw the girth and knot the cord;

Ere long we may have need

Of *Robin's* bow and *Roland's* sword

And *Satan's* scarlet weed;

But oh! I wish a good white goose

Would cross my path to-night;

Our angel's wings are sorry things,

And who could call them white?

Cheer thee, fellow; of our craft

You yet may learn the lore,

Although last night the people

laughed

To hear your lion's roar,

More like a sheep upon the wold

Than the King of Beasts in wrath,

And Jenkin tried his mirth to hide

Behind his blade of lath.

'Tis with buffets such as these

A mummer must begin,

Long ere the beard of *Hercules*

Be tied unto his chin;

Long ere he wield *King Herod's* wand

Or *Roland's* sweeping blade,

His part it is to growl and hiss

In shaggy pelt arrayed.

Like a mummer-king new-slain

The mighty Sun sinks down,

Lapped in his robe of purple grain,

Crowned with his copper crown;

The ass's ears begin to droop,

The shadows longer grow,

The time grows short that fits our

sport—

Why tarrieth Jenkin so?

Hey, here he comes! He wags his hand

And whistles high and shrill;

That is to make us understand

He has not fared too ill;

Lo, now the village-folk peer forth—

Cheer thee, thou doleful dog;

Pluck up thy heart and play thy

part,

And make the ass to jog!

D. M. S.

A GLIMPSE OF DESTINY.

Of the seven deadly sins, the one that most seriously affects the cinema is gluttony. Thus, in the film version of Sir JAMES BARRIE'S *Admirable Crichton*, it was found impossible, I gather, to produce a desert island without lions. And in *Destiny*, which is an allegorical picture dealing with the up-to-date subject of death, the allegory is laid on with a trowel.

Into the town of Yesteryear—a good name for a town, Yesteryear, because it doesn't matter whether the architecture and the furniture and the costumes all belong to the same period or not—there came a mysterious Stranger. It's a way they have in the Scandinavian films. This one wanted to buy the unoccupied portion of the graveyard, and build a very high wall, without a door, all round it. Why? Because two young lovers were to arrive in Yesteryear, and he was going to take the man away and leave the girl vainly attempting to rejoin him. Did nobody die in Yesteryear before the mysterious Stranger arrived? Wouldn't it have been enough to say, that whenever a death was going to happen in Yesteryear a mysterious Stranger turned up in a coach? Which reminds me, why don't they film *Will o' the Mill*? But we have to get on.

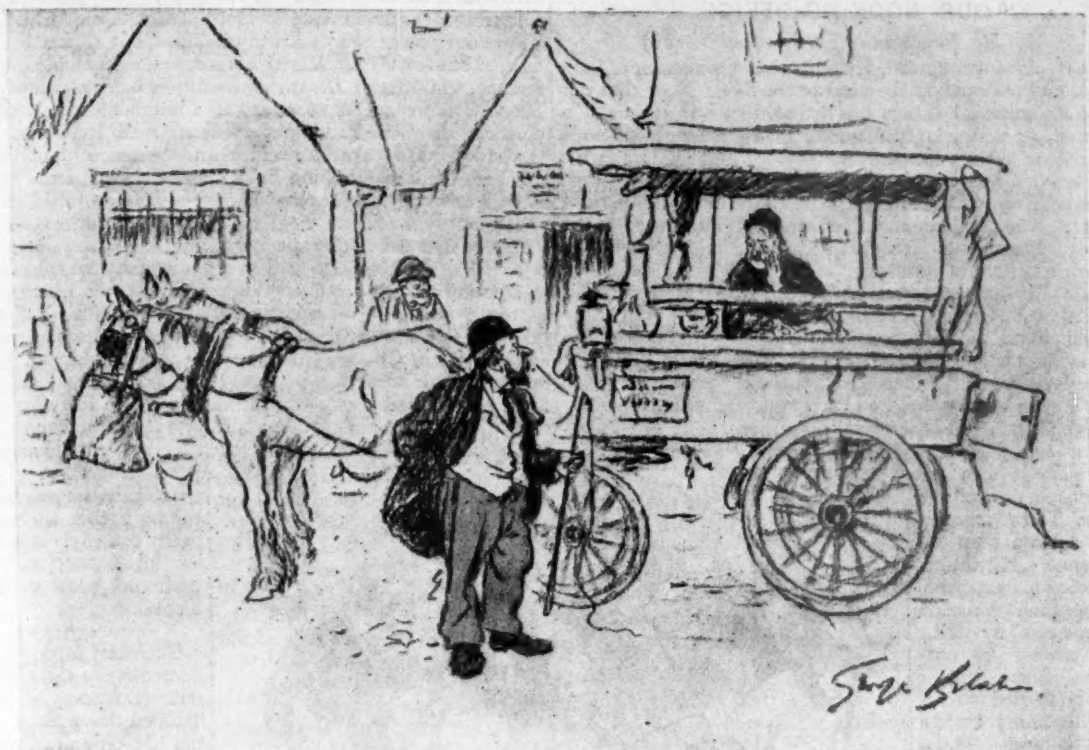
The girl was found lying outside those high walls and taken home by an apothecary. She tried to take poison, and, behold! here is the Stranger again.

When the girl beseeches him to take her back to her lover, he shows her a large room full of burning candles, guttering in a cinema draught. Each one represents a life. When it burns out there is an end. The girl is told that she can watch three candles and see how impossible it is to alter the process of fate. Is Love stronger than Death? No.

The first light (it sounds like an acrostic) shows the Caliph's sister in epitomised Oriental surroundings at the Feast of Ramadan. The Caliph's sister? But surely this is the girl herself? Allegory? Or economy? Presumably both. She is loved by a handsome Frank—a Giaour—the young man of Yesteryear. For some reason or other he now wears leather leggings, like a private chauffeur. Discovery, flight, corridors, marble steps, hair-breadth escapes, capture—he is buried in the garden by the Caliph's gardener with only his head above ground. His light goes out.

The second light is Mongolian. A semi-comical wizard, who does real magic. If there is any place that can beat St. George's Hall for real magic, it is the film. This magician can move about on flying carpets, produce an army, a horse—anything. He has a daughter to assist him—the girl of Yesteryear; and the Governor of the province, a gentleman with nails a yard long, prefers the magician's daughter to his magic. But she has a lover—the young man of Yesteryear. They fly. She turns the pagoda into an elephant with the magician's wand. Pursuit follows relentlessly. The Governor of the province sends his chief archer to slay them. The chief archer is the mysterious Stranger. The girl turns herself into a "graven image," and the young man—oh, yes, the young man of Yesteryear!—into a tiger. The tiger is shot. He turns into a young man again, and his light goes out.

The third light is Venetian—it sounds more like RUSKIN this time—a *carne-vale* in mediæval Venice. Two lovers, palazzi, fountains, a forged letter, a false assignation—the girl of Yesteryear has her true lover done to death by a villainous-looking Moor in mistake for his rival. *Destiny* again. And what is more, we have used up most of the really interesting costumes in the history of the world. The girl of Yesteryear makes a lovely Venetian. Running up and down marble steps seems to be one of the real essentials of a film. "Portable marble palaces for screen work. Can be adapted to any period or clime." The third light goes out. We are back in the room with the candles again. Death, you see,



Driver of antiquated Bus. "BE YOU GOING TO TIPPERBEE?"
 Passenger (who has waited patiently). "YES, I BE."
 Driver. "WELL, I BEAST."

after all, is stronger than Love. "But if I found you another life in exchange for my lover's?" pleads the girl.

"Try," says the Stranger.

We are back in the apothecary's shop again. The cup of poison is dashed away. The girl asks the old apothecary for his life, asks the old people at the almshouses for their lives. They thrust her away.

The almshouses catch fire. There is a baby upstairs. Will nobody rescue it? Why, of course, the girl from Yesteryear. She meets the mysterious Stranger in the burning house. "Here is a life for you!" She has the baby in her arms. He is about to take it. No. She draws it back again. Impossible. She gives her life instead.

Now she rejoins her lover inside those high walls and kneels beside his bier. Their two spirits are drawn upwards together (the film always does that so well) and they pass, one on either arm of the Stranger, through a Gothic crypt into peace.

"Not very bright, I don't call it," said a girl in front.

"No, I wouldn't call it *that*," said her friend judiciously.

On the other hand, *The Manchester*

Guardian, according to the programme, believes that the Kinema has not yet conceived anything more beautiful. I think I like my allegory less in chunks. And it seems to me that pure allegory and the heroine's thought-stream have got a little mixed. But it is jolly ingenious, anyway.

E. V. K.

AT A THÉ DANSANT.

FORBEAR your wheedling plea, my sweet,

That you and I should take the floor
 And time our syncopated feet

To that drum-banging blackamoor;
 My youngest and my nicest niece,
 Respect an ancient uncle's peace.

Away! and take your schoolroom curls,
 Your candid brow and dawning eyes,
 Your jump allure, your silks and pearls
 To partners worthier of the prize;
 Call up the serried youths who stand
 And pine by sections for your hand.

And yet, methinks, if I could hear,
 Instead of catcall, pot and pan,
 "Venetia" of a memoried year,
 Or catch the lilt of "Black-and-Tan,"
 I might impart to these young folk a
 Hint on the way to waltz or polka.

Hold on! What's that they're playing now?

"Blue Danube," by Terpsichore!
 Come, Nell, for once I'll show you how
 In golden days of 1 A.D.
 We hurtled through the whirling trains,
 Rapt by those soul-dissolving strains.

What, I, so far too old to learn,
 Instruct your bright omniscient
 prime?

Nay, go your modern ways and turn
 "Blue Danube" into one-step time!
 With some enthralled but solemn boy
 Walk through your waltz and find it joy.

Meanwhile I'll go and sit it out,
 Recalling with your Aunt Louise
 How once in many a madder rout
 We twirled to measures such as these,
 And caught in that enchanting sound
 The spell that made the world go round.

"In view of the public interest that has been aroused by the controversy of the 'Unity of Christendom,' the Rev. Father — preached on that subject at the Roman Catholic Church on Sunday. He held that from their point of view the unity could not be accomplished, supporting the argument with powerful excerpts from Dun's 'Scotus.' — *Yorkshire Paper*.

Doubtless a good authority, but hardly as well known as Pon's "Asinorum."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

Most of us are agreed, I think, that renunciation, individual and national, is the need of the day. Now that our gusto for material things has defeated its own ends and is giving us an increasingly uncomfortable and dangerous time, it is no use sitting, like the monkeys of nursery lore, with our clenched fists in the huntsman's narrow-necked bottles. We must drop what is incompatible with our freedom, and escape. The fundamental flaw of Dr. WINGFIELD STRATFORD's generous and far-sighted book on *The Reconstruction of Life* (COLLINS) is his distrust of renunciation. He refuses to base his humanitarian philosophy, otherwise so like GOETHE'S, on GOETHE'S initial abandonment of man's unlimited possibilities. Theoretically he allows no value whatever to self-denial, save as "a form of spiritual athletics." He believes, on the evidence (insufficient, I think, to most people) of recent psychological progress, that science, which has raised the devil of material power, is now in a fair way to fit us to control it. Hitherto the spirit of man has been inadequate. The intelligent have had no vision. The visionaries have seldom been intelligent. Patriotism and religion have made up for their domestic benevolence by their ugly temper to outsiders. Some other bond is needed to restore harmony to the world at large. There was once a Mogul emperor who, though he could neither read nor write, managed to include the pick of his subjects (whose Mohammedan sects alone numbered two and seventy) in a voluntary Order for the spiritual and material welfare of

Hindustan. His scheme worked—at least during his lifetime. Why should not something of the sort be done to-day for the human race? After all, "it is when they are least themselves that the great faiths of the world are most at a variance." This is, at any rate, a definite proposal. It should be weighed, as its author suggests, not only by those whom it attracts, but by those who, however much they may dislike it, are unable to think of anything better.

No living novelist writes of the Londoner with quite the same authority as Mr. PETT RIDGE. His is an individual method which probably no one else could employ with success, and he is remarkably true to type. One PETT RIDGE novel is very like another in the manner of its telling, its characters and its never-failing brisk interchange of repartee. His people are never at a loss for a telling retort. One and all, they are complete masters of that particular brand of Cockney humour that so successfully pricks the bladder of conceit with the pin-point of common sense. His young women are especially good at this exercise. They are smart and efficient, but rather hard—even when they happen to be engaged to the young men—and they are generally destined in the end, we can see, to be the predominant partner in a matrimonial alliance that is only one degree

removed from a business proposition. In *Rare Luck* (METHUEN) the first chapter, which dates from the Armistice, shows our young couple already engaged, but almost before we find our feet Frank Murchison comes unexpectedly into a fortune, while Daisy Rowan contracts the habit of attending Peace Conferences as secretary to a number of important personages. Frank's various adventures are the theme of the story. He takes an office and becomes "publicity manager" to the Bambino Food Company, and from that pushes onward to other and bigger enterprises until even the most sympathetic reader begins to feel that he is dangerously successful, especially when he shows signs at one time of making advances to a young lady who has no connection with Peace Conferences. And down he comes, naturally enough, over a cinema film speculation; and we take leave of our hero applying once more for a clerkship at the firm in Change Alley which employed him at the opening of his adventures. But at any rate he has had his fling, has secured a wife who should keep him in order for the future, and given Mr. PETT RIDGE the opportunity of adding to his gallery of middle-class Londoners, who sometimes, like those of a greater master, seem to belong rather to farce than comedy. Quite an interesting story, with no plot worth mentioning.



SCENE—Crowded Stores.

Shopman. "WHAT CAN I SHOW YOU, SIR?"

Poet. "OH, A STREET—A STREET WITH OPEN SPACES."

Shopman. "FIRST ON THE LEFT, SECOND ON THE RIGHT, AND YOU'LL FIND THE ROAD UP."

The chief interest of *According to their Deserts* (COLLINS) is the detailed description of the life, on and off the stage, of members of a third- or fourth-rate touring company. It might well serve as a gift-book for anxious parents to press upon their stage-struck young. For the strolling player's life as here set down—and instinctively one gives

Miss VEHEYNE credit for having pictured it with accuracy and sincerity—is a dismayingly squalid business, mitigated by the kindly virtues of a fellowship that is near enough to bed-rock difficulties to have sympathy for brothers in distress. And it is most assuredly, on the evidence, a profession which demands an overwhelmingly clear vocation, a game in which there are many more kicks than halfpence. Miss VEHEYNE tells her story soundly and can individualise her characters: little *Issa Tooke*, the heroine, who does her work well on the stage, and there and elsewhere causes continual havoc in the male breast; kindly "old Tooke," her father, a skilled enough but not too successful craftsman at the same trade; *George Peterson*, of the *Walewski* family of acrobats—our story deals also with music-hall life—who had the courage to do his dangerous turns in a perpetual funk, and who carried off *Issa* from the selfish bar-haunting *Helways*; grim *Mrs. Peterson*, *George's* businesslike mother—a particularly well-drawn character—and the perhaps over-coloured *Dulcie Tooke*, whose pranks, which include throwing her illegitimate offspring into the Thames, cause her sister and father so much suffering. . . . No doubt our distinguished London actors will accept without demur the formula for their success disclosed by the heroine: "Light a cigarette, stick your hands in your



LEAP YEAR.

Friend (to confirmed Bachelor). "WHAT ON EARTH MADE YOU JUMP A THING LIKE THAT, AND HOUNDS NOT RUNNING? DID YOU EXPECT THE LADY TO FOLLOW YOU?"

Confirmed Bachelor. "GOOD GRACIOUS, NO! FACT IS, WE WERE LEFT ALONE IN THE FIELD AND I'M NOT TAKING ANY RISKS."

pockets, hitch up your trousers at the knee, sit down with deliberation and mumble. That's all that's required for first-class companies."

MR. F. A. MUMBY, in his scholarly survey of the occurrences and tendencies that led up to the American War of Independence, *George III. and the American Revolution (CONSTABLE)*, returns the pleasantly generous lead of those modern transatlantic historians who are disposed to allot a heavy share of blame for the separation to the thirteen States of the Union. He for his part will allow nothing but that the conflict was a revolt against an autocratic monarch and a corrupt Parliament—a revolt as necessary to the liberty of England herself as to the freedom of the American colonists. Wherever the truth may lie among varying opinions, it is certainly very desirable that, a hundred-and-fifty years after the event, the case should be stated on a note of cheerful apology rather than of mutual recrimination. One could wish that the author's method of writing was likely to be as generally attractive as his intentions deserve. He tells the old story almost entirely in the form of quotations from contemporary letters, himself merely doing his skilful best, with an absolute minimum of intervention, to modify the unevenness inevitable to such a method, and thus aims to secure, though somewhat at second-hand, the qualities of vividness and variety, the fire of CHATHAM, the eloquence of BURKE, the sting of "JUNIUS," the delicacy of HORACE WALPOLE, the moral force of WASHINGTON. Natural lovers of history will find much to appreciate in such a method, but one cannot help feeling that the

ordinary reader, whom the author, in the interests of Anglo-Saxon unity, is aiming to reach, will be repelled by the patches of duller extracts necessary to the continuity of the story, and that in the result this volume, like too many others of its kind, may be left mainly to the specialist.

In choosing to treat a strip of the life of MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS with the minimum of glamour and the maximum of reality, Miss CAROLA OMAN has set herself a difficult task and one which complete success might have rendered very nearly thankless. Luckily the name of MARY STUART has such romantic virtue that, dipped in water like the talisman of SALADIN, it produces a potion of almost magical efficacy. So *The Road Royal* (FISHER UNWIN), despite a vindictive bias towards stark research and pathology, cannot help lapsing into situations and speeches which transcend its iconoclastic aim. Among these I should put the only recorded meeting of the young QUEEN and her pathetic DAUPHIN; the famous interview with JOHN KNOX; the whole account of the DARNLEY wedding—apart from the sub-human conduct attributed to Riccio; and the last conversation between the deposed QUEEN and MARY SETON—a fine imaginative summing-up of the whole tragedy. The story starts a few years before MARY's marriage to FRANCIS and ends at Lochleven. It is a little on the long side, and its speech-conventions—not quite, I think, so well-documented as its action—do it, if no great disservice, at least no marked good. But it is a sincere, original and plucky piece of work, and I am glad to welcome Miss OMAN to the by no means over-crowded ranks of the historical novelists.

MADAME PIERRE BERTON, it is stated in a rather provocative introduction to *Sarah Bernhardt as I Knew Her* (HURST AND BLACKETT), confided her "memoirs"—surely the word should be "memories," or perhaps "impressions"—to Mr. BASIL WOON, who presents them to the English public in his own adaptation of the English language. Mr. Woon affirms that "scrupulous to a fault, Madame Berton refrained from telling or publishing (*sic*) a word of what had been given her in confidence, until Sarah's death released her from her promise and at the same time put her under the immediate obligation of fulfilling her old friend's wish and 'revealing to the world the Sarah whom the audiences never knew.'" That wish, Mr. Woon further asserts, was expressed to Madame BERTON by Madame BERNHARDT—with whose Christian name Mr. Woon is so familiar—more than thirty years ago. Accepting his assertion, I am sorry to say I doubt if it justifies a rather confused chronicle, made up of long dialogues, dubious episodes and flagrant gossip. It does not appear that Madame BERTON kept a diary. I submit that it is really demanding too much of the reader's credulity to ask him to accept the accuracy of reports of conversations which, if they occurred at all, occurred forty or fifty years ago, and at which the narrator was not present. The English public, possessing all the essential information concerning the great French actress in Sir GEORGE ARTHUR's dignified little biography, does not need Mr. Woon's version of the fulfilment of the "immediate obligation" so imperatively demanded by the sensitive conscience of Madame BERTON.

I am not sure whether "JOHN AYSCOUGH's" *Brogmersfield* (HUTCHINSON) is written primarily as a yarn for entertainment or as a pamphlet to demonstrate the fact and the dangers of Diabolism. It certainly is an original story, with its two corpses—a brother and sister—in a glass shrine in a mausoleum, and the Devil (is it?) in shape now of a spotted snake, now of an angry peacock, and again of a dog-fox foaming with rabies. These diverting phenomena occur, or are testified to, when the young heir of *Brogmersfield* comes to take possession of his house, from which certain strange friends of his dead cousins seem reluctant to depart. There is apparently a "cult" of the Devil going on, and the mausoleum is its temple. What the devotees got or expected to get out of their strange obsession does not appear. I liked much better than the super- (or preter-) natural machinery the quiet character-sketches of the more normal beings—the old family solicitor; the alienist, at whom the Devil threw the statue of BUDDHA, fortunately with crooked aim, and the famous criminal advocate. What were the police in the neighbourhood of *Brogmersfield* doing to allow such sinister goings-on without investigation?

In an introduction to *Two Gentlemen of China* (SEELEY) Professor SOOTHILL, at present Professor of Chinese at Oxford, writes: "If there is anyone better equipped to

offer such a book I have not met her—but a father may be partial, so it will be well for him to leave the reader to form a less biased judgment." Let me hasten to assure the Professor that no apology for his paternal benediction is needed. His daughter, Lady HOSIE, is happy in possessing just the qualities that such a record as this demands: exceptional knowledge of her subject, sound judgment and excellent taste. Born in China, she appreciates the many virtues of the Chinese, while not shutting her eyes to the defects that impede China's progress in the world. Here, however, she is not so much concerned with the Chinese as a nation (though she is instructive about that) as with two Chinese families whose confidence and affection she gained. Indeed, the greater part of this narrative is devoted to a visit that Lady HOSIE, at the time unmarried, paid to the family of KUNG TA JEN at Tientsin in 1912. And in reading these pages I have felt myself sharing the sorrows and the joys of these delightful people. In giving this intimate account of the time which she spent with them Lady HOSIE has repaid some of the debt which she owed for their unvarying kindness. LI CHENG, one of the sons of KUNG TA JEN,

stands out especially as a fine and remarkable character. By introducing these loyal and generous friends of hers to a wide and, I feel sure, a sympathetic public Lady HOSIE has made a valuable addition to our knowledge of the Chinese.

The Path to the Sun (HUTCHINSON) was apparently that which led Miss NETTA SYRETT's heroine *Priscilla*, by way of the War and other events, from the restrictions of her childhood and the society of her very uncomfortable

relations, to a happy marriage with her half-sister's opportunely-made widower. The picture Miss SYRETT has drawn of Mr. and Mrs. *Seymour*, in their atmosphere of high thinking and plain living, their ethical religion and their æsthetic surroundings, is very amusing, but I doubt myself whether such a home-life would really have turned their son into a prig of the most painful type and their daughter, *Caia*, into a neurotic, drug-taking, selfish little fool. The fact that *Priscilla*, Mr. *Seymour's* illegitimate daughter, adopted by his saintly wife, grows up particularly sane and sensible suggests, since she spent her childhood with the others, that the home-life cannot have been quite so much to blame, or that Miss SYRETT has unfairly weighted the balance in favour of her heroine. Save for *Caia's* morbid moments it is a very pleasant book and of a far richer texture than many recent novels.

"A large number of magistrates have passed away during the last few years, and it is quite time a score more were added to the list." This seems to us very like contempt of court. *Welsh Paper*.

"Sir Walford Davies suggested sound-proof chambers where music-lovers might hear the best music on the gramophone at public libraries."—*Daily Paper*.

If this instrument is what we take it to be we are all in favour of the sound-proof-chamber idea.



"WOT'S ALL THIS ABART A SHOCKIN' TRAGEDY, ALF?"

"OH, I DUNNO. IT SEEMS TEE ME A VERY MILD SORT O' MURDER."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Medical Officer of Health for Cardiff thinks that the way to defeat influenza is to ignore it. It appears that a studied air of indifference absolutely stuns the germ. *

"A brief raid into Surrey reveals to me the backwardness of the season," writes "W. M. C." in *The Westminster Gazette*. The only explanation we can offer is that Surrey had no idea he was going to pounce on it like that. *

The sunshine registered during the month of February was the lowest registered during the same period for many years. But who can blame the sun for not coming out during the rotten weather we have had of late? *

It seems that a brighter-clothes-for-men movement is on foot in Chelsea. What we advocate rather is brighter men for clothes. *

A motoring correspondent in the daily Press states that the hundred-pound motor-car will come sooner than anyone expects. As experienced pedestrians, we consider that this peculiarity is common to all types of cars. *

At Wellingborough a man was arrested, taken before the magistrate, sentenced and released all within twenty minutes. Prompt attention like this is the only way for police courts to encourage custom. *

It is stated that Mars will be nearer to the earth this year than it has been before. Probably Mars is saying just the same thing about us. *

LORD DARLING made his maiden speech in the House of Lords last week. It is reported that when he rose to speak several members asked, in the best judicial manner, "Who is Lord DARLING?" *

A large porpoise has been hooked on the East Coast by a policeman. On finding that it was not Major BAILEY he let it go again. *

The University crews will soon be coming to London, and keen autograph hunters, in preparation for the great event, are already getting in a bit of practice on Cabinet Ministers. *

The recent treacherous weather has been responsible for many severe cases of eucalyptus. *

American visitors to the British Empire Exhibition will be made to feel

quite at home. They will, in fact, be able to get any drinks they want at Wembley. *

An Aberdeen clergyman complains that some people visit cemeteries on Sundays instead of going to church. We do not care to hear of Aberdonians going the pace like that. *

A gossip-writer informs us that members of the Burns Club, many of them in kilts, bought seats at the Garrick Theatre the other night. So that's how they obtained them. *

Miss BIRD MILLMAN last week crossed a New York street on a rope stretched



COULD NOT SOME SIGNAL BE ARRANGED TO GIVE NOTICE TO THE YOUNG COLLECTORS OF OUR STREETS AND HIGHWAYS OF THE FACT THAT WE HAVE NO CIGARETTE PICTURES TO-DAY?

between two buildings at a height of twenty-five storeys from the ground. Owing to the traffic she didn't think it was safe to cross the street on foot. *

Rheumatic diseases cost the Approved Societies nearly two million pounds each year, we read. For our part we would rather have the money instead. *

According to Sir GEORGE NEWMAN more men suffer from gout than women. This seems to overlook the well-established fact that when a man has gout his wife and family also suffer from it. *

Miss JESSIE REED, of the Ziegfeld Follies, was married last week in Chicago to a man she had met twelve hours previously. Yet we always understood that American actresses were not in favour of long engagements.

A Hungarian countess has renounced her title in order to become a cinema actress. We have always regarded the nobility of Hungary as being very ambitious. *

An international crook who escaped from a Marseilles prison the other day is wanted by the Washington police in connection with the theft of two hundred thousand pounds. His action seems to indicate that he didn't know he was wanted. *

A well-known surgeon says that if your feet ache you should visit your dentist. But the roots don't really go down as far as all that. They only feel like it. *

Bell-ringing, according to a doctor, puts into operation more muscles than any other sport. But it has no effect on the leg muscles of the tea-shop waitress, which remain torpid however long you ring. *

A baby girl of Communist parents in Sheffield has been christened Irene and dedicated to Revolution. For the present, however, the activities of Red Irene will be confined to the home circle. *

According to a personal paragraph, the inaudibility of a prominent new M.P. is making him unpopular in the House. In some other instances the reverse is the case. *

Attention is drawn to the fact that eight Davieses are M.P.s. What strikes us as even more remarkable, however, is the large number of Davieses who are not. *

A mechanical spit has been invented for use in cooking which makes ten revolutions every five minutes. Mexican papers, please copy. *

A man who helped himself to some loose money from a till in a Windsor shop pleaded in defence that he was ill at the time. His idea seems to have been that the change would do him good. *

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Express* to say that he vigorously contests his telephone charge each quarter. The demon!

A Familiar Phenomenon.

"The voting at the close of the meeting resulted in favour of the majority." *Provincial Paper.*

"Harry —, a young lad, last week accidentally swallowed a marble. He was attended by Dr. — and the marble recovered."

Yes, but did the lad? *Canadian Paper.*

THE GUSHER.

FOR some reason or other, as the years roll by I find that I have an increasing disinclination to make my fortune in oil. I do not keep my eye on oil. Even when I am told to keep my i on oil, or when by a still bolder flight of fancy a picture of the human orb of vision is inserted instead of the word or the letter, I still hold aloof.

Admittedly the thing is a speculation; but what a fascinating speculation it is. For the small outlay of five pounds, writes my old friend, Harry P. Chugg, I have an unequalled opportunity of making a very large profit or securing a regular Income for Life. This is not possible, points out Harry P. Chugg, with a strange forgetfulness of the Calcutta Sweepstake, in any other form of speculation except oil. Still you cannot expect Harry P. Chugg to remember everything. He has been pretty busy lately, has Harry P. Chugg, what with one thing and another. Saying good-bye, for instance, to "Our Geologist," who, I notice, is already on the field...

The timid investor might be disposed to fancy that a previous knowledge of oil or his own presence on the field would secure him some kind of advantage. But that is not really so. The great oil game is no longer the monopoly of big companies. It is in the hands of the individual, and, owing to the benefits of the Mutual Co-operative scheme to which Harry P. Chugg draws my attention, the individual need no longer be the individual on the spot. As soon as the £5 Mutual Co-operative Scheme is completed, locating and drilling operations will be undertaken by experts of well-known reputation—not at the expense of the Mutual Co-operators, of course, but at the expense of the Company which has drawn up this benevolent scheme on their behalf. Harry P. Chugg is the secretary of this Company. That is why he wants to explain to me the generosity of the Mutual Co-operative Scheme. He also sends me a form to fill in to accompany my remittance of five pounds. I can even send fifty pounds if I like. I can have Ten Oil Plots—but not more. Harry P. Chugg is very strict about that. Where would the other Mutual Co-operators come in if I tried to wolf the whole field?

One must remember that in this matter of oil—Arkansas oil, I mean—it is early days as yet. Only a year odd has elapsed since the great Busey gusher burst and gave the entire city of Eldorado an oil bath, and they have not got the oil off the principal buildings to-day. Astonishing successes are still being made, irrespective of social sta-

tion, sex or the colour of the investor's skin.

Princess Allie Daney, for instance, of the Choctaw tribe of American Red Indians, is very beautiful and only nineteen. She has had three husbands. To marry the first of these she eloped from a convent at fourteen. She now lives in the "Choctaw Palace" in Muskogee. A few years ago Princess Allie was only a little papoose on the Choctaw Indian reservation at Oklahoma. But oil was discovered there, and she, like hundreds of other Indians, became rich overnight. So Harry P. Chugg says.

Of course when I was only a little papoose I did not live on the Choctaw Indian reservation at Oklahoma. I lived in an ordinary English town. All the same I suppose that I might acquire a £5 oil plot under the Mutual Co-operative scheme, and eventually own several motor-cars. But I doubt whether I shall ever be very beautiful and only nineteen again.

Nor do I feel disposed to build too much upon the experience of C. R. Coble, aged 28, who has been a resident of Little Rock for the past year. He frankly admits that he knows "practically nothing about the oil game." His "luck," as he calls it, is in striking a 35,000-barrel-a-day oil gusher, known as No. 1, Vitex Stringfellow, in Snackover Territory, Arkansas. Mr. Coble takes his sudden acquisition of wealth with a calm that is almost indecent.

I doubt whether I should do that. But should I have C. R. Coble's "luck," as he calls it? I wonder. Mr. C. R. Coble, I notice, was a native of Indianapolis to begin with. And he started early; he is only twenty-eight to-day—a mere papoose, despite his indecent calm. There is some kind of affinity, I feel, between youth and oil.

Don't let anything that I have said deter you from securing your oil-plot to-day and making a fortune out of it. Don't let the "publicity thrust upon Harry F. Sinclair, a business man," as Harry P. Chugg so justly says, "of the old romantic type," prevent you from having anything to do with oil.

The very picture of AMERIGO DI VESPUCCI, surrounded by a faithful band of his armed followers, which adorns the Prospectus, with a photograph of twelve oil gushers inset, should convince you that you ought to keep your i upon oil.

I am only too happy to pass the opportunity on. The sole reason that I do not wish to take advantage of it for myself is that I have an oil-plot already. I bought it twelve years ago, and it would seem like a lack of confidence in it if I acquired another before this one began to gush. E. V. K.

POETRY AND PORK.

I WROTE a song and a capital song,
And many a song I wrote;
And some were pretty and some were strong,

And some had a mournful note;
And praise came flying about my head
For their beauty and grace and ease,
But they didn't provide me with decent bread,

And certainly not with cheese.

I wrought an ode, a remarkable ode,
And others both large and fine,
Some poems framed in the classic mode,
And one in the epic line;
And men said, "Truly a goodly muse;
How deep is the voice that speaks!"
But I lacked a patch for my broken shoes

And a darn on my worn-out breeks.

I made a play, a poetical play;
My plays were of lofty tone,
With noble thoughts in a graver way
And comedy all their own;
And "Here," cried friends, "is the long-sought proof

Of a drama that's born once more;"
But the rain came in at my battered roof

And the wind at my leaking door.

I have a sow, a professional sow,
A sow of maternal charm,
Whose line—she's a great-great-grand-mother now—

Has peopled my teeming farm;
I work all day in a rustic rig,
And muse, as I count my gains,
On the beautiful value of one fat pig
Compared with a poet's brains.

DUM-DUM.

A GALLANT RECORD.

MR. PUNCH very heartily congratulates the Royal National Life-Boat Institution on the attainment of its Centenary, which was celebrated yesterday (March 4th). Its record shows that in the course of these hundred years it has saved, on an average, fifty lives every month. Its Centenary is made the fitting occasion for an appeal on behalf of a National Service whose pride it is to have carried on its noble work without one penny of aid from the State. It stands to-day in special need of funds to enable it, for its better efficiency, to transform its pulling and sailing fleet into motor-boats.

Gifts should be sent to the Secretary, Mr. GEORGE F. SHEE, at the Offices of the Royal Lifeboat Institution, 22, Charing Cross Road, W.C.2.

"LOST.—Since 7th instant a Dog with collar about 2ft. high."—*Advt. in Ceylon Paper.* He should be easily identified.



NO CHANGE OF AIR.

THE SNAKE. "I HAD HOPED FOR SOMETHING MORE CONGENIAL FROM THIS NEW INSTRUMENT."

THE SECRETARY FOR INDIA. "THE INSTRUMENT MAY BE NEW, BUT I DON'T PROPOSE TO CHANGE THE TUNE JUST YET. MEANWHILE YOU'VE GOT TO BE CHARMED WITH IT, WHETHER YOU LIKE IT OR NOT."



"PLEASE, SIR, SMITHERS HAS GOT AN OLD COIN THERE, FEATURING GEORGE II."

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

I MAKE it a rule never to be sorry for anyone—it wears the face so; but really, *really* I feel that almost I could weep a small weep for the Harold Saxonburys. It was last month, at one of Rimington and Mary Arkwright's Brainy Breakfasts (which are certainly not so *suivis* as my Trifling Teas), that someone said, "Saw a good deal of the Harold Saxonburys at St Moritz. Always together as usual; skatin' together, bobbin' together, tobogganin' together."

"Our dear shining Exception," remarked Chatterton Soames. "There's no doubt that Gwendolen's profile—"

"Me, I've no patience with Gwendolen's profile!" interrupted Pixie Dashmore; "I think those classical profiles are the ultimate summit of aggravation. If I were a man and married to Clytie herself, I know I should give her a jolly good shakin' and say, 'For the love of Mike quit simperin' and say something snappy!'"

"You're in the minority, Pixie," said Chatterton. "I was about to say, when you shut me in on the rails, that I consider it's Gwendolen's profile that has kept the Harold Saxonburys straight. She feels bound to live up to it, and he

has no wish to stray from anything so absolutely correct."

Said that absurd old aunt of Mary Arkwright's, who *will* push into the Brainy Breakfasts, though she's quite out of the picture: "I don't like to hear happy marriage scoffed at."

"Scoffed at, dear lady?" protested Chatterton. "Nothing is further from our thoughts. We are *proud* of the Harold Saxonburys, we *cherish* them; we, the poor side-slippin' Rule, look with wonder and awe at the straight-runnin' Exception. Though not antiquities themselves, they stand for all that is venerable and antique; the Harold Saxonburys, lovingly arm-in-arm, should be viewed by moonlight, like the ruins of Tintern Abbey and other picturesque relics of the past; they should have a conspicuous place in the Empire Exhibition, labelled: 'The Great Exception.'"

And then, last week, at one of my Trifling Teas, I asked, "Has anyone seen the Harold Saxonburys since they came back from Switzerland?"

"Seen him, not her," someone answered. "Hear she's sufferin' from shock caused by a toboggan spill."

"Ah!" said Chatterton Soames cryptically and went on drinking his tea and eating his sandwich.

Pixie Dashmore pointed a finger at him: "You've a something-to-tell expression. Spit it out, Chatty. Is it about the Harold Saxonburys?"

"It is," he answered, deliberately finishing his tea and sandwich and putting down his cup. "It's true they had a big spill—one of the largest-sized spills of the season. Oh, my brethren and sisters, our friends have lost their safeguard! Gwendolen has left her profile on the Cresta Run, and Harold has strayed from her side. He's twice been seen at the Just-So, dining with Goo-goo of the Nightlight Follies. Weep, weep, ye peoples, and rend your hair, if any! Our cherished, shining Exception is no more; it is merged in the Rule."

It's not often I look forward to anything, but I *did* look forward to my Mah-Jongg party. I hoped it would be the party of the Little Season. I sent out my cards, "Come and play Mah-Jongg," with the day and hour, and in the corner, "Chinese dress." Nobody seems *quite* to know how many "g's" there ought to be in the new game, so on some of my cards I spelt it Mah-Jong, on some, Mah-Jongg, and on a few, Mah-Jonggg—so *some* of them were bound to be right!

When the evening came everything seemed to click beautifully. The Mah-Jongg tables, each with its own set, looked most businesslike. My Ming china was on view in its cabinet. The room was lit with Chinese lanterns, and there were festoons of paper chrysanthemums (some of them caught fire, but it was soon put out). I was in a delicious Chinese get-up, and to carry round the Chinese snacks I'd provided (for no one playing Mah-Jongg dreams of taking more than a snack) I'd secured the little China girl who talks such pretty pigeon English and takes round sweets in the lounge at the Just-So. They all looked very nice when they came, especially the dear Midshires as a mandarin and mandariness. Pixie Dashmore struck a false note. She came as a geisha, and when I said it was Japanese, not Chinese, she said, "What's it matter? They're close together."

Then we took the bricks out of their boxes, built our Great Walls, threw our dice and settled down to play. The little China girl carried round tiny bowls of tea and preparations of rice in lovely little saucers. But they hardly touched anything. Someone said it was the Chinese custom to eat hardly anything, so that was all right. And then Sarah Delamont came (after saying she didn't think she could come), bringing a Chinese friend, that General Ling-Ting who's over here on some mission. When I looked at them I was the angriest woman in London. Sarah had on an old kimono dressing-gown and great ugly black shoes; and he, the only real Chinaman present, was in Western dress! It was too, too bad.

The General proved to be a snuffy disagreeable little person, with no notion of trying to make up for his *very defective* personal appearance by a pleasing manner. He walked round the Mah-Jongg tables, but wouldn't play, and wouldn't touch any of my Chinese snacks. When he began to go away I said I hoped he'd been pleased to find a little bit of China in London and to see his national game being played. He shook his head. "You no play Chinese game—you no play Mah-Jongg—all wrong, all wrong! Ladies plenty nice, but not true Chinese dress; all wrong, all wrong!"

"Well, here's a bit of real China at all events," I said in desperation, bringing forward the little China girl from the Just-So. She resisted and trembled so that the chrysanthemums fell out of her hair, but I pushed her towards him, and he looked at her and spoke to her in Chinese, exactly like cups and saucers being dropped and smashed one after the other. She didn't answer, and he spoke again (a lot more cups and



THIS OLD-FASHIONED YOUNG MAN HAS JUST ASKED THESE MODERN YOUNG WOMEN IF THEY HAD LEARNT ANY "USEFUL ACCOMPLISHMENTS" AT SCHOOL.

saucers dropped and smashed). * Then the little China girl gave a howl, threw her hands over her face and broke into a flood of tears. "What does this mean?" I said, trying to pull her hands down, and, when I succeeded, lo and behold the tears had washed off her Chineseness and she was home-grown! "Oh, ma'am! Oh, m'lady!" she sobbed, "I'm so sorry. I'm a London girl, and they make me up Chinese at the Just-So to take round sweeties in the lounge; and they'll be so angry it's found out. Oh, why was I ever brought 'ere to be spoke to by 'im? I'll lose my job!" and there was another flood of tears.

As for Ling-Ting, with a perfectly expressionless face he bowed to me, then to the others, and then the wretch went away, having *entirely spoilt* my Mah-Jongg party.

I know *now* what's meant by the Yellow Peril.

"THE BRITISH POST OFFICE.

PENY STAMPS NOW IMPOSSIBLE."
Egyptian Paper.

They must always have been improbable.

Another Impending Apology.

"Ten thousand pounds is required in one or more sums (for 12 months) to exploit four British films by reputed authors."

"Women are to be feminine again—in dress, at any rate—and, as manners are influenced by the mode, we may yet return to the simpering darlings of the 'eighties, who wore wide-brimmed hats to hide their blushes and crinolines."—*Daily Paper.*

No, no; not so wide as all that.

At a Masonic banquet:—

"The toast list included 'The King,' 'The Ladies,' 'The Visitors,' and 'The Worshipful Masher.' During the evening Mrs. — (the wife of the Worshipful Masher) was presented with a magnificent necklace from the Lodge." *Local Paper.*

A sort of consolation prize?

"I, the Undersigned, Louis —, do hereby apologise for whatever slanderous expressions I have made against my Sister-in-Law, Wilhelmina —, and that I hereby unconditionally withdraw any remarks I may have made against her character, as I know absolutely nothing whatever against her character beyond the fact that she is a respectable woman."—*South African Paper.*

We trust WILHELMINA will take the last sentence in the spirit in which it is presumably meant.

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

I.

"Hast thou been, O brother, to Wembley,
Where the palm and the pine are wed?"
"Please tell me the place of assembly;"
"At Marylebone Station," he said.
Songs of the Lone Trail.

A BITTER north-east wind was blowing through the main street of the West African village and the courts of the Arab palace in Zanzibar. We were all of us blue with cold.

"The size of the Exhibition," remarked our guide in a cheerful voice, "may be imagined from the fact that the frontage of the two buildings which will house the industrial exhibits of the United Kingdom alone would extend from Charing Cross Railway Bridge to Westminster Bridge—"

"Wait a minute," I said, "while I get that down. Did you say Charing Cross Bridge or Waterloo Bridge?"

"Charing Cross," he said.

"I should have thought it would have been a bit more," I said, holding out my pencil with a trembling hand and shutting one eye. "One needs a protractor, really."

We were standing on a kind of lofty stone balcony which forms part of the Stadium. From here I had what I felt too surely would be for me a Pisgah view of the promised land. There was a steely stab in the air which made me feel cold. I should never see the wiggle-wobble in being, or the largest scenic railway in the world despatch its first train. The Illustrator, on the other hand, I thought, looked more like stout CORRES, but he was not silent. He had a hacking cough.

"What's that funny marshy thing over there?" I asked.

"Is it a canal?"

"Canal!" cried the guide. "It's a lake."

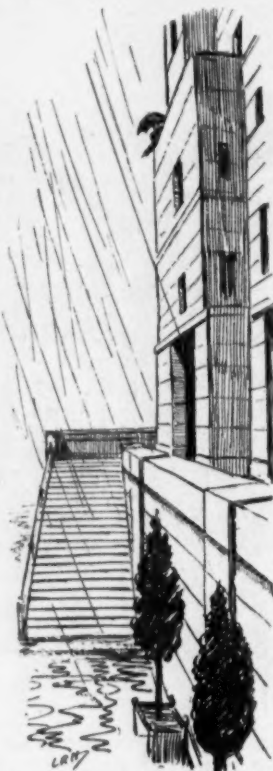
"I hadn't meant to insult it," I said. "I was thinking of the sort of canals they have in Venice, not of the New Cut. I imagined myself gliding along in a gondola propelled by the Illustrator, while the men of the daughter countries waved to us from the banks. I mean, if you're going to have any water in it when the thaw sets in."

"The lake," he said firmly, "will be full of pleasure-boats. It will have islands and flower-gardens upon its banks."

I turned up my coat-collar, and he went on:—

"The Canadian pavilion is an im-

posing building in the Neo-grec style
... The Australian building is as



SOME OF THE PROMISED LAND.

big as the whole of Olympia. . . . In the Fishery section will be shown specimens of the best known New Zealand fishes, preserved in solid blocks of ice. . . .

He paused for a moment, interrupted



ALMOST LIKE VENICE.

by the appreciative chattering of teeth; we both of us liked this bit.

"Why not put the beggars in the lake?" asked the Illustrator.

"The South African pavilion is an exact replica of a typical building. . . ."

"An exact what?" I exclaimed in alarm.

"An exact replica," he repeated kindly, "of a typical building in the old Dutch style, with the characteristic steep and loggia. . . ."

I began to think of something really funny to say to him about a characteristic steep, or even more funny about an Old Dutch, for the cold weather always affects me like this; but he passed rapidly on.

"The pavilion of the Indian Empire reproduces the glittering beauties of the Taj Mahal at Agra and the Jama Masjid at Delhi. . . ."

"Lovely!" cried the Illustrator, knocking some sleet from his hat.

"The Ceylon pavilion, in the Kandyan style, is one of the most remarkable features of the Exhibition. The towers flanking it on either side are exact replicas modelled upon the famous Temple of the Tooth. The Malaya pavilion—"

I slapped my arms briskly across my chest.

"Is that an icicle I see hanging on the Malaya pavilion?" I inquired.

"It is a little chilly for you up here, isn't it?" observed the guide compassionately. "Perhaps I had better cut out Burma and Hong-Kong for the time being."

Both of us would have been prepared to accept federal devolution for the whole of Asia at that moment. We went down the stairs.

"Who is doing the catering for this place?" I asked him, as he pointed at an enormous restaurant—no doubt a replica of something.

He told me the name of the firm.

"That strikes the Imperial note," I agreed. "How many restaurants will there be?"

"About fifty."

"With real iced drinks?"

He reassured me again.

"I wonder if you would care to go and see the coal-mine now?" he went on, as we picked our way delicately, like hens, through the half-frozen mud.

The very mention of coal brought a glitter

of enthusiasm into the Illustrator's eyes.

"There's nothing I like drawing better than coal," he murmured to me.

"Hot coal."

We went down a long slope into

Stygian gloom. There was a lantern at last.

"Is this an exact replica of a typical coal-mine?" I asked the foreman.

"It is," he said; "except of course for the coal."

I felt rather damped.

A man was painting the sides of the shafts with pitch. Other men were picking out characteristic pieces of clay and making typical piles of them, ready to be painted so as to look like more replicas of coals. I walked on a little way and my hat fell off at my feet. I noticed when I picked it up that it was covered with white dust. But I made nothing of the *contretemps*.

"It needs getting used to, a miner's life," I said cheerfully to the foreman.

"We need a little more of your characteristic stoop here," said the Illustrator to our guide. It seemed sad and strange to me that what I had refrained from saying on the top of the Stadium should have occurred to the Illustrator half-an-hour later in the bowels of the earth. I was glad when he stumbled over a pick and fell on his knees.

As a matter of fact the coal-mine was very interesting indeed. It seemed to be almost an exact replica of the safer parts of Flanders—divisional or army headquarters, for instance. And it was warm.

"Had it occurred to you," I said to the guide as we came out into the blizzard again, "that if the other attractions at Wembley pall you'll be able to have a replica of an actual strike?"

It had not.

"I think I ought to tell you a little about the British Government pavilion before you go," he said, stopping and pointing to it with his stick.

There was a great deal to tell.

"The aim of this Exhibition will be to illustrate the functions of the Home Government as a whole," he began.

After about five minutes, at the end of a very eloquent period, he paused and turned round to look at us. He saw a very curious sight. The Illustrator and I were standing on one leg, like storks, scraping the other boot busily with a piece of stick.

"The White Man's Burden," I murmured apologetically, carefully putting a large piece of empire back upon the ground.

"Perhaps you would rather see the rest some day when the weather's a

little warmer?" he suggested. "In the Chemical section of the Palace of Industry there is a most beautiful frieze—"

"I don't doubt it," said the Illustrator hastily. "Suppose we say Monday week?"

"I forgot to mention, by the way,"



ENSURING THE COAL SUPPLY AT WEMBLEY.

observed our guide as we walked towards the gate, "that all the streets in the Exhibition have been named by Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING himself. That one, for instance" (he pointed) "is 'Drake's Way.'"

"Good!" exclaimed the Illustrator.

"Though what you really need at



PORTIONS OF OUR EMPIRE.

present," I added very thoughtfully, "is a good duckboard track." EVOE.

From a description of the Torpids, when Balliol II. bumped Balliol I.:

"Perhaps the most interesting feature of the afternoon was the race between first and second crews of the Scoldish Foundation."

Morning Paper.

Perhaps the writer (or the printer) had suffered from "the Balliol manner."

THE REALLY IDEAL HOME.

MY DEAR JOHN,—I gather from newspaper announcements that the era of the happy housewife will indeed dawn in roseate splendour at the British Empire Exhibition. Life, for the woman at home, is going to be one grand, sweet

song of switch-adjusting and button-pushing. Not for much longer need she be dependent upon the knuckles of Mary Ann or the erratic energy of a mechanical alarm clock to wake her from her slumbers. Electricity will do it, and, when she is sufficiently aroused, will boil the kettle, make her a cup of tea, warm the bedroom and heat the bathwater. It will also polish her boots and shoes, serve up dainty meals and do the bulk of the house-work.

I presume that before long it will be sufficiently well trained to give baby his bottle, shake him up at regular intervals, converse with him in the approved manner and generally bring him up to be a blessing to everybody. You inventors are clever fellows.

No mention, I notice, is made of that mere thing in trousers, that trivial toy of Fate and the Inland Revenue Office, known as MAN. He, I take it, will be expected to toil on in the old, old laborious way to which he has long been accustomed. He will continue to come home weary and fretful as usual, after a long afternoon at the Club or on the golf links, and will have to mix himself a whisky-and-soda by sheer manual labour. Is there any indication that electricity will even exert itself to the extent of raising the glass to his lips, let alone filling his pipe for him? Apparently none. Will electricity put the cat out or let it in, or take the dog for its nightly walk? It will not. And when there is a picture to be hung or a bit of creper to be nailed up, MAN will still be expected to hit his thumb with a hammer in the old primitive fashion. So much for the bitter irony of the ideal home and the cowardly favouritism of your so-called benefactors of humanity!

This injustice, my good John, must not continue. If the forces of Nature can take the duster out of a woman's sturdy hand and tell her to sit down and enjoy herself, surely they can relieve a frail man of the labour and tribulation of scraping his face with a piece of steel or grovelling on his hands

and knees in search of a collar-stud. Why should not a man be able to cut the grass or trim the hedge simply by pushing a button? Why are there no devices for giving the suburban breadwinner his hat ready brushed? Why has none of your tribe invented something that will cause a cigar or cigarette to light automatically on being placed between the lips? If you had the comfort and well-being of your own sex more at heart you would be appalled by the thought of all the splendid masculine energy that is wasted annually in the igniting of matches and patent lighters.

I have no patience with you fellows. You can be spurred to labour-saving ingenuity by the sight of a woman engaged in her natural occupation of cleaning a knife or cooking a chop, but you do not seem to be inspired to save for a nobler purpose the tremendous amount of physical force which a man expends in raising his hat, not only to France, but also to members of that very sex to which he is expected to yield the best of everything.

Yours in disgust, PANTAGRUEL.

MUSICAL MONSTROSITIES.

GREAT excitement has been caused in vocal and operatic circles by the statement of Mrs. KENNEDY FRASER, the great authority on Hebridean Folk-song, that seals are not only fond of music but that they can sing.

"Seated on the lone sea-shore"—we quote from *The Daily News* of February 23rd—"on the mystic isle of Barra, she watched seals at play and, inspired by the mood of the moment, began to sing to them the low crooning lilt of a seal-woman's song. To her surprise the seals replied, one 'singing' a solo in a voice which she describes as a 'mezzo-soprano of great power.'"

On inquiry at the Zoo, a representative of *The Daily News* was informed that the seals there had never been known to break into song. Mr. SETH SMITH, one of the curators, observing that they only made "a loud barking noise, which seems to express all their emotions."

Mr. Punch is glad to be able to state that this unsympathetic and sceptical attitude is far from reflecting the views of other expert observers who have enjoyed exceptional opportunities for studying the vocal equipment of the animal world.

Mme. Amelita Porpora, the famous *coloratura* singer, in a recent interview with the eminent musical critic, Mr. Bedwyn Jevons, has recounted a remarkable experience which fell to her lot while canoeing on the waters of the

Blue Nile, after fulfilling an engagement in the Mountains of the Moon. She was practising a difficult roudade which occurs in *Lakmé*, when to her amazement it was repeated note for note, with perfect intonation and exquisite charm of voice, by a hippopotamus who was lying on the bank. Madame described the timbre of the hippo's organ as closely approximating to that of the nightingale. Thinking that she might have been the victim of a subjective hallucination, or that the repetition of the roudade might have been due to an echo, she sang the passage again, but with the same result, though if possible the performance was even more entrancingly beautiful. Asked whether she felt any alarm at the proximity of the formidable amphibian, Mme. Porpora declared that she had perfect confidence in his high character and consideration. The best authorities are unanimous in testifying to the mild and inoffensive disposition of the hippopotamus and to its habitual avoidance of seeking collision with man.

The matter having been reported to the Zoological Gardens, Dr. CHALMERS MITCHELL states that Mme. Porpora's experience is difficult to reconcile with the observations of those who have studied the habits of hippos, whether at large or in captivity. Its characteristic note, he adds, is a grunt, which in moments of excitement develops into a bellow which can be heard a mile away.

A somewhat similar experience, curiously enough, is reported by another famous *prima donna* during a holiday excursion in the wilds of West Africa. While camping on the banks of the river Pongo, Miss Marie Jubb was suddenly aware of a magnificent tenor voice resounding from the interior of a dense growth of "mejom," a tall cane-like plant which grows luxuriantly on deserted clearings. To her amazement she recognized the music as the tenor part of the great duet in *Roméo et Juliette*, and, on her joining in, the number was sung to its conclusion, and, as she says, "as it was never sung before." The hidden performer never emerged, but careful inquiries have satisfied her that it was an old gorilla and a near relative of the distinguished specimen now resident in the Rothschild museum at Tring.

Miss Jubb's experiences, which she recently related in a lecture at a meeting of the Soroptimist Club, have also been brought to the notice of Dr. CHALMERS MITCHELL, who, we regret to say, exhibits a reserve of judgment bordering on incredulity. After dwelling on the notorious ferocity and mor-

oseness of the gorilla and the extreme unlikelihood of any member of the species enjoying facilities for the study of the scores of GOUNOD, Dr. CHALMERS MITCHELL goes on to point out that its vocal cords, larynx, pharynx, glottis, epiglottis, uvula, tonsils and the general contour of its galliambic cavity, are such as to preclude the possibility of emitting tones of a pure tenor quality.

It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. HARRY HIGGINS and Sir WILLIAM MCCORMICK are both keenly alive to the possibilities of recruiting the personnel of Grand and National Opera Companies with singers of the type described in the foregoing narratives, in view of the reasonable salaries which they would probably be prepared to accept.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

XIII.—IF I WERE A KING.

I OFTEN wish I were a King,
And then I could do anything.

If only I were King of Spain,
I'd take my hat off in the rain.

If only I were King of France,
I wouldn't brush my hair for aunts.

I think, if I were King of Greece,
I'd push things off the mantelpiece.

If I were King of Norway
I'd ask an elephant to stay.

If I were King of Babylon,
I'd leave my button gloves undone.

If I were King of Timbuctoo,
I'd think of lovely things to do.

If I were King of anything,
I'd tell the soldiers, "I'm the King."

XIV.—HALF-WAY DOWN.

HALF-WAY down the stairs

Is a stair
Where I sit;
There isn't any
Other stair
Quite like
It;

I'm not at the bottom,
I'm not at the top;
So this is the stair
Where
I always
Stop.

Half-way down the stairs
Isn't up,
And isn't down;
It isn't in the nursery,
It isn't in the town;
And all sorts of funny thoughts
Run round my head:
"It isn't really
Anywhere!
It's somewhere else
Instead!"

A. A. M.



Mother. "DID YOU ENJOY YOUR GAME, GERALD?"

Outside Right. "THE CAPTAIN WENT FOR ME FOR STARVING MY INSIDE."

Mother. "THERE! I ALWAYS SAID YOU OUGHT TO HAVE A PROPER LUNCH BEFORE PLAYING."

INTIMATE AFTERNOONS.

V.—MUFFINS FOR TEA.

Stephen is at home on Saturday afternoon and his wife, Agatha, is giving him muffins for tea.

Agatha. There, Stephen, I've been terribly lavish with the butter.

Stephen (appreciating her handiwork). Thank you, darling.

A. And I'm putting some cream in your tea.

S. Thank you, darling.

[Pause while Stephen deals competently with these delicacies.

A. And now, dear, pull up to the fire and I'll light you a cigarette.

S. (with a sigh of luxury). That's right. To think that if I had listened to my idiot of a partner I should now be approaching the seventh hole, which is almost certainly under water. I feel that I have chosen the better part.

A. I thought you would come home this afternoon when I saw it was trying to rain. I bought the muffins in case.

S. You've a wonderful gift of foresight, Agatha.

A. And you are so dreadfully fond of muffins.

S. I am—in spite of their being so terribly expensive.

A. Oh, Stephen, how ridiculous you are! I buy them at seven for a shilling.

S. Seven for a shilling in the shop, perhaps, but they never cost me less than a fiver. Do you remember the last time we had muffins for tea?

A. (pouting). I remember that you were not very grateful on that occasion.

S. That time they cost me sixty guineas—something to do with a furrier in Kensington High Street. The time before that I seem to remember a story of pink charmeuse. That worked out



Mamma. "NOW, BOBBY, IF YOU ARE GOOD TO-DAY WHILE I'M OUT I'LL GIVE YOU A WHOLE PENNY."
Bobby. "ALL RIGHT; I'LL DO ANYTHING FOR MONEY."

at about seven pounds six and eight-pence per muffin.

A. Things are so dreadfully expensive.

S. So it seems. I'm wondering how much it will cost me this afternoon. Cream too. That's a new and a somewhat sinister item.

A. Now you're being clever.

S. (mildly). Not at all. It's merely a fact. I said I was wondering. I am. I've been wondering ever since I saw the muffin-dish.

A. Anyone would imagine that I was trying to wheedle you out of a few paltry shillings. I'm not a wheedler.

S. Confess, Agatha, you've exceeded your allowance. You've got a sheaf of bills in the little bureau, and you're going to tell me all about them.

A. Well, Steve, as a matter of fact I was thinking of asking you for a little extra money.

S. Would fifty guineas be of any use to you?

A. (considering). It would help, of course.

S. I see. I thought the cream was an extra.

A. Suppose we were to say a hundred pounds. It's a nice round figure, and so easy to remember.

S. Quite. You will be able to tell

yourself every evening in your bath that on December 31st Stephen gave me a hundred pounds.

A. I'll say it in my bath with pleasure, provided it's really true.

S. Agatha, you're a darling, and you shall say it in your bath this evening.

A. (puzzled). What's the matter with you to-day, Stephen?

S. (stretching before the blaze). Nothing at all, dear. I'm perfectly well and happy, thank you.

A. (sitting on the arm of his chair). Sure you're not ill or anything?

S. Never better.

A. Then why are you taking it like this? Why don't you storm and rage, as you usually do?

S. The muffins, dear. It's difficult to storm and rage when one is full of muffin.

A. (incredulous). Then you don't mind me having all these terrible bills to pay. I've done my best to be economical, but you know how it is.

S. I don't mind it in the least. The fact is, Agatha— (He pauses dramatically).

A. Yes, Stephen.

S. Well, I've been thinking—

A. Stephen, darling, are you quite sure you aren't sickening for anything?

S. No. I've merely come to the

conclusion that your way of living is the right way, and that my way is all wrong.

A. (more and more uneasy). What ever do you mean?

S. Haven't you noticed anything of late—about me, I mean?

A. Nothing particular.

S. How disappointing! I was hoping so much that you had.

A. (irritably). Noticed what?

S. Other people have noticed. Clara noticed it a week ago.

A. Clara has no right to notice you at all. You're inclined to be much too familiar with that girl, Stephen. Men ought not to be familiar with their secretaries.

S. She could not help noticing, poor dear. It was becoming so very obvious. The fact is, Agatha, I've recently taken a leaf out of your book. I'm beginning to agree with you that in these days of death duties, with capital levies in the offing, it is simply silly to economise. You've been spending money for years—all the money you could lay your pretty hands on. Henceforth I am going to spend a little money too. I ordered ten new suits this morning.

A. (scandalised). What!

S. I often wondered how you man-

aged to run up into three figures so easily at the milliner's. You remember the absurd fuss I made about that last account of yours. Well, I've got a little note from my hatter and hosier that puts some of your most brilliant performances quite into the shade.

A. I don't believe a word of it.

S. My dear unobservant darling, surely you must have noticed.

A. (*gazing at him with a dawning perception*). Now I come to look at you, you do seem to be wearing a new tie.

S. Yes, dear. Unfortunately I can't wear more than one at a time. I must show you my collection.

A. And I don't think I have seen that suit before.

S. You shall never see it again, dear. (*Superciliously*) I don't believe in wearing a suit more than twice.

A. So that is what Clara noticed?

S. That—and other things. She saw me lunching the other day at the Ritz Royal. She wondered whether I always lunched like that.

A. Like what?

S. Well, I was doing it rather well. Not quite so costly as muffins for tea, perhaps, except, of course, that one meets people. I met a man there only this morning. He wanted to sell me a theatre. Said it would not cost more than a few thousands to put up a little play he had written. Such a nice fellow he was!

A. (*sitting up straight*). Are you pulling my leg, Stephen?

S. (*taking from his pocket a sheaf of bills*). See for yourself, unbeliever.

A. (*running through the bills*). Stephen!

S. (*smiling*). Not bad for a beginner—what?

A. Where did you get all this money?

S. (*airily*). I've been selling out here and there.

A. (*horrified*). Not investments?

S. What's the use of investments?

A. (*thoroughly alarmed*). Stephen, this must stop at once. We shall be ruined.

S. (*slippantly*). Eat, drink and be merry, for to-morrow we shall be overdrawn.

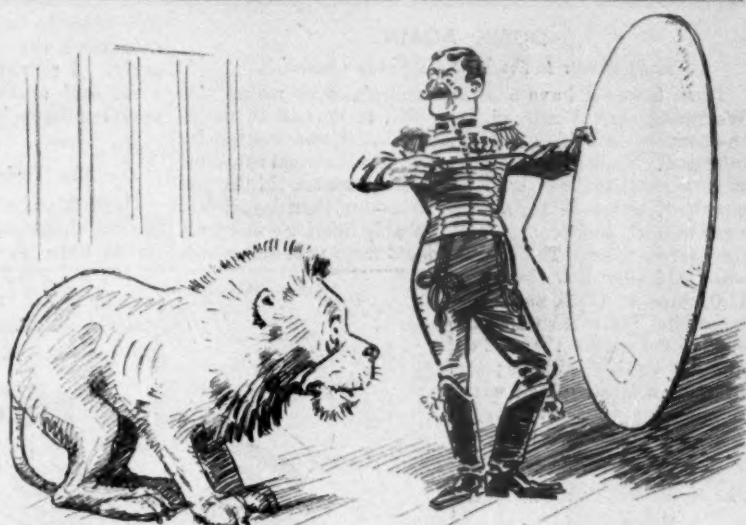
A. But, Stephen, you used to be so careful. What's come over you?

S. Imitation, my dear—the sincerest form of flattery.

A. But you surely don't accuse me of being extravagant?

S. No, dear. That was my delusion. I see now that your expenditure, if anything, was on the short side.

A. I'm not extravagant. I'm an extremely careful woman. I believe in having things if you can afford them, but I'm not going to let you play ducks and drakes with all the money we possess.



MAN, LORD OF CREATION.



WOMAN, SLAVE OF CREATIONS.

S. Bless my soul, I never thought you worried about affording things!

A. Don't be absurd, Stephen. You certainly can't afford (*looking at the bills*) seventeen pounds fifteen and eleven for pyjamas, and it must never happen again.

S. (*mildly*). Well, I'm always willing to be guided by you, my dear, but it seemed so unfriendly to be saving all my money while you were spending yours. It looked almost as though I were silently reproaching you. Henceforth I'll do exactly as you do.

A. (*hesitating*). About that hundred pounds?

S. Yes, dear.

A. I don't think I'll take it after all.

I can pay the bill out of my allowance for next quarter.

S. In that case I had better countermand the ten suits I ordered this morning.

A. (*thinking hard*). Or eight of them, perhaps.

S. Just as you like.

A. We don't want to overdo it either way, do we, Stephen?

S. It's for you to decide. I'm going to model myself entirely upon your example. I think you've got just the right notion now. But (*sighing*) I shall miss my muffins for tea.

A. You shall have them occasionally, Stephen. After all, they're only a shilling for seven.

DONE AGAIN.

Lady Power to the World's Needs Unlimited.

DEAR SIRs,—I have a serious complaint to make. On Wednesday last I ordered some fish to be sent to me in the country on Friday at 11.0 sharp, as it was wanted for luncheon. Your assistant promised that it should reach me at or before that time; but it did not. I waited till the last possible minute—till ten minutes past—and then despatched a car to fetch some other—and probably inferior—fish from the nearest town. The fish I ordered from you, and which was faithfully promised for 11.0, came at 11.15, and I returned it. I now ask that you remunerate me for the cost of the car—twelve shillings; six miles each way—which went for the other fish.

I am, Yours faithfully,
VICTORIA POWER.

The World's Needs Unlimited to Lady Power.

DEAR MADAM,—We regret that your letter of complaint was necessary, and the matter is being investigated. Assuring you of our best attention, we beg to remain,

Yours obediently,
WORLD'S NEEDS UNLIMITED.

Lady Power to the World's Needs Unlimited.

DEAR SIRs,—I am still awaiting a cheque for twelve shillings as requested in my letter of the 23rd.

I am, Yours faithfully,
VICTORIA POWER.

The World's Needs Unlimited to Lady Power.

DEAR MADAM,—We are now able to reply to your letter of the 23rd. Our investigations show that the fish was despatched, according to your instructions and our promise, on the morning of Friday the 22nd. All our promises are governed, of course, by conditions of possibility, and in this case the fault seems to lie with a burst tyre, which just made the difference. We think you would have been wiser to wait for our fish rather than to send for another supply. Assuring you of our best attention, We beg to remain,

Yours obediently, WORLD'S NEEDS UNLIMITED.

Lady Power to the World's Needs Unlimited.

DEAR SIRs,—According to my simple non-commercial ideas a promise is a promise; and when I asked your man in the fish department if he could undertake that the salmon should be here by 11.0, he said nothing about conditions and possibilities, but agreed. It doesn't matter whether your van was fifteen minutes late or fifteen hours; the point is, it was late, and you ought to admit the broken contract and behave accordingly, as I am sure I should if I were in your place.

Not knowing how late your messenger would be, I had to despatch a car or run the risk of disappointing my lunch party. I now repeat my request for the ordinary price of a car sent on such a mission—one shilling per mile, or twelve shillings in all.

I am, Yours faithfully, VICTORIA POWER.

The World's Needs Unlimited to Lady Power.

DEAR MADAM,—We must again express our regret that the fish should have been fifteen minutes late and that you should have returned it, especially as the fish which you procured instead could not have been brought back to be prepared by the cook until long after 11.15. A puncture is a calamity that cannot be foreseen and must be respected. We are sorry, but we cannot see our way to send you the twelve shillings. No business could endure if such demands were acceded to. Assuring you of our best attention,

We beg to remain,
Yours obediently,
WORLD'S NEEDS UNLIMITED.

Lady Power to the World's Needs Unlimited.

SIRs,—Please note that I have omitted the "Dear," because, although in one sense you are dear indeed, in the ordinary usage of the word you are not; and when replying I wish you would cease to assure me of your best attention, which is rubbish, and to call yourselves "obedient." You are not obedient: that is what all this trouble is about. When I sign myself "Yours faithfully," I mean it, and my intention is to deal faithfully with you—very faithfully!

I have decided, in view of your reply, to send an account of the whole transaction to the public Press; and this, I imagine, is not likely to do you any good.

I am, Yours faithfully,
VICTORIA POWER.

The World's Needs Unlimited to Lady Power.

DEAR MADAM,—We reaffirm our regret at the error. We must also point out that the step which you have in contemplation is very unlikely to succeed, because no newspaper would print such a notice. Apart from libel or slander, it is hardly to be expected that a paper which accepts our advertisements daily, as all the leading ones do, would publish elsewhere in its pages such an attack as you have in mind. Assuring you of our best attention,

We are, Yours obediently,
WORLD'S NEEDS UNLIMITED.

Lady Power to the World's Needs Unlimited.

SIRs,—I might have known that there was a conspiracy between you and the Press. But a good deal can be done by



Civilian. "IF THEY REDUCE THE NAVAL ESTIMATES BY FIVE MILLIONS WHAT EFFECT WILL IT HAVE?"

Bluejacket. "WELL, IT WON'T AFFECT ME MUCH. OUT OF EVERY FIVE MILLIONS THE ADMIRALTY GETS, MY SHARE OF THE SWAG WORKS OUT TO ABOUT THE SIZE OF THIS VERY LITTLE DRINK WHAT YOU'VE STOOD ME."



Wife. "I say, it's colder than EV— WHAT ON EARTH ARE YOU UP TO?"
 Husband (who has been wrestling with the rules of Mah-Jongg). "LOOKING FOR THE EAST WIND."

leaflet, and I shall have some circulated telling people how you conduct your business.

I am, Yours faithfully, VICTORIA POWER.

The World's Needs Unlimited to Lady Power.

DEAR MADAM,—While again expressing our regret at the inconvenience which you have been caused, we would remind you that printers are held responsible by law for all statements which they print, and we think it therefore very unlikely that you will find anyone to set up the leaflet which you propose to issue. Assuring you of our best attention,

We are, Yours obediently,
 WORLD'S NEEDS UNLIMITED.

From Messrs. Wayte, Wayte & Wayte, Solicitors, to the Managing Director of the World's Needs Unlimited.

DEAR SIR,—We have now completed all the preliminaries to the amalgamation of your firm with the Globe's Requirements Unlimited, and the deeds can be taken to you for signature at whatever time you name.

The Heads of Departments at the Globe's Requirements Unlimited agree with you and ourselves that it is better to keep the fusion a secret from the public.

We are, Yours faithfully, WAYTE, WAYTE & WAYTE.

Lady Power to the World's Needs Unlimited.

SIRS,—This is to inform you that I have decided not only to close my account with you, but to write to all my friends warning them against you. I intend to transfer my custom to the Globe's Requirements Unlimited.

I am, Yours faithfully, VICTORIA POWER.

E. V. L.

A DANGER TO THE EMPIRE.

[It is reported that schoolboys are more industrious to-day than they used to be, and that truancy is practically unknown.]

OFTEN of old has some staid biographical

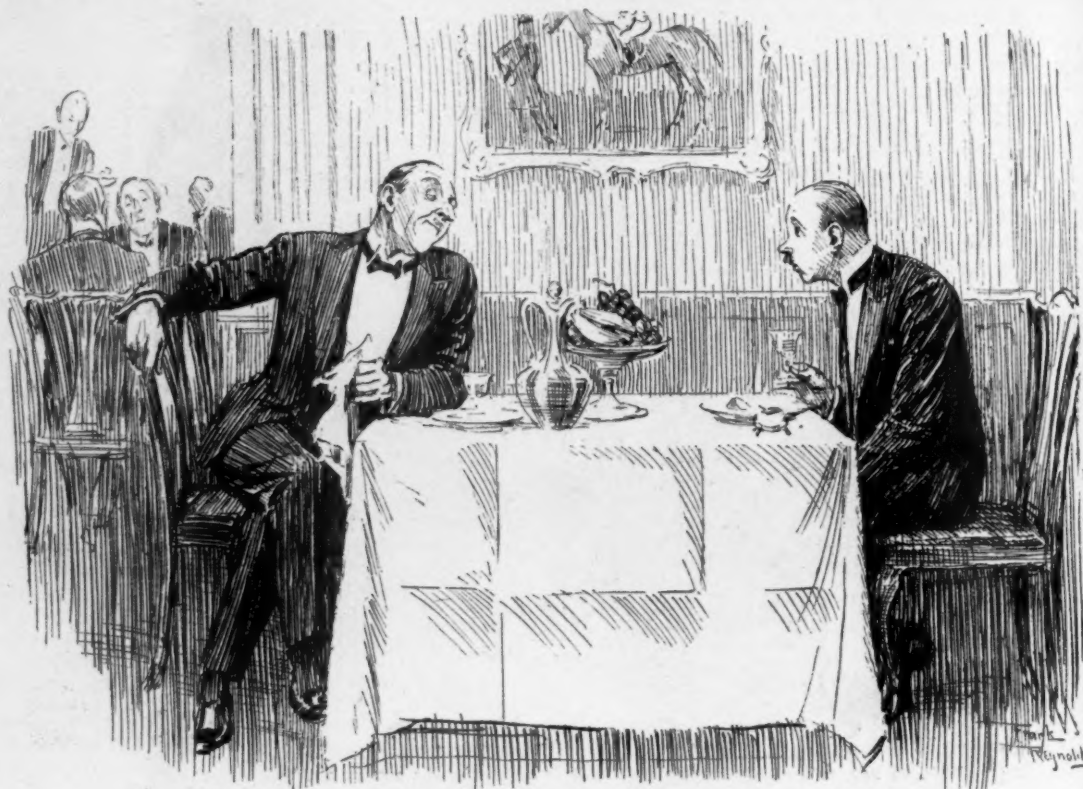
Work been my witness that some of the great
 Were not in childhood exactly seraphical,
 Spite of their ultimate worth to the State;
 Rather they learned with deplorable fluency
 Tricks that were idle and ways that were bad,
 Being, each one, in his passion for truancy
 More than "a bit of a lad."

Nevertheless they composed the material

Out of which heroes were frequently made;
 This was the breed that preserved our imperial
 Glory from even beginning to fade;
 One could feel sure we were sound in our premises
 When we assumed that the Nation would thrive
 While there were lads who, regardless of Nemesis,
 Kept this tradition alive.

Therefore, though some are inclined to ejaculate
 "Good" when they read how the young of to-day
 Tend in their conduct to grow more immaculate,
 Never from industry turning away,
 We, who were perfectly satisfied heretofore,
 Now find the future enshrouded with fogs
 And are impelled to a sigh, and a tear too, for
 England en route for the dogs.

"Communist requires two or three furnished rooms and use of bath."
 Another popular delusion exploded.
 Labour Paper.



Guest. "DO YOU USE THIS CLUB MUCH?"

Host. "SCARCELY AT ALL; BUT IT COMES IN USEFUL FOR DINING PEOPLE YOU CAN'T TAKE HOME."

ABSENT FRIENDS.

(To the Ship's Company of the S.S. —, in which the Bard once sailed as Purser.)

SEVEN bells has struck. . . Shipmates! the hour has sounded;

But where are ye this night? On what dark tide,
By what wild ocean severed and surrounded,
This solemn hour of evening do ye ride?

Is it the long sea-highway to the Plate,
The cyclone-harried waters of Bengal,
The Western Ocean or the Golden Gate,
Macassar's byways or Messina's Strait?

Or, haply, sail ye not the sea at all,

But lie serene in some far port of wonder,
Mayhap where Table Mountain fronts the bay,
Mayhap where Caribbean surges thunder,
In roaring Rio, bountiful B.A.,
Or those gay havens Sparks esteemed so fine,
Where Mediterranean moons distil delight,
And fun is cheap, and cheaper still is wine,
And the Casino opes from nine till nine . . .
Well, anyway, where are ye all to-night?

What makes the Old Man, my revered commander,
Captain of currents, master of the mist?
And Fireman Boyle, that human salamander
Whom no amount of temperature could twist?

And is the Mate, most tyrant Turk of Turks,
Discoursing still on clove or rolling hitch,
Or showing Sparks how wireless really works,
Or chasing that elusive freight that lurks
In some deep hold, but Heaven knows in which?

Say, is the Chief, begrimed and blind and panting,
Concocting still new cuss-words for the coal,
Or sitting on the after-hatch decanting
Those yarns that once would thrill the Purser's soul?
Chips and the Doctor—have ye yet the twain?
And does the gramophone, when day is done,
Bellow *Il Trovatore* to the main,
The while the Fourth stands fiddling the refrain,
As when of old the Purser shared the fun?

Who knows? And that same Purser—what of him?
Alas, alas! dissociate from the deep,
Landwise the man degenerates, and dim
The learning grows he strives so hard to keep;
Unfit to shoot a star or weave a knot,
He skulks, a lubber to his finger-ends,
Of all your lore this only unforget:
The Seven-bell rule, the ceremonial tot,
And that old toast ye taught him—"Absent Friends."
H. B.

"After having languished in obscurity for many years, the 'Times' has now obtained possession of this document."—*Evening Paper*.
We must have missed this obscuration of our esteemed contemporary.



THE PAULO-POST-FUTURIST.

JOHN BULL. "I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK OF THIS DOG, CONSTABLE. CAN'T YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT IT?"

P.C. MACDONALD. "AFTER HE'S BITTEN YOU, SIR; NOT BEFORE."

Bishop of EXETER to secure an improvement in the accommodation provided for distressed travellers. He received the enthusiastic support of the Archbishop of CANTERBURY, who, plunging into the vernacular, declared that a Labour Government should require no "party ginger" to stimulate it to this reform.

Lord ASKWITH urged the Government to recognise the Government of Mexico, a country of which he gave an almost glowing account. At the moment, unfortunately, Lord PARMOOR found himself unable to recognise either the description or the Government; and his view was endorsed by Lord CURZON, who from his recent experience at the Foreign Office was convinced that Mexico was "one of the most disorderly countries in the world."

The Indian debate was resumed by Lord MESTON, who expressed his relief at finding that Lord OLIVIER was not, after all, an advocate of "scuttle." A thoughtful speech on the difficulties inherent in democratic government—with special reference to India, but capable of much wider application—came from Lord BALFOUR: a solid contribution to political science.

It is impossible not to sympathise with the PRIME MINISTER. Not merely is he exposed to two fires, from the Conservatives in front and the Liberals on his flank, which at any moment may converge and destroy him, but he finds more immediately dangerous foes in those of his own household, who blurt out their individual opinions without any regard to the carefully-circumscribed policy announced by their chief.

The latest and most flagrant offender is the HOME SECRETARY, who told the electors of Burnley that, in his opinion, the revision of the Treaty of Versailles, both in its territorial and economic aspects, was very much overdue.

No wonder Mr. MACDONALD was annoyed that "Uncle ARTHUR" of all people—the *vir pietatis gravis* of the Party—should have "buted in" like this and thereby imperilled the success of his painstaking efforts to improve our relations with France.

It was human nature, perhaps, that he should wreak his wrath upon the man who called his attention to the speech and not—publicly, at any rate—upon the man who made it. But was

it quite fair to suggest that Mr. McNEILL's action in moving the adjournment was dictated merely by a desire to influence the Burnley Election? Was that not Mr. HENDERSON's object in making the speech?

No debate on the Treaty of Versailles would be complete without a speech from Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. After rather unkindly observing that this was not the first time that the HOME SECRETARY had been corrected for an indiscretion—a reference to the famous "mat" incident—he declared that "revision" was the most dangerous word that could be used in reference to the Treaty, and congratulated the PRIME MINISTER on his repudiation of it.

Mr. BALDWIN also expressed his satisfaction at this result of the debate, and only regretted that Mr. MACDONALD had

however, appeared to be that white overalls would not long remain white in London conditions, and that motorists who desired to avoid collision with the law should moderate their speed.

The Government's proposals for helping the farmer to free himself from the domination of the middleman by setting up marketing and co-operative societies were explained by Mr. BUXTON and well received in all quarters. Several Conservatives, however, complained that the Bill did little or nothing for the agricultural labourer, and was in that respect less satisfactory than the measure outlined by the late Government.

By ten o'clock Government business was concluded, but the Liberal backbenchers managed to keep the House sitting for nearly an hour while they talked about nothing in particular. The

announcement of Mr. HENDERSON's victory at Burnley caused a momentary flicker of interest, during which Mr. MAXTON and Mr. LANSBURY amused themselves by invading the Front Opposition Bench.

Friday, February 29th.—The Bill for equalising the franchise as between men and women secured a Second Reading by a surprisingly large majority. Mere men might have countered the arguments of an ADAMSON, but could not, on this day of all days, resist the massed blandishments of the daughters of Eve. The

Duchess of ATHOLL manfully advocated delay; but the eloquence of Miss JEWSON, Mrs. WINTRINGHAM and Lady ASTOR on the other side easily carried the day.

THE HOME HAZARDS.

BOOBY-TRAPS of mops and buckets
Bruise my vulnerable skin;
Every craven pail has struck its
Cruel edge upon my shin;
Bridget loves to leave the junk her
Art requires in every room;
I will seek the softer bunker,
Slice into the kindlier broom.

I have tried to smile and pardon;
Till to-day I've lived in hope;
But it really comes too hard on
Middle age to tread on soap;
I have slithered down the stairway;
Black and blue adorn the buff;
I will go and seek the fairway
Since my house is in the rough.

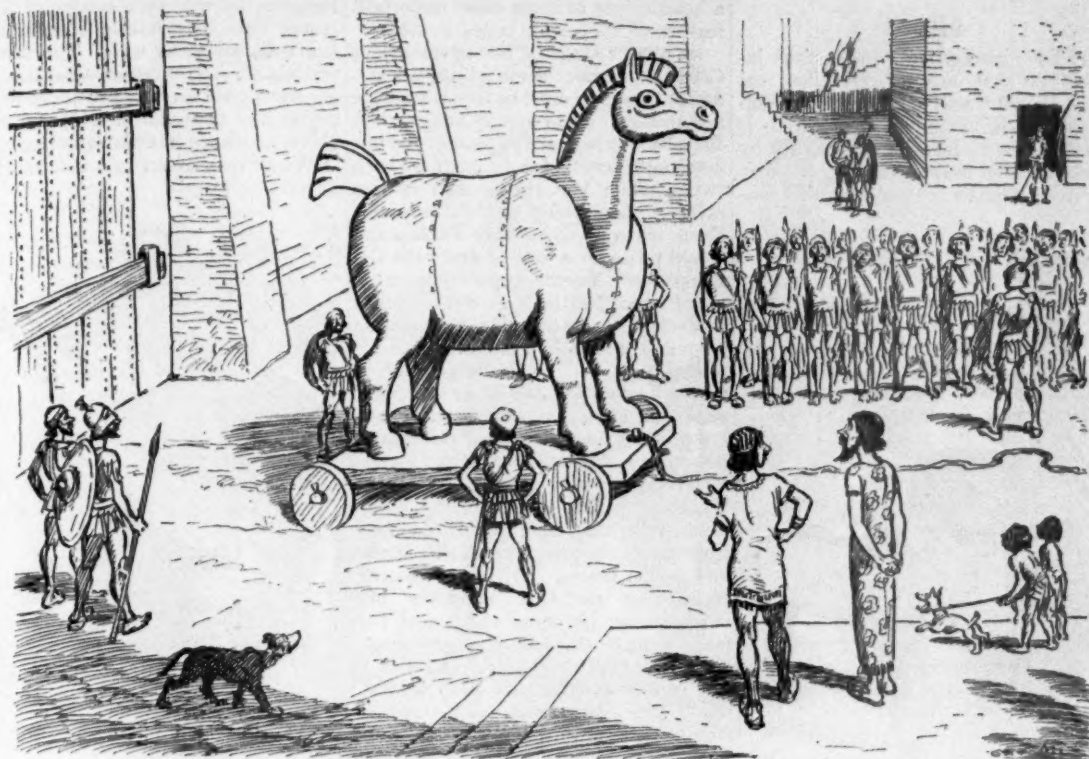


Customer. "WIGGLES WEEKLY, PLEASE."
Shopkeeper. "I'VE SOLD OUT, MISS, BUT, IF YOU'RE READING THE SERIAL, 'AROLD IS SAVED AFTER HIS FALL DOWN THE PRECIPICE.'"

not been equally clear in his reply when the question was first raised.

Thursday, February 28th.—The Lords gave a Second Reading to the Treaty of Peace (Turkey) Bill. Lord PARMOOR, observing that the "master-architect" of the Treaty was present, contented himself with a brief exposition of the financial details, and left Lord CURZON to deal with its general aspects. The "master-architect" was obviously delighted to have the chance of retelling the story of Lausanne in language occasionally less diplomatic than he would have had to employ if he had still been at the Foreign Office.

After the excitements of yesterday the proceedings in the Commons were unusually tame. At Question-time Viscount CURZON urged that the policemen engaged on traffic-regulation should be clad in white overalls—he would hate, I gather, to run down a constable without noticing him. The official view,



WITHIN THE WALLS OF TROY.

Trojan Citizen (to artist friend). "WELL, WHAT THINK YOU OF THIS EXAMPLE OF THE BOASTED GREEK SCULPTURE?"
Trojan Artist. "POOH! NOTHING IN IT."

BOTHWAYS FILMS, LTD.

A FILM has recently been released in which two separate endings are provided. One is the conventional happy ending, and is said to be mainly for consumption in the provinces. The other, which is tragic, is intended for the more enlightened West End.

This step is but the beginning of a far-flung plan of campaign, in which the cinema industry aims at taking the world's great stories and producing variations of them to suit everybody.

The advance proofs of propaganda on behalf of one of the first of these two-edged productions have fallen into my hands, and I hasten to pass them on to the wider public they deserve.

The matter, I believe, is known as "dope" in the inner circles of the industry. It is intended for cinema-exhibitors throughout the country.

BOTHWAYS FILMS, LIMITED, present a startling novelty of unexampled originality. Early release. Capacity business guaranteed.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

This super-monster film is of course a screen adaptation of the world-famous

story by W. SHAKESPEARE. Your patrons will love it for its irresistible thrills, its moving charm, its beautiful exquisite scenery and its immortal story of passion and prejudice.

Their pleasure will be your profit. A scintillating success, a love comedy of age-old England, featuring QUEENIE B. QUIZ. It took twenty-five years to grow, in the neighbourhood of Los Angeles, a suitable forest in the romantic style of Arden for this production. Book now!

On the reverse of this characteristically modest announcement is a statement headed:—

NOTE FOR REALLY ENLIGHTENED EXHIBITORS.

We are offering this superb story in another form for exhibition before special audiences who have risen above the stupid convention of the happy ending. The title of this alternative rendering is *Rosalind's Rue*, or *As They Hated It*.

Owing to the masterly acting of LINDSAY GRIPES, the famous portrayeur of the eerie, the gloomy and the tragic, we are able to state without fear of contradiction that for sheer cumulative

horror the final scene, where the melancholy *Jaques* is brought to a ghastly end through his chance meeting with a fool in the forest, has never been surpassed.

Out-miserables *Les Misérables*.

The doom of the exiled Duke, the terrible vengeance of the Court wrestler, the hopeless bitterness to which the unhappy *Orlando* is condemned, are three separate triumphs in the achievement of the horrible.

The ill-fated passion of *Rosalind* is portrayed in a towering human drama of love upon the rack.

No cultured audience will be able to resist the appeal of Miss. ELQUI, when as *Rosalind* she is confronted with her ruthless destiny.

(A slapstick comedy version of "*King Lear*" is also in preparation, entitled "*O Cordelia!*")

A correspondent, writing from an Indian tea station of the euphonious name of Dam Dim, complains of his dull surroundings. Although our knowledge of Hindustani is not extensive we are prepared to believe that Dam Dim is not a particularly bright spot.

SHOP.

It has now become a recognised institution that immediately after tea Cordelia, all traces of that most spreading of meals having been removed, is handed over to Isabella and myself by her exhausted nurse. During the first eighteen months of Cordelia's life, Isa-



"A GROWING PASSION ON CORDELIA'S PART TO EXTEMPOREIZE A BASS ACCOMPANIMENT."

bella had grappled with her single-handed, until, in fact, a growing perception of her parents' weaknesses had made a more vigorous discipline essential to Cordelia's well-being. It was with ill-concealed tears that Isabella had handed over her charge to a stern-faced but excellent nurse, who, after the manner of her kind, had insisted upon absolute control. It is curious, therefore, to reflect, when, after tea, Cordelia has wrecked the drawing-room, and the revolving bookcase has been converted into a crèche for her large family, that we at any time demurred at sharing her control with anybody.

The idea is, of course, that we are to play with Cordelia; actually Cordelia plays with us. I have done my best to interest her in my own pastimes. For several weeks I struggled to promote a love for music in her young heart and to that end played diligently upon the pianola during the sacred hour. But Cordelia was quick to suspect that I was getting more enjoyment out of it than she was; and perhaps she was not altogether wrong. For a short time I persevered, but a growing passion on Cordelia's part to extemporize a bass accompaniment to the "Pathetic Symphony" brought our studies to a close. They ended on a note of such strong pathos that it broke

a heart-string or some other important feature of the bottom notes' anatomy.

At a later stage of her development Cordelia, having summed us all up, decided that we must be kept interested and amused. She was only happy when Isabella was feverishly dressing and undressing Harry and Judy, her first-born twins, while I at the same time was raising tottering temples with her bricks. Then, when all of us were settled, she would retire to a corner and read the Telephone Directory upside down (I mean, of course, the book, not Cordelia) and setting some of the more rhythmic passages to primitive music.

Just now her favourite pastime is "shop." Settling herself in a corner, surrounded by a coal-scuttle and a chair, she prepares to barter or sell practically anything. Actually her stock in trade is wooden bricks, and our currency Chinese coins brought to her by some friend returning from the East. But these are mere symbols of rich goods and golden pieces. With an engaging smile that instantly separates her mother from her needlework and her father from the pianola, she announces, "We have very nishie fish!" and for the rest of the evening we shop madly, filling paper-bags with all manner of merchandise until, heavily laden with



"FOR THE REST OF THE EVENING WE SHOP MADLY."

yen, or whatever they are, she retires to bed.

So fond indeed is she of this game that its practice is, alas! not confined to the drawing-room. On Christmas Day, in deference to a wish frequently expressed, Isabella and I took her to church. Except for a little laughter during the lessons, occasioned more, I

imagine, by the mannerisms of a lay reader than by anything humorous in the text, all went well. The sermon produced a few desultory chuckles; for the most part she was entranced by the gestures of the man in white jumping about in a little box above her head.

We all rose to our feet and the first



"WE HAVE SOME VERY NISHIE FISH!"

verse of "Hark! the Herald Angels Sing" set the rafters trembling. I began to fumble for a sixpence as the sidesman started the collection at the far end of our pew, which was right in front. As he arrived opposite Cordelia, the first verse came to a close, and in the silence which ensued—a silence emphasized by contrast with the volume of sound that had just died away—the sidesman stooped and presented his bag. She put her head on one side and summoned her most disarming smile. Very clearly her voice rang through the church:—"We have some very nishie fish!"

The rich notes of the organ covered our confusion and partly consoled Cordelia for the sudden withdrawal of the embarrassed sidesman.

At an agricultural meeting:—

"The Chairman thought that it might not be a bad idea if a branch Association for Ladies were formed. There were many farming matters in which they were interested."

South African Paper.

An allusion, we suppose, to "the milky mothers of the herd."

Extract from letter of *nouveau riche* travelling in Algeria:—

"Have eaten more oranges and dates here than ever in my life. We go on into the desert to-morrow."

He seems to have gone into it pretty well already.



Doctor (firmly). "WHAT YOU REALLY NEED IS TO BE TAKEN OUT OF YOURSELF."
Patient (apprehensively). "NO, NO, DOCTOR! ANYTHING BUT AN OPERATION."

PANCAKES.

FAIR was the nymph Corinda's face,
Her eyes were bright as candles,
A coy, capricious, woodland grace
Untaught in classic scandals;
Blue violets in her hair had she,
White kirtle fell to whiter knee,
And ne'er a nymph in Arcady
Could wear such little sandals—
Little but stoutly wove withal
In golden straw and pretty;
Of proof where slim pine-needles fall
Or brookside beach is gritty;
So see her trip, 'mid pines and rills,
Adown the blue Arcadian hills,
Her fingers full of daffodils
And on her lips a ditty.
The goat-foot god, that antic old,
Stealing through copse and cover,
He saw and loved her, for, behold,
To see her *was* to love her;
And surely he had fair excuse
To blow his reeds with roguish ruse,
Sweet notes, sweet notes, too oft the
noose
That snares such artless plover.
But not, at once, our heroine;
Close goat-foot comes and closer,
But, murmurous deep or elfin thin,
Not yet his pipes engross her;

Deft doth the god, now fast, now slow,
Entreat her, silverly and low,
Through the dim woods—the nymph
laughs, "No,
Old Hoofs and Horns, oh, no, Sir!"

"Yet shall she yield!" in pique thereat
Pan vows by him who handles
Love's armoury, the wingéd brat
Whom Aphrodite dandles;
Corinda o'er her shoulders threw
The witchery of eyes of blue
And mocked, "Good Faunus, an I do,
By Zeus I'll eat my sandals!"

But forthwith, fox in prankish craft,
Pan prays the Boy, the bender
Of bow that speeds the kindling shaft,
His quiver's best to send her;
Young Mischief takes him joyous
aim;

Down comes his lovely laughing game,
Who, dimpling all in rosy shame,
(In short) makes sweet surrender.

Laid is the feast on dewy lawn,
When lo, what jovial thunder
Sets satyr, oread and faun
Agape in awe and wonder?
The echo rolls from hill to hill—
"An oath on Zeus e'en nymphs fulfil;
Her sandals bride Corinda will
Eat here and now thereunder."

They're doffed, they're dished (to those
dictates

Must bow the most capricious),
And served—but *sandals*? golden cates
Adorn a plate auspicious!
So Pan hath' changed them, nothing
loth

To mock his lord; and thus her oath
Corinda kept, and ate them both
And found them quite delicious.

While on Olympus kindly Zeus,
Beneath his azure rafter,
Espied afar that forest ruse
With shout of jolly laughter,
And straightway said it that a meat
That's light as fall of little feet
And slim and gold and trim and sweet
Should be Pan's Cakes thereafter.

So now, if pancakes crown the feast,
Be no unclassic vandals;
Remember Father Pan at least
And that rapt reed he handles;
Recall Corinda, say that she
Was rosiest nymph in Arcady,
And name, in compliment to me,
This story of her sandals.

"MOTOR-CAR CHARGE FAILS."

Headline in Daily Paper.

Our congratulations to the pedestrian.

AT THE PLAY.

"KATE" (KINGSWAY).

It was a happy thought to bring together a number of the airs of old folk-songs and chanteys in the form of a "fantastic ballad-opera." The thread on which these pearls were strung may have been a little thin; but the plot was never a strong feature of musical comedies, and here at least we had as good music, in this kind, as the heart could desire.

It is always a harder thing to invent words for given tunes than tunes for given words, and in this difficult task the chief maker of the lyrics (*incognito*) did well. He even contrived, in the unavoidable absence of a mother and babe, to utilise an old lullaby for the requirements of a full-grown bo'sun and his recumbent officer. The work of the author of the play (also anonymous) was less satisfactory and his motive was a little obscure. The dialogue—there was not much of it, as everybody preferred singing and dancing to talking—had so little distinction in it that one was inclined to interpret the author's idea as a serious attempt to burlesque the commonplaces of a certain type of musical entertainment, with its familiar stock of village maidens, gallant tars, jolly smugglers and the rest. But this view did not account for the introduction of a nautical villain obviously modelled on the lines of *Captain Hook* (himself a figure of burlesque), and of a female villain in the broad comic style that one associates with the male impersonations of pantomime. In the end one concluded that the kindest course would be to impute to the author no particular intention beyond that of providing something just strong enough to hold together this delightful assortment of old-time numbers.

So generous was the supply of these airs that a brace of heroes and heroines were required to cope with them. Of the two heroes, the part of *Jack Manley*, officer in the King's Navy, was sung admirably by Mr. GREGORY STROUD. He came on much too late, but made some amends for this by combining his public duty to his Sovereign with the private avocation of a smuggler. The same irregular combination was illustrated in the person of his faithful bo'sun, *Ben Bobstay*, played by Mr. FREDERICK RANALOW, who was in excellent voice and had the right traditional breeziness.

Of the corresponding heroines, whose social strata were less easily distinguished, *Kate*, affianced to the officer, enjoyed an enormous popularity among the residents of Coddington (super-mare), being very different from her

Shakespearean namesake, of whom it was said:—

"None of us cared for Kate;
For she had a tongue with a tang,
Would cry to a sailor, 'Go hang!'"

A perfect lady, our *Kate* would never have allowed such an expression to cross her lips in addressing any of these nautical folk, though it might aptly represent her dashing attitude towards the naval villain, whom she foiled in his attempt to bring her lover to perdition, thus fulfilling the promise of the sub-title, "Love will find out the way." Miss MARJORIE GORDON was very at-



UNREQUESTED LOVE TRYING TO
"FIND OUT THE WAY."

Lady Bagstone Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER.

Sir Gregory Galhouse, Bt. Mr. PERCY PARSONS.

tractive as this heroine, but not better than Miss NELLIE BRIERCLIFFE in the parallel part of *Hannah Maydew*, the beloved of *Ben Bobstay*.

For myself I liked best the performance of Mr. PERCY PARSONS as the sinister *Sir Gregory Galhouse, Bt.* He looked the part, sang and acted it with great resolution and generally kept things moving. The farcical humour of *Lady Bagstone*, his companion in criminal design, was not quite in the picture. Everybody, herself included, imagined that she had disposed of her first husband by administering pink poison to him—a crime that she was prepared to repeat in the case of *Jack Manley*, being unaware that the lethal drops consisted of coloured water. The subsequent discovery of this fact satisfied her that she had been inadvertently innocent of

the murder of her husband, who had happened just then to die on his own account. Miss SYDNEY FAIRBROTHER, who, of course, has no equal among actresses for broad humour, played the part with all her well-known facial resource.

But I come back to my point that the play was not the thing—and never pretended to be. It was just a simple setting for a charming collection of old-world numbers, cleverly orchestrated. For such an entertainment there ought to be a very wide demand among the vast public who delighted in *Polly* and *The Beggar's Opera*.

"THE CAMEL'S BACK" (PLAYHOUSE).

A Postscript.

Being greatly disturbed to find that I had differed from other reviewers in assuming that the "camel" was the husband and not the wife, I have been at the pains of revisiting Mr. MAUGHAM's farce to see where I had gone wrong. And I came to the conclusion that there was nobody in the play who bore any real resemblance to an overloaded camel; or, alternatively, that, if there was, it was the husband. His back certainly suffered more than anyone else's in the play: he had to endure his wife's confession of unfaithfulness and he had to bear the indignity of being treated by the whole house as insane. It is true that he had a bit of kick left in him, which is not usual with camels after the last straw, but the fact remains that he sustained far more inconvenience than any other character, and that he was the only one who emerged with a back less stiff than at the start.

But Mr. MAUGHAM seems to have thought otherwise; for towards the end he makes the man's mother (referring to an early scene with his wife) say to him, "My dear, you shouldn't have told her that she dressed too young; that was the last straw." Now in this early scene he had passed several impolite reflections on his wife, which she had received with cynical calm and no indication whatever of any damage to her spine. She had simply made a quiet resolve to take her revenge; to chasten his pomposity and put him in his place. This was not the behaviour of a camel with a broken back, but of a worm on the turn, though nobody could have looked less like a worm than Miss MADGE TITHERADGE. Mr. MAUGHAM seems to have got his proverbs mixed and not to have quite decided whether to say that "Even a camel will turn," or that "It's the last straw that breaks the worm's back." If he must employ zoological imagery, I wish he would get it right and not put me to the trouble of this long-winded defence of my intelligence as if I were Mr. BERNARD SHAW. O.S.

"BACK TO METHUSELAH" (COURT).

IV.—The Tragedy of an Elderly Gentleman.

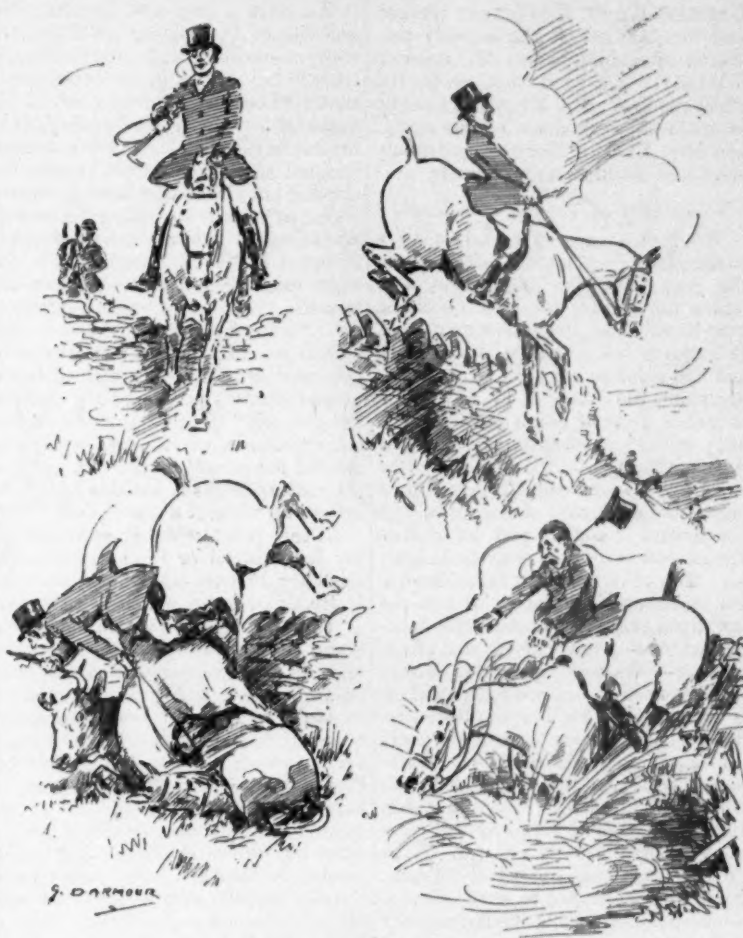
We skip another eight centuries and are pitchforked into 3000 A.D. Much has happened. The English Long-lived have increased and multiplied and apparently now occupy the British Isles. The Irish have long deserted Ireland in search of a grievance. The short-lived English, with the Scots and Welsh, have moved East, and the capital of the British Empire is Bagdad.

The Temple of the Oracle of the Long-lived, to which come pilgrimages from all the world over to seek advice, is in Galway, and on this fine morning there is discovered sitting on a bollard on Burrin Pier an elderly Englishman from Bagdad, with frock-coat, grey felt hat and spats complete: an odd survival, because, as we have seen, eight hundred years ago the English had already got rid of that tubular fetish, the trousers, and it is inconceivable that any race that managed to escape this horror would ever voluntarily surrender to it again—especially in Bagdad.

The long-lived folk are divided into primaries, secondaries and tertiaries, according as they are in their first, second or third century of life. Longevity has not, I may say at once, improved their manners. Two secondaries and a primary bait the old gentleman in turn unmercifully, and when he is exasperated beyond endurance to the point of putting up a counter-attack the primary, a flapper of fifty, thinks seriously of killing him. They have no sense of humour—it is a secondary who says, "I have not laughed for a hundred-and-fifty years"—and I never could discover that they did any serious work except in the power-station. When any short-lived stranger wandered from his guide this guide got into touch with the nearest power-station, which promptly "isolated" the culprit and prevented his moving.

The long-lived did not sleep after the age of ninety or so. My impression is that they were desperately bored, and that stranger-baiting had become the chief national industry.

The second scene gives us a rag, even more elaborate, of a *General Aufsteig*, who is apparently but mystifyingly no other than *Napoleon*, and possibly also a re-incarnation of our old friend, *Cain*. He has come to consult the Oracle (a secondary), whom he tries to impress with his magnetic eye. But a secondary has only to look fixedly at a short-lived person to make him gibber with fear. Thus is the Man of Destiny reduced to his proper proportions. (In arguing about war there is, of course, no need to be fair to warriors.) We leave the great



EXPERIENCES OF A VISITOR WHO HAD PREVIOUSLY EXPRESSED THE OPINION THAT "JUMPING WALLS MUST BE RATHER MONOTONOUS."

man isolated hard by the statue of *Sir John Falstaff*, which had been erected towards the end of the "pseudo-Christian civilization" by statesmen who discovered that cowardice was really the great patriotic virtue.

And now it is the turn of the British envoy, the old gentleman's son-in-law, to consult the Oracle. He is a "typical politician, looking like an imperfectly reformed criminal disguised by a good tailor." Again we are getting our man of straw. The party, though frankly warned by their long-lived guides that the whole setting of temple and Oracle is a complicated mummery designed to impress them, are nevertheless overwhelmed when the stage-thunder and the strange vapours and general hocus-pocus begin. The British envoy gives at the knees till fortified by half-a-pint of neat brandy from his father-in-law's flask. (By-the-way, the short-lived British of 2170 had abolished alcohol,

evidently not for good and all.) Now able to face the terrors of the temple with a new courage, he gets to his important question, "Shall we dissolve in August or put it off to the Spring?" It is because the old gentleman will not be a party to his son-in-law's elaborately untruthful interpretation of the Oracle's reply, "Go Home!" that he begs to be allowed to stay with the long-lived. "If I go back I shall die of disgust and despair." The Oracle's answer is to hold out her hands to him. He grasps them—and dies. It was a kinder fate, I trow, than living with these insufferable people.

The elderly gentleman was really superbly played by Mr. SCOTT SUNDLAND. If he had been less skilful we could not have escaped being fatigued. He made me feel how much nicer the mildest and stupidest of old gentlemen of an old school was than the long-lived bores who so much despised him. Miss

CAROLINE KEITH, Miss EILEEN BELDON and Mr. ALBERT INGLE capably presented three long-livers; Mr. OSMUND WILLSON was a good *Napoleon* for the effect required; Mr. MELVILLE COOPER impressively ridiculous as the envoy, and Miss EVELYN HOPE appropriately stern and inhuman as the Oracle.

V.—*As Far as Thought can Reach.*

We now transport ourselves to a sunlit glade on a summer afternoon in the year 31920 A.D. The glade is in fact a nursery for the children of the long-lived. The race is now oviparous. It happens that a birth is to take place and the children bring in an immense egg, about the details of the production of which I could not but feel a curiosity which was left unsatisfied. From it emerges a very precocious baby. She looks about seventeen and has almost immediate command of her limbs and her powers of speech, and, being Miss FFRANGCON-DAVIES, is entirely delightful. The other children range from a few months to four years. At four the long-lived begin to be bored with dancing and love—a much attenuated affair, anyway—with such toys as art or such follies as science, and betake themselves to abstract delights like mathematics. We don't see anybody between the years of four and eight hundred or so. A *He-ancient* stumbles into the nursery evidently thinking hard of something else. And a *She-ancient* performs the ceremony of cutting open the egg. Both are completely bald, excessively solemn, entirely inhuman, not to say positively forbidding. The newly-born is examined by the *She-ancient* and passed as being fit to live. There is, of course, a lethal chamber for the unfit. "We don't hold life cheap here." There are no diseases, no passions, no irregularities. But some day inevitably you are bound to fall and break your neck or be struck by lightning. Otherwise you live, apparently for the sake of living—the one sacred thing being the life-force. You can never have too much of life, though you do get to wish to be free from your body after eight hundred years. And as there are no dogs or horses or birds or jokes, and no delight of the eyes in the beauty of nature, what wonder that the body, a ridiculous survival, becomes a bore? I can imagine thunder-storms being eagerly awaited.

In the course of this last chapter of the cycle we have an entertaining debate on art between the youngsters, among whom are two sculptors and a high-brow maiden with an art-complex—a debate settled against the claims of art on the rather shallow ground that "anything alive is better than anything that is only pretending to be alive."

We have a long and diverting disquisition by *Pygmalion*, a child scientist who has succeeded in making two apparently living statues, on the experiments that resulted in the production of his automata, which he finally brings in to exhibit to his friends. After a demonstration of their accomplishments the she-doll bites him in the hand when he is trying to prevent her killing the he-doll, and the calm way in which his death is accepted by his fellows gives fuller insight into the ways of the quasi-immortals. A disquisition on the folly of doll-worship by the *He-ancient* is ultimately given some show of relevance to the main subject by ending with the proposition, "You can create nothing but yourself." The *She-ancient* relates an experience of her own when she created for herself four heads, and the *He-ancient* thinks it possible he will be able to do without a head at all.

At this point, whether overcome by my long ordeal or from mere native stupidity, I nearly called aloud for help. If Mr. SHAW is serious to the point, say, of thinking there is *anything* in his brand of creative evolution—he speaks of it in the preface as not a speculation but as a biological deduction—couldn't we have a serious exposition of a subject sufficiently difficult in itself for us to wish it not to be obscured by over-elaborate jokes, largely irrelevant harangues and debates, and the queerest and most puzzling freaks of fancy? After all, we are English. Our brains mustn't be tried too high. And why, I wonder, does he assume that length of life will solve our problems? Hasn't he himself declared, "Every man over forty is a scoundrel"? There is surely as good a case for supposing that the shortening of life would improve it.

And then I was recalled to my better self by the final eloquence of *Lilith* in her passionate panegyric of the life-force. Not that I pretend to have understood it. I didn't. I had gradually grown puzzled beyond recovery. But I got back to the point I had grasped at odd moments during this protracted exposition—that here was a lively serious thinker appalled at the disparity between man's problems and his powers of tackling them. And that I had been now impressed, now stung, now cajoled, now amused into a serious consideration of the same disquieting subject. That I had a good deal to be grateful for. And that if we hadn't our G. B. S. it would certainly be necessary for our soul's health to invent him.

The members of the Company kept up the sound quality of their work. A special tribute must be paid to Mr. PAUL SHELVEY for his admirably simple and imaginative settings. T.

CASSITEROTHEOCRACY.

THE Tin Gods are sitting
Enthroned in the seats
Once held to be fitting
For SHELLEY and KEATS;
Their cranial expansion
Is wholly sublime;
They deprecate scansion
And metre and rhyme.

The Tin Gods are sitting,
Red-heeled, yellow-stoled,
Serenely "cold-mitting"
The idols of old;
On TENNYSON trampling
With zest unalloyed,
And eagerly sampling
The sewage of FREUD.

The Tin Gods, while splitting
Our ears with their hoot,
At last are admitting
The rifts in their lute—
Backsliders who babble
In metrical verse
Or daintily dabble
In "inner-rhymed" Erse.

The Tin Gods are pitting
Their harlequin tricks
Against the hard hitting
Of heavers of bricks;
And since they are causing
More nuisance than fun
There need be no pausing
Until the job's done.

The Tin Gods are knitting
Their brows in dismay
At the prospect of quitting
The scene of their sway;
But, while their sad *aias*'s
Are frequent and shrill,
You'll find none but dry eyes
On Helicon's Hill.

The Tin Gods are flitting,
And owls of ill fame,
Too-whooping, too-whitting,
Their passing proclaim.
But, since Dr. BRIDGES
Goes on as before,
Calm reigns on thy ridges,
Blest Hill of the Boar.

"Cricket Coach, experienced, married, requires South Coast, May to July."

Advt. in Daily Paper, Feb. 25th.

"Cricket Coach, experienced, married, required South Coast. May to July."

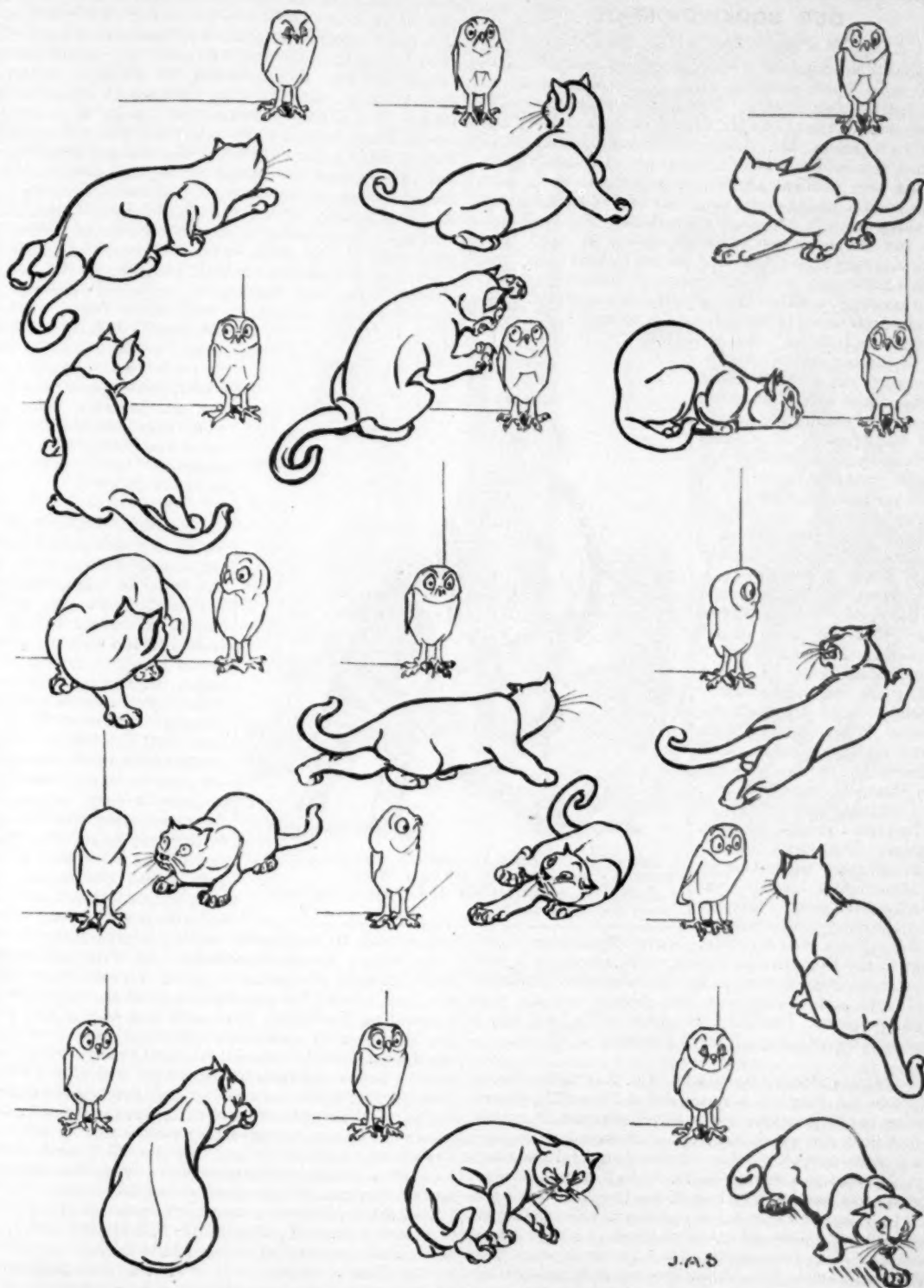
Same paper next day.

We should like to know who gave it to him—and so promptly too!

"Cook-General (experienced) wanted; good home and session; £250; another, recently redecorated, £375."

Advt. in Birmingham Paper.

We shall not trouble about the latter. A plain cook (if only we could get her) would be quite good enough.



THE POWER OF THE EYE.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I SHALL be surprised if the BYRON centenary, which is upon us in April, produces anything more masterly and illuminating than *Byron: The Last Journey, 1823-1824* (CONSTABLE). Thanks to Mr. MURRAY's loan of Lady DORCHESTER's papers, Mr. HAROLD NICOLSON is able to put forward new evidence as to the manner of BYRON's death; and his own political acumen is responsible for a useful chapter on its formal cause, the Greek War of Independence. But these are only subsidiary attractions. The book opens with the BLESSINGTONS' visit to Genoa in April, 1823. There was very little *Childe Harold* left by that time. Only a "pale little man . . . with wisps of auburn-grey hair," full of unseemly confidences and pitiful ingratiations. Lady BLESSINGTON wrote in her diary, "I have seen Lord Byron: and am disappointed." But she was to eat her words. As Mr. NICOLSON says, "She passed through those several stages of preconceived admiration, of irritated disapproval, of amused understanding, of profound and poignant sympathy, which we should traverse ourselves." We do traverse them. At least I know I did. Before BYRON left Casa Saluzzo—a "broken dandy" about to make the gesture that was to set him right with the world—I felt that I had reached that last phase of understanding. BYRON lavished all he had at Missolonghi. "I must do all I can for the ancients." Unluckily these were not the ancients. What was needed (as NAPIER said to TRELAWNY) for the direction of Greek affairs was "two European regiments . . . and a portable gallows." The poet had not a reliable friend in the place. TRELAWNY, the self-seeker, was gone. COUNT GAMBA, the GUICCIOLI's brother, was a kindly simpleton. "Major" PARRY, the most vivid of BYRON's last biographers, was a ruffian. As for the doctors—well, thanks to the DORCHESTER papers, their incapacity is even more obvious than it used to be. Mr. NICOLSON knows his Missolonghi and reconstructs the ghastly last act with thrilling precision. But the final appeal of his book will be its just and merciful exposition of the heart of BYRON.

The Widow's House (CAPE) is by Mrs. KATHLEEN COYLE, who wrote not long ago a novel called *Piccadilly*, therein following in the footsteps of the late LAURENCE OLIPHANT. Her new book also proclaims itself a novel on its title-page, but it is not so much a novel as a curiously careful character-study. It concerns a woman—Mrs. Annie Capgrave—whose fisherman-husband has been lost off the Dogger. She is presented to us in her lonely house in Fleetway Street, Lonne, first refusing and then reluctantly accepting a new lodger, one *Steph...* Host, just appointed to a junior mastership at Bede House School. Mrs. COYLE does not unduly flatter her heroine. She describes her thus early as "a plain middle-aged woman with large empty eyes and a thick neck." In fact Mrs. Capgrave is forty and her young lodger not much over

twenty; and yet they become engaged in the fifth chapter and marry in the sixth; and the author contrives to render this almost credible, in spite of the presence of a much more suitable young lady, dowered with the curious name of *Isabel Beggary*. *Isabel*, by the way, triumphs in the end, most unfairly. But the story in this book counts for very little. Mrs. COYLE possesses the faculty of building up real men and women, which is to some of us more important than anything else in fiction. We can see Mrs. Capgrave and *Stephen* and his invalid mother and *Isabel*, and even the dead husband, who seems to pervade the widow's house, laughing silently at the thought of being supplanted by another. The painting is stippled, the drawing done by a succession of tiny lines, but the effect is singularly real. The style is sometimes a little irritating in its perpetual struggle after fine shades, its perpetual detached sentences, ending invariably with three dots. And just occasionally Mrs. COYLE permits herself a statement that seems to be formed with an eye to sound rather than sense. I cannot, for example, even guess what she intended to convey when she wrote, on p. 131, the sentence, "Life is never a prototype of desire."



Poor Golfer. "I THINK THE TROUBLE WITH ME IS THAT I STAND TOO NEAR THE BALL BEFORE I DRIVE."

Caddy. "MAY BE—AN' YOU OFTEN STAND TOO NEAR IT AFTER YOU DRIVE TOO."

Recompence (CONSTABLE), the sequel to *Simon Called Peter*, is very largely written in the style and mood of war propaganda. It is crude, facile, violent, looks neither before nor behind and deals with the vastest and most subtle issues at a pace which makes intellectual scrupulosity impossible. Yet its South African opening—for Private Peter Graham, D.C.M., betakes himself for demobilisation to Basutoland—is a good straightforward piece of story-telling; atmosphere, characterisation and episode combine to make it enjoyable; and it was with very real regret, which the upshot more than justified, that I saw *Peter*, badly wounded by a native thief, carried back to civilization under the supervision of *Julie*. *Julie*, whose war-time relations with *Peter* Mr. ROBERT KEABLE kindly allowed me to gather from internal evidence, had been nursing her passion and small casualty cases in a hospital at Maritzburg until such time as it should please her late lover to materialise. However she quite understood when *Peter* became convalescent enough to assure her that he had no vocation for marriage; and after a friendly tour together in the Canaries—which *Peter*, alone, extended to Spain—the couple returned to England separately. *Peter* entered a Carthusian monastery with a parting injunction to *Julie* to "carry on"; and this she did, though not perhaps in a strictly Carthusian sense, with the unhappily-married surgeon of a *fin-de-siècle* nursing-home. The last half of the book is given over to the schemes and activities of a secret society of philanthropic Neo-Malthusians, among whom *Julie*, you are led to infer, finds the mundane equivalent of *Peter's* vocation. It is all very irresponsible and absurd, with quite enough genuine appreciation of the world's anguish to render its irresponsibility and absurdity doubly depressing.

MR. SIDNEY CARROLL, but recently retired from the post of dramatic critic to *The Sunday Times*, made for himself a reputation for outspoken comment on the work of authors and players. A selection of his views and visions is reprinted in *Some Dramatic Opinions* (WHITE). He consistently stresses some important points, such as that the duty of the stage is to serve as a model for cultured English speech, which by general consent it at present is not; and that the prime function of a critic is candour, which he himself practised and for which, I suspect, he has a natural gift. Mr. CARROLL certainly has a fine enthusiasm for the theatre and a considerable knowledge of its history and current experimental work at home and abroad. It is perhaps not always or even generally possible to agree with his critical judgments or his rather easy habit of making wide generalisations—which, to do him justice, he is not afraid to qualify almost to the point of cancellation. It would seem that his main object is to get immediate attention for something which he feels intensely at the time rather than to build up a body of consistent doctrine. This has an effect of lively spontaneity which gives to his very readable comments more value perhaps as stimulants and counter-irritants than as food.

In *Old Sins have Long Shadows* (CONSTABLE) Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD draws out the shadow of a youthful indiscretion to a length of twenty years. At the end of that period everything began to happen at once. It was extremely unfortunate for poor *Charlotte Mistleay* that, after having kept the secret of her daughter's birth for so long, a whole series of coincidences should suddenly threaten to reveal it. The discovery of a letter by a blackmailing solicitor, an unexpected meeting with the father of *Anne*, her likeness to her father, the inquiries into *Anne's* family history pursued by the haughty relatives of the excellent youth to whom she was engaged—all these frightful perils must be confronted at once by the mother of *Anne*. For *Charlotte* had resolved that at all costs *Anne* herself should be prevented from learning of the bar sinister. Mrs. VICTOR RICKARD skilfully suggests how that resolution, which *Charlotte* made when, as a young girl, she was deserted by the father of her daughter, became a fixed idea, at once quickening her sense of danger and bewildering her faculties. *Anne* herself, a high-spirited, free-thinking young woman, would, I should say, have received the information with perfect equanimity. Her lover, *Michael Stormount*, very properly said at once that so far as he was concerned "it made no earthly difference—none." But even so the gravest difficulties remained to be overcome; and their solution is an excellent piece of story-telling. I make my compliments to Mrs. RICKARD upon the truth to nature of her conclusion.



Tramp (to severe lady answering the door). "ARE YOU THE MISSUS?"

Lady. "YES."

Tramp. "THEN I THINK I'D LIKE TO SEE THE MASTER."

Lady. "I'M THE MASTER TOO."

Tramp. "OH, ARE YER? THEN I DON'T WANT TO SEE NEITHER OF YER."

The Smugglers (PALMER) is one of those books from which a reviewer cannot reap full enjoyment. These two portly volumes, admirable testimonies to the industry and discrimination of Lord TEIGNMOUTH and Mr. CHARLES HARPER, require to be sipped rather than swallowed. I escaped a sense of surfeit, but I did feel that to get the maximum amount of pleasure from these "picturesque chapters in the history of contraband" ample leisure was required. I was pleased to notice that great care has been taken in distinguishing between "the hardy, hearty and daring fellows who brought their duty-free goods across the sea, and those others who, daring also, but often cruel and criminal, handled the goods ashore." These latter, frequently mere hirelings paid so much for a night's work, were responsible for much

of the cruelty and crime related in these pages; but many of the men who did the sea part of the business were also prepared to stick at nothing. Some pretty fights and subtle ruses are described; and full justice is done to the desperate ventures of the famous Hawkhurst and Aldington "gangs." Finally we are told that, owing to the high duties on foreign spirits, a considerable contraband trade has lately sprung up. This record, although it has definitely removed some of my cherished illusions about smugglers, has my warmest recommendation. The illustrations are for the most part excellent, though Mr. PAUL HARDY has perhaps given to the faces of some of his smugglers too obvious a stamp of villainy.

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be taken in small doses. Mr. CHARLES KINGSTON, as those of us who know his previous works would expect, has many enthralling incidents to relate. At times he is unintentionally amusing by reason of the seriousness of his enthusiasm for his subject, as when in the following passage he gently rebukes the public for its defective education: "The arrest and punishment of M'Cann, the murderer, teems with melodrama and human interest, and is not so well known as it ought to be." Of all his dramatic episodes I derived the greatest number of thrills from the one called "A remarkable American social drama"—the case of DANIEL SICKLES. And of his tales I give high place to the one in which a prosecuting counsel asks a witness what he had said to a certain person at whose house he had called. The defending barrister promptly objected to the question, and a very long palaver took place before the judge decided that it could be put. Again the witness was asked the question, and his answer was, "He was out, Sir."

CHARIVARIA.

"MARS is rapidly approaching our planet," announces a morning paper. It is obvious therefore that it has no idea that the spring-cleaning season is just starting. * *

According to an astronomical article the red planet will shine thirty-four times as brilliantly as it does now. It should be clearly understood, however, that this forms no part of the Government programme. * *

"Coal is not the only thing sold for heating nowadays," declares a contemporary. Unfortunately, however, the other stuff is generally sold under that name. * *

Sir ROBERT BIRD has received his first summons for exceeding the speed limit, we read. Quite a number of motorists have had to start in a small way like that. * *

A daily paper mentions that the scientific formula for Tetrahydrophenylbutylene has been filmed. This will be a load off the minds of those persons who thought it wouldn't be. * *

Mr. JIMMY WILDE has announced that he will not fight again. Quite a number of those who still go into the ring seem to have made the same decision while keeping it a secret. * *

"What is Bridge?" asked the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE during the hearing of a case at Surrey Assizes. While it is cheering to know that the high legal traditions of this country are being maintained, there is a persistent rumour to the effect that his Lordship knew all the time. * *

All members of the Metropolitan Police Force have been invited to visit Wembley in order to study the British Empire Exhibition grounds. This should enable them to identify the place should anybody steal it. * *

It is rumoured in New York that Miss MAY DEVEREUX, a famous horse-woman, is engaged to Mr. JACK DEMPSEY. It is said that if there are any rivals for the lady's hand they should get into

touch with the famous boxer, mentioning their weights and favourite flowers. * *

The Daily Mail regards as a matter of importance the fact that the Foreign Office is being repainted. To allay any fear of alarm we are asked to say that the building is not being painted red. * *

A French duel was recently postponed so that one of the principals could perform an operation. Apparently they were determined to shed some blood, anyhow. * *

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has expressed the view that the world is sick of war. It is understood to be his

A man living in Hitchin fainted when scolded by his wife and did not regain consciousness for two days. Some men get all the luck. * *

A writer in a ladies' journal suggests that all married men should wear wedding rings. This simple expedient would save the time of discriminating ladies, especially during Leap Year. * *

A school-boy of fifteen has succeeded in communicating with U.S.A. by wireless. Age is on his side; he may grow out of it in time. * *

Mr. EDMUND DULAC says that artists ought not to be compelled to pay income-tax. But it's a graceful compliment to suggest that any of them can. * *

The Bishop of London says, "I like being unpopular. It shows I am right." Many a football referee will feel quite puffed up after this. * *

Owing to coast erosion the Channel is becoming wider. Mr. MacDONALD had better hurry up before the breach gets too big. * *

A French author of serial stories has been captured by bandits. "They order," said I, "this matter better in France." * *

Twenty empty human skulls were recently found under the floor of a house in Westminster. This sounds like an indication of an early Parliament. * *

Canon BARNES said recently that the men who by superior mental power ought to mould the thought of their time are ignored. We felt just like this when we had our first manuscript sent back to us. * *

A returned traveller says that a Japanese girl is never awkward in her movements. There would then appear to be no opening there for tennis photographers. * *

The assertion in a morning paper that shingled hair is going out of fashion was contradicted in an evening paper. This lack of unanimity in the Press is conducive to very serious unrest in West Kensington. * *



Mother. "I HOPE YOU REMEMBERED WHAT I TOLD YOU—YOU DIDN'T ASK FOR ANYTHING?"

Little Girl. "NO, MOTHER, I DIDN'T ASK, BUT EVERY NOW AND THEN I SAID, 'CRUMBS! I AM HUNGRY!' AND THEY GAVE ME SOMETHING ON THEIR OWN."

considered opinion, however, that the world can stand a little more of Mr. CHURCHILL. * *

"Pyjamas in lacquer effects, usually with a great deal of scarlet and gold about them, are being trimmed with dyed marabout," says a fashion note. The consciousness that our own sleeping costume is comparatively unsmart disturbs our slumbers. * *

A ten-round contest at Wilkesbarre (Pa.) ended in a fight between a boxer and a referee. We still hope to hear of a contest in which a boxer fights a boxer. * *

Mrs. J. M. POWER, the oldest woman in America, aged 114, smokes a corn-cob pipe and is reported as saying that women in her day never swore and rarely whistled. And they didn't smoke.

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CHARIVARIA.

"MARS is rapidly approaching our planet," announces a morning paper. It is obvious therefore that it has no idea that the spring-cleaning season is just starting. * *

According to an astronomical article the red planet will shine thirty-four times as brilliantly as it does now. It should be clearly understood, however, that this forms no part of the Government programme. * *

"Coal is not the only thing sold for heating nowadays," declares a contemporary. Unfortunately, however, the other stuff is generally sold under that name. * *

Sir ROBERT BIRD has received his first summons for exceeding the speed limit, we read. Quite a number of motorists have had to start in a small way like that. * *

A daily paper mentions that the scientific formula for Tetrahydrophenylbutylene has been filmed. This will be a load off the minds of those persons who thought it wouldn't be. * *

Mr. JIMMY WILDE has announced that he will not fight again. Quite a number of those who still go into the ring seem to have made the same decision while keeping it a secret. * *

"What is Bridge?" asked the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE during the hearing of a case at Surrey Assizes. While it is cheering to know that the high legal traditions of this country are being maintained, there is a persistent rumour to the effect that his Lordship knew all the time. * *

All members of the Metropolitan Police Force have been invited to visit Wembley in order to study the British Empire Exhibition grounds. This should enable them to identify the place should anybody steal it. * *

It is rumoured in New York that Miss MAY DEVEREUX, a famous horse-woman, is engaged to Mr. JACK DEMPSEY. It is said that if there are any rivals for the lady's hand they should get into

touch with the famous boxer, mentioning their weights and favourite flowers. * *

The *Daily Mail* regards as a matter of importance the fact that the Foreign Office is being repainted. To allay any fear of alarm we are asked to say that the building is not being painted red. * *

A French duel was recently postponed so that one of the principals could perform an operation. Apparently they were determined to shed some blood, anyhow. * *

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL has expressed the view that the world is sick of war. It is understood to be his

A man living in Hitchin fainted when scolded by his wife and did not regain consciousness for two days. Some men get all the luck. * *

A writer in a ladies' journal suggests that all married men should wear wedding rings. This simple expedient would save the time of discriminating ladies, especially during Leap Year. * *

A school-boy of fifteen has succeeded in communicating with U.S.A. by wireless. Age is on his side; he may grow out of it in time. * *

Mr. EDMUND DULAC says that artists ought not to be compelled to pay income-tax. But it's a graceful compliment to suggest that any of them can. * *

The Bishop of London says, "I like being unpopular. It shows I am right." Many a football referee will feel quite puffed up after this. * *

Owing to coast erosion the Channel is becoming wider. Mr. MacDONALD had better hurry up before the breach gets too big. * *

A French author of serial stories has been captured by bandits. "They order," said I, "this matter better in France." * *

Twenty empty human skulls were recently found under the floor of a house in Westminster. This sounds like an indication of an early Parliament. * *

Canon BARNES said recently that the men who by superior mental power ought to mould the thought of their time are ignored. We felt just like this when we had our first manuscript sent back to us. * *

A returned traveller says that a Japanese girl is never awkward in her movements. There would then appear to be no opening there for tennis photographers. * *

The assertion in a morning paper that shingled hair is going out of fashion was contradicted in an evening paper. This lack of unanimity in the Press is conducive to very serious unrest in West Kensington. * *



Mother. "I HOPE YOU REMEMBERED WHAT I TOLD YOU—YOU DIDN'T ASK FOR ANYTHING?"

Little Girl. "NO, MOTHER, I DIDN'T ASK, BUT EVERY NOW AND THEN I SAID, 'CRUMBS! I AM HUNGRY!' AND THEY GAVE ME SOMETHING ON THEIR OWN."

considered opinion, however, that the world can stand a little more of Mr. CHURCHILL. * *

"Pyjamas in lacquer effects, usually with a great deal of scarlet and gold about them, are being trimmed with dyed marabout," says a fashion note. The consciousness that our own sleeping costume is comparatively unsmart disturbs our slumbers. * *

A ten-round contest at Wilkesbarre (Pa.) ended in a fight between a boxer and a referee. We still hope to hear of a contest in which a boxer fights a boxer. * *

Mrs. J. M. POWER, the oldest woman in America, aged 114, smokes a corn-cob pipe and is reported as saying that women in her day never swore and rarely whistled. And they didn't smoke.

THE RESOURCES OF CIVILISATION.

Timothy is still vexed with me. An unreasonable attitude. I will put it to you to judge whether I was really to blame. I told him not to stay up for me because I should probably look in at a music-hall and be late. I happened to change my mind. Very well. What is there in that? I came back to his flat at half-past nine. I was to stay with him for two days. I had never been in his flat before. I knew nothing of Timothy's troubles. What I did then would have been done, I maintain, by anybody.

Naturally enough I was annoyed to find that Timothy had gone to bed. At any rate I supposed he had gone to bed. He was not in his sitting-room. I poured out a whisky-and-soda, took one of his cigars and got a book. I sat down by the fire, and I suppose that after fifteen minutes or so I must have begun to doze a little. Anyway I remember realising with a start that somebody, somewhere, not inside the room, was talking. Yes, it was on the other side of the wall. And such consecutive, such mannered talking. Timothy in his sleep? I wondered. I went out into the passage and listened at his door. No, it was not Timothy, certainly. Good heavens! it was—no, it couldn't be—yes, it was—well, I will not give you his name—a household word, that name, wherever the English language is spoken. And here he was, for some reason or other, making a household speech to Timothy. Then, of course, I realised what it was—the Loud Speaker.

Timothy was listening-in to the night's programme all on his own, and I had been missing it. Very much annoyed, I opened his bedroom door. The room was absolutely dark. There was something rather eerie about the polished periods of that famous statesman rolling out into the blackness of Timothy's little room, and punctuated now and then by Timothy's tremendous snores. I switched on the light.

The speeches of the annual dinner of the Tinsmiths' Company came to an end, and gave way to the urbane voice of 2LO. A poet was to give readings from his own works. He gave them. A clear and flute-like message. I turned out the electric light for this and listened enraptured, entranced, as a man listens to a nightingale in the first days of June. Timothy went on snoring. The nightingale ceased. 2LO spoke again. The Loud Speaker broke suddenly into the strains of the Saveloy Dance Band. It was preposterous, I felt, to listen to the Saveloy Dance Band in the dark. I switched on the

light again. Imagination conjured up the whole gay scene. Involuntarily I broke into a few dance steps myself. It was not my fault that Timothy had left one of his boot-trees in the middle of the room. I tripped over it and fell against the washhand-stand. I clutched at a jug to save myself and pulled it over. It broke the basin. A cascade of pure cold water fell upon my trousers and the floor.

Timothy awoke. He sat up in bed, blinked a little, and then asked me very crossly what I was doing.

"If it comes to that, what are *you* doing?" I said, wiping my clothes with one of his towels.

"What do you suppose?" he grumbled. "Trying to get a few winks of sleep, of course."

"Then why on earth didn't you switch this off?"

"Switch what off? The light? I did."

"No, the wireless."

"What do you suppose I have the wireless for?" he growled. "Fun? Why, it's the only safe cure for insomnia. I've used it for eighteen months, and I got off at the beginning of the General News to-night; and then you must come butting in in the middle of the Saveloy Band!"

The Saveloy Band suddenly ceased. "I suppose I shall have to take aspirin now," said Timothy in aggrieved tones. "There's that cursed fellow saying Good night."

MELODIC DRESS.

[In an account of a recent Society gathering a well-known lady was described as wearing "a symphony in black and white."]

THE wedding of the popular Society favourite, Miss Val Cury, was celebrated yesterday amid a galaxy of wealth and fashion. The bride, who was very pale, wore a charming little *rondino*, the principal theme of which, carried out in white satin, was varied very delightfully by episodes in ninon and silver tissue. A veil of old Limerick lace and orange-blossoms struck an original note in the introductory bars, while silver shoes, reminiscent of the second episode, formed a pleasing *coda* to the whole.

The bridesmaids were dressed in *vivace* little *scherzi* of pale-blue taffeta, with trios of silver lace which recalled the episodic matter of the bride's gown. Draped on the hip *cadenza* fashion, the skirts hung in *rubato* folds falling *diminuendo* to a point, and were balanced by the counterpoint of the *under-scherzi*. The principal theme was repeated in the same key in the hats, with a transitory modulation into a wreath of pink roses round the crown, which was developed *largamente* in the bouquets.

Lady Cury, the bride's mother, was magnificent in a cerise velvet grand opera, the somewhat florid passages of which were relieved by a recitative in black satin.

An original costume was the symphonic *fantasia* of Miss Allegra Covent. The principal subject was brilliant scarlet crêpe marocain, with daring purple passages at irregular intervals carried out in bugles. A pink net over-tunic with polychromatic bead trimming created a somewhat dissonant effect, the harshness of which was, however, modified by the exquisite *timbre* of the brass bandeau which she wore on her head in place of a hat.

The Hon. Mrs. Saxe-Horne wore a fascinating draped overture in green satin *beauté*. Opening with a *legato* movement across the shoulders that was at once taken up by the strings of the hat, it developed in a few bars into the swinging melody of the corsage itself, which in turn was arrested by a striking contrapuntal passage of yellow and white to emphasise the waist-line. The brilliant scoring of the corsage was repeated again at the top of the skirt and treated with the same richness of colour, only to be caught up after a few phrases by a semi-quaver *allegro* movement of *diamanté* roses. The *motif* reappeared in a line of shrill yellow piping.

Lady Cecilia Psackbut struck a somewhat severe note in a dark-grey silk *fugue* in B flat minor; while the Countess of Beckwood, in a purple *oratorio* with an *adagio* passage of ivory satin round the waist, presented a striking appearance. Her daughter, Lady Viola, looked delightful in a simple little white muslin *cantata*.

The presents were both *numerosi e costosi*.

"ABBAY" THOUGHTS.

By LORD B—

Of all the men who are unmeet
To represent our glorious "Abbey,"
None with SCOTT-DUCKERS can compete,

Because his record is Lib-Labby.

Young NICHOLSON's a decent lad,
But mentally a perfect babby:
The Tory "Die-hards" must be mad
To run this infant for the "Abbey."

Then FENNER BROCKWAY, Labour's
choice—

Tiger disguised as gentle tabby—
How could he ever hope to "voice"
The high traditions of the "Abbey"?

Dear WINSTON, matchless harlequin,
Whose past makes even mine seem
shabby,
But in, my Blenheim pup, and win,
And lend new lustre to the "Abbey."



THE TWO GESTURES.



"THY LION-HEADED COUCHES:
O KING, THEY ARE THE GOODS!"

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

II.—PHARAOH'S FURNITURE.

"I see thy knops and owches,
Thy carved and inlaid woods,
Thy lion-headed couches:
O King, they are the goods!"
From the song of the Queen of Sheba.

"Egyptology, Sir. A mere bagatelle."
BOSWELL'S "Life of Johnson."

"I want to go to Luxor," he said,
"to-day."

"Why Luxor?" I asked. "I thought we had just got to Hong-Kong. I had rather looked forward to Hong-Kong. In the Hong-Kong section, I see by the Wembley programme, one hundred-and-seventy-five Chinese will be found at work."

"That's only the yellow streak in them," he replied. "They'll soon learn better in this country. The reason why I want to do Egypt—"

"When you come to think of it," I interrupted, "what is the imperial status of Egypt? Is it autonomous under a Khedive, or is it a British Protectorate under HOWARD CARTER, or what?"

"At Wembley," declared the Illustrator firmly, "they are going to have the Tomb of TUT-ANKH-AMEN. Just at present it is in the Tottenham Court Road."

I began to weave a rather pretty story about this, which I told the Illustrator in a loud voice as we rattled along in the Tube. How TUT-ANKH-AMEN was not really buried at Luxor at all, but only a nameless man in his stead, and the young king wandered off and found a boat and went down the Nile, and when he came to the sea there was a ship with grave Phœnician traders on the decks, and he went aboard and hid in the bales, and so came to Cornwall,

and from the West Country right up to London along the traders' way—

"There when they heard the horse-bells ring,
The ancient Britons dressed and rode
To see the dark Phœnicians bring
Their goods along the Western road."

Thus TUT-ANKH-AMEN was the earliest of all the gipsies to come into this land, and taught men the art of working in metal and the making of furniture, hav-

crossly, for by this time he was beginning to be a little bored.

"Tut-ankh-amen Court Road," I said; and we got out.

Whenever a new section of the shrine in the Luxor tomb was opened, Mr. HOWARD CARTER, I seem to remember, used to say, "Words fail me to describe my emotions as I gazed at the wonderful scene within." And for two columns and a half or so they went on failing him. Nothing ever caused so much speechlessness as the sights of the Luxor tomb.

Even the journalists at home in commenting on Mr. CARTER's discoveries, nearly always began, "Words fail us when we try to imagine the splendours of KING TUT-ANKH-AMEN's Court, with all its triumphs of artistic workmanship." And then they also suffered from aphasia for a column or two.

But the Artificer in the Tottenham Court Road was not affected by TUT-ANKH-AMEN in this way. He admired, no doubt, but his spirit was not broken within him. He did not worry about words at all. He simply set to work to fashion couches and thrones and chariot-wheels and images and ark-shaped boxes in the same similitude as TUT-ANKH-AMEN's own. Replicas, in short. It was these that the Illustrator had brought me to see.

On a raised dais there was a throne or chair glittering with gold. Where the Egyptians used faience the Artificer used enamel paint, and where the Egyptians used metal he laid on two layers of gold-leaf.

"I don't understand how you know the details," I objected.

"We have the photographs and we have the measurements," he said simply.

On the chair-back was an inlaid



"THE ANUBIS TROT."

ing a little booth first of all not very far from Goodge Street Station. So that in the end one of the great streets of London was named after him.

"What street?" asked the Illustrator

picture of TUT-ANKH-AMEN having his shoulder anointed by his Queen. She had an immense embroidered collar, and close to her on a stand was a second collar, in case the King didn't like her in the first. A good plan.

"Why," asked the Illustrator, "has the lady such enormously long feet?"

She had. They must have been about twenty-five inches. Apparently beauty amongst the ancient Egyptians was judged largely by length of foot. Very awkward, as the Illustrator crudely pointed out, for dancing the Anubis trot.

The Illustrator in fact had to be restrained. He seemed to find something intensely comic in the golden lions on which the couches of the Pharaohs were slung. I believe he would have liked to fit the gold-felloed wheels on to the golden axle of the golden cart and have trundled it up the Tottenham Court Road with the painted portmanteaux of the King on it. A man who can hang his bowler hat on the head of the god Hathor is in my eyes a man without a sense of reverence. He is a mere reincarnation of the Memphian Mut or Tum.

And then we caught sight of TUT-ANKH-AMEN himself. His image, I mean. The one that you have seen so often in the photographs; marvellously lifelike and boyish—an uncanny thing. Or rather I ought to say it was an image copied from the photograph of an image, and still looking interested and faintly amused amongst the lumber of his personal effects.

It is my belief, though I cannot prove it, and I could not get the Artificer to agree, that the ancient Egyptian kings and princes bought an entirely new set of furniture to start the after-life with, just as we do to set up house with here. I imagine that a Pharaoh prince and his wife would go into the great furniture shop at Thebes and say—

"Good morning, Mr. Thoth. I am Mr. Anyman. My wife and I are just going to get buried, and have bought a small tomb. Unfortunately all the

furniture here is too expensive for our slender means."

"Don't let that trouble you for a moment, Mr. Anyman," Mr. Thoth would say. "We greatly prefer to deal with people who have no money. Just select a few golden chariots and a throne or two, and we will have them sent round to your tomb at once. And shall we say five pounds as a deposit, if that is convenient to you, the rest to be paid in easy instalments during the next five dynasties?"



"I DREAMED I WAS RIDING ON A LONG GOLDEN LION, THREE THOUSAND YEARS AGO, IN THE LUXOR POINT-TO-POINT, WITH TUT-ANKH-AMEN A BAD SECOND."

Something like that.

While the Artificer and I had been discussing serious Egyptology, I found that the Illustrator had fallen into a trance on the golden throne of the Pharaohs. It was necessary to strike him on the knee with the sacred staff of command before he could be aroused. "I dreamed," he said, "that I was riding on a long golden lion, three thousand years ago, in the Luxor Point-to-Point, with TUT-ANKH-AMEN a bad second, and got disqualified because it was only gilt."

We now took leave of the Artificer.

"Words absolutely fail me," I said

as I shook hands, "to describe the emotions with which I have been filled by the sight of the glories of the Luxor tomb—"

The Artificer rather anxiously took out his watch.

"You can tell me the rest down at Wembley," he said. EVOE.

GROWING UP.

WHEN it's down with frocks and up with hair,
Oh! then is the time to bid beware
Lest you should forget the tip-toe way
Of gnome and goblin, of elf and fay,
The way of the tiny feet that pass
On twinkling toes through the swinging grass,
By wood or meadow or golden strand
Into the heart of Fairy Land.
You've climbed your last in the chestnut-tree,
Because you are quite grown up, you see.
But don't forget, whatever you do,
The way that the leaves laughed down at you,
Or the realm you swayed from the topmost bough,
Although you are rich as a princess now;
If once you forget it, understand
You'll never go back to Fairy Land!
When you go to a dinner or ball
Never forget you were once so small,
That you saw the tiniest baby fay
Cradled at rest in a

bramble spray,
And caught a glimpse of the youngest gnome
Having its bath in a dew-drop's foam,
And went with a pixie hand-in-hand
Across the borders of Fairy Land.

"ULSTER NEWS IN BRIEF."

Portadown Orangist Appointment.—Captain T. O. —, Barrow-in-Furness, has been appointed organist of St. Mark's Church, Portadown.—*Irish Paper.*

In Ireland you have only to mention the word Ulster, and even the misprints take on a political colour.

THE MAN WHO WOULD BE SCRATCH.

(The Effect of "Back to Methuselah" on the Golf Links.)

WHEN Hickson first realised that he was going to live three hundred years, his thoughts naturally turned to his golf handicap. He had started the game late in life, and after forty years' earnest effort had reduced his handicap from somewhere in the sixties to a safe and sound seventeen. Sometimes he had done better, but never when there was any money on the game, so nobody had bothered to complain to the committee. It was only when he had become known as the G.O.M. of the Club, a pleasant white-bearded old fellow who always listened very intently at the bar in case he missed an invitation, that The Thing Happened.

One day, fortunately when he was quite alone, his beard dropped off. The certain element of surprise occasioned by his finding what he had come to regard as a permanent feature of his face lying on the floor before him, was succeeded by amazement when he realised that, far from looking his age, seventy-five, he could easily pass for forty. The thing had happened after all—just as that comic writer of the period (who often spoke truth more wittily than predicted).

"Very well," he said solemnly to his reflection in the glass, "I am going to live three hundred years. That will be time enough. I shall get my handicap down to scratch at last."

Fearing the jealousy of the ordinary "short-livers," he went through the usual procedure of arranging his clothes on the seashore to give evidence of accidental drowning. His disappearance was accepted officially, but as no kind of body was recovered he missed the experience of attending his own funeral. Being a careful man, it annoyed him that he had, as a new member (Nickson), to pay another entrance fee to his club and to buy his own golf-weapons back from the caddie master. And it was peculiarly exasperating to a careful man to overhear members say affectionately, "Poor old Hickson! I owed him ten bob and I shall never be able to pay him now."

But it was great fun planning the time-table. Taking it that he had 225 years to go, he reckoned his handicap

should be down to 12 in 1970, 9 in 2016, 6 in 2032, and, with a great effort, scratch by 2108, by which time he would only be 259. Then for a glorious forty-one years he would receive that respect and esteem of his fellows to which only a scratch man is entitled. (The figures are probably wrong, for he never had been good at arithmetic, even when practising as an accountant.)

All went well for the first seventy-five years. Ten years' quiet practice with each club and fifteen with the mashie undoubtedly improved his game. Then he got into difficulties.

It is true that his second beard dropped off (quite quietly and to time) on his hundred-and-fiftieth birthday (in 1999), and he was able to arrange to drown himself again without ques-

Then the authorities began to brighten the game, and all his calculations were upset. A short hole in 4 was no longer a matter of stupefaction to him, a 3 was possible, and even a 2 was not unusual—with a chance wind, a little luck and a fortunate bounce or two off protecting bunkers. But to have to face the introduction of the Rhomboid Ball at the age of 225 is unnerving for any golfer, especially when they put steel spikes round the edge of the hole and told you to pitch into it with a putting-spoon.

The poor old boy putted with his spoon for seven years, almost without a break; but, just as he was beginning to understand the rhomboid (or the rhomboid was getting tired of him) the youth of the nation declared that it was too easy. It was a scientific age, and

they devised very delicate instruments of the spring-gun type by which, with extremely accurate mathematical calculations, there was no reason why anybody should not do a round in 18. In two years the club bogie dropped to 20—a difficult proposition for a player of 235 playing with a hundred-and-ninety-five-year-old brassey.

His sands were running out; what was he to do? He took the only possible course. If you can't win with the laws as they stand the only thing to do is to make new ones. Though in all other ways he had



Sportman Who does not Read the Papers (returning from the Races by road). "NOW WE'VE GOT A LABOUR GOVERNMENT I SUPPOSE THE NEXT THING 'LL BE THE KILLJOYS STOPPING BETTING."

tion being raised. Also, being a careful man (if not a just one), he had arranged this time to owe enough in small debts to balance out his losses on the previous occasion; but it pained him to notice that references to his decease were not so affectionate as before. But this time the authorities recovered a body they thought to be his, and the secretary (who was a mean man) sold his golf-clubs to defray the costs of sending a wreath to the grave.

The loss of his favourite golf-clubs (he was only able to recover his oldest brassey) was a serious set-back to Wickson (as he now was). But as he no longer needed sleep he soon made up for it. By the time he had begun to allow his beard to grow again to effect his third disappearance he was two strokes ahead of his schedule, and the day it dropped off (on the eighteenth green—he had to hold it to his face until he got home) his handicap was 3 and his age only 216.

always been perfectly respectable, he floated a company. It was a company for the exploitation of a revival of old-fashioned golf and the reintroduction of the gutty ball. It was received with howls of derision. The idea of banging a ball about with sticks simply sent the world into convulsions, and the floating days of the company seemed to be numbered.

But the children (under eight) took it up. They simply loved it. They formed a club entitled "Golf, Ancient and Royal, Non-Adults for the Use of," and when it transpired that the popular author of two best sellers (young Hartopp, aged seven) was to be president, success was assured, and Wickson was appointed acting instructor (unpaid).

Then the list was put up in the Club Nursery, and for the first time in history he found alongside his name the magic word "Scratch."

He wept, wept with joy all over his beard (No. 4). He wept again when a



ROAD-UP: BERMONDSEY.

"DISGRACEFUL, I CALLS IT—AS BAD AS THE WEST END!"

young lady with a powerful drive for her age (6½), beat him, 7 and 5. But, after all, he was scratch—it said so on the board—and he was happy. At the reception (6—10 P.M., dancing, R.S.V.P.) he brought up the old bottle of brandy (1914) and drank the lot. Then he confessed his old age, swore he was well over 299 and, in his cups, called upon his four million relatives, by eight different wives, to support him for the rest of his life. But the four million relatives were all very poor, and said so, by letter, until the post-office arrangements broke down.

But the little children looked after him. They loved their great-great-(seven of these)-grandfather, and wouldn't hear of his being anything else but scratch, even though their own handicaps had to be altered to plus 17 and even plus 26. No one can point a finger of scorn and say that this era was lacking in true sentiment. As his last years drew to a close they watched over his bedside in turns. Even in his last hours, when they were obliged to keep pulling gently at his beard to see if he was still alive (he had told them it would come off

when he wasn't), they left nothing undone for his comfort. It was little Teenie who thought of putting a flannel petticoat on his pillow, so that he shouldn't feel it cold when he turned over.

Then he turned over; the silvery beard slipped to the ground, making a noise like a little sigh of a departing spirit, and he was gone.

Quite a nice old man, really. L.

AN INVOCATION TO FAT.

FAT! I raise my voice to you
Faintly from a world of 'flu,
Praying you to cure my sparseness,
Hide my bones and clothe my bare-
ness

With your amiable veneer,
Softening my mien austere.
Gentle FAT! come, live with me
On terms of close identity;
Come and give me warmth and

stamina,
Softly lay each little lamina
Underneath my shrinking pelt
(I would be a shade less svelte);
Build (but not below the belt;

There be careful not to harm
Symmetry's æsthetic charm)
Till my form, half moribund,
Gains a contour more rotund.
Resolute to earn your gracious
Benison, O Power sebaceous!
Potent philtres I'll select
Meet for the desired effect;
Cocoa and milk I'll quaff with zest
(Two things I cordially detest),
And olive-oil—there's lots of fat in
That—until I'm half a Latin,
Or live, if you would have it so,
On train-oil, like the Eskimo.
Come then, FAT, without delay;
Hasten on that blessed day
When, no more a feeble croak, I
Bite my thumb at streptococci,
Striding through th' infected air,
Sturdy, rounded, debonair.
If you'll but join me, FAT, old thing,
Depression to the winds I'll fling
And stoutly face an English Spring.

"The — scavenging contractor intimated
his intention of terminating the Inspector."
Welsh Paper.

"Scavenging," we take it, is a misprint
for "avenging."

YOUNG HAMLET.

[With *King Lear's Wife* and *Gruach* Mr. GORDON BOTTOMLEY has led the way towards anticipating SHAKESPEARE. This one-act play is an attempt to do for *Hamlet* what Mr. BOTTOMLEY has so successfully done for *Macbeth*.]

Characters :

Old Hamlet.	Gertrude.
Young Hamlet (aged 7).	Ophelia.
Claudius.	Hedda (an old Nurse).
Polonius.	Hildegard (a Nursemaid).

SCENE: *The Nursery at Elsinore. A huge chamber, hewn out of rock, the floor strewn with rushes. Young Hamlet is sitting on the floor, playing with a model stage. Hedda is crouching near the fire, with Hildegard by her side.*

Hedda. That child is strangely still this afternoon. He broods on things beyond his youthful mind Or my philosophy or yours, my girl. I would not let a child of mine so brood.

Hild. I love his quaint old-fashioned ways. You'd think He was a wise old man to hear him talk.

Hedda. He'll come to no good end with all these tricks, And writing silly plays and seeing ghosts. Not taking any exercise at all, No wonder he is fat and scant of breath. But I am old and no one heeds my words.

Hild. Say, Hedda, have you noticed how the Queen Is ever walking with Duke Claudius?

Hedda. 'Tis none of your affairs or mine, my girl. Let gossips talk, but I'll not say a thing. Yet I could tell such tales whose lightest word Would freeze your blood. Such goings on, indeed!

Enter Old Hamlet.

O. H. Why, Hamlet, son, my little royal Dane, What make you there?

Y. H. A little wooden O, Wherein with cunning scenes to strike the soul And guilty conscience of mine enemies. But I can nowise make these puppets move With anything approaching human art. They are too tame, too wooden for my taste, And too insensible to feel the plays.

O. H. What's Hecuba to them, or they to Hecuba? Thou art too much alone these days, my son. Why dost thou not invite thy little friends, Marcellus and Horatio, to share Thy lonely games, or else those Jewish boys, Young Rosencrantz and gentle Guildenstern?

Y. H. No, father, I had rather be alone. I have such great resources in myself. The other day I saw my grand-dam's spirit, Which cozened me to suicide. I tried, But could not screw my failing courage up. I am too weak and too irresolute. For half-an-hour I paced the nursery, Revolving in my mind the pros. and cons., But even so could not convince myself.

O. H. Where has my father been since dinner-time? Sleeping within my orchard, as thou knowst My custom always in the afternoon.

Y. H. Say, hast thou seen thine uncle Claudius?

O. H. Mother and he went walking by the shore, Beneath the dizzy cliffs that guard the sea. I do not like mine uncle Claudius.

O. H. Fie, Hamlet, that's a naughty thing to say. Thine uncle is my brother.

[Exit.

Y. H.

Brother, aye, As jay might be to dove, or moor to mountain, Grim Pluto to Apollo, night to day.

Enter Gertrude.

Gert. Hamlet, I've got a great surprise for you. Little Ophelia has come to tea.

Y. H. Mother, before she comes, there is a word That I would whisper in your private ear. Methinks it is not seemly that you should So often walk with uncle Claudius. Should you not rather bear the ills you have Than seek caresses in mine uncle's arms? I know that I am but a child, and green In all the pomps and manners of this world, But still it seems to me not quite the thing. Compare the two—your husband and his brother— Does it not show a painful lack of taste? How say you, lady?

Gert. O, thine artless words Have cleft my heart in twain. I do repent, And whilst thy father lives will ever strive To be a better wife than I have been. But lo! here comes Polonius and his child.

Enter Claudius, Polonius and Ophelia.

Gert. My lord, shall we not stay ourselves awhile And watch the children at their guileless play? My brother goes to boarding-school. You don't.

Oph. I can do vulgar fractions. You can't.

Y. H. Heed not, Ophelia. It is no disgrace To lack in learning, if thou schoolst thyself In virtue's ways; and if thou cans't not con The art of fractions or rule of three, 'Tis better far to be an honest maid, Doing to others what thou wouldst that they Should do to thee, and love thine enemies.

Oph. What shall we play at? Let's play hide-and-seek.

Y. H. I want to play at theatres.

Claud. No, boy,

Ophelia is the visitor to-day, And you must play the games that are her choice. Oh, very well, we'll play at hide-and-seek; I'll hide mine eyes whilst thou concealst thyself. [Ophelia hides behind the arras.

Oph. (calls). Ready, my lord.

Y. H. Where art thou hidden, sweet? Beneath the table? (Looks.) Or behind yon chair? What's moving there behind the arras? Ho! A mouse? [Makes a pass through the arras.

Oph. (rushing out). Help, help! He's hurt me. Father, help!

Pol. My lord, thou hast most sadly hurt my child. Come, daughter, weep no more, but go with me. There is no hurt but time allays its sting.

[Exeunt Polonius, Ophelia and Gertrude.]

Claud. Thou art indeed a most ill-mannered child That so should hurt an inoffensive maid. O naughty Hamlet, I am sore ashamed That mine own brother's son should so behave.

[Exit.

Y. H. (pulling a face after him). I do not like mine uncle Claudius. But I must seek some means to vent my spleen. I know. I'll write a play for my toy stage About a wicked uncle who incurr The hatred of his nephew. It is well.

[Young Hamlet settles down happily with a pencil and paper.

CURTAIN.



MANNERS AND MODES.

Patron of Dress Show (to Manageress). "HARRK THE YOUNG PERSON TO COME THIS WAY."
Manageress. "CERTAINLY. LADY ANGELA FITZHOWARD, FORWARD, PLEASE."

NOTICE TO QUIT.

EVERYONE knew she was coming, and everyone was very glad, but nobody liked to ask the outgoing tenant the exact date of his departure. He could be very disagreeable at times, and the fact that he must know that everybody was looking forward to his going did not assist matters. He could not help

feeling it; it was in the air. Yes, the time had come when he must be tackled on the subject; there was so much to be done before the place could be got ready for the newcomer; so much tidying up and brushing out of dingy corners, to say nothing of the extensive arrangements for the new decorations on which it was understood she had set her heart. Who was to tell him to go?

And at last a baby in the corner summoned up her courage and, shyly lifting her face, said, "It's quite time you went away, Mr. Winter."

"Bravo, Violet!" said the robin.

"Mr. —, who was station-master at Colford for 10 years, has been appointed station-master at Cinderford."—*Local Paper.*
 A case of very slow combustion.

THE INFALLIBILITY OF POPE.

THE most modern of our serious poets no longer struggle to conceal their distaste and incapacity for mere rhyme. And no one who has read those portions of their works which are intended to be rhymed will insist pedantically on their trying again. Others, however, are firm believers in rhyme, until it becomes too difficult. In that case two courses are open to them: (1) to sacrifice the meaning (if any) and achieve the rhyme, and (2) to sacrifice the rhyme and preserve the meaning (if any). Very few of them, I notice, hesitate in such a dilemma; they do one or the other, and charge on happily to the next verse. It is only that careless devil, the funny poet, who puts a towel round his head and sweats in an agony until he has achieved to his satisfaction both rhyme and meaning (if any).

However, he is a low fellow and is rightly despised by both classes of serious poets, and I don't wish to say a word in his defence. On the contrary, the man is a fool not to imitate the licence of his more solemn competitors. But what I do wish to say is that the licence, indolence and incompetence of the serious poets in this connection are not to be condemned as a merely modern phenomenon. They have the most ample models and justification in the works of the great masters of the past. This I have discovered from many a happy hour with my WALKER'S

RHYMING DICTIONARY
OF
THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE
IN WHICH THE WHOLE LANGUAGE IS ARRANGED
ACCORDING TO ITS TERMINATIONS
With an Index of Allowable Rhymes, with
authorities for their uses from our best poets.

I do not know who our best poet may be, but a study of the Index of Allowable Rhymes suggests very strongly that our best poet is POPE, with the poet DRYDEN a good second. I think no rhyme can ever have been committed for which the worthy POPE has not at one time or another made himself responsible. Take, for example, the sound

—ARE.

Bare, care, dare, square, beware, etc. Perfect rhymes: air, fair, hair, debonair, etc.; bear, swear, etc.; there, where, ere, o'er, howe'er, etc.; heir, co-heir, their. Allowable rhymes: bar, car, etc.; err, prefer, and here, hear, etc.; regular, singular, war, etc.

A more funny poet, towards the end of this list, begins to have his doubts; but look at the authorities which follow:—

"Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds, as some to church
repair
Not for the doctrine but the music there."
POPE.

"No monstrous height or breadth, or length
appear,
The whole at once is bold and regular."
POPE.

"Late as I rang'd the crystal fields of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star."
POPE.

"To sing those honours you deserve to wear,
And add new lustre to her silver star."
POPE.

"When love was all an easy monarch's care,
Seldom at council, never in a war."
POPE.

"Submit—in this as any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear."
POPE.

Lest I should be accused of visiting
Parnassus but to please my ear, I have
composed a Child's Verse on the lines
of the invaluable POPE:—

TEDDY.

I have a little Teddy Bear
With wobbly feet and woolly fur.
He loves to ride in Daddy's car;
I sit and whisper in his ear,
And when I am a soldier
I'll take him with me to the war.
And if I die I shall transfer
My darling Teddy to my heir.

Or take the sound—

—AFE.

Safe, chafe, vouchsafe, etc. Allowable
rhymes: leaf, sheaf, etc.; deaf, etc.; laugh,
staff, etc.

"And authors think their reputation safe
Which lives as long as fools are pleased to
laugh."—POPE.

This couplet must be aimed at me;
But I don't mind his chaff.
When heavy authors talk that way,
'Tis wiser to be deaf.

It is said that every man can write
at least one novel; but it is certain that
with this book in his hand any man
can write any number of serious rhymed
poems. As for authority, DRYDEN may
frown, but if he relies on POPE he can-
not go wrong.

—AZE.

Haze, daze, blaze, etc. Perfect rhymes:
raise, praise, etc.; phrase, paraphrase, etc.
... he inveighs, he obeys, etc. Allowable
rhymes: ease, tense, seize, etc., and keys, the
plural of key; also the auxiliaries has and
was.

"Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of
praise,
Prov'd the vain flourish of expensive ease."
PARNELL.

At first sight you might think the
sound ood presents difficulties. Not a
bit of it.

—OOD.

Brood, mood, food, etc. Nearly perfect
rhymes: the preterites and participles of verbs
in oo, as coo'd, woo'd, etc. Allowable rhymes:
wood, good, etc.; blood, flood, etc.; feud,
illude, etc. The preterites and participles of
verbs in ue and ew, as brew'd, stew'd, etc.;
imbu'd, subdu'd, etc.; bud, mud, etc., and
the three apostrophized auxiliaries, would,
could, should, pronounced wou'd, cou'd,
sho'd; ode, code, etc., and the preterites and

participles of verbs in ow, as crow'd, row'd,
etc.; also nod, hod, etc.

"For works may have more wit than does
'em good,
As bodies perish by excess of blood."—POPE.
"Nor safe their dwellings were; for, sapped
by floods,
Their houses fell upon their household gods."
DRYDEN.

I do not like Elizabethan plays,
I hardly think their moral tone is good;
I'm glad our country isn't what it was;
And oh, my dear, what quantities of blood!

With Walker on the table, that ex-
acting literary form, the Limerick, has
no more terrors. Take the intimidat-
ing sound ux, for instance:—

UX

Flux, reflux, etc. Perfect rhymes: the
plurals of nouns and third persons of verbs in
uck, as ducks, trucks, etc. Allowable rhymes:
the plurals of nouns and third persons of verbs
in ook, uke, oak, oke, etc., as cooks, pukes,
oaks, jokes, etc.

There was an old fellow of Bucks
Who suffered from too many cooks;
If he asked them for soup
They gave him a chop,
And were constantly stealing his jokes.

Browsing in this Index, a young man
feels an irresistible itch to write poetry;
a whole new world of possibilities opens
up before him. Who would have guessed,
for example, that the allowable rhymes
to Creed include bed, dead, bid, hid,
made, blade, etc.?

"In genial Spring beneath the quiv'ring shade
Where cooling vapours breathe along the
mead"—POPE.

Who would have guessed that in a
couplet about Cream you may use with-
out a blush the words dame, lame, limb,
them, hem, lamb, dam, etc.?

"Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy nature is to copy them."—POPE.

Or that the rhymes to FBB include
babe, astrolabe and glebe?

The tide was on the ebb,
And, walking in the glebe,
I saw a pretty babe,
And he wore a pretty bib;
And pretty Kate was with him, and she wore
an astrolabe.
Heigh-ho, and nonny,
She wore an astrolabe.—Folk-song.

And it is not only the form but the
substance of a man's poetical work
which this book enriches; for a mere
word is often enough to inspire a poem
or generate an idea. Here are a few
useful poetical words I have picked at
random from the pages of this treasury
—symposiac, retrograde, paragraph,
brobdingnag, inter-lard, ante-date, capa-
cite, sophisticate, ostent, paraphrase,
probability, vegetive, disembugue, pre-
suppose, blowze, trouse, anecdote, pri-
mogeniture, degenerous, besot—and

Aldermanly . . . like an Alderman.
Atrabiliariousness . . . state of being mel-
ancholy.
Supposititiousness . . . state of being coun-
terfeit.

[Continued on page 272.]



WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

XV.—LINES AND SQUARES.

WHENEVER I walk in a London street
I'm ever so careful to watch my feet;
And I keep in the squares,
And the big brown bears
Who wait at the corners all ready to eat
The sillies who tread on the lines of the
street,
Go back to their lairs;
And I say to them, "Bears,
Just look how I'm walking in all of the
squares!"
And the little bears growl to each other,
"He's mine,
As soon as he's silly and steps on a line."
And some of the bigger bears try to pretend
That they came round the corner to look
for a friend;
And they try to pretend that nobody cares
Whether you walk on the lines or squares.
But only the sillies believe their talk;
It's ever so portant how you walk,
And it's ever so jolly to call out, "Bears,
Just watch me walking in all the squares!"



Charles H. Shepard



Romantic Lady. "DO YOU EVER SEE PICTURES IN THE FIRE?"
Embittered Art Critic. "NO. BUT I'VE SEEN LOTS THAT OUGHT TO BE."

Sternutatory . . . causing to sneeze.
Incommensurability . . . incapacity of being compared with another by any common measure consisting of four denominations.
Quadrinomial . . . quality of being canonical.
Canonicalness . . . to swell out (rhymes with judge).
To bouge . . . sparing and rare speech.
Paucaquy . . . state of having feathers.
Plumosity . . . gumminess.
Gummosity . . . the act of making thin.
Subtiliation . . . forced, far-fetched.
Catachrestical . . . to fall upon hooks or spikes.
To ganch . . .

Why has this book been kept from the young? To think that all over the country the children of our race still struggle to play Dumb-Crambo by the light of nature! How often do we see them vainly racking their innocent heads for a rhyme to "bat," when they know very well that they have already tried *all* the rhymes to "bat"! But Mr. WALKER knows better; his Allowable Rhymes should be in every nursery. What a champion old POPE must have been at Dumb-Crambo!

A. P. H.

"Wanted, a good Second-Hand Baby hair (High)."—*Scots Paper*.
Personally we always spell it "heir."

ELFIN WIRELESS.

Calling-up Signal . . . E L F.
Sending Station . . . Very Secret.
Announcer . . . Mr. R. Goodfellow.

WHEN the moon is sailing o'er
And mortals have begun to snore,
Finished with their 2 L O,
Then our "horns of Elfland" blow.
We could broadcast song and mirth
And music over all the earth
Long ere mortal folk could do it,
But the dull fools never knew it.
Sometimes, when they're very small,
Baby mortals hear our call,
Smile and chuckle with delight
When they listen-in at night;
But later on they all grow deaf
And never pick up E L F.

E L F begins to call;
Run, good fairies, one and all
Through the silver glades and get
Dewdrops for your crystal set,
Or poke in grassy tufts for stray
Glow-worms on your valves to
lay;

Quickly tie to twigs of furze
Aerials of gossamers.
Off you go, you other seekers,
After harebells for loud-speakers;
Set them near your dancing-rings,
And after *Queen Titania* sings,
And our little gnome band comes—
Honey-bag pipes, beetle-drums—

You will hear the latest dances,
Bat-glides, One-flaps, Moonbeam-prances.

True, we have no coloured gents
Behind our "twangling instruments,"
But *Mustardseed* will play the bones
As well as they play saxophones,
And the tongs (if he has got 'em)
By request of *Mr. Bottom*.
You will hear the jingle fine
Of "fifty silver bells and nine";
All the music of the spheres
Will be relayed to your ears.

When the moon is overhead
And sleepy mortals go to bed,
Then we fairies, who are tireless,
Dance and sing all night to "wireless."

"The ——— magistrate said that charges of drunkenness had increased and people were drunk and rowdy at an hour when they ought not to be."—*Morning Paper*.

While he was about it his worship might have indicated the proper time for these indulgences.

"Under present conditions, the Conservative party is much more interested in holding the half-drowned cat of Liberalism in the water butt of futility until its expiring caterwauls cease to rend the air than in hastily turning the Socialists out of power without giving their tender bud of sweet reasonableness a chance to bloom."—*Belfast Paper*.

Does Mr. CHURCHILL know this?

REORGANISATION BY GENERAL POST.

THE announcement of the appointment of Mr. Eugene Moulton, the famous orchestral conductor, as General Manager of the group now known as the Grand Unionist Centrifugal Railway, has caused great interest both in the world of steam and of song, and the broadmindedness and imagination displayed by the Directors in making the selection have been cordially and handsomely acknowledged.

As a result of recent industrial developments and the increasing competition of motor traffic, it has been recognised for some time past that the G.U.C. organisation required to be brought effectively up to date, and it is generally admitted that the antecedents of Mr. Moulton render him an ideal man for the job.

Discussing his new appointment with one of Mr. Punch's young men, Mr. Moulton, who was wearing a dark-green velvet suit with a butterfly tie of some soft clinging material which harmonised admirably with his exotic yet classical profile, said that he fully realised the great responsibility he had undertaken. "In my view," he observed, "it is a work of first-class national importance, requiring primarily the application of the principles which govern the direction of an orchestra. Though I have travelled in railways from childhood, I have no knowledge of engineering or mechanics, and cannot tell a cylinder from a piston. But I have always had the liveliest sympathy for STEPHENSON'S 'coo,' and one of the most cherished recollections of my childhood is that of hearing my grandfather sing in a quavering voice a ditty which began:—

"Oh, ever since the world began,
There never was and never can
Be such a very useful man
As the Railway Porter."

"Music is at the very core of our railway system. Trains, whether Parliamentary or express, all have their special rhythms. The peculiar timbre of the steam-whistle appeals with irresistible force to the modern composer, and I feel convinced that the vast experience which I have accumulated of the vagaries of orchestral players will prove of incalculable value to me in my efforts to remedy the weaknesses and imperfections of the G.U.C.—as for example the quality of the corridor soap and the monotonous persistence of pea-soup in the menu of the luncheon-cars. The impact of a fresh mind is always stimulating, and I can promise that there will be no lack of freshness in the impingement of mine on the problems which will come before me. For I hope to approach my new work from the



Ancient. "Wot! Old Joe dead? I don't believe you. I seed him last week and 'e warn't dead then."

psychological as well as the business side. Engines, I have long been convinced, are not inanimate masses of metal. They have souls, and respond to kind and considerate treatment just as much as human beings do; and I have always resented the slight involved in the phrase an 'old buker.'"

At the Orpheus Hall there is keen regret that Mr. Moulton is about to sever his connection with the new Klaxophonie Orchestra, with which he has been so momentarily associated for the last few seasons. "We regard him," said

one of his colleagues, who was labouring under strong emotion, "as a huge man with a huge mental complex admirably adapted for grappling with all the ramifications of a great system, whether tubular or subaqueous, operated by steam, electricity, radium or spontaneous combustion. Nothing has ever inhibited his dynamic urge—not even the most dæmonic of prima-donnas. I feel convinced that he will either completely revolutionize the Grand Unionist Centrifugal Railway or perish in the attempt."



Long-suffering Husband. "I SAY, MONICA, DO LET 'S LEAVE CHELSEA AND SIT ON CHAIRS AGAIN."

ROLF'S RUE.

["A pulsing, wonderful Romance of the Blue Beyond—a story of Passion, Jealousy, Tenderness, Terror, Mother-Love . . ."]
From the preliminary advertisement of a feuilleton.

"PERHAPS it were better," said Rolf, "to forget her!"
 And bit through his pipe with the shortest of sighs;
 Then, twisting the poker, "Her tresses were ochre,"
 He muttered, "pure ochre, and purple her eyes.
 Her face never ceases"—the poker in pieces
 Fell into the fender—"to haunt me, old man.
 Her memory lingers." The tongs from his fingers
 I rescued and groaned, "Tell me all—if you can."

He said, "Night was falling, the muezzin calling,
 The crocodile crawling in crowds down the Nile,
 When out of the dimness, in all her sweet slimness,
 Her litherness and trimness, she came with a smile.
 I said, 'You remember, perhaps, in December
 I met you at Shephard's?' She failed to reply.
 'I love you!' I shouted. She flouted me, pouted.
 I saw red—I outed her, blackened her eye.

"I felt the air colder, so over my shoulder,
 One arm to enfold her, I carried her off;
 No sound but the shiver of reeds in the river,
 The sighing of serpents, the camel's quick cough.
 No sound? What was that? I stepped soft as a cat; I
 Had caught the faint rustle of hooves in the sand;
 I halted and grounded my burden, surrounded
 By Abdul the Sheik and his devilish band!

"By numbers o'erpowered I lay there and glowered
 At Abdul, the coward, who'd shrunk from the fray;
 I soon had been ended, but swift there descended
 An opportune sandstorm and swept us away.
 It passed, and, half choking, I set about poking
 A stick through the hummocks, my heart in a whirl;
 I looked for no other, left Abdul to smother,
 And found Her at last—slightly dusty—My Girl!

"She sighed, her eyes fluttered; 'At Shephard's?' she
 muttered,
 With no recollection of all our alarms;
 She looked up and knew me; a shudder shot through me;
 I crushed her slim form in my muscular arms.
 She smiled; did not fight me, nor scratch me nor bite me,
 Assumed an expression half-tender, half-gay;
 'I love you,' she blushed, and again I had crushed and
 Compressed her; 'but not,' she said softly, 'that way.'

"That instinct maternal—that instinct infernal—
 So that was the reason she loved me—ah-ha!
 She longed to adopt me"—Rolf trembled and stopped—me!"
 He went on, "She wanted to be my mamma.
 I lassoed a giro, we rode back to Cairo,
 And life since for me has been nothing but gloom."
 He laughed, his face twisted, "Oh, yes, she insisted,
 And married my father, the Marquis of Meopham."

"Dr. — gave a lecture on the 'Metally Defective Child.'"
Provincial Paper.

We have noticed that the modern child, while possessing
 plenty of brass, is often short of tin.



THE HANDICAP.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 3rd.—The PRIME MINISTER must look forward to his Monday catechism on Foreign Affairs rather with the feelings of an egg-dancer. But practice makes perfect. This afternoon he deftly trod his measure among such delicate obstacles as the French occupation of the Saar Valley and the Italian claims on Jubaland and without a single side-slip.

In every respect, indeed, Mr. MACDONALD, like the small boy in the song, "grows more like his dad every day." The enthusiastic reformer is steadily merging into the responsible statesman. In the past, no doubt, he was one of those who urged that Acts of Parliament should be couched in language "understanded of the people." Now, in reply to Mr. BAKER, he contented himself with the pious wish that intelligibility to the ordinary citizen were more consonant with legal intricacies.

Nor was he much more helpful to Mr. ENSKINE, who asked if something could be done to save Members from the "post-card nuisance." To be told that "*ex-hypothesi* a Member of Parliament is a man with a backbone that can stand much pressure without yielding" is not very comforting. Few Candidates—I hope the PRIME MINISTER is an exception—emerge from a General Election without feeling that they belong to the Order of the *Invertebrata*.

To the surprise and, I fear I must add, to the satisfaction of the majority of the House, the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER announced that the Government had decided not to impose a duty on betting. It would be against the public interest, he said. I suppose, therefore, I must not describe the decision as another example of the better being the enemy of the good.

Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON came up to take his seat for Burnley, and enjoyed the unique distinction of being escorted by his two sons, the Members for Enfield and Cardiff. Will it not be a little difficult after this for Labour to denounce the hereditary principle in politics?

An optimistic speech on agricultural co-operation came from Mr. ACLAND, who looked forward to a time when, with scientific organisation, a loaf made of flour seventy-five per cent. British might be sold for a penny less than the

present price, and when consumers might drink as much milk here as they did in America. Mr. E. WOOD was more cautious, and, pointing out that there was no magic in the words "combination" or "co-operation," said the real trouble was that the farmers had not got the capital to embark in fresh enterprises.

So many Members were anxious to discuss the rural situation from various points of view that Mr. CLYNES had at last to intervene with a request that the agriculturists should allow other people to have an innings.

Thereupon the House turned its attention to railways in Kenya and the phosphate industry in Nauru and Ocean Islands. To those who remember the heated controversies over Chinese labour twenty years ago it must have

attitude of the Air Ministry," of the clause directed against "sky-writing," particularly grieved him.

Possibly the Air Ministry was thinking of "the writing on the sky" in a different sense, for it had to face a further attack upon its policy as recently expounded by Mr. LEACH "in another place." Here the challenge was delivered by the Earl VANE (otherwise the Marquis of LONDONDERRY), whose English title is undoubtedly more appropriate to the subject matter.

His speech, an almost exact replica of that made by Sir SAMUEL HOARE a fortnight ago, was moderate and to the point. That is more than could truthfully be said of the Duke of SUTHERLAND's diatribe, for it was largely composed of quotations from an ultra-pacifist speech delivered by Mr. LEACH several years ago and from an anti-French article by Lord THOMSON published in an American newspaper last January.

Lord THOMSON, making his maiden speech, was a little shaky at the start, but quickly disposing of the DUKE—the peccant article was written and dated Christmas Day, a month before he was invited to join the Government—settled down to a very capable defence of the Government's air policy. They, no less than their predecessors, were alive to the air menace and had no intention of letting down our defences. If they

cherished, as they did, a certain idealism as regards universal disarmament, it was "an idealism rooted in common-sense."

At Question-time in the Commons the Scots had for almost the first time this Session a good opportunity of indulging their national pastime of "heckling." But they did not succeed in disturbing the granite calm of the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND. Once he softened—when on a question about salmon-fishing he confessed that that was a subject very near his own heart—but for the rest he was irresponsive to the most urgent appeals, even when Mr. KIRKWOOD implored him to capture alien trawlers in the Moray Firth by means of a sea-plane!

A debate on the Local Authorities (Emergency Provisions) Bill was mainly Poplar over again; and when Mr. WHEATLEY regretted that the Bill did not accomplish all that its critics desired—including the abolition of Poplar



"SLAVERY" NO LONGER.

Lord Balfour. "BLESS ME! IS THIS 1924 OR 1904?"

[Mr. J. H. THOMAS, Colonial Secretary, has defended the employment of Chinese labour in Nauru Island.]

been curious to hear the COLONIAL SECRETARY in a Labour Government accepting complacently the employment of Chinese coolies in the islands. As to the charge that they were deprived of the company of their wives—another of the crimes of which the Unionist Government of 1904-5 was accused—Mr. THOMAS made the convincing reply that, though provision was made for their spouses, the Chinamen, "for reasons of their own," did not want to bring them.

Tuesday, March 4th.—The Lords always expect good entertainment when Lord NEWTON is down to move the Second Reading of the Advertisements Regulations Bill. He was a little less lively than usual. His "hardy annual," in the course of frequent transplantation from one House to the other, has suffered serious loss of foliage, so much so that he now regards it as a poor thing and hardly his own. The disappearance, owing to "the extraordinary

—I am not sure that he was altogether ironical.

Mr. COMPTON's motion in favour of a minimum wage was accepted in theory by Mr. SHAW, who, however, could hold out little hope of its immediate translation into practice—the Government, I understand, “have a terrible lot to do

also get the compensation to which he is entitled depends more upon the financial resources of the Free State than upon the good will of the British Government; but I trust, for the sake of thousands of other claimants, that payment will not be deferred to the date known in Ireland as Tib's Eve.

Confronted by Mr. T. JOHNSTON (Stirling and Clackmannan) with the damning fact that in his letters to M. POINCARÉ he had several times used the expression “England” when he obviously meant “Britain,” the PRIME MINISTER apologised to his Scottish compatriots and promised to try not to repeat this “grave error.”

If he thought, however, by his contrition to remove the thistles from his official pillow he was quickly undeceived. When the debate on the Trade Facilities Bill was resumed, Mr. MAXTON violently opposed the giving of a further guarantee to the Sudan Cotton-Growing Syndicate. The support accorded to the proposal by Unionists and Liberals was quite enough to convince him that something nefarious lurked behind the transaction. True, it had been approved by the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY, but that went for nothing: Mr. GRAHAM was “the new apologist for Capitalism.”

The Clyde brigade insisted on taking a division, and were beaten by 297 to 43.

The London and North-Eastern Railway Bill gave Members using the line a fine opportunity of airing their various grievances. Mr. MORRISON gave a lively account of his difficulties in trying to read *The Daily Herald* in an unlighted carriage on a line that was mostly tunnels. But an appeal for the Bill by Mr. GOSLING, Minister of Transport, who pointed out that it would provide much employment, secured it a Second Reading by 198 to 146.

On the slender foundation of an interview given by an Admiralty official to a number of journalists, Mr. PRINGLE built up an elaborate story of a Government attempt to rig the Press over the Singapore Question. It was quickly demolished by Mr. AMMON, who said that its inventor was “the greatest discoverer of mare's nests,” and—a still unkindlier cut—that even Mr. KIRKWOOD would not be taken in by his latest *trouville*.

Thursday, March 6th.—The hitherto unbroken solidarity of the Labour Party in the House of Lords was disturbed by an Amendment moved by the Archbishop of CANTERBURY to the Legitimacy Bill. His Grace's arguments, which Lord HALDANE considered irrelevant to the main purpose of the Bill,

appeared to Lord PARMOOR “unanswerable”; and, though Lord BUCKMASTER, who is always so quiet and unimpassioned himself, described them as “inflammatory and denunciatory,” the Lords agreed with the ARCHBISHOP by 54 to 18.

In the Commons the writ for the Abbey Division, which carries CHURCHILL and his fortunes, passed without comment, but there was a good deal of chat about the vacancy at Dover, caused by Major ASTOR taking part in a division before he had subscribed the Parliamentary oath. It is, I am told, the inveterate habit of the offender to be behind the *Times*, but this did not prevent him from receiving a good deal of sympathy. To an inquiry as to whether the five hundred pounds' fine to which he is also liable would be enforced, ruthless Mr. KIRKWOOD unofficially replied, “We are going to take the money;” but the HOME SECRETARY,



HALF-ANGEL, HALF-AVIATOR.
BRIGADIER-GENERAL LORD THOMSON.

to-day.” It was eloquently supported by Mr. HODGES, who for the nonce had chosen to forget his political economy, and as eloquently criticised by Lady ASTOR, who declared that Socialism, when it had been tried, had never produced such good remuneration for the workers as Capitalism, and bade the Labour Party tell the people frankly that if they wanted a living wage they must work for it.

Wednesday, March 5th.—Much must be forgiven to an Irish landlord who has suffered the manifold injuries described by Lord MUSKERRY and has received practically no redress; but his statement was somewhat encumbered by irrelevancies. Backed up as it was, however, by the Duke of NORTHUMBERLAND, by Lord DANESFORTH and last but not least by Lord LANSDOWNE, it could not be brushed aside; and Lord ARNOLD, in a sympathetic reply, promised that Lord MUSKERRY should have the papers for which he asked. Whether he will



THE SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND
THROWS A FLY ON THE CLYDE.

MR. W. M. ADAMSON, MR. STEPHEN,
MR. MAXTON, MR. BUCHANAN.

with a fellow-feeling for Members who lose their seats, indicated that the Government would probably be less rapacious.

An attack on the Government for having lowered the Reparation Levy upon German goods from twenty-six

per cent. to five per cent. revealed a remarkable difference of opinion in the newly-united ranks of the Liberal party. Sir JOHN SIMON thought the Government had been quite wise in reducing the levy, and would have been wiser still if they had abolished it altogether. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, on the contrary, considered that the Government had parted with a most valuable weapon for securing Reparations, and protested against the new idea that this country was always to pay but never to receive.

There is, of course, no foundation for the theory that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE and Sir JOHN SIMON are rivals for the succession to Mr. ASQUITH's mantle; still it would have been interesting if Elijah had given some indication of the character of the garment, if not of its ultimate destruction as between the two Elishas. But, alas! the voice of authority was silent, and the Liberal sheep were scattered; a few joining the Unionists, but the majority helping the Government to beat off the attack.

NEW BRIDGE RULES.

Most Bridge players know that New Rules were recently published by the Portland Club; few are aware that, owing to the sudden and devastating competition of Mah Jongg, a further complete revision is contemplated.

It is no time for half measures. If Bridge is not to retire to the position of "Beggar my Neighbour" and "Happy Families," something desperate has to be done.

The first alteration is indeed sufficiently drastic: it is the introduction of a new card. It has long been felt that to have a Knave and no corresponding feminine picture-card is nothing less than an insult to the sex. There is therefore a strong body of opinion in favour of introducing one, to be called "The Flapper." The Flapper of each suit will come next to the Knave, replacing the ten, and a prize is offered for a design for this card. Entries have already been received from leading artists, and one Cinema Star sent in her portrait. She has since withdrawn it, however, as she feels it is unfair to the artists.

There is also to be an alteration in conventional Bridge words. "No" or "No bid" and "Double" convey the meaning all right, but how can they compete with the hated rival's more picturesque expressions? "No bid" will now be "Ping"; "Double" will be "Pong"; "I claim a revoke" will be "Wang," and "I admit it" will be "Hang."

Much thought has been given to the fact that the comparatively reasonable



Officer of the Watch. "WELL, MY LAD, WHAT'S YOUR OPINION NOW OF A SAILOR'S LIFE?"

Apprentice. "I THINK, SIR, THAT THE WHOLE THING IS A MYTH."

price of playing-cards militates against the popularity of Bridge in some quarters, and the happy suggestion has been made that all Bridge players shall in future supply themselves with "walls." The wall will stand on the table in front of the player, and will rise to a height of about eighteen inches. It will serve a double purpose: (1) You can stand your cards up against it; (2) It will give the wealthy player an excuse for unostentatious display, as walls may be of silver, of gold or even, among quite the best people, jewelled.

There are many other interesting innovations. For instance . . .

[FINIS.—ED.]

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Not possessing drains, during rainy weather the streets of Pompeii were flooded by rain-water flowing down to the Tiber."

Weekly Paper.

You will remember how, when Vesuvius erupted, the lava set the Tiber on fire.

From a Cinema announcement:—

"THE LOVES OF
MARY QUEEN OF SCOTS.
LOVE COMES BUT ONCE?—TO THE BEAUTIFUL
QUEEN MARY LOVE, OR WAS IT PASSION? CAME
MORE THAN ONCE.

FIRST TIME IN LIVERPOOL."

Local Paper.

Won't Manchester be jealous?

JOE.

From Stephen Dunk, farmer and churchwarden, to Mr. Septimus Rose, scholar and recluse, the new tenant of The Grange, Pulham.

DEAR SIR,—We should be grateful if you would give something in aid of the Pulham bellringers.

I have the honour to be

Yours obediently, STEPHEN DUNK.

Mr. Septimus Rose to Mr. Stephen Dunk.

MR. SEPTIMUS ROSE is not a lover of church bells, which, of course, should have disappeared when clocks and watches became cheap; but, since the custom of ringing them persists, he encloses a ten-shilling note.

Mr. Stephen Dunk to Mr. Septimus Rose.

DEAR SIR,—I beg to thank you for your subscription to the bellringers. I note what you say about clocks, but I would respectfully point out that whereas clocks and watches are often fast or slow, the Pulham bells keep time. I can promise your ears some rare treats on practice nights as well as on Sundays. I am,

Yours obediently,
STEPHEN DUNK.

Mr. Septimus Rose to Mr. Stephen Dunk.

MR. SEPTIMUS ROSE would like the leader of the bellringers to know that last evening's practice, so far from being a rare treat, was notable for a very obnoxious discord which caused him to regret having made any contribution to the funds.

Mr. Stephen Dunk to Mr. Septimus Rose.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your letter about the ringing, all I can say is that I am the leader and that I think it must have been Joe Grover; but you must kindly remember that Joe is new to the bells and unless he practises he'll never learn. We all do our best, but in the nature of things Wednesday evenings can't be as perfect as Sundays. A nicer lad than Joe doesn't breathe, as you, Sir, would be the first to agree if you met him. If you will kindly have patience you will soon have no cause to complain again.

I have the honour to be

Yours obediently, STEPHEN DUNK.

Mr. Septimus Rose to Mr. Stephen Dunk.

MR. SEPTIMUS ROSE is perfectly willing to take Joe Grover's merits as a lad on hearsay, but his ringing is atrocious.

Mr. Rose suggests that for a few weeks Joe practises in some other village.

Mr. Stephen Dunk to Mr. Septimus Rose.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your further letter about poor Joe, I am afraid you do not quite appreciate the position. It is one thing to practise with your own ringers and quite another to practise with strangers. In point of fact, Joe would be useless to our peal if he practised anywhere but at Pulham, and, if I may be allowed to say so, Sir, we must all learn. Joe will be a fine ringer one of these days; he has the strength and he has the will.

I have the honour to be

Yours obediently, STEPHEN DUNK.

Mr. Septimus Rose to Mr. Stephen Dunk.

To Mr. Dunk's last letter, Mr. Septimus Rose would say that when he settled



THE BORN LEADER OF MEN.

in Pulham it was for peace and quiet, and he gave his subscription to the bellringers because he considered himself one of the community. He did not then know, as he now does, that bellringing is a disease here. In his opinion it should be kept for Sundays, although he is convinced that Sundays also are better without it. If Mr. Dunk will arrange to confine all ringing to Sundays, Mr. Rose will increase his subscription to a pound.

Mr. Stephen Dunk to Mr. Septimus Rose.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your letter about practice and ringing on Sundays only, I am sorry to say it is impossible. The week-day practice has been going on for years, maybe for centuries, and such an ancient and honourable custom could not be tampered with on any account, and certainly not for ten shillings. Moreover, the inhabitants, many of whom have lived here a long time, have come to expect it. I am sorry, but there it is.

And another thing, Sir, how could we promise to ring only on Sundays when there are such things as wed-

dings, which are nothing without a peal and funerals, where tolling is expected? In fact much of our practising is done for weddings, which is the only time when we get something extra for ourselves.

No, Sir, I am sorry, but we can't change the practice day. I think you'll find a difference next Wednesday evening. Joe is coming along nicely.

I have the honour to be

Yours obediently, STEPHEN DUNK.

Mr. Joseph Grover to Mr. Septimus Rose.

DERE SIR if you will give me the ten bob instead of the others I will send in my resignashun.

Yours truly, JOSEPH GROVER.

Mr. Stephen Dunk to Mr. Septimus Rose.

DEAR SIR,—With reference to your letter about the choir practice, I hasten to inform you that you are not likely to be troubled again, as Joe has resigned. We shall miss the lad, for he was willing and regular, but he says he was never sure that ringing was his true calling, and so he is joining the choir, having a fair baritone voice. We are trying young Horace Peters in Joe's place, with hopes for the best, but I am afraid he will take a lot of training. From your point of view I

expect it is a pity Joe left.

I have the honour to be

Yours obediently, STEPHEN DUNK.

E. V. L.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"Derek Western, more good-looking than ever in the costume of a Roundhead cavalier, was the first to approach her and ask for a dance."—*Weekly Paper.*

"BOOT AND SHOE TRADE.

Wanted, Good Clicker, on Ladies' Work; one used to lizards and crocodiles."

Northampton Paper.

And they require delicate handling, to judge from the following:—

"Shoes fashioned of crocodile, lizard, snake or boa constrictor skin will not spit at the markings if they are treated weekly to a gentle massage with a good cream."

South African Paper.

"The Directors of the — Bank have decided on rebuilding new bank premises on the site of the present bank. The work is now in the hands of a contractor, and steps have already been taken to erect a more accommodating building."—*Irish Paper.*

Chorus of clients: "Sure, that's no use at all. What we want is a more accommodating manager."



Auntie. "I WANT YOU TO KEEP STILL JUST A LITTLE LONGER, DEAR. I'M SURE YOU'LL BE SO PROUD TO HAVE A PICTURE OF YOURSELF DONE BY YOUR AUNTIE WHEN YOU'RE A BIG MAN AND I'M DEAD AND GONE."

Nephew. "WHO'LL GET YOUR PAINTS?"

THE DUST OF UR.

(In the British Museum.)

AMONG the marble Romans to and fro
Vague knots of drifting people come and go,
Or halt perplexed beside some battered tomb,
Some poor chipped Cæsar gazing from the gloom.

Mausolos does not always stand alone
Among his lions and chariots of stone,
And over Magna Charta's shield of glass
Sometimes a blur of lingering breath may pass.

But in this bleak vault, where the light of day
Falls frigid from the slanting windows grey,
Silence and solitude have willed to dwell,
Like two dull hermits in a cavern cell.

The very guardians of their hushed domain
To stand beside the friendly stairs are fain,
Whispering—may be of things like "tips" and "odds"
And "knock-outs"—as men whispered once of gods.

Not to Nin-Gal or to Nannar they cry,
Those gods whose temple-fragments near them lie,
Pitiful fragments, though touched faintly yet
With many-coloured gleams from suns long set.

Those pallid dusty stones once flanked the wall
King BUN-SIN builded for divine Nin-Gal;
Across that wrinkled slab of clay he drew
His trailing fringes, purple, gold and blue.

Dust, dust, all dust, the glory and the pride,
The temples of the Moon-God and his bride,
The paven walks, the terraced towers that were
The splendour and the majesty of Ur.

Dust of the desert, whence no visions rise
Save those of bearded kings with cruel eyes,
Bowmen and spearmen, altars dark with blood,
And crouching captives moulding bricks of mud.

Ashes and dust! Nay, there is something here
Touched with the breath of beauty, lit with clear
And quivering light, and haunted by the far
Sound of the waves once governed by Nannar.

On the moon's shrine the men of Ur laid those
Frail sea-shells, faintly filmed with pearl and rose,
Holding each one in its translucent dome
Sea-music and the shimmer of the foam.

D. M. S.

The Plunger.

"Mr. Ford has completed plans to spend twenty to thirty pounds this year in extending his business by building new factories, light railways, and plants for the utilisation of by-products. He declares that he will not rest until every man owns a motor car."

South African Paper.

"An altercation took place and the prisoner bit off a portion of Jenkins's left ear."—Provincial Paper.

Although History repeats itself, it is hoped that this "Jenkins's Ear" will not involve us in another war with Spain.

From a character-study of the MINISTER OF HEALTH:—

"It was an entirely successful first appearance, one which marked down the Glasgow Socialist as a man to be watched not merely as a phenomenon in British politics, but as one who may easily become an out."—Daily Paper.

But that surely might be said in present circumstances of any of Mr. WHEATLEY's colleagues.

INTIMATE AFTERNOONS.

VI.—A RECKLESS INTERLUDE.

Tom Darby and his wife Joan are sitting at home over the teacups.

Tom. Yes, dear, the Chief suddenly decided to go away this morning. There will practically be nothing to do at the office until Tuesday.

Joan (in rapture). Oh! Tom, what shall we do?

T. It is rather jolly, isn't it?

J. You'll really be quite free?

T. Till Tuesday. That gives us two whole days.

J. We must make a programme.

T. We've certainly earned the right to a little holiday somewhere.

J. I should think so indeed. I hate to see you always tied to that wretched office.

T. And I can't bear to see you chained for ever to this beastly flat.

J. I've come to hate that horrid business of yours.

T. And I'm beginning quite to dislike this confounded housekeeping.

J. Do you remember that walking-tour the year after we were married—the day when all the inns were full, and we tramped into Clovelly in the dead of night?

T. And that lovely little trip to Normandy. Do you remember those flies in the forest of Caudebec?

J. And that sweet little attic on the sea-front at Dieppe—the night of the fireworks?

T. (moved by ancient memories). That was the evening we lost thirty francs at the Casino.

J. It was worth thirty francs.

T. (recklessly). I didn't care if it was sixty.

[Pause for reflection on these wild recollections of the past.

J. And then there was Paris.

T. Eleven years ago next August.

J. I never dared to tell Aunt Emmeline half the things we did. Do you remember drinking that green stuff at the Café de la Paix—*crème de menthe* I think it was called?

T. (playfully). I had to help you into the taxi, Joan, and the chauffeur winked at me as he shut the door.

J. Oh, Tom! You never told me that he winked. (Suddenly) I say, Tom.

T. Yes, dear.

J. Why not do it again?

T. Paris, you mean?

J. Why not? We've got two days. We could start early to-morrow morning. We should be in Paris for tea, and we could come back, I suppose, on Monday night.

T. (dubiously). Yes, I suppose so. Let's. (Reflecting.) There's the packing, of course.

J. We've got this evening for that.

T. Yes, so we have. I'll get a time-table.

J. (as he goes to his bureau in the corner). I hope those bags of ours are all right. It's some time since I had a look at them.

T. (coming back with the time-table). We shan't want more than one. Luggage is always such a dreadful bother.

J. (looking over his shoulder). There you are, Tom—London to Paris. It has a page all to itself.

T. We'd better go by Calais. I can't stand more than an hour on the Channel. Here's the train—8.40 from Victoria.

J. We shall have to be up pretty early.

T. (with a grimace). Travellers cannot be choosers. (Suddenly) Oh, dash!

J. (uneasily). What's the matter?

T. This time-table was published in May, 1922. Probably the trains are all different now.

J. Why not ring up Cook's?

T. It's Saturday afternoon. Cook's is probably closed.

J. Try the station.

T. That's hopeless. One never gets on to the right department. The fact is, you know, these things require a little preparation. One can't rush off to Paris at a moment's notice. In any case it seems a bit far for two days, don't you think? We shall be sitting up all night on Monday.

J. I wonder. Perhaps you're right.

T. (with a flash of inspiration). Anyhow, it's impossible.

J. Why?

T. Passports!

[Tom, having successfully dealt with this crisis, sinks back into his armchair.

J. Of course. How silly of us to forget!

T. (comfortably lighting his pipe). We must think of something else. We've an unlimited choice. How delicious to think that we can go off to-morrow morning simply anywhere we please!

[He spreads his hands to the blaze.

J. Except Paris.

T. Anywhere within reasonable distance, of course.

J. (exclaiming). I know!

T. (jumping nervously). How sudden you are, my dear! What is it now?

J. You remember that lovely little hotel at Lynmouth?

T. (protesting). But, my dear Joan, this is December. The place is probably closed. In any case the seaside in the winter is too appalling—unless, of course, it's Brighton or some big place with a Christmas season.

J. I suppose it would be pretty ghastly now at Lynmouth. What about some-

where in the country—that most attractive farmhouse we stayed at just after Willie was born?

T. Rather a good idea. The country's simply lovely on a fine frosty morning. You remember that chimney-corner in the great hall. That would be simply splendid in the winter-time.

J. Of course there would be drawbacks even there. They say those chimneys always smoke, and it might be just dull and foggy, and there's nothing but oil lamps and no hot water.

T. And there's not a cinema within ten miles, and you do so love the cinema. (Sitting up suddenly.) Look here, Joan, why not Brighton? There's always something to do there. And it's terribly handy. We could do things properly—the Majestic Hotel, for example.

J. I couldn't possibly stay at the Majestic. I've practically nothing to wear.

T. Then we might find some nice quiet place a little back from the sea-front.

J. I don't think I should care about that very much. One feels so out of it at a place like Brighton unless one is staying at one of the absolutely best hotels.

T. (again sinking back into the upholstery). Perhaps you're right. Possibly the best thing is to take some nice little excursion on Monday. I'm not terribly fond of going out on Sunday. On Monday we might hire a motor and drive into the country for lunch or something like that.

J. We might, of course. But isn't it a bit cold for motoring?

T. What about our bicycles?

J. Mine would have to be overhauled. It's in a shocking condition.

T. (collapsing into his chair again). Oh, well, never mind. We'll think of something before Monday morning. After all, it wouldn't be altogether wise for me to go away on Sunday. I'm supposed to be meeting Jenkinson at church, and he may be putting a little bit of business in the way of the firm.

J. And I rather wanted to finish the drawing-room curtains.

T. Then it shall be Monday. To-night, I suppose . . .

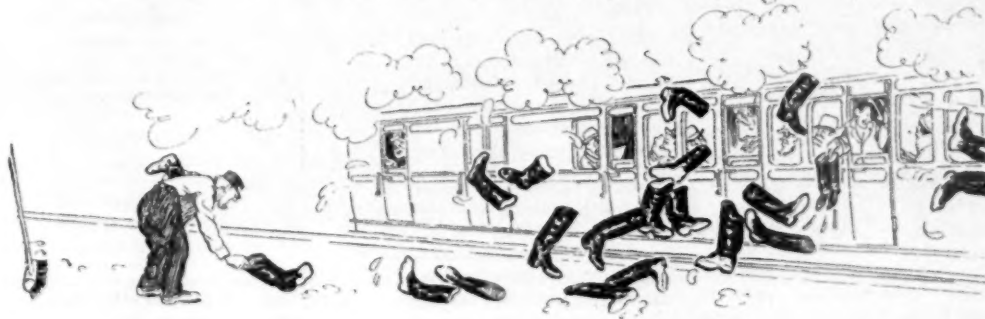
J. Of course. I've been looking forward to it all the week. It's a Paragon picture, called *Wildly Roaming*.

[Pause—Tom enjoys his own fireside and Joan takes needlework from her basket.

T. (reflectively). About Monday, dear?

J. Don't worry about it, Tom. It's just lovely to think that we've got all that time to ourselves. You'll probably wake up with a bright idea in the morning.

T. (idly stretching his hands to the



MUD MODES.

THE GUM BOOT SEASON IN OUR GARDEN CITY. A TRIUMPH OF SPARTAN ORGANISATION.

fire). It's wonderful to be free again. The long roads wind away into the hills, and little lanes lose themselves in the woods. I can hear the sea and get lost in following some tiny river through mossy coverts and frosty glades.

J. Ob, Tom! Your descriptions are simply wonderful.

T. (*basking*). I can smell pine-trees.

J. (*clasping her hands*). And think of it, Tom, waking up to all the country noises!

T. (*guardedly*). Not if we go on Monday. We'll start soon after breakfast.

J. Not too early. They always come for the washing on Monday, and I should like to check it myself.

T. Perhaps you're right. The country is so very cold before lunch. Suppose we lunch early—somewhere in town. I could meet you at the Kingsway Grill. That's where I usually lunch.

J. Meet me, Tom?

T. Well, while you're seeing to things here—the washing and all that—I might perhaps (*a little shamefacedly*)—er—look in at the office for an hour or two. There may be some letters. One never knows.

J. And while we are in town we might as well drop into the Stores and choose a cretonne for the Chesterfield.

T. After lunch?

J. I suppose so. There won't be very much time in the morning.

[*There is a restful pause until a further consideration suggests itself to the active mind of Tom Darby.*]

T. It will be pretty near teatime before we've chosen the cretonne, dear.

J. I suppose so. We must not be too long about it, though. It's so difficult to choose colours by electric light.

T. These winter days are so confoundingly short. Come to think of it, it seems hardly worth while.

J. What, dear?

T. I mean for just a single day. It will be dark almost before we start.

J. Just as you like, Tom. We could easily come back here from the Stores, and then I could start on the loose cover after tea. You could sit with me and finish reading to me that wonderful book—*The Way of Something or Other*...

T. *The Way of an Eagle*, I suppose.

J. Yes, *The Way of an Eagle*.

T. (*as he sinks finally back to rest*). Then we'll leave it at that, though we may, of course, think of something else before Monday morning. Meanwhile, what did you say was the name of the picture we were going to see this evening?

J. *Wildly Roaming*.

T. (*closing his eyes*). Sounds rather attractive.

OUR INDIAN HUMPTIES.

HE.

TIME was that in the storied East,
Of Jacks-in-office not the least,
I took the chair, I set the tone,
I made the speech, I laid the stone;
Now, like Darius good and great,
I sit no longer where I sate.

I held the scales, I tried the gang,
Bade this one live and that go hang;
The white man's load (my share or more)

These Atlantean shoulders bore;
Can Atlas sink and not the sky?
The fly-wheel turn without the fly?

To me the humblest paid his dues,
For me the highest doffed his shoes;
A thousand thousand bowed the knee
Before their lord and master, Me;
I was their Mother and their Sire,
Their Sun and Moon, their Heavenly Choir.

Those halcyon days—one loud "Qui hi?"
Brought twenty voices in reply;
One sharply uttered "Brandy peg!"
And twenty varlets plied the leg;
Now twenty times I tinkle-ting
And wait Maria's pleasuring.

A warning blast, a hand upheld
To either side the crowd compelled,
Or, if afoot I chanced to stray,
My gilded minions cleared the way;
Now in long queues that pant and fuss
I stand and jostle for the bus.

How hard it is to retrogress
From splendour into nothingness;
To have the stars within your reach
And end like seaweed on the beach!
Since *Humpty Dumpty's*, I opine,
Was never such a fall as mine.

SHE.

John's got his pension; I'm released
For ever from the hateful East,
The land that saps a woman's charms
And tears her children from her arms;
Farewell the horrors of the Plains,
Famines and fevers, boils and blains!

John has his golf, he has his cards,
His *Morning Post*, his old Die-Hards;
I cannot think why he bemoans
His tinsel pomp, his troops of drones;
Give me a brace of British maids
And keep your Indian brigades.

From steamy dawn to stewy eve
The darkened house I dured not leave;
The sun beat down, the punkah groaned,
The massed mosquitoes monotoned,
The tireless tomtom's dreadful din
Kept sleep without and rage within.

Then to the Club at Mustypore
To con the well-thumbed papers o'er,
Play bumble-pup, review the thrills
Of last year's visit to the Hills,

Endure again the same old jokes,
The same misdeals, the same revokes.

The heat and mildew spoiled my boots
And gloves and hats and John's cheroots,

And what the heat and mildew spared
A dozen tribes of insects shared;
The treasures the white ant disdained
The borer and the moth profaned.

Remote from shops I pined (a ghost
Might be content to shop by post,
But flesh and blood loves trips to Town
To hunt the breathless bargain down);
Now Oxford Street my soul regales
With the fierce pleasures of the Sales.

What use of scaling starry peaks
Unless they yield you rosy cheeks?
Let others fret and fuss and foam,
Give me the placid joys of Home.
I'd sooner far in Clapham dwell
Than queen it with the best in Hell.

A Doubtful Tip.

"Where it is inconvenient to wear gloves because a sure touch is required, it is a very simple expedient just to cut off the tips of the fingers."—*Daily Paper*.

Of a bridge manual:—

"Will enable a novice to play with those of average calibre with annoyance to them or loss to himself."—*Indian Paper*.

We have often wondered where some of our partners got their ideas.

"The [Abbey] division contains 37,000 voters, of whom 15,811 are women, and 21,188 men."—*Evening Paper*.

The odd voter is presumably what KIRLING calls a "harumfrodite."

From a lawn-tennis report:—

"Miss — was most persistent in her game against her great opponent. She plays with a jol de viune that is pleasing to see."

West Indian Paper.

Even Mlle. LENGLEN might envy her.

"The shades of Thackeray, Johnson, Addison and Steele will haunt the portals of this baronial hostelry, which is fitted throughout in Tudor style."—*Advt. in Sunday Paper*.

In case, we suppose, the ghost of SHAKESPEARE should drop in as well.

"A party of Labour M.P.'s made a ceremonious entry in taxicabs into Hyde Park to celebrate the 'freedom' of the Park to these vehicles after a ban of between 200 and 300 years."—*Daily Paper*.

We knew some of our taxicabs were fairly antique, but—

"Like all other burghs in the north of Scotland, — suffers from a lamentable shortage of horses. This, in all probability, is the explanation for the falling off in the number of marriages during recent years."

Scots Paper.

We have known, however, confirmed bachelors whom even wild horses could not drag to the altar.



Student (whose drawing has just been criticised by Great Man). "OH, IT'S TOO GOOD TO BE TRUE! I CAN HARDLY BELIEVE IT. HE SAID MY WORK DIDN'T MAKE HIM FEEL PARTICULARLY SICK!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

In an age of suffocating pretensions it is delightful to encounter such fragrant pieces of modesty as the *Letters of Anne Thackeray Ritchie* (MURRAY). "I am afraid very much she is going to be a man of genius," said THACKERAY of his nine-year-old daughter; "I would far sooner have had her an amiable and affectionate woman." The gods, however, brought about a compromise. ANNY retained her genius, but it was a genius essentially feminine, rejoicing in its natural and circumstantial limits. "Oh, why have I been writing about fairy-tales when the bells have been ringing for the taking of Sebastopol?" she cries at eighteen. But as she grows wiser she becomes not only reconciled to her imaginative and domestic bias, but even a little appreciative of it. Great figures crowd her pages, but there is always something quaint and *Cranford*-ish about them: Mrs. BROWNING with her "dead brown hair"; Cardinal MANNING with his "ascetic nose"; RENAN, "like a very fat ill-bound grammar"; STEVENSON "tossing back his hair"; CHARLOTTE BRONTË in a moss-sprigged dress; and the two GEORGES, SAND and ELIOT, the former in black silk and a cameo brooch at a play in Paris, and the latter in a dressing-gown by a London fire, "snow outside and German paper-books on the table, a green lamp and a paper-cutter." THACKERAY himself taught his little model and secretary to draw and write. "There should be a lurking prettiness in all buffoonery even," he once found it necessary to remind her. His grand-daughter, Miss HESTER RITCHIE, who is

responsible for this enchanting volume, gives reproductions of her grandfather's inimitable drawings as well as those of her mother; and the SARGENT portrait of the latter serves as the best of all possible frontispieces. Forty-two letters written by THACKERAY himself are included. These would, of course, be the making of any book; but to this book they are merely an added grace.

The name of EDGAR RICE BURROUGHS needs no introduction. Once upon a time I read all the Tarzan books then published, eight in number, and even began to dally with the Martian series by the same author. I had it in mind to write a reasoned criticism of Mr. BURROUGHS and his work. But the marvellous adventures of the wanderer in our sister-planet broke a resolution already undermined by strange happenings in the African jungle, and I confined myself to the study of that remarkable scion of our old British nobility who had enjoyed the rare good fortune of being brought up from childhood by a tribe of apes. I confess that I did not think much of our author's literary manner. And there is no disputing the fact that the Tarzan and Martian stories possess no visible merit beyond a wealth of improbable incident. Hence my surprise when I came across *The Girl from Hollywood* (METHUEN). It would be flattery to say that the book is well written, but it is infinitely better than anything I have ever seen yet from Mr. RICE BURROUGHS. It concerns itself chiefly with the adventures of a girl in the famous cinema colony, and there is plenty of drug-taking and a good deal about the process of smuggling in the "snow" and other contraband. Also we have one

Wilson Crumb, cinema star, a terrible fellow with the ladies, who reaps his just reward at the end of the book, but not without bringing the hero under a false accusation of murder. The surprising thing about the book is the way in which our author has improved in character-drawing. *Miss Shannon Burke*, who sets herself, after her mother's death, to conquer the drug habit and live a healthy life, is very different from the ridiculous wooden puppets who peopled the *Tarzan* series. And the whole *Pennington* family, who take her in hand and eventually redeem her, are quite well done. I congratulate Mr. BURROUGHS on his excursion to Hollywood.

When a bridegroom receives an anonymous letter accusing his bride of theft, he should, in my opinion, if he loves her at all, laugh at it and invite her to laugh at it with him. *Philip Stretton*, the hero of *Madame ALRANES'* latest novel, *A Bird in a Storm* (COLLINS), asks his bride for an explanation instead and though in the interests of the plot I suppose he had to, I must admit that it made me take quite a dislike to him. *Anne*, the bride, is a dear little soul, and the secret she has promised to keep, which prevents her from explaining things away, has very little to do with herself and much to do with her friend, *Joyce Pleybury*, who, being in love with *Philip* also, uses it as a means of estranging them. *Anne*, of course, as a heroine should, finds it impossible to tell her husband that an cath of silence as to *Joyce's* affairs is all that prevents her from coming into the open, which seems to my less scrupulous mind rather foolish; but, again, where would the novelists be if these refinements were not to be expected from their nicest characters? *A Bird in a Storm* does not seem to have been very carefully read for publication, but apart from that I have little fault to find with this very pretty and pleasant story, in which suffering virtue is made so attractive that the most indifferent reader as to happy endings must be glad of its ultimate triumph.

The Hazards of Smith (HURST AND BLACKETT) were four in number, and Mr. H. BEDFORD JONES sees to it that they are all winning hazards. The jacket encompassing these stories prepared me for sensations, and I was not disappointed. Indeed, once or twice I wondered if Mr. JONES ought not to be prosecuted for cruelty to heroes, so hard does he work poor *Smith*. An agent in the French secret service, *Smith* carried out his duties in "remote China"; and the setting adds piquancy to his amazing exploits. Whenever a situation grew desperate *Smith* was called in; and whether a maiden had to be saved from peril worse than death, or affairs of State had to be unravelled, he was the man for the job. In the story politely called "The Second Life of M. le Diable" he was in a very tight place, but emerged, as usual, by virtue of his coolness and resource. "I am not romantic," said *Smith*; but I cannot accept this statement. Romance coloured all his adventures, and I hope it outlived his marriage, which occurs in the fourth

story. I could not bear to think of him as settling down to a humdrum life with *Mrs. Smith*.

Only those who have the misfortune never to have seen a puppet play aptly designed and skilfully manipulated—such a gem, for instance, as that tiny desolate faun mourning for the slain doe in Mr. WILLIAM SIMMONDS' charming woodland piece—can afford to be superior about "children's entertainments." The astonishing thing—and I should imagine it must be rather humiliating to flesh-and-blood actors and authors, is the dramatic intensity of the presentation, while the words seem to be so little missed. Mr. CAPE gives us, as an index of a revival of interest in a persistently surviving art-form, *The Heroes of the Puppet Stage*, by MADGE ANDERSON, written evidently for an American audience. In America, no doubt as part of the energetic experimental theatre movement there thriving, puppetry is spreading more rapidly than here. Miss ANDERSON's concern is to summarise in a lively enough way the stories of the traditional puppet plays, so many of them centred in the figure of the immortal *Punchinello*, with a certain



Long-suffering Householder. "WELL, HOW ARE YOU GETTING ON?"
Plumber's Mate. "FINE. TWO WINNERS."

amount of incidental historical comment, rather than to give us, what we should much like to have, details of the elaborate technique of the puppet-masters. And perhaps she did not quite precisely make up her mind as to whether she was addressing young folk or mature ancients (like me). A prodigious bibliography witnesses to the author's industry; but it is odd that she seems never to have come across *The Mask* or Mr. GORDON CRAIG.

Mr. LEIGH ROGERS is quite clearly an Ameri-

can, and the practised reviewer will guess even without looking further than the title and the picture on the jacket of his novel that *Wine of Fury* (GRANT RICHARDS) must concern itself with Russia under Bolshevik rule. It is not at all a bad book of its kind. Mr. ROGERS gives us an American bank manager in Petrograd, *David Rand*, to whom comes in the opening pages one *Radkin*, an ardent revolutionary, in the guise of an assistant sent out from the head office in New York. *David's* Russian life is drawn as though the author knew all about banking life and its subtle joys and sorrows, and in spite of the impending cloud of Bolshevism, which we know must engulf his branch sooner or later, we can enjoy a gentle thrill in watching him slowly climbing the slippery hill towards an illusory success. There is a certain sameness about the feminine element in most of these Russian novels, and aristocrats like *Natalie Dukharina*, or dancers like *Naritz*, may have appeared in other pages. But I congratulate Mr. ROGERS on *Foma Ivanovitch*, type of the peasant turned soldier, who bayonets his officer when ordered to fire upon the crowd in the Nevsky where his sweetheart might be standing, and thereby incidentally awakens that clumsy giant, the Russian people, and sets him lurching forward on unsteady feet towards KERENSKY and the Provisional Government. The story of the early days of the revolution rings true, but I was a little sur-

prised to find the publisher explaining in a foreword the enthusiasm that seized upon him as soon as he read the first two pages of manuscript. In the printed book they seemed hardly as exciting as all that.

If there is anything pleasanter to see than a dexterous craftsman forgetting himself in his craft, it is the same enthusiast condescending to its elements for the sake of a beginner. Both spectacles are afforded by Mr. GORDON CRAIG'S *Woodcuts and Some Words* (DENT)—not *passim*, of course, but in admirably large patches. The book begins with the happiest, most captivating little record of its author's own experiments—experiments whose final success is borne out by its three-score illustrations—and its last twenty pages contain the most lucid and friendly guidance I have met on the art of cutting a block for yourself. Mr. CRAIG is certain that wood-cutting rather than pen-drawing should be the occupation of the young and strenuous. "There is good reason for an imaginative fellow having some tough craft. It cools his ardour." He shows how his own interest grew out of scene-designing (for which he used differently-tinted wood-cuts) and attempts to ennoble the theatre-programme. Then came lessons from WILLIAM NICHOLSON—these are delightful reading—followed by the exhilarating pursuit of "gouging out white spaces" on sliced box-trunks bought from Italian wood-turners or furbished-up blocks of the 'sixties vended by a mysterious old recluse in Red Lion Court. Neither Mr. CAMPBELL DODGSON, who writes the book's preface, nor Mr. NICHOLSON himself, has anything to say for Mr. CRAIG'S French Renaissance trick of adding grey to the wood-cut's orthodox repertory of black-and-white. Nor have I. But I own, quite unreasonably, to sharing its author's own tenderness for the jolly little "Pyramid" cut in which this dodge is most in evidence.

When *My Daughter Helen* was written, I learn from an explanatory foreword to *Marmaduke* (CAPE), the author had no sequel in mind. As time went on, however, I suppose he began to think it a pity that nothing more should be done about it. Personally, I have not read the earlier story, but I conjecture from the history of *Marmaduke* that it left this amiable but ineffective forger facing the five years' penal servitude which he has completed during the interval. It may be admitted that the return of the erring husband to the bosom of his justifiably anxious family after one of those unfortunate side-slips affords excellent material to the student of character. And Mr. ALLAN MONKHOUSE is something of a psychologist. He takes the family in hand, consisting of the father-in-law (of literary tastes), who tells the story, his daughter *Helen*, his son *Randal*, *Helen's* four children, and finally *Marmaduke* himself, and occupies himself happily through some two hundred odd pages (it is quite a short book) in displaying the various efforts of this crowd to shepherd the returned sinner into the right and whole-



"FOR GOODNESS' SAKE, MABEL, ASK THAT FELLOW TO SPEAK UP."

some path. For *Marmaduke* himself does his best to help. He really would almost like to be a reformed character, were it any way possible to become one. But there is a kink in him somewhere—let us call it the artistic temperament—that lies in wait to wreck him at every turn. It does not matter what they all do for him, and they all do their level best, it fails. The father-in-law, poor as he is, even finances a dramatic company for a while in the hope of finding him a permanent job as an actor, but to no purpose, except in so far as it gives Mr. MONKHOUSE the opportunity of drawing the *Erralls*, husband and wife, an admirable pair of strolling actors, modern style. Even a journalist's career, that last resort of the destitute (in fiction), is soon found to be hopeless. *Marmaduke* is doomed to descend again into the pit. A good book of its kind, done with considerable insight and an uncommon reticence. The relations between the erring father and his children are especially well conceived.

"In one of the nineteen 'threatened' City Churches, All Hallows, Lombard Street, that links up with Saxon times, Mr. A. Keen, Hon. Secretary of the R.I.B.A., pointing yesterday to its grinning Gibbons carvings, pleaded strongly against the vandals."—*Provincial Paper*. We don't remember these grinning carvings. Was he referring to the gargoyles?



THE FEMININE INFLUENCE.

IS IT POSSIBLE THAT THE CLOCHE HAT VOGUE WILL EXTEND TO THE STERNER SEX?

THE CHUNNEL SCHEME.

THERE are three main reasons why, for the time being, that philosophic proposition, the Channel scheme, has, so to speak, been driven underground.

The first is the length of time it would take to complete a well-appointed twenty-two carat tunnel some twenty-one miles in length. Secondly, the difficulty of disposing of the chalk obtained in excavation on a market that, in spite of the increase in the number of schools and billiard saloons in recent years, is still strictly limited. The third and most important is the question of finance. The mere digging of the tunnel would cost a large sum, even supposing that the cheapest shovels were used; and to this incidental expenses would have to be added, such as filling in the excavated space with atmosphere. This is an expensive item, as even third-grade atmosphere, as supplied to the L.C.C., runs to about four shillings a gallon.

Is there then no method by which this scheme might be carried out in a more economical manner, better suited to these days, when as a nation we can no longer afford expensive luxuries? I suggest that there is.

Let us buy a second-hand tunnel.

Now Switzerland is a little country that is infested with tunnels. Surely the authorities, if approached in the right spirit, would be willing to dispose of two or three at a reasonable figure. Three would probably be needed to make up the required length. Competent judges have said of these tunnels that they are of the very best material and workmanship, guaranteed water-proof and lined throughout, and, though not new, of such a superior finish that any person fortunate enough to acquire one could at any time show it to his friends with pride and satisfaction.

Should the purchase be decided upon it would be advisable to acquire them, if bought by the yard, during the cold weather, as they expand considerably during the summer. With a good power-saw they might then be cut up into suitable lengths for a train-load and transported at owner's risk to Calais. It would be a small matter for modern engineers to join up the pieces. There is sure to be some plastic water-resisting material on the market for the purpose. The ends having been corked up the tunnel might be floated out to sea and anchored in position. By means of suitable weights secured to it, say a couple of obsolete battleships filled with

concrete, it might then be sunk on to the bed of the Channel and nailed to the floor from the inside.

Such a Chunnel, I have reason to believe, would be found to give genuine satisfaction, and, though coming a great deal cheaper, would prove just as durable as the more expensive freshly bored article.

New Light on Mahomet.

"He was certainly the first Caliph since Mahomet the Prophet to wear a wrist-watch."
Daily Paper.

"Wanted, energetic Men, either sex, to help in canvassing orders for high-class Cigars," etc.
Advt. in Indian Paper.

A chance for a widow to dispose of her weeds.

"It may here be recalled that when seeking for fresh treasures, he met with a tragic end, for he fell into a concealed pit dug by the Sandwich Islanders for the capture of wild bulbs, and was gored to death by one of them."
Gardening Paper.

We had no idea our horticulturists ran such risks.

"A REAL TERROR."

I have no personal knowledge of Mr. —, but I am told that he is—what we all delight to hear—a real tenor."

Letter in South African Paper.

The Editor, however, appears to have a different opinion.

CHARIVARIA.

M. PAPANASTASSIOU and M. HADSIKYRIAKOS are the new leaders of the Greek Republican Party. We sincerely hope they will never quarrel and start calling one another names.

An income-tax form containing eight pages is about to be issued. We wouldn't mind betting that before we have read three pages there will be some sinister reference to money.

An American scientist has just discovered that the earth is lighter than we imagined it was. It would be. Look at the amount of it that has recently been dug out of the London streets.

Four shillings a year was voted as the salary for Ministers in the Central Provinces recently. It seems a lot, but perhaps they were good Ministers.

The girl who was recently chosen as the London Venus gives as her secret of beauty: "Never sit down." Now perhaps Lord ASHFIELD will be able to get a fresh advertisement for his Underground in the rush hours—as a beauty course.

The late Assistant-Manager of the Underground Railways is to be the new Conservative organiser. Let's hope he'll be more successful than he has been in providing sure seats.

Sir OLIVER LODGE says that the next war may possibly obliterate mankind. It seems a pity that there should be nobody left on this side to call us up in a séance.

In the opinion of a woman-writer bedtime stories are not always successful. Quite so. Especially that one about being detained at the office.

A contemporary suggests that three umpires should officiate at cricket matches this year. But we think ourselves that a good hatstand would make the third unnecessary.

A couple in Lincolnshire recently arrived at the church a week too early for their wedding. We think the lady might have dissembled her anxiety by a day or so, anyhow.

It is estimated that in a pack of playing cards there are over six hundred thousand million different bridge hands. The way some partners talk about theirs at the end of an evening you'd fancy they'd been dealt the whole lot.

In view of Mr. EPSTEIN's declaration that the Nelson Monument ought to come down, a policeman who saw a suspicious-looking character in Trafalgar Square ordered him to move on.

A fashion publication says that women should put their complexions in order for the Spring. Not a misprint for "put them on order," we trust.

A shell has been invented in America which can be fired into space when containing a man. It is strange that

United States legislation we think about some examples of our own.

Meat eating is now said to be conducive to old age. Except, of course, in the case of the cattle.

Mr. J. M. HOGGE has remarked that bricklayers do not lay bricks as hens lay eggs. This accounts for the comparative scarcity of new-laid bricks.

A well-known playwright has just said that his latest play is not immoral. It is rumoured that the producers have asked him to be more careful in future about making such damaging statements.

A contemporary is asking "Which came first—the music or the dance?"

We don't know, but they both seemed to disappear about the same time, somewhere about 1913.

A South African visitor recently complained that he found it difficult to get people to take his five-pound notes. Has he tried handing them to somebody to show his confidence in them?

Lecturing at the Royal Institution Professor BANCROFT pointed out that cuttlefish have blue blood. This is one of the things that distinguish them



Waitress (to customer who has waited half-an-hour unserved). "LET ME SEE, SIR; WHAT DID YOU HAVE?"

no man had previously thought of that method of dodging spring-cleaning.

Signor GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO has been invited to visit Russia. Why the famous Italian poet didn't ask Russia to visit him is what some people cannot understand.

Golf has been adopted as the school sport of California. This means that lessons will eventually become the leisure-hour pastime of their colleges.

As a protest against a referee Mlle. LENGLEN has declared that she will not go to Wimbledon this year to defend her title. It is however expected that when the time comes the famous tennis champion will again jump into the pictures.

Mr. RUPERT HUGHES has described American laws as the laughing-stock of Europe. The trouble is that just when we are getting ready to laugh at

from the New Rich.

The War Office has authorised smarter walking-out uniforms. This is understood to be due to pressure brought to bear by the Brighter Peace movement.

After reading an article in a contemporary concerning the fall of LUDENDORFF, we've come to the conclusion that he didn't fall. He was Putsched.

Recent cablegrams refer to some disgraceful spectacles in New York. We know. We've seen the Americans wearing the same sort over here.

From a Malayan firm's New Year's circular:—

"May God help the Nations of the World to establish everlasting Peace and Harmony and raise the price of Rubber."

In the matter of combining piety with business the West has little to teach the East.

ELIZABETH AND THE HAND OF FATE.

"Elizabeth," I remarked, "I have had some horrid news."

Elizabeth set down the breakfast-tray with a crash. "Wot did I say," she remarked almost triumphantly, "when I saw three crows flyin' abreast over the 'ouse this mornin'?" "It's an oming of bad news," I ses.

"Your crows were rather late," I retorted, "as the bad news came last night in a letter. Our landlord has had an offer for this house and intends to sell it."

"Wot a brute!" commented Elizabeth, drawing up her lank form in righteous wrath. "An' I understand now, 'm. There was a tall gentleman in your cup the other day, 'm."

"A tall gentleman in my cup!" I marvelled.

"Carryin' an umbrella, 'm. Close to 'im was a triangle, which means trouble—"

"It generally does," I murmured.

"And unless someone comes acrost 'is parth, so to speak, an' breaks the spell—"

"You needn't bother about breaking the spell," I interrupted hastily. "You're more likely to break the cup. Such a lot have been smashed since you took to reading fortunes by tea-leaves."

"Something *must* be done," continued Elizabeth, unruffled. "I should be very sorry, 'm, if you was to leave. I couldn't promise to go along with you—not for good, that is."

I looked at her sorrowfully. "You mean to desert us, Elizabeth?"

"Well, you see, 'm, I've got to know orl the young men in this part, an'—an'—"

"But couldn't you get to know the young men in another neighbourhood?" I suggested hopefully.

"I'm not sure I'd like to start orl over again. It's up-ill work in a way, 'm. But there, p'raps you'll not be goin' after orl. I shall look up the Signs for you, 'm, as soon as I've done the front-door steps;" and, nodding mysteriously, she lunched out.

Two months elapsed before Elizabeth again referred to the Signs. Her reticence was due, no doubt, to a feeling of delicacy, for it appeared they were against me. This she confided to me one day with peculiar abruptness when she opened the front-door.

"It's no use 'iding the truth from you any longer, 'm," she said darkly. "The Signs 'as been bad for you for weeks an' weeks."

It seemed such an unlooked-for remark that I suspected a hidden meaning in her words.

"Have the Signs been doing anything while I was out?" I asked suspiciously. "I hope they haven't broken anything valuable."

"O' course, 'm, the Signs is orlways the Signs," continued Elizabeth oracularly, "but there are times when it seems to me there isn't no 'arm in givin' Fate a 'elpin' and, just to turn it in the right direction, like."

"Elizabeth," I said, now positively uneasy, "what has happened in my absence? Tell me the worst."

"The worst, 'm! The best, you'll say when I tell you. Ever since you told me, two months ago, that the landlord was goin' to sell this 'ouse I bin thinkin' on ways an' means. An' then an ideer come to me, in a vision, so to speak."

Elizabeth, I should explain, has a notion that she sees visions. If so, they must come to her in the early morning, after her alarm clock has gone off, for it is then that her slumber seems to be most profound.

"Soon after you'd gone out to-day," she continued, "a gentleman called and sed 'e'd come to look over the 'ouse as 'e was thinkin' of takin' it."

"Come in, Sir," ses I; "the Missus is out, but p'raps I'll do as well."

"Did you show him all round?" I inquired anxiously.

"That I did, 'm. First of orl I shows 'im the drorin'-room. 'I wouldn't advise you to use this room much, Sir,' I ses, 'as it isn't safe. The floor gives way.'

"Dear me," 'e sed, lookin' real put out; 'dry rot, I s'pose?'

"It's not rot," I ses quite sharp, "but perfect truth, seein' I fell through there meself once, so I know. I suppose you'll want to see the kitchens, Sir? Becos I feel I orter tell you the truth."

"You don't fall through there as well, do you?" he asks, looking fair alarmed.

"No, Sir," I ses, "but the range is just orful, won't cook anything, an' it fairly eats coal—"

"Elizabeth," I interrupted sternly, "how dare you tell such untruths?"

"Wait a minnit, 'm. That's nothink to wot I told 'im about the bedrooms—'ow the rain comes in orl of them, and that the 'ole 'ouse is fallin' to pieces for want of repair. But when I told 'im the drains was orl wrong—"

I sank down on the hall settee. "You—you surely didn't tell him that the drains were wrong?"

"I did, 'm; an' that's when 'e went—I never see anyone in such a 'urry to get away. An' 'e sed 'e wouldn't live in the place to be paid for it. I'd like to see our landlord's face when 'e 'ears that!"

"But—but, Elizabeth," I gasped, "we're not leaving here—the landlord decided he wouldn't sell after all."

"But wot about the party 'oo came to look over the 'ouse, 'm?"

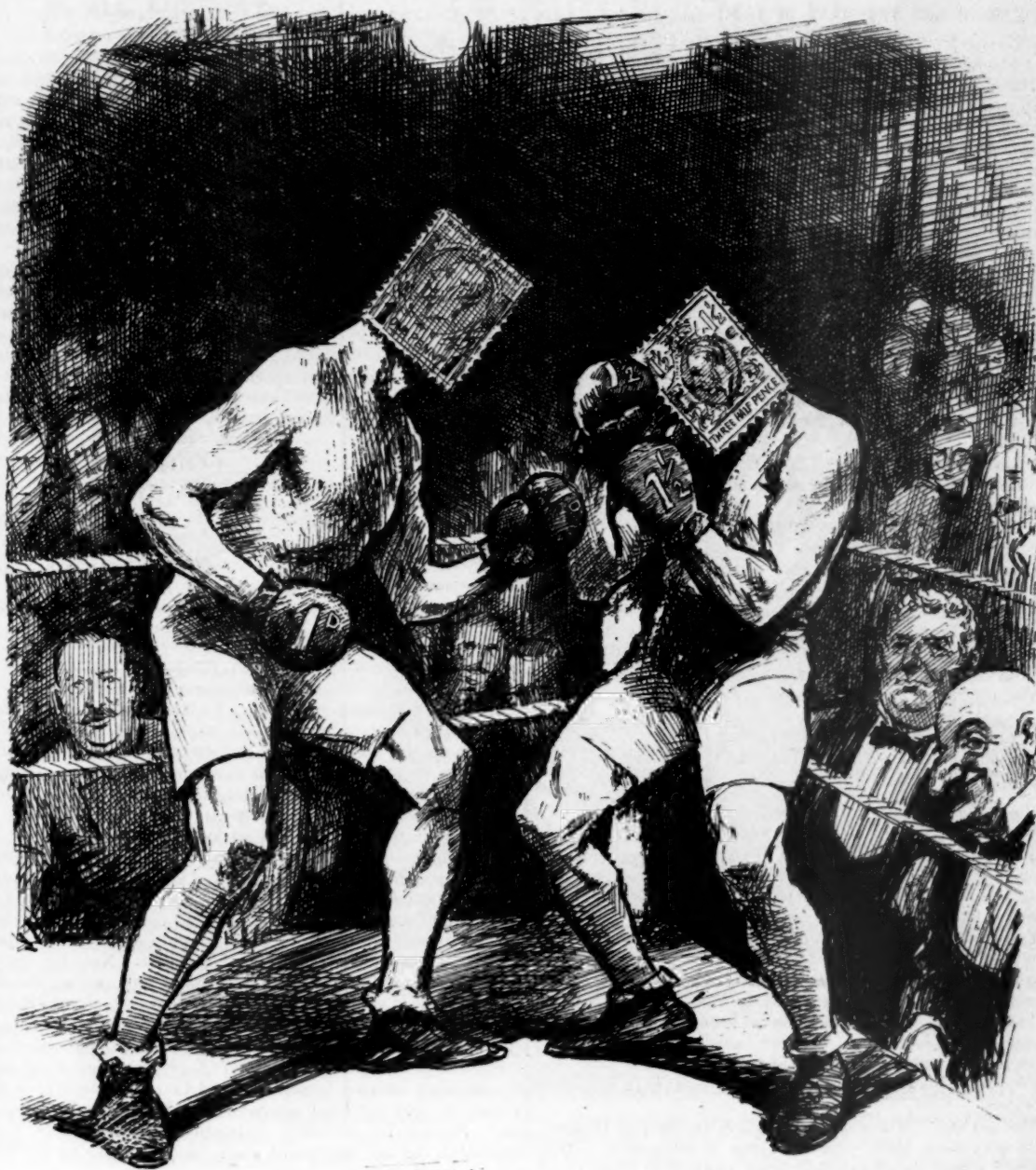
"I have taken a cottage in the country for the summer months, and that gentleman, Elizabeth, was the tenant to whom I hoped to sublet our house furnished. The whole thing was practically arranged but for your abominable interference. How dared you take so much upon yourself?"

Elizabeth bowed her head to the storm. Contrition was in every angle of her lank form as she turned and drifted towards the kitchen. "I was wrong to go against the Signs," she murmured. "It's unlucky. It's the last time I shall ever try to turn the 'and o' Fate."

PLURALS.

(The Society For Pure English has recently recommended a sparing use of foreign plurals.)

THOUGH we do not recommend a Change of plural for "agenda," And we always understand a Careful list of "memoranda"; Though we can't eliminate a Careless publisher's "errata," May the man who says "gymnasia" Be afflicted with aphasia! If we do not check this mania We shall cultivate "gerania," For the gardener, though he delves, Knows more Latin than ourselves. We shall see him planting "gea" In the gardens of "musea," Also "scillæ" in the "loci" Of "narcissi" and of "eroei." We shall talk of "animalia"; Our relations from Australia, On arriving at Victoria, Will encumber our "emporia" Buying "cameræ" as well as Silk "umbrellæ," not umbrellas. Now, if this is not abated, With the quite uneducated Every "us" will turn to "i," "Omnibus" to "omnibi." Each one of the lot of us is Fond of hippopotamuses, And some of us at least Feel the Gateway of the East Will be creaking on its hinges If our sphinxes turn to "sphinges." If we do not cut our losses And retain "rhinoceroses," We shall find the Hellespont is Full of Greek "rhinocerontes" All trying hard to swim it; And there won't be any limit To the Latin, Greek and Bulgar Of a tongue that once was vulgar, When the English of our mothers Is the property of others.



LEONARD HORN

THE RED HOPE.

WAITING FOR THE KNOCK-OUT.



Contractor (much agitated) to Foreman. "JOBSON, CALL THE MEN OFF AT ONCE. WE'VE DUG UP THE WRONG STREET!"

A MAN OF THE WEEK-END.

THE present article in the "Men of the Week-End" series deals with the distinguished writer of the others. But it is from a different pen; and in order not to keep the public waiting it is published in this journal to-day instead of the *Sunday Times* next Sunday.

It is only right that the statesman referred to should figure in a series including more than one eminent political personage with whom he has been closely associated, and by whom he has stood, in the past, through thick and thin, however thick and however thin.

To avoid misunderstanding it should be made clear that the word "week" in our title is correctly spelled with two e's. The subject of this article is one of those vigorous personalities of whom it may be said that the putting on of his boots is for his enemies no less ominous than the taking off of his gloves. And we have it on the authority of an intimate acquaintance that the other end of him—the one opposite his boots—far from being weak, is in first-class condition.

The saying, "*Multa tui fecique*" is ascribed to HORACE. (The quotation book omits to give a surname.) Those strange words may be equally well applied to FREDERICK. "Much have I suffered and done" is how we should put it now-a-days. One can hardly fail to be aware of his most-talked-of sacrifice. He gave up an income of £10,000 a year (it has even been put as high as £30,000 a year) at the Bar in order to engage in occupations which he deemed to be more desirable.

On the very day of his birth it was said of him by those who knew him best that he was an exceptional personality. They were right. This is not the place to dwell upon the events of his childhood and youth. But there is no reason to doubt the Oxford story that he tossed up to see whether he should become Archbishop of Canterbury or not, and won.

Hardly had he turned his attention to the Bar than the Bar turned its attention to him. In the House of Commons his manner was quiet without being silent. It was his maiden speech which almost induced the House to permit Members to make more than one maiden speech. Other maiden speeches delivered about that time, however, compelled the Mother of Parliaments to change her mind.

Still young enough to be regarded with the barest toleration by both seniors and juniors, his short life has consisted of one blessed thing after another. Not content with his prowess in the realms of thought, he has laid valid claim to be a man of action. At one moment in his career the world waited eagerly to hear how this intrepid horseman brought the good news from CRAIG to CARSON. Not for him, however, were the glittering rewards of this contemplated enterprise, and among the disappointments which may have been felt by spectators of his brilliant career none, perhaps, has been more bitter than that of having been deprived of a particularly promising spectacle. A greater need arose for his military service, which diverted him from that project before he had yet been measured for his riding-breeches; and, though he gallantly responded, the nature of the campaign did not permit of such horsemanship as he had set his heart upon.

What will be his future? The question serves a purpose in opening the final paragraph of this article; but for the moment we cannot think of the answer. This article is being written on a day when nobody's future can be predicted with any amount of optimism; and, as far as we can see, it is hardly likely that prospects will have improved by the date of its publication. But he has had a future for a good many years past, and doubtless he will have one for some time to come.

"Lost, Gold Medal Brooch (two crossed skulls engraved)."—*Irish Paper*. Probably a memento of a good old Irish row.

IN ALL SOBRIETY.

WE were mentioning—within reason—the occasion in our lives when we had been made to look most foolish. It is a good subject for conversation, so long as people are truthful.

Various *con'tretemps* had been related, and then came the turn of the Doctor.

"Even you," I said, "for all your owlish wisdom and self-protectiveness have been caught out once, I'm sure."

"Of course," he replied. "Even I. In fact, I haven't lived it down yet, although thirty years have passed. I have a brother who still has to hold on to something to keep him steady whenever he refers to it."

"It was soon after I had gone into practice. One day, by a mistake on the part of the maid, a man was shown into my consulting-room, who, instead of being, as I expected, a patient—and patients weren't so common then—was a drummer, and his special line was glass. Before I could put up any effective attack he had whipped out of his bag a carafe and a tumbler."

"These," he said, "are the perfect things for a doctor's waiting- or consulting-room. Elegant in shape and—what is much more to the point—unbreakable. All medical men suffer from breakages; but with these you need never fear such expense again. They are made of a new patent glass so toughened as to be absolutely unbreakable."

"To prove his words he tossed the carafe on to the floor, and it bounded lightly along it, intact. He retrieved it and threw it up to the ceiling, and down it came and again bounced along, intact. Then he pitched the tumbler on the floor, and it survived the shock. Then he offered them to me, and I threw them about."

"The upshot of it was that I bought them, chiefly for fun, and he went away happy."

"That was in the morning. On the evening of the same day I was dining with some friends and going to a ball, and also on that evening I was expecting my eldest brother on a visit."

"He was a don at Cambridge, and was coming from there—a long journey—and as he had not arrived by the time I had to go, I left him a note of apology explaining the situation and putting the house and the cellar at his disposal, and went off to my revels."

He stopped and began to laugh softly. Personally I am all in favour of men enjoying their own jokes, and it was a delight to see his eyes moisten and disappear amid the wrinkles.

"It was a very jolly dance," he resumed, "and I was there till the end,



He. "YOU'D BETTER MARRY ME, DARLING. ELIGIBLE MEN ARE SCARCE."
She (reflectively). "I SUPPOSE I COULD OFFER THAT AS AN EXPLANATION."

reaching home somewhere about half-past two. On the hall-table I found a note from my brother, adjuring me, however late I was, to give him a call and say how do; and I prepared to do so, but first I looked into the consulting-room to see if there were any messages. The first thing I saw was the carafe and tumbler, and as my brother had always had the same interest in the marvellous and unexpected as I—we had been great experimentalists as boys—I took the tumbler with me.

"Quietly opening his door I struck a match and lit the gas.

"He at once woke.

"'Hullo, old man!' he said, blinking and sitting up; 'I hope you've had a good time.'

"'Splendid,' I said. 'But, I say, I want you to see this. One of the most extraordinary things in the world.'

"I showed him the tumbler and lifted it above my head.

"'Now watch,' I said, and flung it to the floor, where it broke into about ten million pieces

"To this hour, no matter what I do or say, it is my brother's firm conviction that I was drunk."

R. V. L.



IDEAL HOMES AT WEMBLEY (INSET, THE PRESENT OCCUPIER).

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.**III.—BUILDING AND DECORATING.**

"Let us take a concrete example."

Ruskin's "Seven Lamps of Architecture."

In the great restaurant at the Stadium the Empire-builders feed and entertain their guests.

A man suddenly descending upon Wembley from the outer world might have been startled by the appearance of the people lunching at the long table next to us. All of them wore smocks daubed with different-coloured paints, and the majority were young girls with bobbed hair, breeches and thick woollen stockings or, in some cases, gum-boots.

"They are the Art Students," said our guide. "They spend the day perched high up on scaffolding, painting the outsides of restaurants with enormous brushes in all sorts of fantastic designs. They come from Glasgow, you know."

"I didn't know Glasgow was a part of the Empire," I said. "I thought it had broken away."

But it appeared that the Art Students of Glasgow were still loyal to the British Raj.

We had an Empire-builder at our own table—one of those men who are practically responsible for everything at Wembley. Not that he is the only one. Far from that.

"Wait a minute," our guide said, springing up suddenly and almost upsetting the Illustrator's bottled stout. (He was drinking bottled stout partly, he explained, because it was his birth-

day and partly to drown the scent of pear-drops, which has something, I understand, to do with the gold dust which is being pasted on to the walls and pillars of the room.) "I must take you over there for a moment and introduce you to Blank."

"And who is Blank?" we murmured in dutiful tones.

"Not know Blank!" he exclaimed in surprise. "Why, practically speaking, Blank is Wembley."

But later on another man, with the eye and commanding presence of a CECIL RHODES, came into the restaurant, and we were given to understand, and we could well believe it, that he was Wembley too. And still later we had a pleasant chat with a Mr. Dash, and when it was over inquired, "Who exactly is Dash?"

Our guide shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"Dash" spells Wembley?" he explained.

It reminded me rather of the Tanks. I must have had at least a score of persons pointed out to me during the Great War who to all intents and purposes were Tanks.

One of the lesser troubles, I gathered from our own Empire-builder, of the master minds is to control the soaring ambition of exhibitors, both great and small. It is much the same whether they are Overseas, Dominions or English firms. "We must have a greater or more beautiful stand," they say, "than anybody else's." The first exhibitor of

soap, perhaps, decides to have his stand made like ANNE HATHAWAY'S cottage. The next exhibitor, secretly learning of this, cries, "Ha-ha! my soap shall be exhibited in a replica of the Parthenon." And for the third nothing less than a Gothic castle or a Venetian palazzo will suffice. So that there is a real difficulty in maintaining the harmony of the general design.

This led me to ask what would be the end of these wonderful and so solid palaces. For Wembley is not a city of lath and stucco. It is a city almost entirely of concrete and steel. When the exhibition is all over, I pointed out, there will be a new town in England, far too big for any ordinary exhibition, and nothing can possibly be done with it except to let it out for private residences.

And as we left the Stadium restaurant I began to discuss with the Illustrator and our guide, (for we were all charmed with the idea of becoming citizens of Wembley), exactly where each of us would live. We strolled into West Africa, which is a walled town comprising the attractions of Nigeria, the Gold Coast and Sierra Leone. There are great Moorish walls, and temples, and round huts and square huts, and, as the Illustrator pointed out, nothing was needed to give it complete verisimilitude except the presence of a few dilapidated goats in the central square. He fell particularly under the charm of a certain mud fort, which he declared he would take as a country cottage if he could persuade the present tenant to



WILD WORK AT WEMBLEY.

I looked up at the roof.

"Funny idea having the light let in in that way," I said. "I suppose it's coloured linen, isn't it?"

"Well, it's material of some sort," he admitted.

He was cooking unpleasant lumps of what looked like beef fat in a large bucket over a brazier. Still playing the intelligent tourist and searching for information about West African village life, I asked him what he had there. His eyes glistened with professional enthusiasm at last.

"That?" he said. "Why, that's size."

But round the interior of the great Indian pavilion earnest Hindus, or it may be Moslems, were painting pictures of elephants and camels, and floral decorations on concrete slabs to give the appearance of coloured marble tiles. And outside the restaurants, near the big bandstand, the Art Students of Glasgow, sitting perilously on a couple of planks in the sky, were laying a submarine fantasy on to the façades. Dolphins and strange fishes and seaweed ran riot before their busy brushes.

Very laboriously we climbed up two ladders and plunged into their cheery Bohemian life. I am never, I fear, very good at talking about Art in studios. "I can understand your painting sea-gulls up here in the clouds," I said to a very charming girl as I timidly hugged a pole, "but not octopuses. But then I have no head for heights."

leave. But I meanwhile had strolled further on, and was captured by the idea of a bungalow or maisonette at Mandalay, owing to the gilded minarets and the carved teak peacock and Burmese gods which there would be over my front gate, not to speak of the lawn surrounded by a moat, and the immense bells which would summon me to breakfast and lunch. And dawn, I fancied, would come up like thunder out of Neasden 'crost Dollis Hill. The guide, however, plumped for Bermuda, not only, as he said, because of its marvellous climate and the infinite variety of natural scenery that would surround his home, but because he would be able to let it so easily in the summer to rich American visitors. "There is no part of our Empire that they love," he said, "as they love Bermuda."

"Where the remote Bermudas ride
On ocean's bosom still undried,
From a small steamer filled with rum
I heard the sounds of revelling come,"

I quoted with considerable aptitude. And then we stood and gazed for a while at the massive Ottawa-Greek frontage, which we decided would eventually be broken up into service flats for multi-millionaires.

There are humbler workers at Wembley, of course, besides the master minds. As I walked through West Africa I met an ordinary English pioneer who was labouring with his hands. He was in a huge circular building, with a single pillar supporting the roof.

"Is this a kind of native market-hall?" I inquired.

"Some think so," he said. "And some of them think it's more of a temple like."

"And those big logs lying there," I asked—"are they cocoanut-palm?"

"There's a lot of conflicting rumours about them logs," he said, "and I couldn't rightly say."

"It's no har-r-der to paint one than the other-r," she replied, "if it's pair-r-rt of the design."

When we had come down from that dangerous place the Illustrator discovered that it was time to go.

"By the way, who drew all these designs for these paintings?" I asked the guide.

He told me.

"But I hadn't heard of him before," I said.

"Haven't you really?" replied the guide. "Why, there wouldn't be a W in Wembley without him." **EVOC.**

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

XV.—IDEALS, HOT-WATER BOTTLES, WINE AND OTHER THINGS.

"Yes," I said, "we are suffering at the moment, they say, from a surfeit of 'Ideals.'"

"What is that?" said the Man in the Moon.

"It is an American commodity, and is transported in increasing quantities across the Atlantic. It is like wine, a good thing taken in moderation. But nowadays we are allowed to take nothing in moderation. Some of our pastors and masters, the late F. E. SMITH, for example, believe, or appear to believe, that we should cut ideals right out of our diet; others think that we should subsist on nothing else. The present age will be known in history as the Generation of Loud-Speakers and Superlatives. Unless you are either a Super-Idealist or a Super-Materialist you are no good."

"What is the difference?"

"A materialist is always looking after his own affairs; an idealist is always looking after somebody else's."

"Pass the port," said the Man in the Moon.

"An ideal," I went on, "is what you think is right; what the other man thinks right is materialism."

"Pass the ideal," said he.

"A beautiful wine."

"Beautiful!"

"It inspires me. It fills me with high thoughts and generous aspirations."

"Materialist!" I replied.

"For you must know that to enjoy a glass of wine is incompatible with the possession of ideals. A noble lord, for example, has just written a letter to *The Times* to explain that the Conservative Party can never hope to have a Great Ideal because half of them like wine and the other half like beer."

"I don't like beer," said the Man in the Moon.

"Then you have taken the first step to possessing a Great Ideal."

"What is the next step?"

"The next step is to take beer away from the people who do like it."

"The poor, I recognise," said he, "are incapable of moderation, and should at once be deprived of beer. But I am a man of strong character, and I can continue to take wine in moderation, and indeed with beneficial effects. Nay, it appears to me that wine is one of those trials and temptations which were put

into your world to test your characters; and I have already so much faith in human nature that I believe the majority will always survive them."

"Then you are no idealist. You should believe, rather, that human nature is incapable of resisting temptation and do your best to take temptation away. And you should never be content with half-measures. Until there is not one purple grape ripening on the hillsides of France and Italy and Spain the world will never be safe for sobriety. And I tell you that golden day is not far distant."

"Then let us have another glass of port."



The Orator. "I WILL NOW ENDEAVOUR TO REPLY WITH ALL COURTESY TO ANY QUESTIONS YOU MAY LIKE TO PUT."

Weak-eyed Individual. "I WOULD LIKE TO ASK——"

The Orator. "THAT'S ENOUGH, OLD GRAVY-EYES. YOU BUZZ OFF BEFORE I SET ABOUT YER."

"Very well," I replied, after a slight hesitation. "Meanwhile it is a very good thing for all of us that the lower classes do not drink wine."

"But, of course," I went on reflectively, gazing round the restaurant, "wine is very far from being the only menace to humanity. A gentleman in America, for example, is taking legal proceedings to put an end to the consumption of tea and coffee, under the Prohibition Law. And of course he is perfectly right. For tea and coffee, in the strict and classical sense of the word, are both intoxicants, or poisonous to the system. Over there is the well-known Mrs. Busy. She is nervous, hysterical, intolerant, and is constantly making scenes. The result of tea and coffee. She is an idealist, and head

of the Blue-ribbon movement. But she is a slave to tea. She begins the day with tea. Tea in bed!——"

"Disgusting."

"She has tea (or coffee) at breakfast. At eleven o'clock her maid brings her a dainty tea-tray in the boudoir. After lunch she takes just the tiniest cup of coffee—coal-black and strong as Worcester Sauce. At tea-time she takes tea—four or five cups, no more. After dinner she has just the *weeniest* cup of coffee—coal-black and as strong as Tabasco. She lives a busy life, and as like as not she takes just one cup of tea in her room before bed. That's all. My cook, curiously enough, has much

the same routine, but without the coffee. In her opinion, people who drink black coffee deserve everything they get.

"But Mrs. Busy," I continued, "has other more repulsive vices. She has the hot-water-bottle habit. By day a slave to tea, by night she is the helpless minion of her hot-water bottle. Cut off her hot-water bottle and she would never sleep again. Nay, I question if she would consent to go to bed. She likes it very hot, and firmly placed against the lower part of the spine. During the day she sits on the fender, or on a *pouffe* before the fire, and roasts her spine. And what with this and the hot-water-bottle habit, her backbone has melted to a kind of jelly. Strictly speaking, she has no backbone. And the effect of that on the brain is well known. A movement is now being launched by a few earnest idealists to put an end to these sensual

practices. It is called the Society for the Abolition of Hot-Water Bottles, or the S.A.H.W.B. for short."

"Who's that over there—with Broadbody?" said the Man in the Moon irrelevantly. "Isn't it Miss——?"

"Phyllis Fair. It is. Control yourself. Now there's a sad case. Poor old Broadbody! A Rowing Blue. Rowed for Oxford last year. Fine sport, rowing. In moderation. But the Boat-Race——! It's inhuman. Takes ten years off a man's life. That's well known. Broadbody was twenty-four last year. This year he's thirty-five. Great favourite with the ladies, though."

"Shall we join them?" said the Man in the Moon anxiously.

"Don't worry. He can't marry. He's got Oarsman's Heart. May die

any minute. But the women encourage him, all the same; he's so attractive."

"Let's go and join——"

"Cross-country running has much the same effect. And many a man is suffering now from too much football in his youth. Sprained ankles, water on the knee, swelled head, and all that. So there is a movement on foot to do away with Rowing, Running and Other Violent Sports. I'm afraid Phyllis is going."

"Let's go and——"

"But that's not the worst. There's not the least doubt that Betting does even more harm than Beer. I once invited Mrs. Busy to start a Movement to Suppress Betting. But Mrs. Busy was speculating in the franc and had no time to spare."

"Let's go——"

"Then there is the Condiment Question. Ninety per cent. of the human race afflict their insides with harmful condiments at every meal—mustard, pepper, Worcester Sauce, Irritants. Fatal. The human inside has almost ceased to exist. We mean to change all that. In America, on the other hand, they destroy their insides with iced water. We are sending a special mission to America to preach against this practice. In fifty years no water will be drunk in America. There is also Music, Reading in Bed and Eating between Meals. All these——"

"Music?"

"Have you never seen a man drunk with music? A horrible sight. He loses all sense of proportion; he doesn't know what he's doing; he staggers out of the Queen's Hall in a rapture of intoxication and as like as not runs off with somebody's wife. There will be no music in the Ideal State."

"Here comes Phyllis," said the Man in the Moon with some excitement. "How sweet she looks!"

"Yes. Now there's another thing. Women. There's not the least doubt that the most serious obstacle in the path of civilization is the existence of women. They ruin everything. Intoxicants—that's what they are. And Phyllis," I concluded, "is about the most dangerous poison I know."

"I hope," said he slowly, not looking at me, but elsewhere, "that there is no Movement to do away with women."

"Well, well," I said, "it may come to that." And with that I left the drunkard.

A. P. H.

"Cowman seeks Situation, single-handed. Life experience with small head."

Advt. in Local Paper.

"... and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all
he knew."



Mrs. Flanagan. "Now, myself, Sir, I prefers gas, 'cause you can smell when it's leaking."

SIGNS OF SPRING.

The winds of the winter take warning,
The feet of the frost are in flight,
And Mary remarks every morning
It really is getting quite light;
There's a deuce of a spate on the lasher,
A thrush by my window has sung,
And the egg that I eat with my rasher
Is passably young.

The buds on the briar and bramble
Are seen with the nakedest eye;
The lambs are beginning to gambol,
The rhubarb is fit for a pie;
There's a slump in the selling of sables,
A boom in extravagant hose,
And the tortoise that lives in the stables
Has thrust out its nose.

No longer the call of the curlews
Shrills over the desolate shore,
And even in Bloomsbury purlieus
The sparrows make love by the score;

Less hoarse is the voice of the cabby,
More free is the Bobby with smiles,
And yesterday evening our tabby
Was out on the tiles.

More Glimpses of the Obvious.

"It was patent to the 15,000 people present that the team who scored would be most likely to win."—*Province of Paper.*

"CORONER AND SUICIDES.

ABSENCE OF REASON AS EVIDENCE OF
INSANITY."
Evening Paper.

"APARTMENT TO LET.

From 1st March, large room and bath with private family."—*Advt. in Indian Paper.*
In the suggested circumstances they would naturally shrink from publicity.

"EXERCISING THE 'DEMON OF INFLUENZA.'"

Headline in Scots Paper.
Personally, we should prefer to give it a long rest.

IN PARIS WITH CHARLES.

M. ADOLPHE MENJOU (who is now at the Tivoli) should become a cult. He has accomplished triumphantly two things—the art of speaking without words, and the abolition of conventional villainy. M. MENJOU is a gay *viveur*, but he has invested that rôle with a charming insouciance that it may sometimes have in life, but has never, so far as I have been able to observe, been permitted to possess on the stage or the screen.

It is Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN (no longer to be called "Charlie") who has written the scenario, in which he has caused this excellent M. MENJOU to feature. And nobody, I imagine, but Mr. CHARLES CHAPLIN could have done it. The film, entitled *A Woman of Paris*, is a tragedy. But it is a tragedy resembling rather a short story in the realistic mode than a drama. It is hard to see that anybody is very much to blame, except fate.

One may grant that it is a crude conventional story in itself. There is a tragic misunderstanding which separates two lovers. The heroine is then found supported in luxury by the inimitable M. MENJOU—I ought perhaps to say *M. Pierre Revel*, for that is his film name. But it is hard to believe that M. MENJOU can ever be any more different from himself than Sir CHARLES HAWTREY used to be. The deserted lover, who is very poor, comes to Paris and tries to gain a living for himself and his old mother as an artist. He meets the heroine. He paints her picture; not in the dress that she wears while sitting to him, but in the dress she wore when they parted—perhaps a somewhat difficult feat. She is on the point of deciding to marry him, but his mother intervenes. The heroine is, after all, a *cocotte*. She returns to *M. Revel*. The young man follows her to a restaurant, makes a scene and shoots himself.

M. MENJOU has two unsurpassable moments in the film. During the first restaurant scene, before the truffles and champagne, he and the heroine are seated at a table next to an elderly Parisian lady with an excessively bored young man. The bored young man says to his companion, "Who is that over there?"

She answers, "The richest bachelor in Paris."

At the same time the heroine asks *M. Revel*, "Who is that over there?"

He replies, "The richest unmarried woman in Paris."

The heroine says, "No, I mean who is the young man?"

And *M. Revel* answers again. I say he answers. But he does not speak. He makes a gesture with his eyes, his shoulders and his mouth. You feel that he has written a chapter upon Parisian

pearl necklace, which is picked up by a tramp. *M. Revel* simply laughs; but with no vulgarity, with no sinister touch—merely with genuine amusement at the comedy of life; whilst the heroine, repenting, dashes downstairs, pursues the tramp, snatches the necklace from him and comes running back in her expensive clothes, twisting off accidentally in her haste—this seems a specially triumphant touch—the high heel of one of her shoes.

Of the morals of Mr. CHAPLIN's play,

A Woman of Paris, perhaps it would be better not to say too much, in spite of the attempt to placate virtue in the closing scenes. It is a clever film, although the rest of the acting is not quite on a level with that of M. MENJOU. The sub-titles however (apart from those which represent conversation) are as tiresome as usual.

"Time makes strangers of intimate friends and formality covers real emotions."

"Fifi, a friend, young and vivacious—living as youth will live."

"As evening comes, remorse and despair control the fate of Jean Millet."

"And the passing days brought about the final touches to Marie's portrait."

These rather sorry sentences are rendered more trying than usual when contrasted with the wonderful smiles and shrugs, the captivating geniality and elegance, of bad M. ADOLPHE MENJOU. But perhaps that was Mr. CHAPLIN's intention? K.

"LIFE GUARDS ON LORRIES."

Headline in Morning Paper. They were still on horses the last time we went down Whitehall.

"Horace, having cautiously closed the door, proceeded to grope beneath his chair where he picked up a shabby-looking volume. His ear, keen for an approaching footstep, turned over the leaves . . ."—*Story in Magazine.*

Many of our present-day heroes of fiction have long ears, but few can turn them to such useful purpose.

From a discussion as to whether women should be eligible as Deputies:—

"Jurat — said a woman's place was in her home. They should leave well alone, the world was upside down as it was, and they should remain as they were."

Channel Islands Paper.

They don't really look their best like that.



ECONOMY OF MEANS.

EDITOR OF ENTERPRISING PERIODICAL IN HIS FRONT COVER MAKES THE MOST OF THE SPACE AVAILABLE.

life. And there is no sub-title. There could not be.

His other supreme moment is during the later restaurant scene, when the young man sends in a note to the heroine and *M. Revel* reads it. He says in effect, "I am quite capable of dealing with this situation tactfully and in public. I shall, in fact, enjoy it." And he tells the waiter to ask the young man to their table to dine with them. He says this and much more, but he does not speak. There is again no sub-title. It is impossible to convey to anybody who has not seen him the well-bred suavity of this *bon-vivant*.

There is another fine passage, in which the heroine flings out into the street a



Whip (to Master of local Beagles, who is having a day with the foxhounds and is pursuing his horse). "ULLO, SIR! I THOUGHT YOUR DAYS WAS TOOSDAYS AND FRIDAYS?"

ON WASHING-UP.

O Ellen, Mary Ellen!
O maid who would not tarry!
Confound the love you fell in
That made you go and marry;
For, pending your successor,
I fil your shoes, O Mary,
And never had transgressor
Such penitentiary.

The vacancy created,
I volunteered to fill it;
My chivalry dictated;
My wife conspired to will it.
I article and bound me,
And offered as beginner
To tie an apron round me
And wash-up after dinner.

Ah, woe, that I suggested
That washing-up to do it!
No other job detested
Can hold a candle to it,
For, though a meal is warmer
And neater on a platter,
It spoils for me the former
To have to wash the latter.

Howe'er the table's loaded
And hungry I and hollow,
My pleasure's all corroded
By thought of what's to follow;

And savours that would greet me
Of tender chops and fishes
Now mock me when they meet me;
They speak of greasy dishes.

As ABNER fled from JOAB
I flee from asking friends in;
An extra spell at Moab*
Is all such asking ends in;
And pals I once delighted
To entertain in masses
Now seldom get invited;
They soil the plates and glasses.

Perchance this ditty, laden
With doleful exposition,
May move some gentle maiden
To lachrymose condition.
Then, be your name, O damsel,
Miss Bloggs or Miss Fortescue,
Come fast as trains and trams'll
Convey you to my rescue.

Your room shall ne'er be fireless
And, if it give you pleasure,
A private set of wireless
Shall edify your leisure;
And grateful hearts within us
Shall study all your wishes
If we can have our dinners
And you will wash our dishes.

* Psalm cviii. 9.

Cur Cynical Librarians.

From the report of a free library:—

"The number of books taken out during the last three months was 850. The classification is as follows:—5 Adventure, 1 Comedies, 801 Fiction, 18 History, 5 Magazines, 3 Poetry, 16 Welsh, 1 Literature."

From "Instructions to Umpires" in *Wisden's Cricketer's Almanac*:—

"When the ball touches the boundary it becomes 'Dead.'"

The Umpire is not a boundary."

No provision, however, is made for the possibility in the circumstances of the Umpire becoming "dead."

"In meteorological practice there is more than one system of dividing up the year into seasons, but for statistical purposes it is convenient to consider spring as beginning on March 1st, the three months November, January and February constituting winter."

Weekly Paper.

Judging by the last two summers it is evident that the dropped Decembers manage to find their way back to the calendar.

"Spring is a child," on Bleakleigh pier
So rhapsodised my poet-tripper:

"The young-eyed darling of the year."

"Ah, yes," I sneezed, "a perfect nipper."

CHRISTOPHER THE PEACE-BREAKER.

"Do you realise," said John, "that Christopher is nearly ten?"

"Don't!" shuddered Cecilia; "I can't bear it."

Christopher was to go back to school on the morrow, so to-night we were all serious.

"Only a few more years," I murmured, "and he'll be shaving twice a week and looking more like John every day. What a prospect!"

"Don't be a beast, Alan," said Cecilia. "There's years and years before that will happen."

John looked stiffly at his wife,

"Excuse me, Madam," he said coldly, "may I ask why you view with such horror the prospect of your son growing up like his father? I know I used to sing, 'Tommy lad, Tommy lad, be a better man than me,' but I never really meant it."

"My dear old darling, you're all right. It's only your face—I mean his face—I mean—"

"Precisely what do you mean?" asked John a little more coldly.

Cecilia laughed helplessly.

"I can't explain, my dear. Only that you've a dear old, ugly, bristly face, and I love it; but I can't bear to think of my Christopher being like it."

"Well, I'm dashed!" breathed John indignantly.

I laughed happily.

"And to think," I said, "that it was with that same face that you wooed and won her! Moreover, I continually pointed it out to her while there was yet time to avoid it."

"You leave his face alone. It's a better one than yours, Alan, anyway," said Cecilia. "Nasty pimpy little moustache!" she added spitefully.

"My dear sister," I answered with dignity, "I remind you without pride that the resemblance between us has been remarked on ever since we were children—dozens of years ago."

John rose hotly.

"Do you suggest, Sir," he demanded, "that my wife has a nasty pimpy little moustache?"

"I haven't got a moustache at all," shrieked Cecilia indignantly.

"All right, all right," said John irritably. "Nobody said you had."

"Then why turn on me?" I demanded.

"I didn't turn on you," he said; "you started by saying Cecilia had a funny face."

"Not at all; I merely said she was like me."

"Well, it's the same thing," said John. "It's an insult, anyway."

"For goodness' sake," interrupted

Cecilia, "don't start again. It's like Billingsgate. You ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

"Well, I'm hanged!" I said. "Who started it? Who said John had an ugly bristly face?"

"So she did, by Jove," said John. "I'm not bristly. I shaved this morning." He rubbed his hand tentatively up his cheek. "How ever did we start this appalling affair?"

"We started," I explained, "by talking of Christopher and his prospects of growing into a passable sort of being. I am the boy's uncle and I don't wish to say anything harsh about him. I just note as a remarkable fact that we three people, usually peaceable, not to say affectionate, almost invariably come to the verge of blows as soon as Christopher is mentioned in the conversation."

There was a silence.

"She said she couldn't bear him to grow up like me," muttered John.

"She said I had a nasty pimpy moustache," I stated.

"You said I was just like you," complained Cecilia.

"Bristly!" said John. "And I shave every morning before she's out of bed."

There was some more silence.

Christopher came into the room.

"I've had my supper," he said, "and I've come for five minutes before I go to bed." He sat himself securely on his father's knee and John's arms closed round him.

Christopher rubbed his face against John's.

"I love you—all whiskery," he said slowly and sleepily. "When I grow up I'm going to have a rough face like you and a moustache like Uncle Alan's."

John and I smirked complacently.

"But, my dear," said Cecilia pathetically, "aren't you going to be a bit like me?"

"Men can't be like ladies," explained Christopher. "Men can't be beautiful."

He stood up and put his arms round Cecilia.

"Good night, my lovely Mummy," he said. "I'm going to school tomorrow," he added by way of excuse.

We looked at each other and at Christopher and smiled peaceably, not to say affectionately.

"The conference passed a resolution welcoming the Government's decision not to impose a betting tax, and urging upon Free Churches to avoid practices which savoured of grumbling for raising funds."—*Scots Paper*.

Why the Free Churches only? Some appeals that we have read suggest that the Establishment also is rather inclined to this method.

A WELSH IDYLL.

Llewellyn Taliesin Jones

Possessed a voice with liquid tones;

At an Eisteddfod held at Bala
He was acclaimed "the Cambrian SALA."

The charms of this perfervid Celt
Were widely spread and deeply felt.

But once he loved and loved alone
A maiden with a heart of stone;

"What—change my name to 'Jones'?"
she said;

"I'd sooner live and die unwed."

And this remark is not so odd when
You learn that hers was Gwladys
Blodwen.

Natheless Llewellyn was possessed
With the belief that Jones was best;

For seven-score Joneses you will find
Within the D.N.B. enshrined—

A record undefeated with
One sole exception—that of Smith.

Llewellyn laboured to add lustre
And fresh distinction to this muster.

He wrote a play, *The Golden Scoop*,
Performed by the Portmadoc troupe;

He played full-back for Tonypandy;
He wrote an Ode to Mr. GANDHI;

He sang as sweetly as the mavis;
He petrified Sir WALFORD DAVIES;

He organised whist-drives at Borth
And swam the Menai back and forth.

But Gwladys, all the more he yearned,
Remained more cold and unconcerned,

And, heartless as an anaconda,
Married a Dago from the Rhondda.

Llewellyn Taliesin Jones
Wasted no time in sighs and groans;

He took a suicidal header
Upon the rocks that guard Llanbedr.

Another less romantic tale
Declares that he is lodged in gaol.

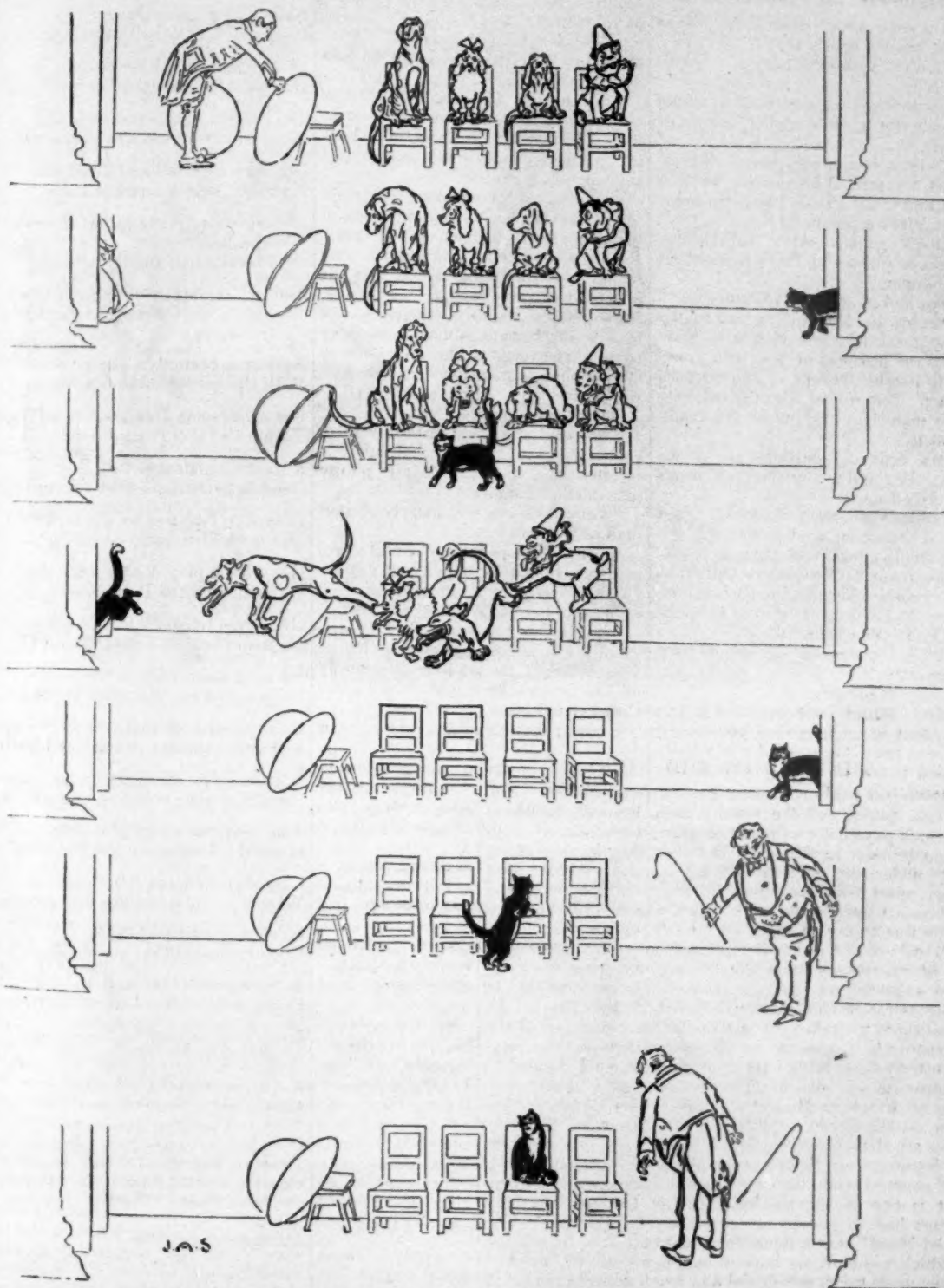
His friends believe he has become
A millionaire by running rum;

But anyhow you'll all agree
He's owed a posthumous O.B.E.

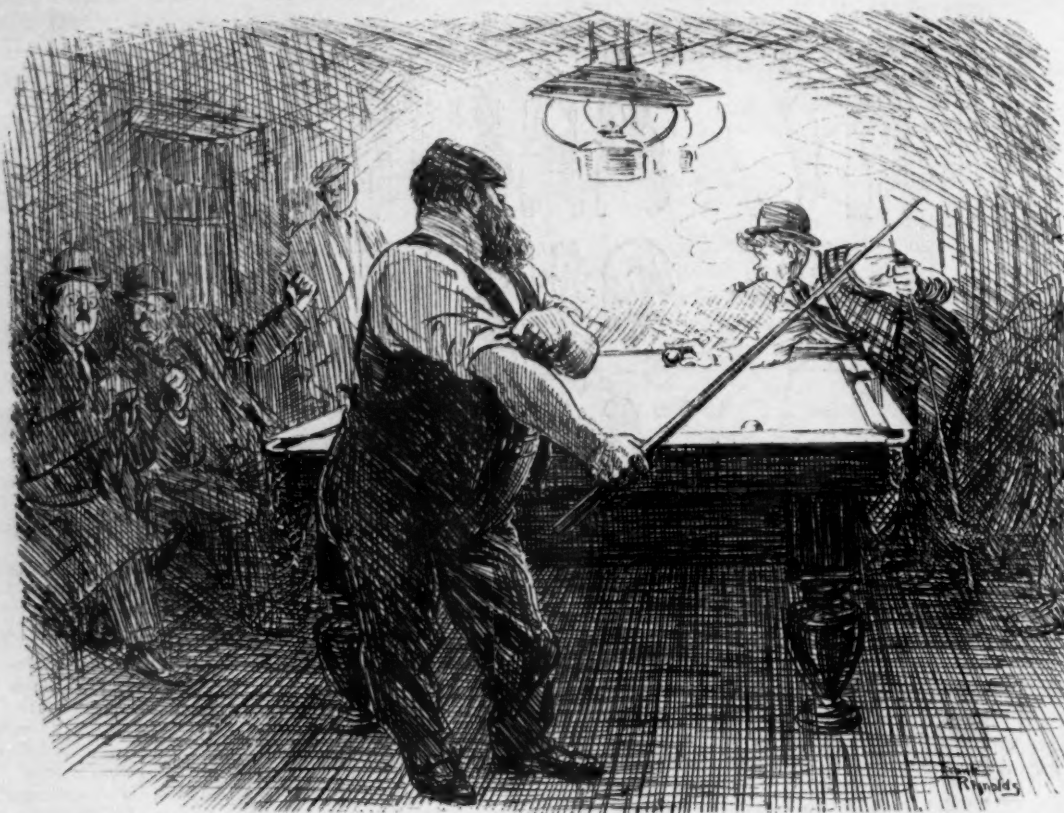
"There were at least a thousand bridge clubs in Ottawa, Rev. Mr. — said, consisting of eight, ten or twelve women, who met daily at each other's houses and gable."

Canadian Paper.

What is the missing letter in the last word? An "m" suggests itself, but a friend assures us from his experience of ladies' bridge clubs that it is undoubtedly "b".



THE STAGE CAT; OR, THE RUINED TURN.



Villager (to stranger). "You 'LL BEE SUMMAT NOW, SIR. I 'VE KNOWN 'IM PUT A DALL THROUGH THAT WINDER."

THE STAB ON THE BACK.

I HAVE just paid my Income Tax—first instalment. The financial purist and the worthy man, beyond remarking that such payment was much overdue, might not see anything admirable in this act. But then they know nothing of its underlying nobility and self-sacrifice. My decision to pay, apart from a desire to check a growing acerbity and unpleasantness on the part of the Collector of Taxes, was chiefly due to the *Daily Mail*. I felt so grateful to this pontifical organ for allowing me to keep on my hat, regardless of French *amour propre*, throughout these weeks of bitter weather and influenza, that I was quite unable to ignore its recent command, "Give Labour Fair Play." An ineradicable prejudice against one or two members of the Government—I name no names—prevented me from playing utterly fairly with Labour as a whole, so I decided to compromise and give Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN a square deal. After all, framing a Budget with one eye on Utopia and the other on the Clyde must be a pretty harassing business. These are the days of "gestures," so I made one and sent Mr. SNOWDEN my First Instalment (under Schedule E).

Of course I could not pay it out of income. No one can. That is one of the subtleties of the Income Tax. My savings had to go—in my case the "Ford Fund." The "Ford Fund" was a domestic institution—the foundation on which was built my hope of buying a small car one day. It was made up by self-denial and small contributions. A cigar unsmoked (by me), a theatre unvisited (by us), a hat unpurchased (by Phyllis), an insurance stamp unstuck (by

Jane), and a bone or biscuit uneaten (by Mick) have all meant so much grist to the "Ford Fund." I cannot say the accumulated sum was a large one, but at a conservative estimate it represented a carburettor, three wheels and an all-weather hood. Something—a start—a burgeoning hope. And now it was all—all gone, and there was left to us nothing—a false start, a blighted hope.

But the blistering irony of life has yet to be told. The Collector of Taxes, courteously relying on the promise of my cheque and tarrying not for its performance, sent me a nicely-phrased receipt by return of post. Well, that was all right—the money was paid, Labour had had Fair Play, Mr. SNOWDEN could count on a surplus, and Phyllis and I would try another walking-tour. Then I turned the receipt over; there was an advertisement on the back—an advertisement, perhaps, to some, but to me a bitter blasting sarcasm. In bold print and bolder phrase a Company, Limited, informed me that there had never been a car like the one they were now offering. The details of this superlative two-seater were set out in terms which cut me to the heart. My "Ford Fund" finished, bust, gone into voluntary liquidation—and on the sorry document which showed the full reason for this disaster I must also read "The Rich Man's Car at the Poor Man's Price. The Car you buy to keep." The car *you* buy.

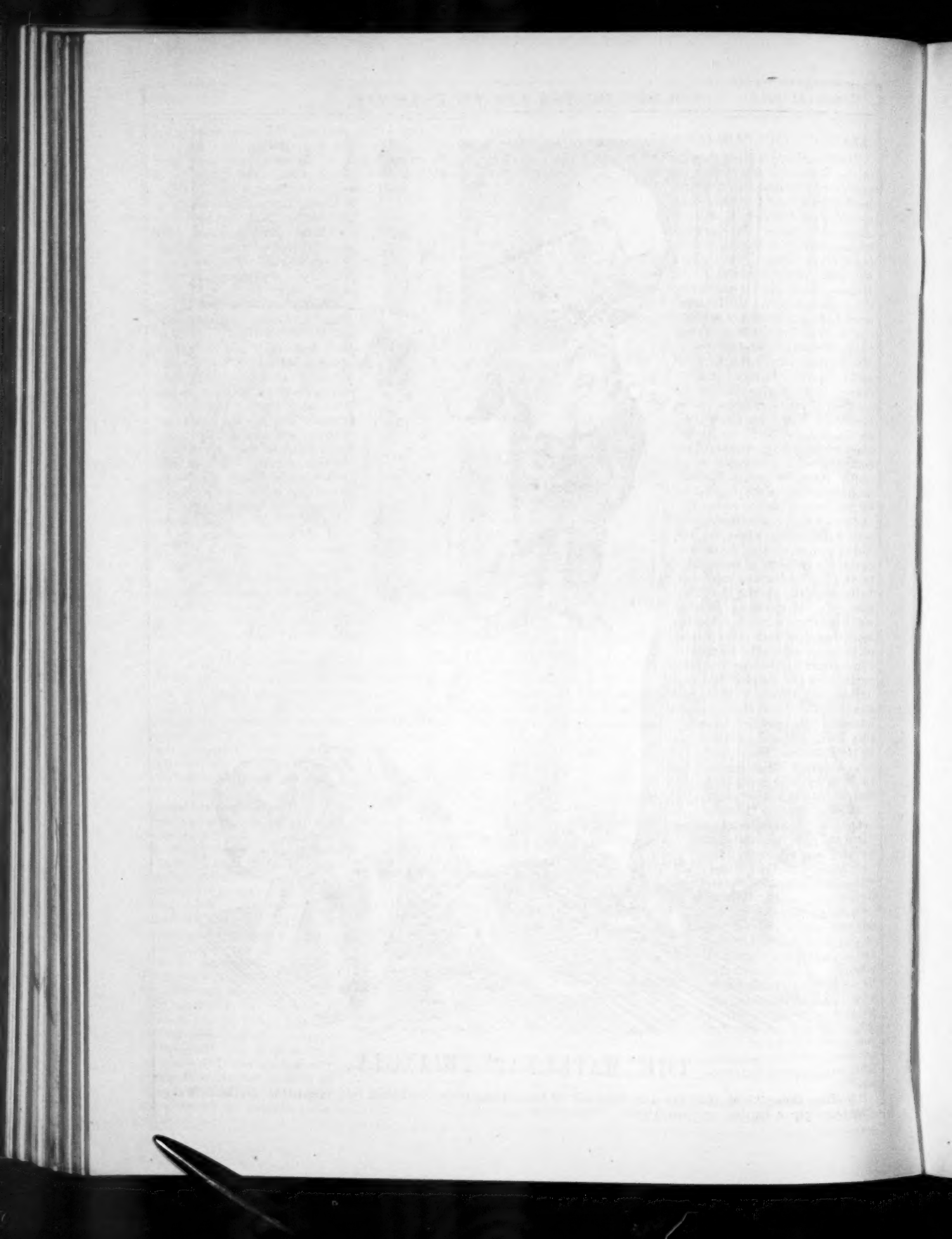
"FOR SALE.—Breeding Pen of Six Light Sussex, early hatched 1923 Pullets."—*Daily Paper*.

The kind, we suppose, that our poulterer describes as "suitable for boiling."



THE MATERNAL TRIANGLE.

THE DOG. "I'M TIRED OF THESE WELL-MEANING MOTHER HUBBARDS. WHAT WE WANT IS A NEW CUPBOARD."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 10th.—Question-time in the Commons provided further examples of the manner in which the flowers of hope that blossomed so richly in Opposition enter a stage of arrested development when submitted to the disillusioning chills of office. Thus we had Mr. RICHARDS informing Sir HENRY CRAIK (and incidentally the Swarajists) that the Government had no intention of revising the Indian Constitution before the prescribed period of ten years; Mr. THOMAS explaining that he could not give a date for our withdrawal from Iraq, owing to "a number of considerations"; and the PRIME MINISTER ejaculating an emphatic "No!" to an inquiry whether he proposed (in accordance with a suggestion recently made by one of his colleagues) to introduce legislation for the nationalisation of banks.

Further evidence on the subject was forthcoming when, on the Vote on Account, the House discussed the problem of unemployment, the most burning subject of Labour oratory during the Election. Dr. MACNAMARA pointed out that there are considerably more than a million unemployed on the registers and he wanted to know when the Labour Government, who had derided the not unimportant efforts of their predecessors to find work for them, proposed to introduce "the positive remedy" that they had professed to have up their sleeves. He himself saw no sign of "that bigger, bolder and braver grasp that the country was led to expect."

Mr. BALDWIN was equally nonplussed. The electors had "broken" him for his attempted remedy, but what had they got instead? Several of the Labour Ministers (before they got to Whitehall) had propounded various schemes for abolishing unemployment, but so far they had not translated them into practice. He confessed that he himself was unable to answer the ingenuous inquiry put to him by an American lady, "Why don't you find your unemployed work?" but assumed that the Government must be in a more fortunate position.

"Nothing doing" was in effect the reply of Mr. SHAW,

the Minister of Labour. The Government had only been in office for six weeks ("Six weeks" ran like a refrain through the whole of his speech) and,



"YES, WE HAVE NO RABBITS."

MR. TOM SHAW.

save for removing the "gap" from the Insurance Act and throwing open uncovenanted benefit to unemployed

aliens, had been able to do nothing but carry out (in part) the plans of their predecessors. To the inquiry—very tactless in the circumstances, I thought—of a youthful Tory, "Have the Government any new proposals at all?" he brilliantly replied, "Wait and see." Then he added, "We can't produce schemes like rabbits out of our hat." The function of "our hat," apparently, is to be talked through.

Promising maiden speeches by Major GWILYM LLOYD GEORGE and Mr. RALPH HALL CAINE must have been (to recall Mr. GLADSTONE's tribute to Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's first effort) "dear and refreshing" to their respective fathers' hearts. And the Government had to bear a good many other criticisms before Miss BOND-FIELD came to their rescue with the best speech of the day. With feminine deftness she neatly darned the holes in Mr. SHAW's tattered cloak and left the impression that, particularly in regard to domestic training, the Government really had a policy of their own.

Tuesday, March 11th.—Lord BUCKMASTER moved the Second Reading of his Matrimonial Causes Bill with an enthusiasm undiminished by the fate that similar proposals have for some years encountered "in another place." So moving was his peroration, indeed, that one noble Lord, forgetful of the traditional impassivity of the Upper House, incontinently clapped his hands.

Thanks to Lord Cuzon's advice to the Peers to give the Bill a chance, the Second Reading was passed by 88 to 51.

In the Commons Lieutenant-Commander KENWORTHY complained that workingmen's clubs, where concerts were given for the benefit of the members, were mulcted in entertainment-duty, whereas West-end clubs, where political speeches were delivered, went scot-free. The CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER explained that a political speech, however "entertaining" (this, no doubt, in reference to the gallant Member's own), was not technically an "entertainment."

If it were, the House of Commons would, I suppose, be liable to duty for such an oration as that of Mr. BECKER, who, whether by design or



The Manx Cat. "BRAVO! YOUR KID IS WORTHY OF HIS DAD."

The Welsh Goat. "AND CONGRATULATIONS ON YOUR EXCELLENT KITTEN."

(Sir HALL CAINE and Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, on the occasion of their Young Hopefuls' maiden speeches.)

otherwise, kept Members in a high state of hilarity when explaining his Bill to enable ice-cream and mineral waters to be sold after 9.30 P.M. Every mention of ice-cream was received with roars of laughter, and when he protested that his favourite commodity was subjected to a disability that did not apply to "tripe" the roars became shrieks.

The House, no doubt, expected further entertainment when Mr. LEACH introduced the Air Estimates. But on this occasion he kept his pacifist sentiments more under control. No one indeed could have excelled his tribute to the gallant youths who recruit the R.A.F., and particularly to their splendid work in Iraq, accomplished, as he was careful to observe, with very little bloodletting (a thing abhorrent to the LEACH family).

Sir SAMUEL HOARE was much less critical than on the last occasion, but regretted that the Government had not taken up the BURNBY Airship Scheme. I doubt, however, whether he helped his plea by pointing out that by the service proposed they could get to Singapore in eight days, instead of twenty-eight. That is the very place the Government prefer to keep away from just now.

General SEELY developed the theory (I trust well founded) that the more we increased our Air Force the more France (which only desired "security") would diminish hers.

A motion on the necessity of improving the fishing industry was chiefly remarkable for a suggestion that the MINISTER OF AGRICULTURE should seek to acquire fame as "BUXTON the fish-trust buster."

Wednesday, March 12th.—The Government had a rather rough time in the House of Lords over their refusal to institute a tax on betting. Lord NEWTON gave full rein to his mordant humour in showing up their inconsistency in declining to "recognise" betting while they continued to draw a substantial revenue—in income-tax, telephone fees and telegrams—from the betting fraternity.

Lord ARNOLD defended the Government on the ground that a betting tax would only bring in a paltry revenue of five millions or so, and would in some unexplained manner lower our financial prestige. Lord DARLING derided the Government's reasons, but approved their conclusion, though he thought, if they were serious in desiring to put down betting, they should first put a stop to the publication of the odds; and Lord CARSON approved neither their reasons nor their conclusion, and made great use of his favourite word "hypocrisy."

In the Commons Mr. POOR asked what steps the Government proposed to take to put a stop to the organised

smuggling of liquor from Scotland into America. Mr. PONSONBY evidently saw no incongruity in objections to "boot-legging" coming from such a quarter, but could not hold out hopes of going beyond the recent Treaty.

The breeziness associated with the Senior Service has already begun to affect the Parliamentary SECRETARY OF THE ADMIRALTY. When Mr. MILLS, by way of emphasizing his complaint that a certain cruiser had been on the stocks for eight years, referred to it as the *Methuselah*, Mr. AMMON promptly re-



"THE FISH-TRUST BUSTER."

STATUE OF MR. NOEL BUXTON TO BE ERECTED AT BILLINGSGATE, AFTER THAT OF "POSEIDON" AT MUNICH.

plied that eight years was a short time for a vessel apparently destined for so long a life; and when the same hon. Member inquired how long *H.M.S. Glow-worm* was to be kept up the Danube the reply he got was, "As long as it continues to shine with any advantage." A bright lad, Mr. AMMON.

Thursday, March 13th.—The Lords gave a second reading to Lord LAMINGTON's Public House Improvement Bill, in spite of Lord HALDANE's objection that it was impossible to define an improved public-house. Then they listened to a long and ingenious argument from Lord BALFOUR in favour of the new naval base at Singapore, in which he proved to his own satisfaction (a) that, being three thousand miles away from Yokohama, it could have no aggressive purpose, and (b) that it was abso-

lutely necessary to enable the British Fleet to defend Australia from invasion. How he reconciled these two propositions with the axiom of naval warfare, that the best form of defence is attack, he, perhaps wisely, did not explain.

At last the expected has happened, and the Government has suffered defeat. Hitherto they have managed cleverly enough to play off the two Oppositions against one another and prevent them from combining in the Lobby. Also, while content for the present to carry out the programme prepared by the late PRIME MINISTER, they have given every facility to their own private Members to promote legislation more in accordance with their own desires.

But this afternoon their well-sustained effort to make the best of both political worlds broke down. On Mr. CLYNES' proposal to suspend the Eleven o'clock Rule, Mr. BALDWIN urged that, instead of depriving Members of their beauty-sleep, the Government should take the whole time of the House, thereby, of course, putting a stop to the activities of their private supporters. His protest was supported by Mr. VIVIAN PHILLIPS, the Liberal Whip; but, unwarned by this ominous partnership, Mr. CLYNES persisted with his motion, which was thereupon defeated by 234 to 207.

There were a few cries of "Resign," but they were not taken seriously; and Mr. WALSH proceeded to make his statement on the Army Estimates as if nothing had happened. It was agreeable to hear that the WAR SECRETARY has "every confidence in the temperate judgment of the General Staff," and there is every reason to suppose that the G.S. would be ready to return the compliment.

The case of the ex-ranker officers and their pensions was raised by Capt. BERKELEY, who called upon the PRIME MINISTER to redeem the pledge that he gave during the General Election. Mr. MACDONALD admitted the pledge, but claimed that the questionnaire which caused him to give it did not convey all the facts. The habit of throwing these long questions at Candidates was, he considered, grossly abused—a remark which the House considered to be in the circumstances decidedly humorous.

Mr. BALDWIN advised Mr. MACDONALD in future to deal with questionnaires as he did, and not answer them; but he was ready to agree to the PRIME MINISTER's proposal that a Committee should find out the facts and then let the House do justice on the findings. Despite this friendly support however the Government nearly suffered another reverse, for Captain BERKELEY's motion was defeated by only 19 votes.



Irascible Elderly Gentleman (who has been persuaded to visit very modern picture show, suddenly turning on inoffensive secretary). "NOT ONLY WOULD I LIKE TO BURN ALL THESE ABOMINABLE PICTURES, BUT I'D LIKE TO BURN THE BUILDING THAT HOLDS THEM—YES, SIR, AND PUT YOU ON TOP OF THE BONFIRE AND BURN YOU TOO!"

MELOTHERAPY.

(By our Medical Correspondent.)

SYMPATHETIC students of the artistic signs of the times will not have failed to note the steadily accumulating evidences of a return to simplicity. The latest and perhaps most salutary example of this reaction is to be found in the introduction of primitive songs, Mohawk Indian, Matabele and Chinese, in the programmes of concerts given by our most enlightened musicians; still more in the use of the instruments of savage tribes. The value of this movement can only be appreciated in its full extent by those who approach it from the medical standpoint. Thus viewed, it constitutes a most important and efficacious antidote to the undue excitation produced by the impact on the nervous system of the modern orchestra, and in particular of such instruments as the saxophone. I pass over the fact, important though it undoubtedly is in these days of financial stringency, that these instruments are exceedingly costly as compared with the implements of Mohawk minstrelsy.

For my present purpose it is enough to concentrate attention on the sedative

and restorative influences exerted by primitive instruments, and in particular by the marimba, in all stages of influenza, conjunctivitis and disorders of the gall-ambic gland. On former occasions, as my readers may remember, it was my invariable practice, with all the persuasiveness at my command, to impress upon all patients, directly they were conscious of disquieting symptoms, to go to bed and send for a doctor. To speak frankly, I am now converted to the conviction that there is an alternative method of even greater efficacy. Henceforth I would say, Go to bed by all means, but send for a marimba and learn to play it or get someone to play it to you.

The marimba, I need hardly remind my readers, has for two centuries been the musical instrument *par excellence* of the natives of Angola. It consists of sixteen calabashes arranged along the middle of a long frame between two side boards, hanging round the neck by a thong. It is thus the pioneer of the xylophone, but it is at once more inexpensive and produces a more mellow, mellifluous and eupoeptic tone. Its special peculiarity is that it acts directly on the *medulla*, disperses thrombosis and is in general anti-botulistic. In-

directly it acts on the *moral* of the patient and diffuses an atmosphere of cheerful serenity at times when the note of the penny whistle conduces to exacerbation. It lulls the fractious infant; it assuages the madness of maturity; it quells the querulousness of senile decay. I hope on a future occasion to describe the remarkable results produced by Dr. Jimson at his melo-therapeutic clinic by the use of the nose-flute of the Papuans and the war-conch of the Solomon Islanders. For the moment I must rest content with the final adjuration: "Mothers, get marimbas."

"LATEST BY OUR PRIVATE WAR,"
Headline in Provincial Paper.

We trust they will keep it private.

"HOUSES WANTED.

Exchange Folding Pram, almost new, for Double Pram."—*Scots Paper*.

It will be an improvement, no doubt, but still rather close quarters.

From a football article:—

"Whichello, the Light Blue secretary, is unable to play through indisposition at inside right."—*Daily Paper*.

Inside wrong, we presume.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

BACK TO METHUSELAH!

THINK not, my Phyllis, Youth has any charms;
 Age is the goal and Knowledge is the prize.
 What vain delight to languish in your arms
 When I am still so very far from wise!
 I don't know why the Universe was made,
 I don't know anything about Free Trade,
 I don't know why the sky is blue,
 Or where the world is going to,
 Then what's the point of kissing you?
 I wish I was a hundred—oh, I do!

*I wish I was an Ancient,
 I wish I had more sense,
 I wish I had no teeth at all,
 I wish my appetite was small,
 My intellect immense.*

*What use the lark, what service does the thristle?
 Would I knew Algebra, like yonder fossil,
 And scorned delights, and did not smoke,
 And never laughed or made a joke,
 Nor loved nor kissed,
 But lived in a mist*

*Of Pure Intelligence,
 Intelligence,
 Intelligence,*

*A bodiless Intelligence,
 A sort of skinny jelly-fish suspended in the blue,
 That needs no food but platitude, no Saturdays or Sundays,
 But contemplates Infinity in Art-and-Crafty undies!*

Methuselah! Methuselah!

*I wish I was Methuselah,
 I wish I was three hundred—oh, I do!*

Fly from me, Youth! How weary are the days!
 Cling not, my Phyllis, for what use to cling?

Love is a crude and temporary phase,
 And Mr. SHAW has stopped that kind of thing.

I don't know why the Universe is there,
 But what upsets me is that I don't care.

Fly from me, Youth! How long, how long?
 Alas, I laugh, I'm well and strong,
 I keep on bursting into song;

I wish I was a hundred—oh, I do!

I wish I was an Ancient, etc.

See how our grand-dads throng the dance, the dears,
 Now that senility is all the rage.

And must we wait another sixty years?

Youth can be counterfeit, then why not Age?

And I will buy some whiskers and a beard
 And mumble platitudes, and be revered.

And you must dye your young hair grey,

Your lovely hair—ah, well-a-day,

Rare is the prize and we must pay—

I mean to look a hundred, so I do.

*But I wish I was an Ancient,
 I wish I had more sense,
 I wish I had no teeth at all,
 I wish my appetite was small,
 My intellect immense.*

*What use the lark, what service does the thristle?
 Would I knew Algebra like yonder fossil,
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 But contemplates Infinity in Art-and-Crafty undies!*

Methuselah! Methuselah!

I wish I was Methuselah,

I wish I was three hundred—oh, I do! A. P. H.

THE PUBLIC-HOUSES OF EUROPE.

(With apologies to Mr. E. V. Lucas and "The Times.")

To the vulgar the record of these researches into the great educative and æsthetic institutions of Europe may seem little more than a string of unfamiliar names and hard-worked adjectives. Brother scribes may even grudge me the pittance which such a record may bring me. But I can assure both them and the general readers that they underestimate the consumptive capacity necessary to obtain such close familiarity with the subject as will appear in every line; and moreover that any reward my literary efforts may obtain will be faithfully spent in further painstaking and brain-racking research, such as I have already devoted to

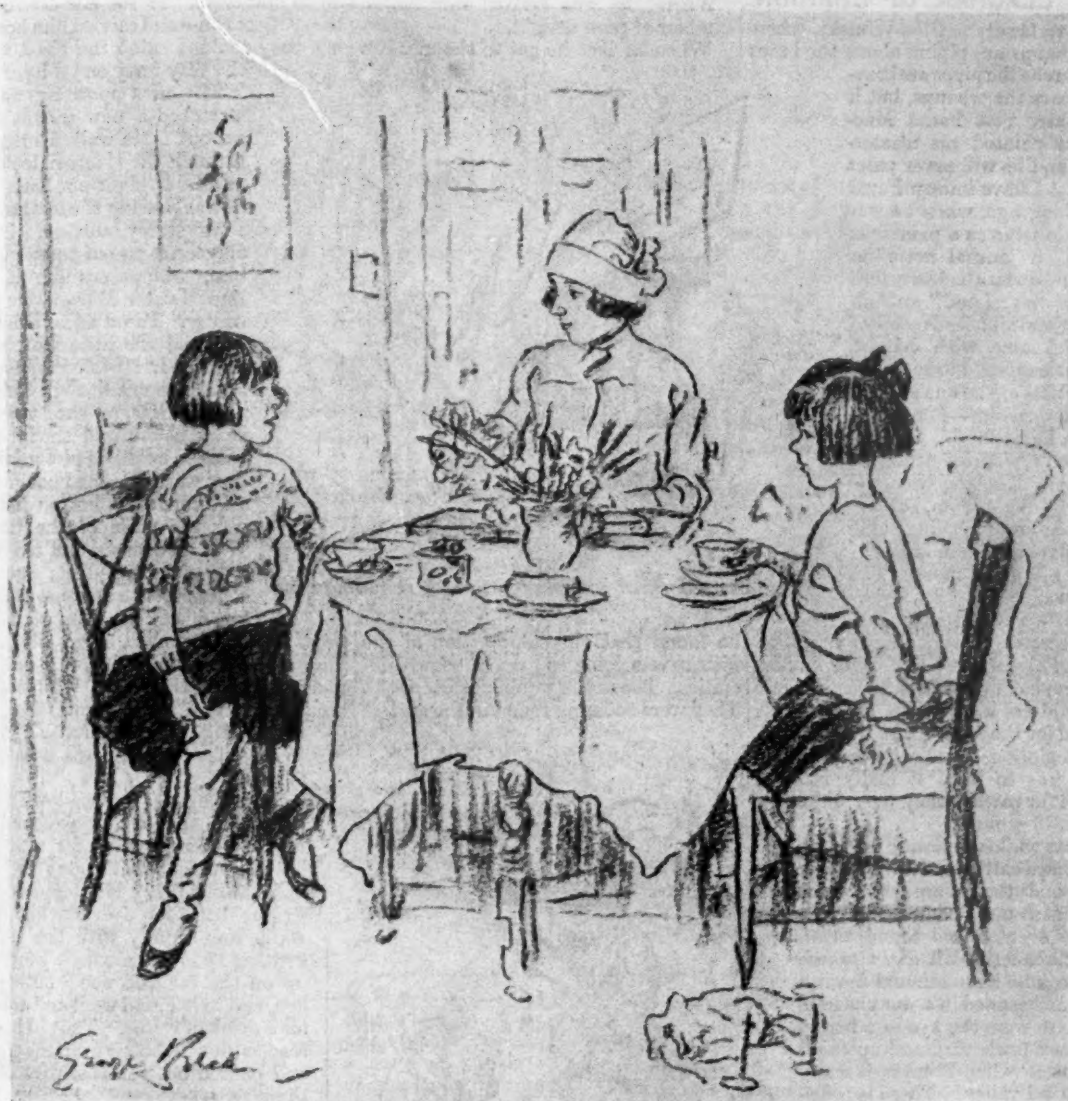
I.—THE TRATTORIA AT ROME.

The later history of the Trattoria is bound up in the word PERONNE, thanks to whose enthusiastic labours the modern Romans, given sufficient application to the study of his genius, may for a short space become once again the emperors of the earth. A native of Milan, PERONNE has left no door unlocked in any city of Italy behind which might suitably be ensconced his treasures, and I found in the Trattoria some admirable examples of his work which for colour effects—notably a fine chiaroscuro—and for slender grace of bottling are unsurpassed even by our own great masters, WORTHINGTON or ALLSOPP. There was a fine Cinzano, after the Vermouth school, on the upper shelf, and a very popular Asti, full of effervescence. I have seen great crowds before it on Sundays. The Falerno produced upon me only the effect of a wistful and unChristian melancholy, but the Barbera I thought to possess new colours and a new and easier hint of how to lay them in. The glory of the Trattoria is, of course, the Chianti, which gives the sensation of walking on air and sometimes tripping on it. I passed two days in a state of speechlessness before it. I noticed also some stupid specimens of Acqua del Pozzo, quite unworthy of the Trattoria.

II.—THE BISTROT AT PARIS.

We pass here at once into a lighter vein. The Bistrot is so called because the true devotee is generally moved to trot twice round it so as to see everything twice, or (according to some authorities) double. It is divided according to the usual Continental custom into big rooms and cabinets, and if one is to get a proper appreciation of each make, one must be continually moving from a big room into its cabinet dependencies. In the first room I was shown an excellent Veuve Clicquot, the solitary example of a woman achieving a really high standard. There was also a brilliantly vivacious Pommery in a far corner. An early Pol Roger too, and a sleek Courvoisier of fine taste to finish up with.

After the heat and exuberance of these native productions it was pleasant to come, as one is nearly always able to do in every important Bistrot, to the home taste of the mighty Bass, represented in every phase of his energy from the XXX as big as a tar-barrel to the slightest but still



First proud little Lady. "MY FATHER'S A DOCTOR."
 Second ditto. "THAT'S NOTHING—MY FATHER'S A BANKRUPT."

piquant Pale Ale. There was also a Johannes Walker, but it had obviously been tampered with by a later and enfeebling hand. I found, however, some charming exhibits of the Dutch Lager school. It is curious that so heavy a nation can produce anything so light and ethereal. The Bistrot also contains many exquisite specimens of fast life. The colours are very cleverly laid on, but appear volatile, and the subjects are flamboyant. I was, however, strongly attracted by one little piece, but on closer inspection it appeared rather cold and unpromising.

III.—THE POSADA AT MADRID.

The exclamation of "Dos Cervezas," which is so often heard upon the lips of visitors to the Posada, gives the key to its chief glory. Our own National Sporting Club has very similar work by WHITBREAD and GUINNESS, but, though

I have myself detected German affinities in the Posada specimens, there is something peculiarly Spanish in the way in which Cerveza may be slowly and sleepily enjoyed, surrounded by a phalanx of lovely acolytes, Jerez, Madeira, Amontillado, and the humbler but not despicable Oporto, the last a great favourite in England.

And so on. I could follow with articles on the Biergarten in Berlin, the Gastenitza in Petrograd and the Pub in London, all of which might extend your knowledge and would certainly display my own. But it is now opening time, and I must away to practical instead of theoretical studies of this inexhaustible and fascinating subject.

"On Tuesday evening the school-roof was packed to its utmost capacity on the occasion of a whist drive."—*Local Paper.*
 Bored competitors trying to escape, we infer.

THE CLACHAN OF CHAGRIN.

It is a far cry to Glen Whusky, where the whaups are piping above the braes and maybe the pipes are braying above the whaups, but it was there that Famd Macandrew painted his masterpiece, and he will never paint again. I have known Famd since long ago, when he was rising to fame as a painter of cattle. A journal notorious for its misprints had described him as the "famd" animal-painter, and his friends adopted the nickname with delight, since it happened to comprise the initials of the one already settled upon him—Foot-And-Mouth Disease.

Famd's pictures sold like wildfire. His kine were admired by the million, but the educated few, including some well-advised millionaires, admired his grass more. The grass was wonderful. Sometimes it was violet and sometimes scarlet. It varied from vermilion to saze, nigger, rust and other modest millinery colours. After a successful sale he would use ultramarine for the grass and red for the town. He was one of that glorious band who see the object "as in itself it really is." Except the cattle—they were quite lifelike.

It was while wandering in search of the ideal cattle that he had never yet found that Famd stumbled by accident upon Glen Whusky on a brow evening and found them. After floundering all day through peat-bogs he had slithered down a corrie and landed in a wee clachan, and there were the kye in a bonny bit of meadowland, grand upstanding beasts. Glen Whusky is really a beautiful valley. There is a distillery at the top end and a spirit factory at the other, and in the middle a place where they make whisky.

Famd got lodgings with a decent body in the clachan and set out next morning with a fifty-forty canvas on his back. It lacked but a few days till sending-in day and it behoved him to be busy. It was a snell morning and his landlady made him take a wee something to keep the cold out. She said it was a half "chill," but it was more like a whole dose of influenza. As he was passing the place where they made it, a man came out and greeted him, and they fell a-talking about the bonny beasts. Famd was for on, but the man would

have him in, and before he could say "When" he was looking into half-a-tumbler of pure delight.

When at last he got to the meadow

them; but all to no purpose; so he sat down and cried. In the late afternoon the crofters came and carried him home; but they couldna catch the beast with the fifty-forty on its head.

The next morning Famd stretched a new canvas and set out. He walked smartly through the clachan, looking neither to right nor left. As he was passing the last house, a two-storey building, a little old man came out and stopped him, and asked him if he was Maister Macandrew the penter. Famd admitted the fact and the little man was delighted. He told Famd how he had seen a little picture of his in a Glasgow shop twenty years before and thought it was the bonniest picture that ever was. He had bought it and carried it home, and it was the pride of the Glen. Wad he come in and see it?

Famd stepped in; but he couldna see the picture at first for a half-tumbler of over-

proof that was shoved before his face. Famd was for pushing it away, but he remembered in time that it is not a kind thing and it is not a good thing to refuse Highland hospitality. And in any case the man was a patron of Art.

When he got to the meadow Famd found his subject and sketched it in. He worked hard for a time, but the sun got that strong he had a throat like fire. He stepped over to the burn for a drink, but the water was drumly with the snow melting up in the moors. Further up on the far side was a but-and-ben, and to it Famd went and asked for a drink of water. The old body reached down a bottle from the shelf and poured out the best part of a tumbler.

"Water, I said," roared Famd.

"Watter, quo' he," says the auld wife. "Guidsakes, is the man daft? Wantin' tae drink watter in a heat like this? Ye'll kill yersel'. Here."

"For ony sake, wumman," says Famd, "put a wee drop water intill 't."

The old body near dropped the glass.

"Pit watter intill 't, quo' he," she cried. "Wha ever heard tell on 't? Look ye, is there ony room for watter there? Ye can tak it or

leave it." Not wanting to offend the old body, Famd took it. Then he went and sat down at his easel again, but the heat made him drowsy and he fell asleep.



"THEY COULDNA CATCH THE BEAST WITH THE FIFTY-FORTY ON ITS HEAD."

he found that the composition of the picture was going to present some difficulties. The cattle would not keep still. They were sooming round in the air like



"WE WULL TAK A DROP TO BRING SUCCESS FOR IT," HE SAID."

a mirage and playing hide-and-seek up in the trees. Famd reasoned with them for long and pleaded for them to play the game and give him a chance. At last he lost his temper and set about



"WELL, DID YOU SEE THE CREWS, DEAR?"

"RATHER DISAPPOINTING, GRANNY; I ONLY SAW THEM PADDLING."

"VERY COLD AND MUDDY, I SHOULD HAVE THOUGHT. BUT I SUPPOSE IT STRENGTHENS THEIR LEGS."

In the late afternoon the crofters came and carried him home and his fifty-four on the top of him.

At seven o'clock the next morning Famd chapped at the door of the last house in the clachan, and the face of him was drawn and haggard.

"Maister McTonal," he said, when the door had been opened, "listen to me. This picture has got to go off wi' the carrier at half-past four the day. The crate's ready and addressed in Mrs. McDougall's back kitchen. It just wants packin' an' a wheen boards nailed on. The framer must have it to-morrow wet or dry. I am goin' to finish it the day wet or dry. I ask you, Maister McTonal, as a lover and a patron of Art, if anything should happen to me this day, will ye see it off?"

"I wull," said Mr. McTonal. "Step inbye for a meenit an'—"

"I will not," said Famd, and fled.

At eleven o'clock the picture was more than half done. Famd was laying down his palette to light a cigarette when a deep voice behind him said, "It will pe a graund success whatever," and Famd, turning, saw an enormous gamekeeper with enormous dogs.

"It will pe the graundest picture I have ever seen," he said slowly, gazing at it. "It will pe for sale at Edinburgh?"

"Ay," said Famd.

The keeper slowed round his game-bag and drew therefrom a flask about the size of a hot-water bottle.

"We wull tak a drop to bring success for it," he said.

"I canna, I canna," cried Famd, but something in the man's look stopped him.

"Ye canna what?"

"I canna finish that shadow to ma liking," said Famd.

"This will help ye," said the keeper, pushing the bowl into his hand.

After Famd had got it down somehow the man solemnly drained a dishful himself and strode off without another word.

Famd was resolved to get the thing done before the heat and burden of the day. The cattle were completed to his satisfaction, and the braeface beyond. There wanted but the foreground to be put into order. With his collar loosened and his mouth wide open to cool his throat, he carefully

carried the easel, inch by inch, nearer the tree, so that he could lean against it. Then, seizing his brush, he stirred up a fine mixture on the palette, and, after one hour of glorious life and inspiration, with the old hills rolling round him in fantastic dance, he finished the picture. In the early afternoon Mr. McTonal took it and packed it up. Later on the crofters came and carried Famd to his rooms in the clachan.

For some time after he returned South, Famd kept his bed, troubled with sciatica. On varnishing day he went out for the first time and down to the Gallery. His picture had pride of place in the centre of the line, and in front of it Famd fell on the floor and was carried out by his fellow-artists, a broken man. In that last hour of frenzy at the foreground he had painted the grass green.

Another Impending Apology.

"Sir Henry Duke, President of the Probate, Divorce and Admiralty Division, was presented to-day with the honorary Freedom of Plymouth.

The magistrate remanded him in custody, 'in order to get the alcohol out of his system,' and intimated that he would ultimately place him on probation."—*Evening Paper*.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE FARMER'S WIFE" (COURT).

IF MR. EDEN PHILLPOTTS doesn't see his most amusing, human and technically well-constructed little comedy running for many a month the Town will owe him and Mr. BARRY JACKSON's intelligent "stock" company a humble apology. But I think he will.

I never see a good provincial repertory team at work without strengthening my conviction that this is the way the business of acting should be done. One must, of course, suppose that our picked metropolitans can't be in any way inferior as individual players. But perhaps there's something of the difference that one notes between International and first-rate Club Rugby. At any rate the Court team again and again got the ball away down the field with the dash and precision of the Harlequins at their best and scored their try—generally between the posts.

Farmer Sweetland, a kindly self-satisfied honey-coloured widower, "within sight of fifty"—euphemism for fifty-six—seeks another mate. He consults his devoted housekeeper, *Araminta*. A list is formally drawn up in order of desirability. A buxom fox-hunting widow; an almost too compleat spinster; a postmistress catalogued by *Sweetland* as comfortable and pillowy, on which *Minta*'s comment is that "pillowy at thirty is apt to be a whole feather bed at forty"; and the relict of a publican over Dawlish way.

The general idea, both *Sweetland's* and *Araminta's*, is that all the candidates will be more than willing, and the first asked will be the happy bride. But the fox-hunting widow is not even impressed. Hunting and your own way is a good deal better than being mistress at Applegarth Farm. So *Louisa Windeatt* is savagely crossed off the pencilled list. The house-proud spinster, whom he tackles at an inauspicious moment as she is putting the finishing touches to the preparations for her party, is honoured and overwhelmed, but is really married to her villa residence with its built-out bathroom (as *Araminta* indeed had half-suspected), and her party, her "little affair," looms larger in her mind than proposals of marriage. Another savage slash across the list. The desperate and humiliated wooer makes a hurried dash at the pillowy postmistress, who thinks him too old; and the Dawlish lady can never make up her mind about anything, but for the moment plays for safety with a No.

It is only then that our poor friend's eyes are opened to the fact that *Araminta* was worth all the lot of them

put together. And she was, as we could all see: a really charming piece of character-making most attractively, indeed quite brilliantly, played by Miss EVELYN HOPE. *Sweetland's* offer is made, not in patronage but in a rare mood of humility, and is accepted with a dazed sincerity but without undignified alacrity. *Minta* always thought the master the best man in the world, and she was a better judge than we, who only saw the poor man asking for Fate to trip him up.

Minor themes interlaced with the main motif are the love affairs of *Sweetland's* daughters—*Petronell* the showy and *Sibley* the shrinking. For the first the one-idea'd oaf, *George*, offers and finally succeeds by sheer obstinacy, backed, I am afraid, by a legacy; while



THE FARMER'S WIFE-ELECT REVEALS HERSELF TO HER FELLOW-SERVANT. CONGRATULATIONS ARE NOT HEARTY.

Churdles Ash . . . MR. CEDRIC HARDWICKE.
Araminta Dunch . . . MISS EVELYN HOPE.

the genial *Richard* carries off the timid *Sibley*, to everybody's surprise.

There is an admirable Chorus in the person of *Churdles Ash*, an ancient peasant, half Bolshevik (of a diluted Devonshire brand), wholly misogynist, and, I gather, rather a lad in his day—"Them that skims the cream off women stays bachelors." I don't see how Mr. CEDRIC HARDWICKE, or anybody else for that matter, could have made a better thing of this superb character. There were a hundred carefully studied touches of the obvious character-actor. An angry, puzzled but determined and tyrannical old monkey he looked; and Mr. PHILLPOTTS fed him with excellent lines.

As I hint, it is the point of honour in repertory technique that the whole should be better than the parts. There-

fore I don't pay Mr. HARDWICKE and Miss EVELYN HOPE the bad compliment of saying that their performances "stood out." They were good parts very finely played. And quite unselfishly. I liked Mr. MELVILLE COOPER's *Farmer Sweetland*, both buoyant and deflated, and Mr. SCOTT SUNDERLAND's hearty *Richard*. Mr. COLIN KEITH-JOHNSTON's mournful bull-dog of a *George* was excellent; Miss EILEEN BELDON's *Petronell* I thought admirably touched in, and Miss PHYLLIS SHAND's *Sibley* a charming little study: we all liked especially her singing at the party. Miss MARGARET CHATWIN's *Louisa Windeatt* was a really fine piece of characterisation, and Miss MAUD GILL handled the very difficult part of the spinster in a very discreet manner. Let me say comprehensively that the whole thing was excellently done and that theatre-going folk who stay away will miss a thoroughly enjoyable evening. The entry of the glee singers to *Miss Tapper's* party should alone be worth the money. And those who are interested in the theatre as an art and a craft will find much to interest and inform them. T.

AN OLD, OLD LADY.

I KNOW a dame, a perfect dear,
Cultured and nobly born,
Who in her five-and-ninetieth year
Still laughs old Time to scorn.

'Tis hard to realize as truth
The simple fact of pride
That she had cut an early tooth
Ere GEORGE THE FOURTH had died.

From infant wails to childish charms
Through WILLIAM's reign she grew,
And Colonels held her in their arms
Who fought at Waterloo.

The cautious crinoline she wore
To walk the croquet-ground;
She travelled in a coach-and-four
To see VICTORIA crowned.

She lived when England hurled her
weight
Against the stout Rodan;
Within her day on Delhi Gate
The British flags up-ran.

Ah! Youth that past her window goes
Loud-jesting and alive;
Ah! Careless Youth that little knows
The thoughts of Ninety-Five!

Her far-off friends of childhood dead,
Her old companions gone,
With gallant heart and high-held head
She smiles and carries on.

Good luck to her, this brave old dame;
Each sorrow bravely met,
Long may she play her dauntless game
Against the Scytheman yet!

W. H. O.



Outlooker. "IT'S ALL RIGHT—THERE IS NO FIRE."

Workman. "NO FIRE! SURELY THEY AIN'T GOIN' TO PUMP MORE WATER INTO THE BEER?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *Friend, You are Late* (LANE) MRS. ALICE HERBERT invents a somewhat unconvincing plot with more than common coherence of atmosphere. *Maud Farrell*, a young City clerk of good family, accepts her rich employer, *Douglas Field*, after a long spell of genteel poverty. *Field* believes that spiritual and physical love are incompatible and offers his wife a formal marriage and platonic affection. If these fail to give satisfaction, *Maud* is to be free to go elsewhere. *Taffy Lambert*, an idle and vicious journalist, proposes to supply *Field's* deficiencies, and *Maud* becomes his on the ground that, while the most haphazard intrigue may be fruitful, "the most heavenly friendship between a man and a woman is a sterile thing." The prophetic of the *Symposium*—that last authority on human love—would have reminded her that the great creations of two great minds are far lovelier than the ordinary children of ordinary people. But *Maud*, unluckily, had not been brought up on *Plato*; and *Field*, for all his scorn of commonplace marriage, had very little notion of anything beyond it. Abstinence, of course, is not an end in itself; and *Maud* has my entire sympathy in her dissatisfaction with *Field*, though not in her subsequent passion for the squalid and unreliable *Lambert*. The series of tragic steps which lead her back to her original husband are shrewdly and persuasively described; but all Mrs. HERBERT's art fails to vivify *Field* or to supply a credible incentive for his rather fatuous conduct. The prettiest thing in the whole book—though it is

a tawdry kind of prettiness at its best—is the vignette of *Lily*, a fellow-clerk of *Maud's*, who fails, unhappily, as the story proceeds, to justify her initial charm and importance.

It seems almost incredible that Mr. W. E. NORRIS should have published novels in the 'seventies. Yet so it is. While Mr. THOMAS HARDY was bringing out *The Hand of Ethelberta* and *The Return of the Native*, Mr. NORRIS was already writing *Heaps of Money* and *Mademoiselle de Mersac*. There were then, by the way, certain publishing houses that preferred to risk their money on the second writer; there were even critics who considered that he would outlast the historian of Wessex. However that may be, Mr. NORRIS remains most remarkably readable. He has acquired insensibly the modern touch, the modern way of handling his subjects. There is nothing in his recent novels that carries us back at all to the old days of three-volumed fiction. I think *The Conscience of Gavin Blane* (HUTCHINSON) as good as anything of his I have read for a very long time. It is surprisingly fresh. *Gavin*, of course, is rather ridiculously Quixotic in his ideas; but Quixotes still exist even in these days, and we have the satisfaction of feeling that his scruples about accepting an inheritance enable him at once to escape marrying a girl who would certainly have made him miserable and to discover wherein his own strength lies as a worker. All the characters in this natural story are interesting and well drawn. *Una Lisle* is an excellent presentment of a certain type of modern girl. *Uncle Paul*, the wealthy black sheep of the *Blane* family, who first disinherits his scoundrel son and then relents when it is, legally speaking,

too late, sticks in the mind with the rest of his remarkable household. And *Gavin* himself is eminently likeable. In fine, a very good *NORRIS* indeed.

The workmanship of Miss MARGARET RIVERS LARMINIE in *Deep Meadows* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is skilful, delicate and charming. I should imagine that at some period of her life she had read the works of HENRY JAMES, for she practises the elaborate method prescribed by that master for the composition of the highest type of fiction; without, however, indulging in too complex and baffling involutions. To bring down the fugitive thought on the wing, to capture the transient sensation, to depict the changing colours of a mood, to extract its utmost significance from the lift of an eyebrow—these are the enterprises Miss LARMINIE so admirably essays. She explores with a candle the crevices of the mind. There, and not in the external world, takes place the action of the principal persons of the story, only now and then breaking through into physical expression. Nevertheless the characters whose inward life is most minutely depicted are in fact less plain to the reader than the three or four persons whose mental processes are left to be divined from their words and deeds. *Caleb Host*, for instance, lives much more vividly than *Mary Russell*, whose every emotion is delineated. But the reason of *Mary's* comparative failure to impress herself upon the reader may be, after all, that she is really rather a foolish person, lacking in sense, though not in sensibility, full of vague yearnings after better things, yet devoid of the will to get them, and always drifting rudderless before the dangerous gale of desire. When she drifts into port it is more than she strictly deserves. Miss LARMINIE perhaps takes her people a shade too seriously. I hope she will not fear to indulge the sense of comedy, which she evidently possesses.

Thirty Years at Bow Street Police Court (WERNER LAURIE) is a long time and a long title, but you can read every word of it in a couple of hours. Mr. WILLIAM THOMAS EWENS would, however, have been well-advised to divide his book into chapters; in its present form the stories pour forth in an uninterrupted flow that is rather exhausting; and the arrangement and selection of his material is not very workmanlike. The feature which amused me most was not, I imagine, intended to be amusing. Writing of Inland Revenue officers, whose business it is to visit clubs and so forth for the purpose of seeing what is sold, Mr. EWENS says, "It is nothing unusual for these men to drink, in the course of a visit lasting two hours, champagne, claret, burgundy, whisky, beer and liquors." I like "and liquors"; but what will our Prohibitionists have to say about it? Even if

"liqueurs" was intended, the Inland Revenue officers would seem to need stronger heads than are given to most of us. Mr. EWENS gives sympathetic accounts of the magistrates who have sat at Bow Street, and shows that kindness is not rare in a police court, however much the sordid atmosphere may tend to stifle it.

Detective stories advance upon us in battalions, but there is always room for one more from the pen of Mrs. BELLOC LOWNDES. She has a way of her own with these tales of mystery, elevating them a peg or two above the jig-saw puzzle produced by the ordinary practitioner. She has, in fact, a sense of character. In *The Terriford Mystery* (HUTCHINSON) arsenic had been found in the exhumed body of *Harry Garlett's* wife—arsenic enough to poison several families—and he certainly had become engaged again rather soon after her demise. Poor *Jean*, the new fiancée, has to pass through some very awkward moments before she can get *Sir Harold Anstey* to concentrate his attention on the case, while *Sir Almeric Post*, for the Crown, makes an excellent contrast with his cold and dispassionate style. But we knew in our hearts all the time that *Harry Garlett* was safe enough. In the very first chapter the last Australian batsman decided to go all out for a winning hit. He "opens his brawny chest, all rippling with knotted muscles," and lifts the ball in a huge and lofty curve. *Garlett*, however, was there, at "extra long-on," having already planned this with the bowler. Moreover, with a mighty backward leap he gets the ball into his safe hands just as it was dropping into the seats in front of the pavilion. A man like that is not going to poison his wife with arsenic.



Lady's Hundred-and-second Question. "YOU DON'T MEAN TO SAY THAT YOU CLEAN OUT THE LION'S CAGE?"
Keeper (fed-up). "WELL, MUM, YOU SEE YOU CAN'T TRUST THESE CHARLADIES?"

The title, *Tales of Tirah and Lesser Tibet* (HODDER AND STROUT) hardly suggests the

episodes of adventure, beneficence and heroism conveyed in the modest narrative, written by herself, of three expeditions made by Mrs. STARR into the fastnesses of the Northern Frontier of India. In 1917 Dr. STARR, of the Church Missionary Society's Hospital at Peshawar, fell under the knife of a tribesman. Three years later his widow returned to her work in the Peshawar hospital, "to show in practice 'the Christian revenge' in contrast to the system of blood feuds." In April, 1923, Sir JOHN MAFFEY, the Chief Commissioner, asked Mrs. STARR to cross the border to rescue Miss MOLLIE ELLIS from the Afridis, by whom she had been stolen away after they had murdered her mother. For the first time the detailed history of the recovery of Miss ELLIS is made known. Mrs. STARR's account is happily supplemented by Mr. BASIL MATHEWS' "Appreciation," from which the full significance of Mrs. STARR's exploit, and of the years of noble labour which fitted her to achieve it, vividly emerge.

The tact and courage of Mrs. STARR, the diplomacy of the excellent RISSALDAR and the tribesmen's dread of approaching punishment secured the release. While she was waiting for Miss ELLIS, and during her journey, Mrs. STARR treated many patients, among them the majestic MULLAH ABDUL HAQ himself, who, being too holy personally to consult a woman, told off his servant to describe his symptoms. Mrs. STARR's journal of her expeditions into Tirah and Lesser Tibet, written as it was without any design to publish it, admirably depicts the flat-featured good-natured Tibetans, huddled among their vast mountain gorges. Serene and indomitable, LILIAN STARR, like many another gallant Englishwoman on the Frontier, is the exemplar of true civilisation.

My sympathies are entirely with *The Second Mrs. Clay* (METHUEN). But I also feel there must have been more excuse for the first, dreadful woman as she was, than the author, KATHERINE HAVILAND TAYLOR, is inclined to allow. For I have rarely met such a crass blundering dunderhead as *Sam Clay*, American steel-master. His first wife stood him for fifteen years and then made a successful application for divorce on the score of incompatibility. The luck was really on both; but the poor dub, having won a blessed release from an empty vulgarian and by some miracle having induced a young Anglo-French girl, a devout Catholic, to love him, and, what's more, in defiance of the inflexible law of her Church, to marry him, must needs with infinite clumsiness set immediately to work to make a Lutheran of her. Poor little *Jeanne*, crushed by the weight of *Clay* and his dense and doleful family, gave in so far as to go to the Lutheran church on Sundays, occasionally stealing off to Mass for her own comfort—to the awful scandal of the family. Our author's deadly characters are alive enough to exasperate. *Jeanne* herself is attractive if a little colourless. There is a rather wittily outspoken niece of the egregious *Sam*, and his naughty old mother is entertaining. But it all seems a little too bad to be true.

Eating without Fears (CAPE) is not a cookery-book, but a guide to good living, with about twelve dozen notable recipes thrown in. It has a cosmopolitan flavour, and I was at a loss to identify its national bias until a warning against corned-beef hash for breakfast put me on the right track. Even so, its attitude towards distinctively American fare is rather one of caution than commendation; and I gather that its genial author, Mr. G. F. SCOTSON-CLARK, owes the youthful appearance on which he is so constantly congratulated rather to the wisdom of his English and Scots forbears than to any products, wet or dry, of the Transatlantic genius. His Anglo-Indian uncles have stood him in good stead in the matter of curry; and I recommend



Master. "WHAT IS THE FAMOUS MONUMENT IN LONDON ON WHICH THE EFFIGY HAS BUT ONE EYE?"

Boy. "CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE, SIR."

Uncle Edward's variant, whose sauce is concocted with milk instead of gravy, as an admirable *milieu* for the accommodation of white meat. His *risotto* is far too elaborate—both the Milanese and the Venetian recipes are very simple and quick. The amiable *ballerina* who taught him how to cook this and *spaghetti* probably came from Bologna. The tone of the whole book is a trifle dogmatic. But cookery is a stern mistress, and Mr. SCOTSON-CLARK has served her of his own free will with an admirable devotion from his youth upwards. His scorn for the man or woman who expects anything but waste and incompetence from one overworked maid, and is too high-minded to take so vital a matter personally in hand, is genuine and justifiable.

"Luxuriant Bed-Sitting Rooms in a charming house."

Advt. in *Daily Paper*.

An allusion, we suppose, to their Spring mattresses.



Disgusted Pavement Artist. "NOW I AWSK YER IF THAT AIN'T A BIT OF 'ARD LUCK? 'ERE I AM, JUST IN THE MOOD FOR MAKIN' A MASTERPIECE O' THIS 'ERE SALMON, AN' I'M BLOWED IF I AIN'T RUN OUT O' PINK!"

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

XVI.—SPRING MORNING.

Where am I going? I don't quite know:
Down to the stream where the king-
cups grow—

Up on the hill where the pine-trees
blow;

Anywhere, anywhere—I don't know.

Where am I going? The clouds sail by,
Little ones, baby ones, over the sky.
Where am I going? The shadows pass,
Little ones, baby ones, over the grass.

If you were a cloud and sailed up there,
You'd sail on water as blue as air,
And you'd see me here in the fields
and say,

"Doesn't the sky look green to-day?"

Where am I going? The high rooks call,
"It's awful fun to be born at all."
Where am I going? The ring-doves coo,
"We do have beautiful things to do."

If you were a bird and lived on high,
You'd lean on the wind when the wind
came by,

You'd say to the wind when it took
you away,

"That's where I wanted to go to-day!"

Where am I going? I don't quite know:
What does it matter where people go?
Down to the wood where the bluebells
grow;

Anywhere, anywhere—I don't know.

XVII.—GROWING UP.

I've got shoes with grown-up laces,
I've got knickers and a pair of braces,
I'm all ready to run some races—
Who's coming out with me?

I've got a nice new pair of braces,
I've got shoes with new brown laces,
I know wonderful paddly places—
Who's coming out with me?

Every morning my new grace is,
"Thank you, God, for my nice braces;
I can tie my grown-up laces"—
Who's coming out with me?

A. A. M.

"Girl Taker-out Wanted."

Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Almost any boy would do.

Another Impending Apology.

From the report of a fancy-dress
ball:—

"Miss—impersonated 'three o'clock in the
morning,' and she looked it."—*Scots Paper.*

"The first group of Devon and Cornwall
emigrants going to Western Australia left
Plymouth yesterday. They comprise 30
families, and number just over 1,000 persons."
Daily Paper.

Down in the West, at any rate, there
seems no danger of "race suicide."

"Barrack Detention Rooms will be governed
by the Rules for the Management of Barrack
Detention Rooms (King's Regulations)."
Regimental Magazine.

And not, as you might have expected
under the present Government, by the
Rules for the Management of Railway
Station Refreshment Rooms.

"Stains in coloured dresses may be removed
by soaking the garment an hour or two in cold
water, and then rubbing the places before
washing with oatmeal instead of soap."
Local Paper.

Personally, we never use soup for this
purpose.

CHARIVARIA.

ACCORDING to Mrs. A. JAMES-STUART, the number of men who nowadays have to spend the night on the Embankment is a crying shame. We agree, but console ourselves with the thought that spring-cleaning cannot last for ever.

A green parrot which was at large at Chiswick a year ago has again been seen in the neighbourhood. But we thought that at this season the Chiswick parrots were either dark blue or light blue.

It is claimed that wireless can now be heard half round the world. The day is fast approaching when it can be heard right round, and broadcasters will be able to listen to their own voices.

At the Wembley Exhibition Palace of Beauty, the part of *Helen of Troy* is to be played by a musical comedy actress. We are sure an excellent choice has been made. A Grand Opera singer would doubtless be available if there were a *Helen of Avoirdupois* part.

Tropical trees brought to Wembley are warmed at the roots by electricity. A pretty effect would be to have tame therms roosting on the branches.

Income-tax forms are to be printed in larger type. To make some people notice them the demands would have to be outlined in coloured electric bulbs in Piccadilly Circus.

A jig-saw puzzle club has been formed in the Midlands. A favourite competition, we understand, is to tear up copies of the Rent Act and put them together again by the sense of the wording.

Sir W. SALMOND says the time will come when every town will have its own light aeroplane club, which young men will join and learn to fly. Perhaps then by next Leap Year young men will be able to feel fairly safe.

It is announced that MARY PICKFORD and DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS are coming to England this summer. There is an impression in certain quarters that the couple are associated in some way with the cinema world.

The Government has decided to offer Ramsgate Harbour for sale. Collectors

are informed that it cannot be sent on approval even if a deposit is forwarded.

It is estimated that there are more than forty-six thousand church bell-ringers in England. We have suspected this for some time, but didn't like to rub it in.

The latest information from "Away over" is that America is about to encourage tea-drinking by prohibiting it.

Mr. T. A. EDISON has expressed the opinion that mankind has no soul. This confirms the opinion we have long held

gress has described the District of Columbia as the most wicked in the world. How those Americans do boast about their country!

A new elastic, which will stretch fourteen times its own size, has now been placed on the market. Although the inventor's name has not yet been disclosed, he is thought to be an amateur angler of considerable experience.

* According to an evening paper, "Mr. Jesse Blackson of New York, who arrived in U.S.A. thirteen years ago without a shirt to his back, has now accumulated two millions and a quarter." He'll never live to wear them out.

Recently an American cinema actress was married in an aeroplane during flight. This is not likely to prove popular in her profession as it is impossible to commence divorce proceedings before the machine alights.

The entries for the Olympic Games are exceeding all expectations. In fact, we understand that no more names can be entertained for the slow race open to plumbers and their mates.

A well-known actress has described Mr. G. B. SHAW's play, *St. Joan*, as a wonderful one, which will rank with the classics. We wonder how the famous dramatist likes being damned with faint praise like this.

A man should weigh twenty-eight pounds for every foot, we read. Then the man who stood on our toes in the omnibus the other night must have been

seventeen feet in height.

An evening paper gossip-writer reminds a Labour Member of Parliament that he is imitating Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. This sort of thing must be stopped. Surely everybody ought to know that Mr. CHURCHILL is copy-right.

A correspondent writes to a morning paper to say that it is quite possible for people to be buried alive. One good way is to join one of the exclusive Clubs in the West End.

According to a gossip-writer, ping-pong is played in Mr. CLYNES' Downing Street residence. We deprecate these attempts to undermine confidence in the Government.



"WHEN ALL THE WORLD WOULD WEMBLE."

Mr. Punch. "WHAT A PITY THIS BARRIER CAN'T BE REMOVED!"

in connection with our last tailor but one.

A Northampton man has had his furniture turned into the street on three occasions by his landlord. Our theory is that the landlord must be hinting at something or another.

It appears that a new Parisian society is offering a prize for the Worst Book in the World. One English income-tax payer has already decided to enter his pass-book.

Blackpool is asking for grotesque figures for its carnival. Perhaps Mr. SCOTT DUCKERS would oblige with the 291 he polled at Westminster.

A member of the United States Con-

THE ACID TEST FOR BANKERS.

FIRST of all, I want to make it clear that I am by nature of a most unsuspicious temperament and have a strong belief in the integrity of our banking establishments. Yet, in view of the large number of slate club treasurers who have lately been tried and found wanting in trust funds, and the fact that, as my favourite newspaper puts it, "a revolutionary Government has lately seized the tiller of state" — which sounds very much like the till — and that there's such a lot of loose talk about a capital levy, I made up my mind that the time had come for someone to have a look into this banking business and make sure that things were square, more particularly with my own Bank, known the world over for the snowy spats of its Directors.

Strange to relate, the day I came to this conclusion there appeared in the Press a copy of my Bank's Seventy-Ninth Statement of Assets and Liabilities, 31st December, 1923, and I was able to go right into the figures there and then, instead of barging into the Bank itself and bothering the staff with a lot of awkward questions.

Glancing down the neat table of figures my eyes were first caught by this item:—

To Current, Deposit	£	s.	d.
and other Accounts	27,775,512	15	6

Now as soon as I saw that I realised that all my suspicions were unfounded, and that we depositors had nothing to fear. For, believe me or believe me not, that fifteen-and-six is the exact amount I had in the Bank at the moment when the church bells, steam sirens and Scotchmen were noisily ushering in the New Year.

Strictly between ourselves, there had been a dear little overdraft of mine for quite a few months, but a small legacy had enabled me to clear it off on December 31st, and the balance to my credit was exactly fifteen-and-six; and there it was set clearly out in the Bank's statement. You couldn't ask anything fairer than that, could you?

It made me feel quite friendly with the Directors, I can tell you, to think that they neglected no sum however small, and, still more, that they had made my little balance stand out so prominently. Of course it would have been more delightful still if they had abandoned for once their otherwise admirable policy of reticence and had mentioned my name in the statement. Like this, for instance:—

To Current, &c., Accounts,	£27,775,512,
and Mr. Blooker's Fifteen-and-six.	

A notice like that would have made

all the Blookers in the country frightfully proud, and made Amelia Timson bitterly annoyed with herself for having broken off her engagement with a noted character like me. But it was not to be.

To resume, however, my searching analysis of the Bank's statement—I am a little disappointed with the following item:—

To Acceptances and	£	s.	d.
Engagements on Account of Customers...	1,742,274	10	11

Nothing wrong with that as it stands, I admit. But on the other side of the account we get:—

By Liabilities of Customers for Acceptances and Engagements as per contra	£	s.	d.
	1,742,274	10	11

Now doesn't it strike you as a bit strange that the two amounts are precisely the same, down to the last elevenpence? Of course we all know that things like that do happen, just like getting the thirteen spades at bridge; and it may be all right, mind you, but it looks uncommonly like a "wangle," doesn't it?

Again I note that they have charged up:—

Cheques in course of	£	s.	d.
Collection on other Banks in the U.K....	1,448,402	15	10

Well, I happen to know that amongst that lot was a cheque for a fiver drawn by that fellow Robinson and cashed at the Club. Since then that cheque has come back with the mark N.B.G. or R.D. on the back, so that five pounds has to come off the right-hand side of the account. That means that it won't balance with the other side, which will give the Directors a few awkward hours. Still, it is obvious they can work it off on the Reduction of the Bank Premises Account, and make things square.

I've added up the Liabilities and the Assets, and find that they agree, though only at the third attempt; but all's well that ends well.

The Auditors' Certificate, signed Miggs, Procter, Link, Tovey & Co., reads all right as far as it goes, but I do hope the Procter is not the bookie that owes me seven pounds since the Epsom Spring Meeting of 1922. A chap like that I could never trust again.

Altogether I'm fairly well satisfied with the way the Bank is going on, and I'm prepared to continue my custom with them on the same principle of mutual trust as before.

"Special prayers are being offered in various churches in — shire for the outbreak of foot and mouth disease."—*Local Paper*.

Surely this is what the Prayer-Book calls "a work of supererogation."

THE BUILDERS.

BENEATH the roof the shadows fall,
And there upon the long grey wall,
And still untouched, the five nests cling
Our swallows built last year in Spring.

Such twittering there was, such shrilling;

Love was so new and life so thrilling;
And each one brought his tiny brick,
Poised it aright and made it stick.

Wet mud is rarely far to seek,
But if you only had a beak
As puddler, hod to bring it in,
And trowel, how would you begin?

With this inadequate appliance,
And courage, hope and self-reliance,
And old receipts of sand and loam,
They each designed and built a home.

All, all but two, whose work had slipped
And loosened where it should have
gripped;

They could not pass the bird-craft test:
"One shape alone, and that the best."

For them no careless light success;
Their nest fell down, a shapeless mess.
The airy builders keened with pain,
Plastered anew and failed again.

Then they called "Help!" to all the others,

And up they came, good swallow brothers,

Bricklayers never downing tools,
Toiling without a wage, dear fools!

One day, when I awake at dawn
And pearly lights are on the lawn,
I'll hear a sound like rustling leaves
And whisperings beneath the eaves.

And, oh! I'll say, it is the swallows
Back to old haunts and sandy hollows.
I'd give you all the tits and starlings
For our five swallows' nests, the darlings.

Our Shameless Contemporaries Again.

"CRAZY NIGHT.

Dress Optional. Just the occasion for those ladies who are always complaining they have nothing fit to wear."—*Scots Paper*.

"Population of the Parish from 1921 census. Bridekirk 117, Dovenby 189, Tallantire 202, Papecastle 539 (including the Goat)."

Bridekirk Parish Magazine.

It must be a comfort to the Papecastrians to know that the sheep are in a considerable majority.

"While in the detention barracks a private of the — Fusiliers swallowed five steel book-studs."—*Evening Paper*.

It is thought that the poor fellow had been ruminating on the Napoleonic maxim that an army marches on its stomach.



LES GRANDS PENSEURS.

MR. CHURCHILL. "SORRY I WASN'T ALLOWED TO HELP."

THE NICKNAME HABIT.

In my elderly bachelor way I strongly deprecate this nickname habit. When a girl has the name of Constance, for instance, I like her to be called Constance. It is a pleasant name, suggesting a virtue not, perhaps, too much practised in these days. Yet one such whom I know is invariably called "Bottles" by her family.

With my friends the Laverings it is more than a habit—it is almost a disease. Laving himself is "Crackers" to Mrs. Laving; Mrs. Laving is "Binks" to all her family. The married daughter is "Sniffkins," the two unmarried daughters "Budgy" and "Smith." The sons are "Humpty" and "Dumpty." The infant grandson, Alan Geoffrey, was scarcely dry from the font when he was converted into "Fubey," nor need the infant granddaughter, Ursula Mary, ever have been christened at all, for she was already "Bobolink," and remained so. Then there is Uncle "Tosh" and Aunt "Fritters," and "Noodles" and "Cinders." I myself am "Winkle." I don't mind being "Winkle," don't think that. But when I am blamed, as I was recently, for a mistake due entirely to this absurd practice, then I must protest.

I was booked to go to the Laverings for a long week-end. There was to be a small dance on the Friday evening and a game of mixed hockey on the Saturday. The Laverings are very good at hockey. Humpty and Dumpty are fliers at it; Smith and Budgy are quite good performers. And when they have added to their number some, such as Winkle, who are invited for friendship's sake, and some who can play the game, kindred spirits bring a team over from a neighbouring village and there is a mighty contest. There was to be on this occasion.

I had a letter from Mrs. Laving—Binks, I mean—about a week before, telling me by what train to come. At the end of the letter she wrote, "Smith says I am to ask you to bring Aunt Coddles, if you can."

"Aunt Coddles?" I thought. "Who on earth—Oh, yes, of course, it must be Miss Milligan. Yes, now I come to think of it, they had some such ridiculous name for her."

Miss Milligan is an elderly spinster, friend to the Laverings, as they say in

the plays. Friend to me, too, and living near me in London. I was surprised they wanted her in that *galère*, but it was their affair. I rang her up and told her she was to go down with me. Rather a casual way of asking her, as I said, but the Laverings are casual. She replied that she would come. I wrote to Binks that I was bringing Aunt Coddles.

We arrived about tea-time on the Friday. A crowd of young Laverings in the hall surrounded us; and I at once began vaguely to realise that all was not well, that someone had blundered.

"Hullo, Aunt Doodles, how very nice to see you! I didn't know you were

first time, because he once confessed in a moment of expansion to a predilection for a hot-water bottle. He is twenty-five, a good dancer and first-class hockey-player. Quite different from Miss Milligan, you rightly guess.

I still refuse to acknowledge any responsibility whatever. How was I to remember which was Aunt Doodles and which Aunt Coddles? As I pointed out with some asperity, the nickname habit was entirely to blame, and I took the opportunity to hint that after their terrible disaster it should be abandoned. But they are still Crackers, Smith, Budgy, etc. Queer obsession; and even,

as I have shown, more than a little dangerous.

WHY THE ALMOND-TREE IS PINK.

RIGHT away back at the beginning of things the almond-tree had white blossoms. She was very shy and nervous, but at the same time she was very anxious to behave correctly on all occasions. (You and I know what that feeling is.) You can imagine her excitement when one day she received from Spring an invitation to a coming-out party. So eager was she not to be late that she tried to keep awake all night, with the result that at the hour when she should have started she was fast asleep. Luckily a friendly thrush, which happened to be passing as she still slept, perched on one of her branches and whispered to her, "You'll be late, you'll be late, you'll be late." Without a moment's delay she fled to the assembly. You can judge her grief and bewilderment when she realised that in her hurry she had come without her green

cloak. (That year everybody was wearing a green cloak.) She stood rooted to the ground and felt herself blushing from head to foot.

Ever since that day the almond-tree has been blushing.

"Wanted, Hard-Boiled Candyman.—Apply Hotel."—*Advt. in Canadian Paper.*

To take the place, we understand, of one who was only half-baked.

"The only advantage to be derived from a depreciated currency is that it enables those who have something to rob those who have nothing."—*Sir Hugh Bell.*—*Sunday Paper.*

This shows what money can do. A millionaire, we suppose, could take the breeks off a Highlander.



IT ISN'T TRUE THAT THE SPANISH SHAWL IS TAKING THE PLACE OF THE PLAID IN SCOTLAND.

coming;" "Why, Doodles, this is a pleasant surprise!" I heard.

Miss Milligan passed on into the drawing-room, and I in turn became the object of the youthful Laverings' attentions.

"Where's Aunt Coddles?" they demanded.

I blinked at them and pointed towards the drawing-room.

"Winkle!" gasped Smith, with horror in her face. "You don't mean—"

Then she turned to her family and said in a sepulchral voice, "If he hasn't muddled Aunt Coddles and Aunt Doodles! How ghastly!"

Yes, Miss Milligan was Aunt Doodles; Aunt Coddles was my young nephew, so called, as I then remembered for the



Diner (examining the bill). "I SAY! VALUABLE BIRD THIS. ALMOST A PITY TO HAVE KILLED IT."

TO HER BRIEF REST.

WATCHERS on the bank had seen her slender form moving swiftly, full of life and human vigour, and had wondered at her beauty in the clean spring sunlight; and now, so soon, she lay in the water, beautiful still, but rigid and motionless.

Strong men came and gently lifted her dripping form from the river and carried her, oh! so carefully, up the bank. The crowd which had gathered made way for the little procession, gazing upon it with curious yet kindly eyes. Lest any should stumble a rugged boatman removed a plank that lay across their path; others hurried into the gloom of the boathouse near and busily prepared a place for the precious burden to rest upon. "Steady!" someone murmured in a deep voice; and so they bore her slowly, drops of moisture marking their progress.

At last they were within the boathouse itself, lost to the sight of most of the onlookers. Some would have followed even there, but there were those within who forbade their entrance. A schoolboy, his bright eager face clouded with anxiety, persisted; but a boatman seized him, not roughly, for he had a kindly heart, but firmly, for duty had to be done, and gently pushed him from the door.

"No, no, sonny; they're busy. You can't come in," he said as he closed the boathouse door.

"Oh, I wish you'd let me!" said the schoolboy, his voice vibrating with pathetic appeal.

"No, not to-day. You're too late. Try again. They can't sign autographs now. But they'll be taking her out again to-morrow."

A SONG OF DARTMOOR.

WHEN the wild ponies come down from the Moor,
Shaggy and shy and alert to the flight,
Then is the Winter indeed at the door;

They're risking in-country for chance of a bite:
Little wild fellows with mischief afoot,
Outlaws of order and robbers to boot—

Look to your gardens—look up your gates—your green-stuff
is recognised loot!

When the wild ponies go back to the Moor,

Snuffing the breath of the earliest gorse,
Then is the Springtide indeed at your door,
Though there's little to eat and the feeding is coarse;
Scampering heels and a squeal of delight—

'Ware our new stock—that mare foaled in the night—
Break through the hedges—trample the gardens—there's
time for a farewell bite!

The Leisurely East.

"The final general memorandum on the cotton crop of India for the season 1923-24 has now been issued."—*Provincial Paper*.

"Firm of Lift Makers Require . . . Clerk capable of making tender drawings."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper*.

For the edification of romantic lift-girls, we suppose.

"The return half of an ordinary railway return ticket is, on the evidence of the ticket itself, available for two months. What is a month? Is it to be defined as fifty-six days or as two calendar months?"—*Scots Paper*.

The police-court definition is forty shillings.



WEMBLEY MANŒUVRES. THE NELSON TOUCH.

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

IV.

AN HOUR AMONG THE GALLEASSES.

ZEEBRUGGE (1918), Trafalgar (1815), the Battle of the Spanish Armada (1588), and I think, but I am not quite sure, Sluys (1340) will be fought again at Wembley (1924). In replica? Well, not quite; but as nearly as may be, allowing for the difference of scale.

If one could only be the size of a small seafaring doll! Then, with the gracious permission of their MAJESTIES to reside in the QUEEN'S Doll's House, one might also have the pleasure of trudging over day by day (though it would be rather a long trudge for a small doll) to the British Government Pavilion and sailing into action under the flags of Admirals NELSON, DRAKE and KEYES, not to mention H.M. KING EDWARD III. But mere Brobdingnagians, alas! will have to content themselves with gazing at glory from the cliff-tops. It will be quite a good gaze, however, for the water-stage at Wembley will be seventy feet wide.

Many model ships of all ages and designs have been accurately rigged by experts before, but none, I imagine, that could be mysteriously controlled so as to take part in actual manoeuvres, mysteriously lighted, shattered by shot and shell and capable of pouring forth volumes of smoke from their guns. These things the wizards of Wembley do, and light the back cloth of their mimic seascape with sunsets and sunrises, darken it with thunderstorms or fill the heavens with drifting clouds. They do it quite easily by pressing a button here and turning a

switch, on there. But you have to know how.

I confess I was disturbed for a time to find that all the preliminaries of this naval warfare were being conducted, not in the Admiralty, but in the House of War. A Whitehall ex-cornet of Dragoons, with a rolling gait and humming a

being much more bellicose than Viscount CHELMSFORD——"

"You've got a large piece of white paint," said the Illustrator, "on your left shoulder."

A thoroughly unsympathetic man. But he is always a demon for boats whenever and wherever they are to be found, and was already busy making a sketch of that bright little craft, the *Nuestra Señora del Rosario*, the flagship of PEDRO VALDEZ, which by an ingenious device is going to have a mast shot down in action against Sir FRANCIS DRAKE.

"It occurs to me," I said to a commodore of the Field Artillery, "that if you could only have arranged to have one or two early rehearsals on the Round Pond it would have been impossible to keep any decent boy away from Wembley this year."

And then, turning round, I saw the *Revenge*. I must say it gave me rather a thrill. I had forgotten for the moment that DRAKE fought the *Revenge* against the Armada.

"But wouldn't it be possible," I inquired, "to stage the last fight of the *Revenge* as well? The public isn't very knowing about naval manoeuvres, even comparatively simple ones like the Armada or the cutting of the line at Trafalgar. For real gallery melodrama (if there is a gallery in the British Government Pavilion) give me GRENVILLE on the *Revenge*. I suppose you'll have some kind of explanation of the actions thrown on to a screen while the performances go on?"

"Something of the sort, I expect," said the General Flag-Lieutenant-Commanding.



THE BOATRACE IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

(Not included in the Naval Pageant at Wembley.)

nautical song, conducted us to one of the upper decks of that tremendous edifice, and delivered us into the kindly charge of an officer of the Electrical Marines.

"I think it must be," I murmured to the Illustrator, "because we have a Labour Government in power. They have confused the functions of the various Offices and made a tremendous inter-departmental muddle. I suppose the fact is that Mr. STEPHEN WALSH,

"Well, why not give the story of the *Revenge* with bits of TENNYSON thrown in. Not the lines exactly as they stand, because the public is so accustomed to cinema sub-titles, you know, that sheer poetry would give them rather a shock. But you might do it like this:—

"Men of Bideford in Devon, the crew of the heroic but ill-starred '*Revenge*,' had been left behind by their companions.

"And so, roaring hurrahs, with her hundred fighters on deck, the little '*Revenge*' still ran rapidly on.

"Shot followed shot in rapid succession till at last the great '*San Philip*,' in receipt of an injury to her side, began to bethink herself.

"Meanwhile after sunset the stars commenced to come out far over the summer sea."

That is the stuff to give to the imperial land-lubbers of to-day if you want to make them sit up.

The Officer Commanding Three-deckers politely promised me that he would think about it and see what could be done.

"How many imitation knots will you get out of these galleasses with the wind abaft the beam?" inquired the Illustrator in his best old sea-dog style.

"They'll have to move quicker than they ought to proportionately," he was told, "otherwise you'd scarcely see them crawl."

"And what about the weather?" I said. "Are you going to roughen the water by electrical treatment, one switch for a capful of wind and one for half a gale?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said the O.C.T.

"Anyway, we shall do the wind."

"And the boom or bark?"

"How do you mean, boom or bark?" he asked rather sharply.

I can never keep up the nautical jargon myself.

"Of the guns," I explained.

"We shall do that off," he said.

"The idea is to arrange the whole thing as if you were seeing the actual fight from a distance, and the perspective and the models themselves are all scaled to give that effect. So are the bark and the boom."

Both the Illustrator and I fell in love

with the display of streamers and bunting on these Elizabethan boats. It must have made the beginning of a battle a very gay affair.

"What number of Spaniards do you desery?" the old admirals used to ask, I suppose.

"A round score, my lord."

"Then tie some more ribands on to the poop." And GLORIANA's fleet must have tottered into action looking more like a *mi-carême* carnival than anything else.

And then they showed us how the

the model of the *Victory* and cut down the vote for the *Fighting Temeraire*. As it is, the ghosts of the old sea-captains, if they chance to drop in at Wembley, will be the first to admit themselves that, egad, Sir, they never knew precisely how that little bit was done.

And last of all we were taken to see portions of the huge raised map of the world, which is designed to make people remember that even the British Empire has its bounds. But not very many. When Africa, which is all green, is lit up underneath with red electric lights over those tracts for which we are in various ways responsible, it is—well, it is wonderful how rosy the future of Africa should be. Southward, in fact, the tide of Empire takes its way. It would have puzzled Admirals NELSON and DRAKE if they could have seen it. EVER.

The March of Education.

"TUITION.

Fish and Chips Taught: also Salmon, Savory, Meat and Onion, Scones, etc."

Advt. in Local Paper.

"GOLDEN ANNIVERSARY.

Mr. and Mrs. —, of this city, celebrate the anniversary of their fiftieth wedding to-day."—*Montreal Paper*.

Where's your Los Angeles now?

"Your Burmese flaywright has ideas like those of Bernard Shaw when he wrote '*Methuselah*.'"

Evening Paper.

Even more, we should have thought, like those of JOHN GALSWORTHY when he wrote *The Skin Game*.

"The bride's mother wore navy blue, with oriental trimmings and the bridegroom's brother was in navy matocain."—*Local Paper*.

His daring costume certainly deserved a mention.

"S. —'s COLLEGE, OXFORD.—Wanted, Married Couple as Gardener and Housekeeper. Would coach students in spare times."

Daily Paper.

But won't the dons regard them as "Blacklegs"?

"In our report of Madame —'s concert last week through a printer's error she was stated to have sung '*The Glory of the Sex*.' Those who were present know the song was '*The Glory of the Sea*.'"

West-Country Paper.

A venial error. Merely the substitution of one inconstant element for another.



Shade of DRAKE (regarding the model of the "*Nuestra Señora del Rosario*," the flagship of PEDRO VALDEZ. "WHY, THEY'VE MADE AS GOOD A JOB OF HER AS I DID MYSELF."

tiller was worked on an Elizabethan boat, and how little real change there was between the ships of the Armada and the ships of Trafalgar. But, on the other side of the room, looking very grim and purposeful, even as toys, were the models of the famous fighters of the North Sea.

On the whole, when we considered the trouble there has been lately about the Admiralty programme and the hot words over Singapore, the Illustrator and I felt thankful that the present Government had allowed the naval programme for Wembley to stand. A more niggardly and cheese-paring Administration might easily have scrapped

THE WHITE PEBBLES.

Pan of the Hunting, Pan of the Fishing,
Of Moor and Manor and High Wood too,
Ever I've wanted your kind well-wishing,
Ever and ever I've worshipped you;
I made you a shrine on a morn gone by,
By turf and water, did I, did I,
By turf and water and wind and sky;
Green turf, brown water and vaulted blue;
A love, a homage, a heart bestowing
For the rod, the gun and the horn a-blowing,
And fenced it fair with a worship treble
And laid on it always a new white pebble
Whenever your luck ran true.

*Silver stones, I love 'em dearly,
For the silver they recall;
And they'll show up silver clearly
When the dusk doth fall.*

'Tis Dee, foam dappled and darkly rushing
Flushed with the melt of the April snow,
Her chill floods up to the pale birks pushing
The weight and rate of her tawny flow;
On the stream's oiled edge, with a flounce and flout,
A heave of silver, a boil about,
The big fish fastens, the reel flames out;
And a mile it is, 'tis a mile below,
And an hour it is ere his sea-strength founders
And his argent bulk down the shallow flounders,
And the clip makes end of a gallant story
Which the tide-louse seals, for the greater glory,
From his skull to his tail a-row.

*There's a picture satisfying;
He was fighter wild and grim;
And a best white stone is lying
On the shrine for him.*

Here's flower of chestnut and great elms sleeping,
Cathedrals calm of a verdurous pride;
Here's sun and cloud and a hay-crop's reaping
And warmth and June and a trout-stream wide;
"Oh, what's the charm of it?" ask again—
"The silken swish of a light split-cane?"
Or the wild-rose banners above the lane
And the meadows with lambs and daisies pied?"
One can but say, be it light or heavy
The bag, one brace or a shapely bevy,
That you'd sell the year for a mayfly measure,
These playtime moments of pulsing pleasure,
And know but the young Junetide.

*How the halcyon hours come shining;
Dog-rose bloomed and sang cuckoo!
And upon the shrine reclining
Are the white stones due.*

The small boy shoots with the Four Professors,
Four professors of "Pulling 'em down,"
You'll know their names when I tell you, Messrs.
Smith and Robinson, Jones and Brown;
Pale ghost through the pine-wood's undertones
That turning woodcock defeats Tom Jones,
Now, famed Jack Robinson fires—and groans;
And it's "Cock, cock coming!" to like renown,
To Brown and Smith in the ride—they'll pot him;
What—over or under, has neither got him?
Four professors and not one stops him;
Then Schooldays swings with him swift and drops
him;
The crown of a Christmas crown.

*Oh, performance of the smartest!
Here's its stone upon the line,
Since I vowed myself an artist,
For 'twas mine, mine, mine!*

Five P.M. and the last light's quitting
And nigh two hours since the hunt began;
Hounds ahead are but shadows flitting;
Here's Youth on a hireling (I'm your man!)—
Here's Youth on a hireling with them still
(He doesn't know how and he never will);
But it's "Hold up horse, for they've got to kill"
In a minute now or they never can;
The earths are open at Colton Ashes;
Hold up, they've viewed!" how the cry out crashes
Full tongued and stops. Where the hedgerow's rocking
There's a dog-fox down with his lean jaws locking
To a mouthful of mud and tan.

*"Charles," he lives by rogue endeavour,
But he dies as orthodox;
And the whitest pebbles ever
Stand for Charles James Fox.*

So long as there's grass, so long as there's water,
So long as a covey'll call and skim,
Shall the pan-pipe play for its son or daughter,
Shall the god come forth when they call on him.
Come forth to them at the horn's light shake;
Or when woodcock twists through a holly brake;
Or when Kennet's dusted with fool Green Drake;
Or where clean fish up from the North Sea swim;
Then busk him a shrine for a worship treble,
And pay to him always a bright white pebble
For this or that where the luck ran kindly;
They'll show up bright when the dusk falls blindly,
And white when the light grows dim.

*Pretty monuments they hold you,
Suchlike rockeries of rocks;
But the whitest ones (I've told you)
Are for Charles James Fox.*

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

"ALAS!" said the Old Stager, looking down the music-hall advertisements, "what has become of Variety? Where are all my old favourites—Freddie Forby the comedian, the Stella Sisters, Dainty Dolly and——"

"The public no longer cares for that old-fashioned stuff," explained the Theatrical Magnate, lighting a fresh cigar. "Revue's are what it wants to-day. I've got three of 'em on tour. One is called *Aerials*, another *Magnets*, a third *Cal's Whiskers*, and I'm thinking of calling my latest show *Heterodynes*."

"But why these wireless titles?" said the Old Stager.

"Well," observed the Magnate, "I used to call 'em *Fluff*, *fluff* and *Buzz-wuzz* and *Nighty-nighty*, and such names. But the public got tired of these and——"

"Look here," interrupted the Old Stager. "Take me to see one of these revues of yours."

"Well," said the Magnate as the performance of *Heterodynes* was drawing to a close, "and how do you like it?"

"I always have liked it," said the Old Stager, vigorously applauding Freddie Forby, the Stella Sisters, Dainty Dolly and the rest of the revue artistes as they took a final curtain. "There's just this one thing, though—I'm not sure that *Heterodynes* is quite the best title for the show."

"Perhaps you can suggest a better one, then," snapped the Theatrical Magnate.

"Why not call it *Varieties*?" suggested the Old Stager.



Arthur
Watts

"CHANSON TRISTE."



Queen Boadicea (to her man-servant). "I DON'T UNDERSTAND ALL THIS FUSS ABOUT TRAFFIC-CONTROL. I NEVER EXPERIENCE ANY DIFFICULTY."

THE IRRESISTIBLE TEMPTATION.

THROUGH the rich eddying fog of hot rum and eucalyptus I beheld Henry as through a glass, darkly. He was sitting over a roaring fire, the collar of his dressing-gown pulled up about his ears and a thick rug drawn over his shoulders. His nose glowed like unto the ruby; his eyes watered; his breathing resembled that of a camel.

"Hullo, Henry!" I cried. "Got a cold?"

Henry didn't answer immediately. His features had taken on that expression of wistful surprise commonly seen on the face of a decapitated codfish. Then, resuming his sneezing at the point where he had left off, he mopped his face with a large towel, leaned back in his chair and said, "Shuddadabdoor!"

I shut the door and tried again.

"You've got a bad cold, my lad," I said, not so much by way of letting Henry into a secret as of registering sympathy.

But Henry was irritable.

"Oh, doh!" said he. "Dot a cowl! It's jus' housebaid's dee. That's why Ibe sittig by this fire id a dressig-gowd, smellig ligke a eucalybdus forest ad driggig hot rub."

Now I happened to have a slight cold myself, and my heart went out to

the sufferer. I felt that mine should be the rôle of patient comforter, ready and eager with the soft answer that should turn away facetious drivel.

"You are undoubtedly a fatuous ass, Henry," I remarked gently; "but if you think your sarcasms are funny you stand alone in your belief. Anyhow, returning to the subject of colds and their cure—"

Henry bounded in his chair.

"Fatuous yourself!" he croaked, leaning over towards me with a leer that was positively ferocious. "Firsdt of all you cub here—ligke every blitherig dodedity that's beed to see be to-day—ad carly idforb be that I've got a cowl. Aftder that, of course, I dew what to expegd. I dew you'd cub to the subject of cures id the fuldness of tibe."

With a tolerant smile I began to explain. But Henry waved his eucalyptus bottle to command silence.

"Before we go eddy further," he spluttered on, "I wadt to magke the posishud quide clear. Ibe dot goig to put by feedt id bustard-ad-wadter; Ibe dot goig to feast od lubs of sugar soagked id abbodiaded tigsher of quideed for you or eddywud elze; I refuse to codsider eddy filthy gargles; I decide to guzzle padedt cough bixshers; ad if you brig be a bustard-plaster I'll rab it dowd your throat!"

Again I tried to explain, and again Henry brushed me aside.

"Od previous occashuds whed I've had cowds," he raced on, "I've bade the bistake of listedig to every ass that cobe here recobedding stupid fool rebadies. I've swallowed pidts of buck ad sdified filthy powders till by head ached. I've rubbed by chest with foul greases. Ad wudz I sat ligke a brass idol—for two solid hours!—id a fool vapour bath, just to please the goat that sedt it roud on a hadcart. But Ibe through with all that dow. Ibe dot goig to do it any bore. I'll jus' please byself id future. Is that clear?"

The clarity was so pronounced that I didn't trouble to answer. Instead, speaking with dignified self-control, I informed Henry that up to the very moment of my calling upon him I knew nothing whatever about his cold. Nor, having acquired the information, had it ever been my intention to pester him with suggestions for a cure. My sole object in coming, indeed, had been to seek his expert advice in the matter of the little cold that I myself had contracted during the course of the day.

Henry heard me through without an interruption, his brow clearing with every moment that passed. And by the time I had finished speaking he was placing a chair on the opposite side of

the fire and pressing me to sit down. His manner was kindness itself.

"By dear old horse," he began, speaking with genuine emotion, "why didn't you tell be all this at first? Got a cowl, have you? Well, look here—tagke by advice ad by the bordig you'll be as right as a dail. Go straid hobe ad get idoo bed ad rub your chest with cabphor oil, ad have a good stiff glass of hot rub with a drip or two of abbodiated tigsber of quideed id it. Persudally I dever fail to tagke these little precaushuds. Oridges, too— Here, whadt are you griddig at? Silly dig-kubpoop!"

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

III.—"WORKS AND BUILDINGS."

WHEN first the R.A.F. was planned,
The men who took the job in hand
Decided that in peace and war
The Service must possess a corps
Of loyal men whose souls are filled
With strong desires to work and build;
So, all within a week or two
A great Department grew and grew,
Till one fine day we woke to see
The A.M.W. and B.
Arrayed, accoutred and equipped;
And from that hour things fairly ripped.

In many and delightful ways
They merit our regard and praise.
If we should break a window-pane,
Admitting gusts of snow and rain
Which devastate our office table,
We thank our stars that we are able
To send to Works and B. a chit,
Requesting them to see to it.
Before a month is past and gone
A glazier, with an apron on,
Complete with pencil, rule and book,
Comes strolling round to have a look;
It fills us with a great content
If he should take a measurement,
For then we clearly understand
That they have got the work in hand.

The staff are pleasant human folks
And very fond of simple jokes.
They run a most amusing train
From Camp to town and back again;
Both train and track are all their own
And worked by them and them alone.
Like little boys of nine or ten
They play at being railwaymen,
And as the train is moving out
They take it turn and turn about
To act as guard, and shout and wag
A little tiny coloured flag.
And strangers rarely comprehend
It's just a game of "let's pretend,"
Until, with half the journey done,
They have their final bit of fun;
They stop the train and let us know
That that's as far as we can go,
Because the boiler's sprung a leak
And can't be mended for a week;



Mother (after the birthday dinner). "WHAT'S THE MATTER, DARLING? HAVE THE MERINGUES GIVEN YOU A PAIN?"

Little Girl. "NO—NO, BUT THEY GAVE MY TUMMY AN AWFUL FRIGHT."

Which means that we are doomed to
tramp
The dreary distance back to Camp.
But as we go you'll hear us laugh.
To think the Works and Buildings staff
Have played us such a merry hoax;
They really are amusing folks.

"But don't let us haul in our sails," added the speaker, "because we have made so much progress; we are not out of the wood yet."
Manchester Paper.

And still, apparently, a little bit at sea.

Advertisement displayed in a dyer's and cleaner's shop-window:—

"The carpet is your children's playground. Have them beaten or shampooed by our improved method."
That should keep the young rascals quiet.

"In the Nomination Race the younger Prince, riding his horse Ratharogue, crashed into the bicycle of a spectator and cut its knee."
Daily Paper.

We understand that the bicycle with the cut knee is going on as well as can be expected.

"If the story be true that Mr. Wheatley is on the look-out for a chance of resignation on his Housing scheme, and that he will then retire into the interior of the party and there sit on its head, he will have to be very careful of acquiring a reputation as a merely clever man."
Sunday Paper.

Or, at any rate, as an extremely agile contortionist.

A Church notice:—

"11. 'The Talkative Devil,' Rev. A. —; 6.30, 'The "Honest" Man,' Rev. B. —."
Daily Paper.
Personally, we shall go in the evening.

MAH-JONGG.

WHEN I first saw the Smithers brothers after the Christmas holidays they were very full of a new acquaintance of theirs, one Andrew McCracken, whose social education they professed to have undertaken. They were anxious that I should meet him at once, so as to be able to judge of their progress, and his, as time went on. It appeared that his nationality protruded to excess. The serious bent of his mind was a positive affront to the mercurial temperaments of his self-constituted instructors, and his racial imperturbability had so roused in them the missionary spirit that they had formed themselves into a Society for the Brightening of Andrew McCracken, with Tom Smithers as President and George, the younger brother, as Executive Council.

My introduction to the sole beneficiary of the Society took place at a luncheon club in the City. I admit that I found him, let me say, of an equable temper of mind, but not to the point of sluggishness or boorishness. That I might make his better acquaintance I received an invitation to attend a formal business meeting of the Society. The idea appeared to leap full-fledged from the volatile brain of the President of the Society.

"By the way, Andie," he said, "have you met Mah Jongg?"

"Mah-Jongg?" McCracken repeated, his face maintaining its usual non-committal expression.

"Yes," Tom went on, "the new Chinese game, you know. You must come and be initiated. The girls are mad about it. We've marked out a court on the lawn and lit it with electric light from the dining-room. We play nearly every night after dinner. Let's see. To-day's Tuesday. Come to dinner to-morrow night at half-past seven and we'll have a game."

"All right," said McCracken; "thanks very much."

Andrew McCracken's entry the next evening was in the circumstances something of a spectacle. At Tom's instigation we all met him in the hall. He was clothed in tennis flannels covered by the longest and woolliest blanket coat I have ever seen, and carried a heavy racquet-press containing a perfect battery of assorted implements. He was greeted with shouts of derisive laughter, which it seemed to me he sustained with admirable composure. Tom was almost offensive in his triumph.

"Oh! it's a table game, I see," remarked Andie meekly, as soon as he could be heard, advancing as he spoke to the card-table, where the pieces were

already scattered face upwards in all their dainty polished charm.

"Yes, it's a table game," scoffed Tom, "and a lot of good your crepe rubber soles will do you!"

Well, ultimately they settled down to it, Tom, George, one of the girls and Andie. I was an interested spectator—and listener, because Tom explained the rules more than once to Andie with the most precise elaboration. The game appeared to be hedged round with preliminary casts of the dice designed to defeat the notorious chicanery of the Chink. But in the end they began. The great wall of China, built four-square and two-deep, was broken at the appointed spot, and thirteen bricks dealt to each player. A hush of concentration fell upon the room. Esoteric words like foreign oaths began to drip through an atmosphere charged with Oriental mystery. "Pung" followed hard on "Chow," and there was babbling of "bamboos" and "characters," of "tiles" and "winds" and "dragons." All this I followed as best I might in the light of Tom's introductory elucidation.

Gradually, brick by brick, the wall was dismantled until there was a bare foot of it left. Tom's face was a study in hope deferred. Andie alone seemed unmoved. Finally one brick alone remained. And it was Andie's turn.

"Hullo!" he said quietly, "I seem to be out. What is it you say? 'Woo,' isn't it?" And he flattened out the larger half of his hand, which was still standing in front of him. "I hope I've played correctly," he added. "I think it's all right. Just add it up for me, Tom, will you?"

"Beginner's luck," muttered Tom as he started the count, and certainly some extrinsic explanation appeared to be called for. Andie's hand was a positive scandal. I spare the details of his score, but he had collected a perfect menagerie of dragons, each of which doubled his total, and he had apparently had the good fortune to avoid everything that was not an honour. None of the others had ever seen such a hand. The supply of pretty little scoring-chips was totally inadequate to the occasion. It was a painful scene.

Andie refused to play again, and soon afterwards collected his impedimenta and took his departure. Tom went to the door with him.

"Queer chap," he said, as he returned to the drawing-room. "Do you know what he called to me as he went down the drive? He said he'd had better luck than he had any right to expect in catching the moon from the bottom of the sea. What on earth do you suppose—"

"Oh! but that's in the book of words," said George; "it means wooing with the last brick."

"But Andie has never seen the book," rejoined Tom; "he had never even heard of the game till yesterday at lunch-time."

"Well, I wonder," I ventured to interpose.

My suspicions of the inscrutable Scot were justified by a post-card which Tom showed me the next day. Andie wrote:—

"When will you come here for your revenge? I should like to show you a lovely ivory set I brought home from Peking in 1912. It's a great game, isn't it? A. McC."

P.S.—Bring George, of course.

P.P.S.—My hole, I think?"

A VILLAGE ITINERARY.

[The author, disdaining the law of libel, wishes to assure his readers that only real names are employed in these verses.]

I FAIN would give posthumous ducking
To him who called his hamlet Mucking,
And curse all those who brewed the
blend

Of Mudford, Swine and Sewers End.
I rather like the Norfolk bunch,
Spurle, Strumpshaw, Stratton Straw-
less, Trunch.

I think a certain sweet decorum
Attaches to Zeal Monachorum.
How quiet and simple life would be
In Pancrasweek and Inwardleigh;
But sleepy, dull and even boring
Were days in Great and Little Snoring.
At Upton Snodsbury I must hoot,
And broadly smile at Barton Toot;
And when I laugh it simply means
I've thought of Barton-in-the-Beans.

Of Ryme Intrinseca I fire
To question Mr. J. C. SQUIRE.
For utter queerness I suggest
That Toller Porcorum is best,
Though some are quite prepared to bet
On Huish Champflower (Somerset).
Woolfardisworthy's over long,
But Stretton Grandison's a song.
And music to the tongue or pen
White Ladies Aston, Ambrosden,
Martyr Worthy; Ampney Crucis
To match with rhyme the very deuce is.
But all are true, not one is bogus,
Nor Seething, Quarles nor Holcombe
Rogus.

From a story about Australian farm-life:—

"For a moment the young Scotsman doubted his wisdom in throwing up a well-paid job at home, but the next he had made up his mind to tackle the task, hacked down some timber, and built a shack."—*Scots Paper*.

The very man for Mr. WHEATLEY and his rapid housing scheme.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

XVIII.—MARKET SQUARE.

I had a penny,
A bright new penny,
I took my penny
To the market square.
I wanted a rabbit,
A little brown rabbit,
And I looked for a rabbit
'Most everywhere.

For I went to the stall where they sold
sweet lavender

(Only a penny for a bunch of lavender!):

"Have you got a rabbit, 'cos I don't
want lavender?"

But they hadn't got a rabbit, not any-
where there.

I had a penny,
And I had another penny,
I took my pennies
To the market square.
I did want a rabbit,
A little baby rabbit,
And I looked for rabbits
'Most everywhere.

And I went to the stall where they sold
fresh mackerel

(Now then! Tuppence for a fresh-caught
mackerel!):

"Have you got a rabbit, 'cos I don't like
mackerel?"

But they hadn't got a rabbit, not any-
where there.

I found a sixpence,
A little white sixpence,
I took it in my hand
To the market square.
I was buying my rabbit
(I do like rabbits)
And I looked for my rabbit
'Most everywhere.

So I went to the stall where they sold
fine saucepans

(Walk up, walk up, sixpence for a sauce-
pan!):

"Could I have a rabbit, 'cos we've got
two saucepans?"

But they hadn't got a rabbit, not any-
where there.

I had nuffin',
No, I hadn't got nuffin',
And I took my nuffin'
From the market square;
And I walked on the common,
The old-gold common . . .
And I saw little rabbits
'Most everywhere!

So I'm sorry for the people who sell fine
saucepans,

I'm sorry for the people who sell fresh
mackerel,

I'm sorry for the people who sell sweet
lavender,

'Cos they haven't got a rabbit, not
anywhere there! A. A. M.



Artist H. Shepard





First Young Blood (to Second Ditto whose artist friend has just left him). "I SAY, YOU 'RE ALWAYS ABOUT WITH THAT CHELSEA MERCHANT. WHAT 'S THE ATTRACTION?"

Second Young Blood. "IT 'S SO DASHED HARD TO LOOK WELL-DRESSED NOWADAYS THAT I USE HIM AS A SORT OF FOIL."

BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS.

["More than a thousand of London's prettiest women work every day in the large telephone building near St. Paul's. . . . Hundreds of women of five feet in height, with good teeth, acute hearing, perfect eyesight, perfect respiratory systems and normal digestive powers were seen in the Telephone Exchange by a woman representative yesterday. . . . There were rows of large angelic grey eyes, sparkling brown eyes, unsuspicious blue eyes and fascinating green eyes. Most of the girls had bobbed hair, but beneath the switchboard lights it gleamed honey, russet and raven."—*Daily Paper.*]

THE sensational revelations regarding telephone operators quoted above will, I hope, do a lot of quiet good.

I have always considered it one of the gravest defects of the telephone system in this country that the subscriber cannot see the operator. If this reform cannot be arranged meantime, the next best thing is to have something like the foregoing details on which the imagination can work.

In the absence of such information a worried subscriber is apt to lose his head and behave abominably. I myself have overheard a man in the City flatly tell an operator that he didn't believe her when she said a number was engaged. Now, if he had known

that the young woman to whom he was talking had a perfect respiratory system (enabling her to say "Newington, ninety-nine" without the suspicion of a wheeze), angelic grey eyes and bobbed hair which gleamed honey, he would never have lost control of himself like that. Instead, he would probably have said politely, "Really? Then I'm so sorry to have troubled you. Good morning."

Again, no man in his senses talks to a girl with good teeth, normal digestive powers and fascinating green eyes as if she were less than the dust upon his Telephone Directory. And as for saying to a sweet young thing with acute hearing and unsuspicious blue eyes, "How many more times must I tell you—six, four, th-r-ree, *fife*, Bayswater. And *do* hurry up! Do you think I have all morning to wait?"—the idea is preposterous.

My only regret is that the representative of this public-spirited newspaper hadn't had a little more time on her hands. After concluding her investigations into digestive and respiratory systems, she might have made a few tactful inquiries concerning the girls' tastes in ideal men. It would be distinctly useful to know whether, for

instance, there is a predilection for the strong silent subscriber, or whether a pleading winsomeness cuts more ice.

However, I think, on the whole, the Press has done its bit. It is now up to the Post Office, and I commend to the POSTMASTER-GENERAL the inclusion of a suitable appendix in the next issue of the Telephone Directory. Besides brightening the Directory still further it would improve the relations between subscribers and operators enormously.

I imagine it might even be possible to group the operators in the various Exchanges according to type. In that case I should like the green-eyed ones on my Exchange, please.

"FUTURE EVENTS.

March 24.—"Coriolanus." Old Nic."

Sunday Paper.

So that was what *Coriolanus* meant when he said, "There is a world elsewhere."

"THE PLANTAGENET CLUB.

Object: To provide a Club for Men and Women of good ancestry and tracing descent from The Royal House of Plantagenet, and from Scottish, Irish or Welsh Kings and Princes."—*Adet. in Morning Paper.*

If all the descendants of Irish Kings apply won't there be some danger of the poor Plantagenets being crowded out?



AS IN THE GLASS BRIGHTLY.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (to MR. AMERY). "NO, NO, I SHAN'T WANT THAT THING; I BELIEVE THE WEATHER'S GOING TO BE FINE—WHATEVER THE BAROMETER MAY SAY."



THE END OF THE WORLD

THE END OF THE WORLD

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 17th.—An appeal to the PRIME MINISTER to use the Government's influence to obtain the release of certain ecclesiastical dignitaries in Russia was unfruitful. "Official" intervention is apparently no more possible now than before the Soviet Government was "recognised." All Mr. MAC-



THE OLD WOMAN WHO HAD SO MANY CHILDREN SHE DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO DO.

MR. F. W. JOWETT.

DONALD could and would do, if occasion arose, was to make "friendly representations."

Implored by Mr. KIRKWOOD to prevent the eviction of unemployed tenants unable (or unwilling?) to pay their rents, the PRIME MINISTER replied that to do so would need legislation, of which he saw little prospect. But that was not good enough for his questioner, who, with a newborn faith in Mr. MACDONALD's omnipotence, urged him not to wait for a Bill, but to make "some pronouncement that will stop evictions now."

Like the Old Woman Who Lived in a Shoe, Mr. JOWETT, the First Commissioner of Works, has so many children that he doesn't know what to do. He was quite unable to satisfy the demand of Mr. HARDIE that every one of the 615 Members should have a seat in a Chamber which only accommodates some three hundred. Mr. HARDIE attributed this inability to "the fungus of old-time customs"—by which mysterious phrase he may have desired to indicate his opinion that the Front Bench is infested with dry rot.

Taught by last week's defeat, Mr. CLYNES moved that the Government

should take the whole time of the House till March 31st, and in a rather plaintive request for fair play pointed out that future Governments would probably find themselves in office without being in power. Mr. BALDWIN, in view of the importance of getting through the financial business, made no objection; but Mr. HOGGE, whom I suspect of being a Tory under his bristles, hoped the Government would not attempt to repeat the operation, "because the less legislation they passed, the better for the country."

In moving to reduce the Army by 150,000 men Mr. AYLES and Mr. THUR-TLE unconsciously did the Labour Party a good turn by enabling it to dissociate itself from their extreme brand of pacifism. Colonel JOHN WARD, the most vigorous of their critics, is not officially described as a Labour man now, but speeches hardly less robust and practical than his came from avowed Labourists like Mr. MONTAGUE, who wanted Labour idealism to have its feet on the ground even if it has its head in the clouds, and from Dr. HADEN GUEST, who ridiculed the inconsistencies of "pacifists" in advocating class-war and defending the existence of the Red Army in Russia. Despite a most pugnacious speech for the Amendment by Mr. MAXTON, only thirteen Members went into the Lobby in support of the Mild AYLES and the THUR-TLE Dove.

Tuesday, March 18th.—It is always a pleasure to watch Lord DONOUGHMORE performing his duties as Chairman of Committees in the House of Lords. The rapidity of his enunciation as he runs through the clauses of a Bill, and the flawless accuracy of his pronouncements that "the Contents" (or the Non-Contents as the case may be) "have it," might be envied by Mr. H. A. LYTTON singing one of GILBERT's patter songs.

This afternoon his peculiar gifts had full scope on the Criminal Justice Bill. The proceedings mostly took the form of a muttered dialogue between the LORD CHAIRMAN and the LORD CHANCELLOR; but every now and again Lord RUSSELL butted in with an amendment. A few of his suggestions were accepted, but when he moved to leave out a clause which had just been altered at his own request even Lord HALDANE jibbed.

On the Advertisements Regulation Bill, Lord RUSSELL moved a clause to prohibit "sky-writing," but with no better success. Lord THOMSON pointed out that the process stimulated aviation to a certain extent; and Lord NEWTON, while wholly opposed to this "blatantly objectionable form of advertisement," was not prepared to risk his Bill for the sake of preventing it.

LORD CHELMSFORD, who announced the decision of the Government not to proceed with the Singapore base, was chiefly concerned to defend the Board of Admiralty against the attacks made upon it. Charged with "the responsibility of protecting all British territory abroad against organisation from the sea," the Board, he said, "had done its duty in giving certain advice to the Government: it was for the Government to accept or reject it."

The decision filled Lord CURZON with



THE PRIME MINISTER AS VIEWED BY A FAITHFUL SUPPORTER.

"The Labour Party," said Mr. MONTAGUE, "wanted their idealism to have its feet on the ground, even if its head was in the clouds."

profound dismay. It was equivalent to saying to the Dominions, "No more of mutual co-operation," and it would not placate Japan, which, while he was at the Foreign Office, had never protested against the Singapore project. To this last argument Viscount GREY drily replied that from his experience in 1914 the Foreign Office was the last place where one ever heard anything unpleasant, and on the main question he doubted the wisdom of spending a

lot of money on a base which other nations might regard as provocative rather than defensive. The Peers, however, endorsed Lord CURZON's view by 56 to 19.

If the PRIME MINISTER thought to please the Glasgow group by appointing an Ayrshire man as High Commissioner of the Church of Scotland he was mistaken. Mr. JOHNSTON took great ex-



A PACIFIST WAR-DANCE.
MR. MAXTON.

ception to the provision of two thousand pounds for Mr. Brown's expenses while at Holyrood, particularly as some of it would be spent on "the supply of free drink to the young clergymen of the Church of Scotland." Put like that, it did sound rather scandalous. But the Government secured an unexpected ally in Mr. JACK JONES. "What is wrong," he asked, "with a gentleman having a drink?" And as the laughter died away the SPEAKER quickly called the next Question.

Wednesday, March 19th.—The Bishop of LICHFIELD wanted to know what the Government were doing about unemployment, and particularly whether they would take drastic steps to reduce "corporate selfishness" in the building trade. Lord BUXTON also invited them to state the "positive and concrete proposals" of which they had talked before the Election. Little definite information was forthcoming from the Front Bench. Lord PARMOOR said that, pending a general peace-settlement in Europe, the Government could deal only in palliatives. Still they had a policy in their

minds and hoped some day to put it into a Bill. And Lord HALDANE declared that never in his political life had he witnessed such energy as had been displayed during the last two months "in the preparation of plans." The unemployed should be delighted to hear this.

I remarked a fortnight ago that Lord MUSKERRY's statement of Irish landlords' sufferings was "somewhat encumbered by irrelevancies." One of these was brought up against him this afternoon by Lord FITZALAN, who "dared" him to repeat outside Parliament the attack that he had made upon a well-known Civil Servant. Lord MUSKERRY, while definitely refusing the challenge, was disinclined at first to withdraw a statement made, he declared, "in all honesty." But a stern rebuke by Lord CURZON, who reminded him that the privilege of Members of Parliament was granted as a protection to them and not "as a means of aggression upon others," quickly caused him to alter his mind.

It is on record that in the early days of Irish Nationalism a member of the Party (one of the brothers REDMOND, I think) took the oath, made his maiden speech and was suspended all within twenty-four hours. Mr. CAHIR HEALY, the Sinn Fein Member for Fermanagh and Tyrone, very nearly equalled this performance to-day. Though duly returned at the General Election for Fermanagh and Tyrone, he was unable for some time to take his seat owing to the reluctance of the Government of Northern Ireland to part with him. This afternoon, however, he was introduced by Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR and Mr. HARBISON. In the course of the evening, finding that a vote for that Government was under discussion, Mr. HEALY desired to say what he thought of it. He was repeatedly called to order, and finally, after a particularly purple passage—in which he declared that if British subjects were treated in a foreign country as they were in the Six Counties, "the newspapers would spill sufficient ink to float a destroyer"—he was told to sit down. Sit down he very wisely did; and so the REDMOND record remains unbroken.

Thursday, March 20th.—Lord THOMSON had a very good reception for his Auxiliary Air Force Bill—a measure designed, as Lord HALDANE put it with pardonable pride, to do for the Air Force what his Territorial Force Act of 1907 did for the Army. The Sky-Terriers, I gather, will not be required to serve abroad; but "a flight on home service" was rather ominously defined as "one in which the points of departure and intended return are within the British Isles." Lord Thomson added that in its

endeavours to arouse public enthusiasm for aviation his Ministry was "continually devising plans to get people up into the air"—and, I assume, to bring them safely down again.

As the Puritans denounced bull-baiting, not because it hurt the bull but because it pleased the people, so some of our temperance-reformers look askance at measures designed to render public-houses more attractive and useful because they fear that they will encourage drinking. Their point of view was fully represented by Earl RUSSELL, the Archbishop of CANTERBURY and Lord ASTOR, in the discussion of Lord LAMINGTON's Public-House Improvement Bill; but the Peers seemed to prefer the arguments of Lord HARRIS, speaking "as a man in the street," who thought that the best way of getting better public-houses was to make it the interest of their owners to improve them.

Mr. SNOWDEN's announcement that, contrary to general belief, the Government had no hand in securing the British bank-credits that caused the rapid recovery of the franc, will not injure Anglo-French relations. Our Allies know that a friend in need is a friend indeed, whether he resides in Threadneedle Street or Downing Street.

The lack of uniformity in the Minis-



A PRETTY DISH TO SET BEFORE
THE PEERS.

LORD HALDANE.

terial boat is still rather noticeable. Lord PARMOOR's multifarious activities include the Presidency of the North-Western Free Trade Union, which has recently attacked the conclusions of the Imperial Economic Conference, and announced its intention of organizing a Free Trade exhibit at Wembley. After the PRIME MINISTER's condemnation of any attempt to use the Exhibition for "partisan political propaganda" Lord PARMOOR will have to give up the idea.

It is not true, by the way, that the loss of the "Free Trade exhibit" is the reason for the present decision of the authorities not to open the Exhibition on Sundays.

TO HENRY.

"*HISTORY is all bunk.*"

HENRY FORD declares,
Mightiest of modern
Multi-millionaires;
And the bold assertion
Cannot be ignored
Coming from the mouth of
Mr. HENRY FORD.

Horror of the high-brows
And the cultured few
For his strangely narrow
Concentrated view;
Never grinding faces
While acquiring grist
And extorting homage
From the Socialist;

Lord of vast resources
By his toil amassed,
Wholly disregarding
Lessons of the past;
Lore of ancient Romans,
Lore of ancient Greeks
Move him not, the biggest
Of successful freaks.

HANNIBAL, who thirsted
For the Roman scalps,
With tremendous labour
Climbed across the Alps;
But his schemes miscarried—
So the tale records—
Through a transport based on
Elephants, not Fords.

CESAR, BONAPARTE,
PERICLES and PITT
Did not lack ambition,
Brains or solid grit;
But with mass production
And combustion's aid,
Golly! what a wondrous
World they might have made.

SHAKESPEARE lived with actors,
Haunted tavern bars,
Dreaming not of tractors
Or of motor-cars;

MILTON, prince of scholars,
Sold his *Paradise*
Just for twenty dollars
At their present price.

DANTE was no better
Than a mystic monk
Navigating Dreamland
In a Chinese junk;
How then, if not blindly
In reaction sunk,
Can we doubt the dictum,
"History's all bunk"?

Wherefore, pride and marvel
Of a hustling age,
I salute you, HENRY,
Not as seer or sage,
But as looming hugely
Mid the wildly blest
Sons of the "Gigantic
Daughter of the West."



Street Singer. "SIR, I WOULD HAVE YOU KNOW THAT AT ONE TIME I WAS A FAMOUS RASNO CANTANTE."

Constable (who means it kindly). "WELL, WHY DON'T YOU GO BACK TO YOUR OLD TRADE INSTEAD OF RAISIN' CAIN WITH THAT 'ORRIBLE ROW?"

Finished English.

Extract from the letter of a girl at a "finishing" school in Paris who has had a garment stolen from her room:—

"Thank the Lord, the old hag who sneaked my slacks has got the sack."

"WILL CAMBRIDGE SURPRISE?"

The Cambridge boat . . . owing to the light weight of the Light Blues, is somewhat shallower than that of last year.

It is 62ft. 4in. in length and 23ft. 4in. in beam."—*Daily Paper.*

Then we have no hesitation in saying that Cambridge will surprise.

From a "Wants" advertisement:—
"200 Sound Sleepers."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Let me have men about me that are fat;
Sleek-headed men, and such as sleep o' nights."—*Julius Caesar, Act I. Sc. 2.*

"Manuscripts of several new plays, together with valuables worth £2,000, have been lost in the luggage of Mrs. —, the actress."

Daily Paper.

Several budding dramatists have written to us suggesting that "together with" is a misprint for "and other."

THE RED BOX.

Good Sir John Straight was opulent and great,
He loved his King, but he couldn't stand the State;
He loved his country, but he loathed her men,
And he lived in a street in W. 10.
Sir George Kildragon he dwelt there too,
And they both saw red, as the best men do—
Red for the Britisher, conqueror, chief,
Red for his blood and red for his beef,
Red across the map for the Empire's track,
And good red dollops in the Union Jack;
And when Sir John's nephew went to the War
They both saw redder than they ever saw before.

Then ten red men came up from the Clyde,
Asked for the Parliament and walked inside,
With a funny red flag and a silly red song,
And good Sir John Straight said, "Damme! that's
wrong."

But Sir George said, "Damme! they fought in the War,"
And Sir John saw redder than he ever saw before.
And Sir George he laughed at the funny red men,
But Sir John trotted home to W. 10;
And good Lady Straight gave him steak for a start,
A red rump-steak and a red plum-tart,
Red-currant jelly and a Dutch cheese (red),
With a bright red hair from the cook's red head;
And Sir John went out in a sort of a swoon,
And there in the sky was a great red moon—
Red for the Britisher, conqueror, chief,
Red for his blood and red for his beef,
"And red," said Sir John, with a strange cunning look,
"Red for Revolution, red for the cook,
Red for the Russians and red for the Jew,
Red for the Hospitals, red for *Who's Who*,"
And Sir John said, "Ha!" and Sir John said, "He!"
And Sir John said, "Ho! but you don't catch me."
"A plot!" cried Sir John Straight, standing on his head;
"You don't deceive me, Mr. Moon—you're RED!"
And that same night, in the middle of the night,

A man put a Box,

A Red, Red Box,

A Scarlet Box,

At the corner of the Street.

And Sir John said things I had better not repeat.

Sir John fetched Sir George and they looked at the Box,
And Sir George said nothing, but he scratched his locks.
And Sir John said, "Damme, Sir, don't you see it's RED?"
And Sir George said, "Damme! I've got eyes in my
head.

It's red for the letters, John, the Red Royal Mails,
Red for KING GEORGE and the little PRINCE OF WALES,
Red for the Empire, red for the Court—"

And Sir John said rudely, "It's nothing of the sort.
It's the end of the wedge, Sir, that's what I allege,
It's no use a-fencing, no use to hedge—"

It's red for the State, Sir, red for Bureaucracy,
Red for Interferences and red for redemocracy,
Red for the Socialists, red for the Bolshies,
Red for the HENDERSONS, the WEBBS and the WALSHES,
Moscow, TROTSKY, the Third International—"

Sir George said mildly, "Come, John, be rational."

"Red," said the Baronet, foaming at the jaws,

"Red for the tumbrels, the breaking up of laws,

Red for the Empire, red for *Who's Who*,

Red for the Dutch cheese and red for the Jew,

Red in the Cabinet, the castle, the shack,

And, damme, there's a little in the *Union Jack*!

Red for the turn-coat, red for the rat,
Red for the Hospitals—and YOU TAKE THAT!"
Sir George saw redder than he previously saw,
And Sir George fetched Sir John a clipper on the jaw,
And they rolled in the road by the red, red moon,
And the red blood flowed and they both died soon—
Which generally happens when Strong Men meet
At the Box, at the Box,
The Red, Red Box,
The Scarlet Box,
At the corner of the Street.
A. P. H.

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(By our Fleet Street Flâneur.)

I HEAR of an addition to the more or less secret societies which are so characteristic a development of these times. The British Fascisti and the New Crusaders are, of course, well established and, for all one knows to the contrary, going strong. To these is now added the Berserkers, a body dedicated to rather more direct methods.

As the name indicates, it is a revival of the professional fighting-men of the Viking era, and the members are pledged to be prepared to engage in single combat, at a moment's notice, on behalf of a cause or a principle, with a strike-leader, a Pussyfoot, an Idealist, or indeed anybody who threatens to become a nuisance to the public or a menace to the State and is not unwilling to undergo the ordeal by battle.

From the list of the Berserkers already enrolled I pick at random the names of the Earl of Stranglehold, Lord Bison of Boo, Sir Claude Thyckear, Bart., Rear-Admiral Sir Salt-horse Ram, General Sir Mavors Bowarrow, Colonel Hugh Buckler, Captain Alaric Binge, Heavy-Weight Dancing Champion of the Brigade of Guards, and last but by no means least that of the Chaplain, that fine specimen of muscular Christianity, the Reverend Cestus Mitt, Rector of St. Gengulphus's, Duke Street.

* * * *

Already the advance-guard of the hordes that will shortly be swarming Wembleywards from the ends of the earth is upon us, and from samples to hand, if I may so express it, one can gauge the cosmopolitan character of the great invasion for which the London hotel-proprietors are so feverishly preparing.

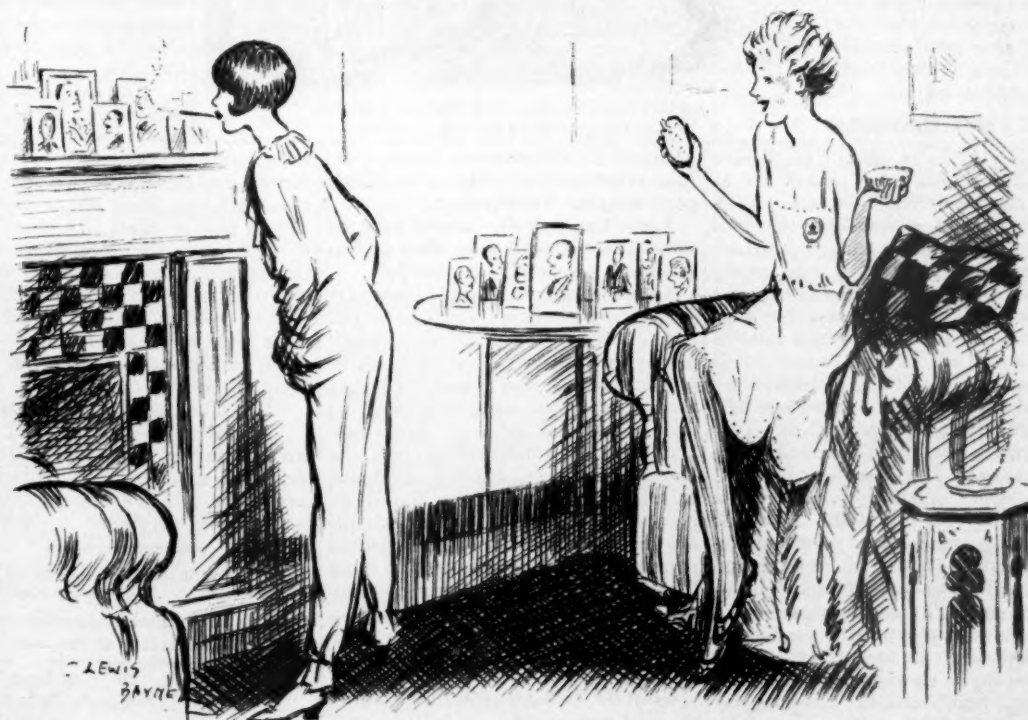
At Nero's the other night, for instance, among the dancers I observed Sir Lazarus Schnorrer's vivacious daughter, Rowena, teaching the steps of the "Blues" to an apt pupil in the person of "Steve" Wallaby, the Australian Cattle-King, who is, of course, a not infrequent visitor to these shores. Supping merrily with a group of his fellow-countrymen in their picturesque national dress, whom a little bird described to me as some of the most successful brigands in South-Eastern Europe, was the irrepressible "Pogo" Corusco, of the Illyrian Legation; and at a neighbouring table Lady Drumblare, one of the pioneers, by the way, of the Jazz movement in this country, was entertaining a party of Dancing Dervishes from the Central Sudan, who are certain to be greatly in request in London ballrooms this Season.

I discerned other exotic complexions and accents which I was unable to place; and what greatly impressed me was the facility with which the incomparable Giovanni, flitting from table to table, chatted in the tongue of each nationality present. When I congratulated him on this polyglot achievement he modestly admitted an intimate acquaintance with every known language—and then some. And he agreed with me in deploring the lack of a *Lingua Wemblica* for general use during the next few months.

MANNERS AND MODES.
COIFFURE - TIME CONFIDENCES.



PRE-BOBBED PERIOD—



AND TO-DAY.

THE DEAD HAND.

It was that glorious time for Londoners—the first day of the year on which the top of the buses looks inviting—and, stimulated and excited, I climbed up. After months of inside—and why are they making the seats just by the door so high? half the male passengers' feet, and all the female, dangle—after months of inside it was wonderful to have a dominant seat again, a place in the sun once more, and watch the city unfold. I began by playing an old bus game of mine—betting myself some trifling sum that before the end of the journey I should see someone I knew: not necessarily someone I knew to speak to, but by name; but this was cut short by a talkative old fellow who plumped down next me and opened fire at once. On ordinary occasions I might have monosyllabed him into silence; but on this morning the vernal impulses were too strong: I was a universal benefactor.

So it seemed was he; for his talk ran on nothing but altruisms. He had a newspaper in his hand and he pointed to a paragraph. It said that a certain lady who had recently died had left an old servant a legacy, and ten pounds a year extra on condition that she looked after two favourite dogs as long as they lived.

It was headed:—

"LUCKY DOGS INHERIT."

"Everyone," he said, "must have noticed how ready the papers are to print any odd thing in a will. They always give it a headline, 'Curious Bequest,' or something like that, which they would never do if it were merely the gift of a living man and not of a dead. You know the sub-editor's instinct for adjectives—how he is never so pleased as when he can use such words as 'curious,' 'strange,' 'remarkable,' 'sensational,' which his experience tells him are certain lures to readers. Very few readers can resist 'curious,' none 'sensational.' That's so, isn't it?"

I agreed. I liked him. He was a new kind of bus-top talker. As a rule they only grumble at that ass of a policeman pretending to control the traffic and his unfairness to other streams of vehicles, or wonder why the Trafalgar Square fountains never play, or who the dickens the people are who have time to spend half the day in theatre queues.

"Very well," he said; "if publicity is always given to anything out of the way in wills, it follows that those of us

who have to die and want to benefit posterity will have to put our wishes into testamentary form. 'Betterment by codicil.' Let that be our motto."

"But why won't the papers print such things about living philanthropists?" I asked.

"They're afraid it might be advertising something or someone," he said. "Very suspicious lot—editors."

"No," he resumed, "the hand that is to help must be dead. It is a wonderful opportunity for bachelors, old maids and persons with even only a little money and no dependents. What they do with their property now I have no notion; but let them in future make their wills with an eye to social amelioration. It can't hurt them, and it may be of infinite service to the world they are disencumbering. Let them remember what the philosopher said to the miser: 'You can't take your gold

"What else can we think of? Well, to take a different kind of case, but a perfectly sound one. There are Cook's offices. How necessary they are to us and how much time we have all wasted there, especially those of us who are not pushing and assertive, just because there is no order, no system! But suppose I were to leave Cook's five hundred pounds, on condition that they set up a rail and maintained an 'In' and 'Out' progression, as at ordinary Booking-Offices, would it not, if they accepted it, be a tremendous boon? Of course it would. And again, can't you see the sub-editors rushing in?"

ECCENTRIC TESTATOR'S HINT TO TRAVEL BUREAU.

WHIMSICAL BEQUEST OF DEAD TOURIST.

Even if Cook's refused the money they might be stung into the reform.

"Can't you think of anything?" he asked me.

"Looking at these lorries in front of us," I said, "I was wondering how long it would be before every vehicle, and especially the heavy lumbering ones that make such a row that the driver can hear nothing, is forced to carry a reflector. A sum of money left for that purpose might make the authorities first think and then act."

"You've got the idea," said my new friend. "And what about fitting taxis with handles to wind up the windows? And ash-trays? They've got to come, but very likely only a dead hand will be able to effect it. Think about it when next you look at your will. One should always be looking at one's will with an eye to helpful codicils like these. Good morning; I get off here"—we were at Chancery Lane—"I'm going to see my lawyers about something of the kind now."

"May I ask what it is?" I said.

"I want to induce the Great Western Railway to put inside catches to their carriage-doors," he replied. "A large bribe will be necessary, of course, but it's worth trying." E. V. L.

"Recent animals at the — Hotel include Mr. and Mrs. —."—*Argentine Paper*.

We fear they must have been making beasts of themselves at the *table d'hôte*.

"THE DUTY ON BEER."
Headline in *Daily Paper*.

Any British workman can fill in the blank.



A SUPER-MAN; OR, THE HIDDEN HAND.
THE MAN WHO KNOCKS UP THE KNOCKER-UP.

with you, and if you did it would melt.' Remembering that, let them do a little good with it. Isn't that so?"

Again I agreed. He seemed too good to be true. Could it be a "Genial" bus and not a "General," after all?

"Now, looking round us," he went on, "what do we see that wants to be put right? Why, here is a case immediately under our eyes—the hands of the bus-conductor. See how stained they are by the copper coins he is receiving and paying out all day. Isn't that horrible—a beautiful thing like the hand all grimed and discoloured, almost ruined? Newspaper-sellers too—their hands are the same. Now how simple for someone to leave a few hundred pounds to provide gloves for those fellows! And how instantly the sub-editors would spread the glad tidings—

STRANGE HUMANE BEQUEST OF KENSINGTON RESIDENT.

GLOVES FOR BUS-CONDUCTORS.

That might make thousands of persons emulous.



Yokel (who has been watching point-to-point 'chase). "ULLO, MISTER, FALLEN IN, 'AVE YE?"
Competitor. "OH, DEAR, NO—BEEN PICKING WATER-CRESSSES."

THE HARES AND THE TORTOISE.

At the meet is a spavined old stallion
Of strawberry mottled with pink
Which rolls like a pot-bellied galleon
That's made up its mind it will sink;
And there's many a hunter that's reckoned

The pick of the County for breed,
But none can compare for a second
With my little gem of a steed.

All sorts you will see, from the thruster—
A mare with a mouth like a stone,
Whose rider can certainly trust her
To savage him once he is thrown—
To a weary and woe-begone racer,
In the 'nineties the pride of the flat,
And an antediluvian 'chaser
That gave it up long before that.

* * * * *
They have found in the first of the covers;

The scent will be perfect to-day;
It is time for all fox-hunting lovers
To cram down their hats and away.
The thought of some ancient St. Leger
Lights up the old thoroughbred's eye,
And the mare as she passes a hedger
For once has forgotten to shy.

At the start I was left for the minute
By most of the lighter-built mounts;
In a sprint it's the fastest that win it,
But in hunting it's staying that counts;

So I didn't despair—and with reason,
As the sequel abundantly shows,
For the point was the best of the season
And none of 'em lived to the close.

I very soon passed the half-hearted,
Who rode for the gap or the bridge;
The mare and her rider had parted
(I passed 'em both, short of the ridge);
Then many refused at the river
And everyone skirted the pond,
But *we*, without tremor or shiver,
Went through it and crawled out beyond.

At the bank above Windover Hollow
The Master went on with a bump
Alone, for his horse wouldn't follow
(That bank is a devil to jump!).
We cleared it without any trouble,
My grey making light of its load,
While the huntsman we left in the double

And heart-breaking hedge by the road.

It was stiff, but with never a whinny
My marvellous mount struggled through,
And there, towards Nightingale Spinney,

Were hounds, with the fox well in view;
And my gem of a steed wasn't thirsty,
Nor yet in the least out of breath,
When, after a gruelling burst, he
And I stood alone at the death.

Its claim to good looks I'll abandon;
It's heavy, yet lacking in bone,
And it's not got a leg it can stand on
Compared with most horses I've known;
But, if form in a hunter be reckoned
At water and hedgerow and bank,
Then none can compare for a second
With my little hunter—a Tank!

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

From an art-criticism:—

"'The Arrested Sacrifice,' a representation of Moses on Mount Moriah with arm uplifted, and the angel arresting his action to kill Isaac."—*Scots Paper*.

At the opening of Parliament:—

"Mr. MacDonald entered later attired in a coat frock which is the regulation attire for an audience at Buckingham Palace."—*South African Paper*.

Weren't the lady Members rather jealous of this infringement of their prerogative?

At the Ideal Home Exhibition:—

"The ideal village clusters under the glass roof of the new hall like an exhibit in a museum case. All the same, the sights and sounds of everyday life are not forgotten. The cheery crowing of some magnificent hens greets the seeker for the ideal."—*Manchester Paper*.
As GILBERT wrote in *Princess Ida*:
"The crowing's done by an accomplished hen."

AT THE PLAY.

"THE FAKE" (APOLLO).

To murder a man in cold blood and gain the sympathy of the public for doing so—that is the problem. Mr. OLIVER ONIONS attempted this feat in a book called, I think, *In Accordance with the Evidence*. And some of the circumstances of the murder scene in that book so closely resemble those in *The Fake* at the Apollo Theatre that it is hard to believe the resemblance entirely accidental.

Of course it is necessary that the murdered man should be a monster. The oldest dramatic critics believed that it was bad art to put a monster on the stage, and there was something to be said for their point of view. One seems to imagine the author peering anxiously from the wings: "Will that do?—Have I made him terrible enough?—No, not quite, I must pile it on a little more.—He must torture his wife, blackmail his father-in-law, be given a sound offer to commit suicide, cheat at jigsaw, insult the landlady's daughter, threaten to ruin a young Under-Secretary's career.—Now we can kill him, surely! Tip the veronal into the whisky.—Thank goodness, it is all right—they have cheered!"

This is the true plot of *The Fake*, although there is a subsidiary and perhaps rather a conflicting interest in the character of Ernest Stanton, M.P., the monster's father-in-law, whose pompous hypocrisy provides the title. He is a captain of industry who becomes a peer, and Mr. ALLAN JEAYES struggled nobly and, on the whole, successfully with a sadly over-written part. A man who has sacrificed everything to social and worldly prosperity may be as smugly oratorical as you please, but when his daughter's husband, notoriously a dope fiend, is supposed to have committed suicide, he can hardly soar to such heights of unconscious satire as to announce, "He died a gallant English gentleman," with the explanation that the dead man had sought the sole heroic remedy for an incurable disease. And there were other Pecksniffian phrases put in the mouth of Mr. ALLAN JEAYES which sounded equally improbable.

The duty of murdering the monster (an ingenious novelty here) was entrusted to the Friend of the Family, played by Mr. GODFREY TEARLE. I say an ingenious novelty because *Geoffrey Sands* was not the lover of the wronged wife and had no interest other than friendship and his strong sense of duty to society in popping the white powder into the whisky tumbler. For a rough man with a heart of gold, who scarcely ever comes to England and is not suffi-

ciently important to invite to a wedding, Mr. GODFREY TEARLE looked to me rather too lovely to be true. He had a terribly difficult part, for he was, in fact, a mere shadow of Mr. FREDERICK LONSDALE, the author, reasoning the audience out of their scruples against lynch law and attempting to prove to them that Stanton, M.P., hypocrite, was almost as pestilential a thing as the monster himself.

Wonderful how an audience cheers to the echo lines directed against the hypocrites of this earth! It makes one rejoice in the essential goodness of humanity.

There remains the Hon. Gerrard



DESPERATE REMEDIES.

WHISKY AND A LARGE HEROIN.

Geoffrey Sands . . . GODFREY TEARLE.
The Hon. Gerrard Pillick FRANKLYN BELLAMY.

Pillick, monster. A further penalty attaches to the position of a dramatic monster besides the pitiless heaping up of villainy to which I have alluded above. One is not allowed to perceive how the monstrosity began. If that were known, sympathy might begin to creep in, and we should begin to feel fidgety about the overdose. Mr. FRANKLYN BELLAMY, dope fiend, is therefore a wholly crawling, cunning and despicable creation from beginning to end, and only for a few minutes in Act I. do we even see him without the twitching hands, the crabwise gait and the malevolent leer. At the beginning of Act II. (six years later) he is found huddled over a jigsaw puzzle in his Cornish house by the sea. Whether the jigsaw is a favourite pastime with dope fiends or has maintained a special popularity on the Cornish coast I do not know, but undoubtedly in the hands

of Mr. FRANKLYN BELLAMY it becomes a pursuit of incredibly sinister significance. A few minutes later he is twisting his wife's arm like a bully at a private school. Miss MURIEL ALEXANDER, considering she has had six years of this kind of thing, is bearing up with remarkable fortitude, but she now summons her father and a doctor to her aid. The whole cast of wedding guests is now in the Cornish house by the sea, a coincidence which might even irritate a husband who was not a dope fiend. Mr. Stanton, M.P., is reassured by the statement that recoveries have been made in such cases as that of his son-in-law, makes some remarks about wifely duty and feels certain that all is for the best. The Friend of the Family, however, manages to lure the monster away for a bachelor trip to St. Margaret's Bay, where we find him in Act III. alone with his smiling exterminator. The ladies of the piece did all—it was not very much—that had to be done; but we must except Miss UNA O'CONNOR, as the lodging-house girl, who seemed straight from the esplanade.

The part of the monster had been constructed with pains by the author, craft and vanity mingling with cruelty and vice, and Mr. FRANKLYN BELLAMY rendered it triumphantly. A word must be said for the sea, which sighed with great force when the sitting-room window was opened; and the manipulator of the curtain should put in for overtime pay.

EVOR.

THE TOWER.

A RHYME FOR YOUNG LONDONERS.

PRESERVE, my child, a solemn face
In London's Tower;
Hilarity is out of place
In London's Tower;
If you should want a week of gloom
Commingle with a sense of doom,
You might do worse than book a room
In London's Tower.
I sometimes think of Lady JANE
In London's Tower;
But times have changed and changed again
In London's Tower;
One does not often hear, somehow,
The tortured victim shouting "Ow!"
Nor is there much beheading now
In London's Tower.
Assist officials when you can
In London's Tower;
Always the little gentleman
In London's Tower;
To men who eat the beef be kind,
And don't disturb them till they've dined,
For they are sandwich-men confined
In London's Tower.



IMPOVERISHED MEMBER OF OLD ARISTOCRACY EKES OUT AN HONEST PITTANCE BY A LITTLE SURREPTITIOUS ADVERTISING FROM HIS CLUB WINDOW.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

It is an old device, as old as HOMER, to describe an adorable woman by describing the effect she has on her adorers; but I don't think Mr. GILBERT CANNAN quite pulls it off in *The House of Prophecy* (BUTTERWORTH). *Matty Boscawen*, an inspired but incalculable child, has three lovers: *Meliam Stokes*, professor and pacifist; *Captain Penrose Kennedy, M.C.*, and *Francis Sembal*, Jewish financier, whose social rise (I gather) has been the subject of a previous volume. She has also an admirably Nestorian uncle who provides tigers and snakes for cinemas, and cynicism for that super-jungle the post-war world. Between them all you feel you are bound to make something or other of the girl; but as a matter of fact she fails to materialize, though she is the pivot of the three younger lives and a standing challenge to the older. *Kennedy*, her self-sacrificing Irish lover, is little more than *Enoch Arden* in khaki. But *Stokes* and *Sembal* are figures of rare originality; and each is engaged on a problem of his own, related to but not inseparable from his passion for *Matty*. *Stokes's* dilemma is the preservation of the scientific single-mindedness and chivalrous Liberalism which sent him to prison during the War, in the face of his accession to the family title and (what is worse) the family vested interests. *Sembal's* struggle is to free himself from immersion in the almost mystical cult of high finance represented by his cousin, *Mrs. Nathan*, finance whose real control of the material world reconciles the Jew to his apparent subordination and ensures the continuance of his race. Mr. CANNAN is to be congratulated on the subtlety and candour with which he handles these two questions and

the cosmic riddles of which they are a part. Despite the defection of its heroine there is hardly an uninteresting page in his book; and my only point against the philosophy that quickens it is the instability of its brilliance. Its author's world, I take it, is naturally a sunless one. He cultivates his garden by the light of comets.

Mr. WILLIAM FOSTER has found a literary byway, opening through the records of Leadenhall Street, out of the busy history of the City. He admits willingly, even gladly, that the path he invites readers of *The East India House* (LANE) to tread with him leads past scenes of no particular grandeur to no particular goal; nor perhaps does he expect to attract a large crowd to go with him on the way. Yet it is a way that has a certain charm of quietude and peace. Here under his guidance one may observe the yearly growth of the pile of offices that housed The Honourable The East India Company; there, as he pokes among the withered leaves of eighteenth-century ledgers, one may discover some quaint flower of by-gone manner; again at his bidding one may pause to listen for the notes of some forgotten sonneteer. Away over the horizon, though parallel with his advance, CLIVE and WARREN HASTINGS are tempestuously leading armed multitudes to conquest under the auspices of the same *John Company*, and directed, nominally at any rate, from the House whose history he is pursuing. But Mr. FOSTER is content to stay on the sunny side of the hill, with such placid companions as CHARLES LAMB and Mr. Auditor HOOLE. The most strenuous figures he would have us meet are JAMES MILL and JOHN STUART MILL, father and son, historian and economist, and both alike servants of the *Company*; but even as regards them the author is not so much concerned with

their work as with how they lived while they were doing it—how they looked and laughed and what their fellows said behind their backs, what were their cheques on pay-day and where they now lie buried. It is small work, perhaps, this pottering in a byway, but it is restful, and even the busiest of novel-readers may do well once in a while to rest.

The outstanding quality of Mr. MARTIN ARMSTRONG'S new volume of short stories and sketches, *The Bazaar* (CAPE), is the variety of subject and treatment. There is here more than the mere fulfilment of the promise of *The Puppet Show*; there is a notable stride forward in the mastery of a most exigent form of art. The stories range from delicate studies of temperament, such as "Little Miss Muffet" (a charming laid-in-lavender figure tyrannised over by a terrible invalid mother), or "Escape," the picture of a man whose marriage has gone hopelessly awry, to studies in the fantastic, such as "The Search for the Swallow," a wholly apocryphal account of an early essay in educational reform in Babylon, and "A Dog's Life," in which the collie hero explains his surprising views of life after the consumption of a considerable quantity of port. We have two grim tales of murder craftily told, and a very well-managed war vignette, "The Defensive Front." Mr. ARMSTRONG'S fastidiousness in the choice of words makes reading a perpetual pleasure, apart from the intrinsic interest and ingenuity of the sketches. He has the kind of sympathetic imagination which probes into people's minds and recreates or reproduces living and likely figures. Volumes of short stories are too often nowadays easy exercises in the variation of a formula. There is nothing stereotyped in this clever young writer's vision or in the treatment of his themes.

The supplementary title of *Heu-Heu* (HUTCHINSON) is appropriately enough "The Monster." Once more Allan Quatermain sets forth upon his adventures, his mission this time being to destroy a "something or somebody who required annually the sacrifice of a beautiful virgin." It is with a spirit as full of zest and vigour as ever that Sir H. RIDER HAGGARD describes his hero's attack upon *Heu-Heu*; and, although I felt a little disappointment when I discovered that the monster was only a "something," and never a "somebody," except by proxy, I must admit that its deputy, *Dacha*, was more than worthy of destruction and of the skill shown in destroying him and his unholy satellites. The faithful *Hans* figures largely in these exploits, but I can say without regret that *Ayesha* does not put in an appearance. In these days, when tales of adventures often begin on a top note, Sir RIDER'S methods may seem a little leisurely, but I have no doubt that his admirers (and they are many) will decide that this story adds yet another leaf to his laurels.

Conquistador (HARRAP) is by KATHARINE FULLERTON GEROULD, and takes the eye at once with its pictured jacket of a sun-slashed Mexican patio containing two miniature

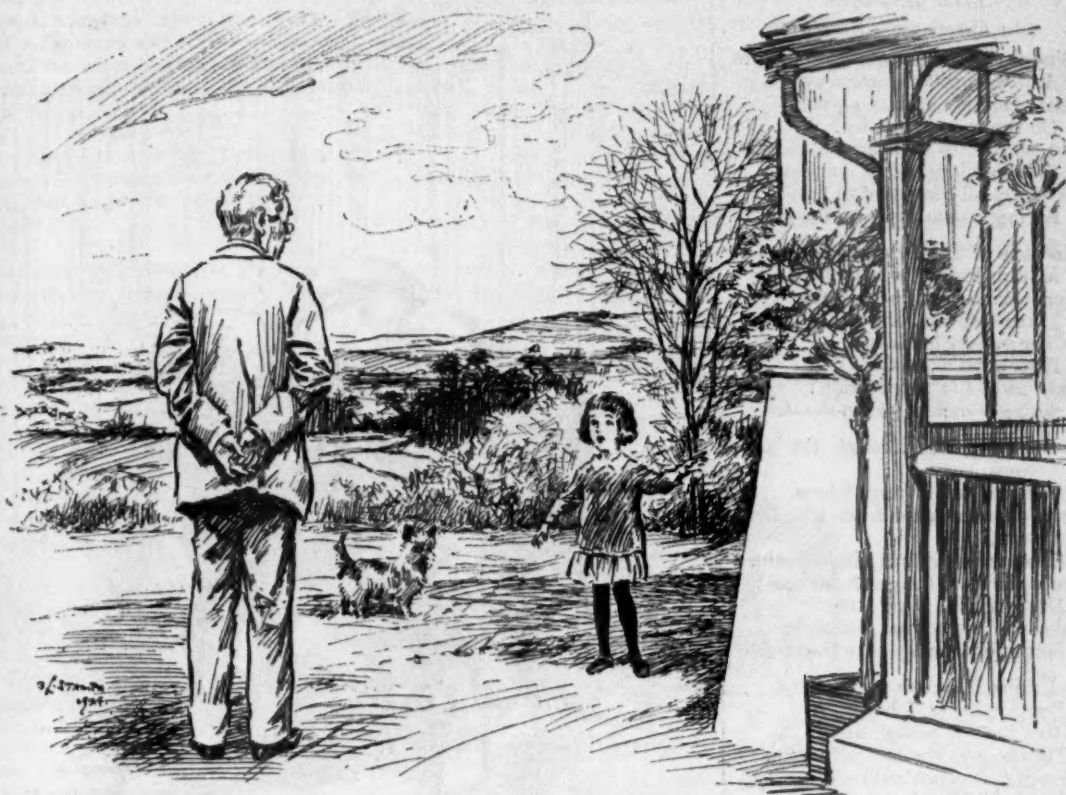
figures. Not a "close-up," this, but a reasonable piece of perspective, and very suitable to a volume of this kind. Mrs. GEROULD, I believe, has a great reputation in America as a writer of short stories. She has won prizes in this department of literary endeavour, and I am not sure that the critic ought to approach her work without a sweeping reverence. Her "superb literary technique has already placed her high in the ranks of writers of to-day," I read on the inside of the wrapper, and bow the head. What more can I say, except that the writer seems to have caught, here and there, a faint echo of Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING, and that her stories would probably have pleased me better if they had been a little less unequal in length? The first, which gives its name to the book, actually takes up more than half the volume, and I should have preferred to meet it under the guise of a full-blown novel. Most readily I admit that the form of a short story is not so exactly definable as that, say, of a ballade; but it should be readable, I think, in something under half-an-hour. Yet "Conquistador" is worth reading; it gets the atmosphere of the country, and few of us know Mexico as well as we should.



ON THE LLANDOFFMIVATHERS LINKS.
"INDEED TO GOODNESS, I'M AFRAID YOU ARE IN THE BUNKER I HOPE
WHATEVER."

Of the other three stories "The Penalties of Artemis" is a determined and successful effort to rob the old "Blue Lagoon" motif of its romantic side, and "East of Eden" reads as though Mr. KIPLING had been suddenly smitten with a severe attack of lachrymose sentiment.

A ghost story, says Mr. BOHUN LYNCH, who edits this collection called *A Muster of Ghosts* (PALMER), must be either subjective or objective—of the school of Mr. ALGERNON BLACKWOOD or that of Dr. M. R. JAMES. The one provides the needed atmosphere and encourages the reader to people it with his own terrible imaginings; the other is more the old-fashioned, creepy bogey-story, making no pretence of delving beneath the surface, but providing details that are apt to raise the back hair of the nervous reader. Compare, for example, *The Willows*, by Mr. BLACKWOOD, with *The Tractate Middoth* of Dr. JAMES, both excellent specimens of their kind. The horror of the first lies in the carefully prepared scene, that marshy stretch of the huge Danube, peopled with nothing but willows and crumbling islands and drift-wood and rushing wind and waves and the growing fear of the two campers. That of the second relies chiefly on the cobwebs that are seen clinging round the ghostly face of Dr. Rant, an elderly antiquary who left directions that, instead of being buried, his corpse should be placed, in the ordinary clothes of life, in an underground brick room he had built for that purpose. These are perhaps the pick of Mr. LYNCH'S collection, though he includes six other modern examples and two culled from those eminent practitioners of the past, Mrs. GASKELL and EDGAR ALLAN POE (whose second name, by the way, the editor feloniously mis-spells). I like best of the others *The Victim*, by Miss MAY SINCLAIR, and that dampest of all stories, *The Fountain*, by Miss ELINOR MORDAUNT. But all are worth reading.



Guest at bungalow (taking the air before breakfast). "WHAT A WONDERFUL VIEW THERE IS FROM HERE!"
Daughter of the House. "BUT ROUND THIS WAY THERE'S A LOVELY VIEW OF AUNTIE IN HER BATH."

If you are concerned to know what type of politician the War has thrown up in France, and what effect the past ten years have had on old outlooks and reputations, Miss WINIFRED KATZIN's sensitive and clever translation of *Ceux Qui Nous Mènent (As They Are)*: HEINEMANN is undoubtedly the book for your money. It consists of twenty-six political portraits, delineated for the most part in an ecstasy of parochialism. The best of its worthies see no further than France, the worst no further than their own waistcoat-buttons, the logical French temperament happily excluding that hybrid (once so popular here) with whom national and personal expansion are conterminous. Faced then with these two first types, our anonymous author, very rightly, plumps for the patriots. He is a staunch but discerning supporter of M. CLEMENCEAU, who must bridle, he says, his tenderness for England; he has genuine appreciation for the traditional Gallic culture of M. BÉRARD; he never allows himself to weary of the *delenda est Germania* of M. LEFÈVRE; while to M. POINCARÉ, pursuing "glory" to her remotest earth, he tenders with a magnificent gesture the allegiance of all France. Conversely he has nothing but scorn for M. CAILLAUX, for M. LOUCHEUR, the "money-bag man," and for M. BERTHELOT, who abandoned the quiet retailing of Merovingian history for adventures in the Bank of China. His brilliant little sketch of the "eccentric" M. DU MONZIE, whose like may yet be the nucleus of a new race of French politicians, shows that he is not entirely unaware that a change of heart is needed. And confirmatory evidence of the fact may be found in the sentiments

attributed to M. DOUMER, frustrated over and over again in his efforts to restore an equitable taxation: "In this country, where military heroism is current coin, civil heroism or even ordinary civil decency is almost nowhere to be found." The one desire of all true friends of France must be her triumphant disapproval of this charge.

Mr. Punch acknowledges with thanks the following additions to his reference-library:—*The Year's Art, 1924* (HUTCHINSON), edited by A. C. R. CARTER; *A List of English Clubs in all Parts of the World* (SPOTTISWOODE, BALLANTYNE & Co.), by E. C. AUSTEN-LEIGH, M.A.; *Cricketers' Almanack for 1924* (JOHN WISDEN & Co.), edited by SYDNEY H. PARDON; *Debrett's House of Commons and the Judicial Bench, 1924* (DEAN & SON), edited by ARTHUR G. M. HESILRICE; *Sell's Telegraphic Addresses, 1924* (BUSINESS DICTIONARIES, LIMITED); and *Popular Fallacies Explained and Corrected* (Third Edition), by A. S. E. ACKER-MANN, with an introduction by Sir RICHARD GREGORY (THE OLD WESTMINSTER PRESS).

Tally Ho!

Admirers of Lieutenant-Colonel G. D. ARMOUR's hunting drawings in *Punch* will be glad to be informed or reminded that an exhibition of his original work is now being held at the Fine Art Society's galleries in New Bond Street, where almost as much attention is paid to hound as to horse. Certain of the pictures recall the artist's experiences in Salonika when O.C. Remounts.

THE DANCER.

(An Encounter in the City.)

Who is she that treads this measure
And with soft seductive eye
Casts her elfin spell of pleasure
On the busy passer-by?
See, she comes with arms akimbo,
Strewing laughter at our feet;
Cares are all consigned to limbo,
Spring is dancing down the street.

Heedless of the heavy traffic,
Mark her stealing in and out;
Here a hint of smile seraphic,
There suspicion of a pout.
At her modest invitation
Even coppers on their beat
Half unbend in approbation:
Spring is dancing down the street.

Now she flickers through the arch-
ways,
Lightens up the moody lane,
Turns the magnate from his starch
ways,
Cheers the poor man in his pain.
She's the maid to banish sadness;
Every mortal thing I meet
Echoes to her note of gladness:
Spring is dancing down the street.

So I think I'll close my lyric
Praising her as I began
In this humble panegyric
For the joys she brings to man.
Though to-morrow's skies be gritty,
Gentles, life to-day is sweet
Even in this toilsome city:
Spring is dancing down the street.

TRAVELLING DE LUXE.

FOLLOWING on the notice in a morning paper that a kinema film is to be shown in the "Flying Scotsman," we are authorised to state that the following announcements may shortly be expected:—

Scotland for ever! Take the 7 P.M. by the Mid-Central. Perfectly equipped Palais de Danse. Dancing during and after dinner until the Border is crossed. Specially selected jazz band.

Keep your spirits up! No more tedious travelling. The Windermere Express has a whist-drive car and a special saloon for mah-jongg.

Why lose your temper over that hasty shave before starting? The Northern Belle (8 A.M.) has a barber's shop, with male and female attendants and plenty of sticking-plaster. Suits cleaned and pressed while you wait.

Listening-in car on the night mail for Holyhead! Full programme. Broadcasting of operatic and music-hall performances and Election addresses. On



"No—NOT IF YOU WAS TO KILL ME I WOULDN'T BE CAMBRIDGE!"

Sundays a sermon by Dean INGE. Car marked "2 L.O."

Grand Junction Line. Wireless a feature. Each compartment has tape indicator showing minute by minute all the winners and progress in Cup Finals.

Cotswold Express! All athletes desirous of keeping themselves in good condition should travel by this route and enjoy the facilities provided for manly exercises. Separate cars for rugby and soccer.

This hot summer! Passengers by the Great Southern Lightning Express will appreciate the splendid swimming-bath attached to this luxurious train.

Scenic panorama route. People look their best when enjoying glorious scenery. Have your photo taken while crossing the Anglo-Alpine section of

this romantic line. Photographic car with the best London artists on the special observation train leaving St. Euston at 11 A.M.

No more trouble with children when travelling. Take the Silly Isles day-express. Special car for the little ones. Sand six inches deep. Spades and buckets provided. Real shrimps an extra!

"As a result a — forgerman was arrested on a charge of forging Treasury notes."

Daily Paper.

The defence will doubtless be that he was acting within the scope of his employment.

The Prince of Sportsmen.

In a murmur approaching a moan,
All sportmen are heard to declare
It's a pity the Heir to the Throne
Should chance to be thrown to the air.

CHARIVARIA.

ALGOL, a recently discovered star, is 200,000,000 miles away. It isn't quite so far as this from the City to Wimbledon during a bus strike; it only seems like it.

The crown of Albania is still going begging. We wonder if Mr. CHURCHILL would like to add it to his collection of headgear?

Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL, we read, is considering his political future. Electors, on the other hand, seem more inclined to consider his political past.

According to the papers preparations for cricket are in progress. This supports the rumour that it is intended to persevere with the experiment of having a summer.

In this connection, in view of the fact that a South African team will shortly sail for this country, everything points to an early revival of the question, "What is wrong with English cricket?"

Sir JOHN LAVERY's picture of the House of Commons, which he hopes to finish in time for the Academy, is said to be a study in effects of colour-light. We understand that his rendering of the halos of past and present Ministers in varying degrees of brightness is masterly.

With reference to a recent speech on Singapore by Sir ROBERT HORNE it is stated, in a personal paragraph, that he was overwhelmed with congratulations when he sat down. Sitting down, as experienced Parliamentarians recognise, is one of the greatest difficulties of oratory.

Mr. LLOYD GEORGE is very fond of his new house in Surrey, says a gossip writer. The outlook there is said to be much better than that of his old House at Westminster.

A convict who escaped from Parkhurst prison last week has been cap-

tured and returned. Considering the present hard times it would have served him right if they made him stay outside.

Squadron-Leader A. STUART MACLAREN, Flying Officer W. N. PLENDERLEITH and Sergeant R. ANDREWS last week set out for a flight round the world. Spring cleaning may be a terrible thing, but it wouldn't drive us to that.

Everything will remain unsettled for the present, says a meteorological writer. It is a pessimistic thought, but this also applies to household bills.

Dame CLARA BUTT says that hitherto we have not encouraged singing in England. However, this will be altered in

But wait until we find a house that accurately resembles the agent's description of it.

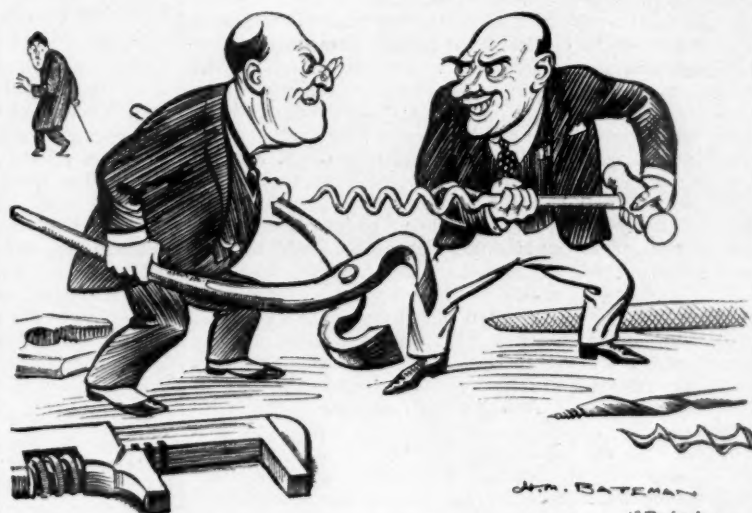
It is not true that a feature of *The Cinema News* this week is to be a slow-motion picture of CAPABLANCA's defeat by RETI.

Ladies' hats this year are to be decorated with fruit. We picture the plight of a short-sighted luncher who has a passion for rounding off his meal with dessert.

The crew of the old battleship which recently drifted about the North Sea were given a supply of castor-oil by a passing steamship. That ought to teach them to drift.

Attention is once more drawn to the rapid approach of Mars to the earth. This adds to the momentousness of the question, "Will Wembley be ready?"

We read that Mr. HSIEH, who gave in Kensington the other day a demonstration of the correct way of playing Mah Jongg, builds his wall with extraordinary speed. This is why the game has never really caught on among bricklayers.



TWO COMMISSIONERS OF INLAND REVENUE COMPARING METHODS.

future. Every new house built is to be provided with a bathroom.

It is said that only one man in two hundred is six feet tall. Then why is it that he always sits in front of us at the Cinema?

Parasols only a foot in diameter are to be fashionable this summer. Exactly. They need not be so wide as a church door, but from what we know of the summer they will suffice.

An absurd rumour was floating round Somerset House last week. It was said that the will of a well-known lawyer had been discovered without a single flaw in it.

Dr. G. P. GOOCH says that civilisation is the most wonderful thing the world has ever seen. It is, up till now.

RAYMOND BLATHWAYT says that he once saw HALL CAINE attired in a frock-coat with grey knickerbockers below. Perhaps he was trying to appear as a combination of *The Christian* and *The Prodigal Son*.

Blackburn undertakers complain that they are overworked. The residents have promised to do their best not to trouble them until the rush is over.

A motor-boat exhibited in Islington can move in all four ways alternately. But we know a Channel steamer that moves in more ways than this, and all at once—or that's how it feels, anyhow.

Mr. PATON says that "net for nothing have we had fifty years of education in England." Any father who has ever been faced with a bill from a public school will heartily agree.

100% AMERICAN.

WHEN I landed in New York I admit I was rather sceptical about American Democracy. If any newspaper reporters had taken the trouble to meet me in the "lower bay" (they did not, of course, as I slipped over very unostentatiously) and asked me what I thought of American Democracy, I should have stood by the rail looking rapturously off at the turreted skyline of the city rising up out of the shining water (you know how it does) and said, "I am sceptical." They would probably have urged me to continue, and I should have said that, to be perfectly honest about the thing, American Democracy was mostly talk.

As matters have turned out I am glad that I was not asked my opinion, because it has changed completely; I see now that the United States *is* democratic. I used to think England was democratic, but I now realise that when I thought this I had not the faintest conception of what democracy, when properly cultivated, could grow into.

I don't know just when my opinion began to change. All I know is that not long ago I suddenly woke up to the fact that the United States was indeed democratic—much more democratic than other nations. And at the same moment I made an even more remarkable discovery; I discovered that I had undergone a great transfiguration. I was democratic, democratic to an extreme that I had never suspected possible.

Take for example the very evening on which I had made the two discoveries. Almost *any* evening would do, for this one was not unusually democratic; but take this one.

I called a taxicab.

"Where to, Billy?" says the driver.

"Century Theatre, Jack," I cry in great friendliness, and we are off.

Now, that driver didn't know me. I am sure of this because my name is not "Billy." And I didn't know that driver. When I paid him he was insulted, but he did not show any class prejudice, and in spite of his disgust I felt that I was as good as he was.

Our tickets were at the box-office, reserved in my name. When I came to the window I put my card under the grating.

"You've got a couple of seats for me," said I, "tucked away in there somewhere, haven't you, buddy?"

"Just a sec, doctor," said the man, "and I'll take a look."

Now, I am not a doctor. I never had a thought of becoming a doctor. There was nothing about doctor on the card I gave him. But I understood. A stranger to true democracy might have resented

this as being over-familiar; I myself might have resented it once, for this straight democracy is something of an acquired taste. I did not take it well at first. But now—well, you see for yourself how I take it now.

Inside an attendant said to me, "Coat-room on your right, mate."

"Thanks, buzz," I replied spontaneously; "I don't use them." ("Buzz" is the equivalent of "brother," but I usually prefer it because I feel that it has in it a shade more of democracy.)

I turned to one of the usherettes.

"Do you think you could locate these two seats for us, friend?"

And said she, "You bet your sweet life, pops."

I admit this rather took the breath out of my body, but the shock came from the epithet itself and not from the spirit of democracy which it connoted.

And so it goes. Democracy everywhere and in everybody. It is like running into an immense group of your boyhood friends; they all seem to know you and you seem to know all of them.

It did not take long to get into my system, and now, as I say, I am one of the most democratic persons in the country. When I go into a restaurant and the proprietor takes me by the arm and asks me where I should like to sit, old timer, I look the tables over and say to him, "Well, skipper, if anybody drove up in a hack and asked me, I'd say there was no adequate reason why we shouldn't sit over there in the corner."

And he will come back with, "No reason under God's sweet heaven, Jimmy," and pull out my chair.

When I wish to telephone I take up the receiver and proceed democratically.

"Operator," she says.

"Good morning, sister," I reply, as amicable as the oldest inhabitant. "Now, sister," I continue, "if you'll call to mind your map of New York, you'll remember that up town, north of Fifty-ninth Street, there's a place they call Central Park. There are lots of playgrounds up there and rocks, and over on one side they've put up some cages where they keep wild animals and things like that. This is over on the east side. Now, over on the west side, on the opposite corner of this place they call Central Park, there's a big open square that somebody thought he'd name for CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS, only he didn't call it a square, he called it a circle—Columbus Circle. You know where it is. Yes, of course you've been there. Well, sister, what I'd like to have you do for me is connect me with 'Circle 7639.'"

And she says, "'Circle 5218?' All right, old stick-in-the-mud," and away we go.

Some people of course may not like this kind of democracy, but that is to be expected, as there are always people who like to be haughty and others who like to be obsequious. But, whether you like it or not, there cannot be the slightest doubt about its existence. I sometimes feel ashamed that I was ever so ignorant as to be sceptical about it, but, after all, a man can hardly be expected to understand the finer points of a thing like democracy from a distance. He has got to go out in it really to appreciate it. And if he goes out in this democracy, he will be saturated in a very short time, for it is not only 100% Democracy but 100% American at that.

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

IV.—THE CIVILIAN EDUCATION STAFF.

THE Education Staff are wise;
Their hats are of a larger size
Than those of simple Loots who fly,
And, if you want to ask me why,
It is because their heads contain
So vast a quantity of brain.
To see them lunching in the Mess
A visitor would hardly guess
What wealth of knowledge lurks unseen
Beneath their mild and modest mien;
But, if he took a quiet walk
With one who was disposed to talk,
He could not but at once rejoice
To feel that he had met a choice
And master spirit of the age,
At once a savant and a sage.

It is their pleasure to impart
The light of science and of art
To Sergeants and to other ranks,
Who greedily, with grateful thanks,
Imbibe the treasures of their lore
And quickly come again for more.
It's not infrequently one meets
A Sergeant-Major reading KEATS,
And very likely, two days later,
One hears him quoting bits of PATER,
Or hurling chunks of BERNARD SHAW
At squads he seeks to overawe.
Thus education bears its fruit;
It stimulates the raw recruit
And leaves its humanising traces
Upon the very toughest cases.

The Education Staff are not
An uppish or exclusive lot;
Despite their magnitude of mind
Their manners are extremely kind,
And they will gladly condescend
To give advice, as friend to friend,
To young Air-Commodores, who praise
Their fatherly and tactful ways.
They'll even bandy quips and jokes
With less exalted flying blokes;
Whilst some, I almost blush to say,
Will cast decorum quite away
(Though *infra dig.*, one must confess)
And share a flippant game of chess.



AS WE WERE.

M. POINCARÉ (to Fritz). "THOUGHT I'D GONE, DID YOU? I WAS ONLY GIVING YOU A FRIGHT."



Fond Mother (discussing her son). "I JUST WANTED TO SAY, ADMIRAL, THAT YOU 'LL FIND MY SON QUITE EASY TO MANAGE, IF YOU DON'T HUMOUR HIM TOO MUCH."

"RAILWAY JAM WORSE THAN EVER."
Headline in Evening Paper.

Worse than the railway sandwich?

"Small Furnished House wanted for 6 or 12 months; no children; young couple in bus,"
Evening Paper.

Who will have to turn out, of course, now the strike is over.

Solvitur Ambulando.

There was a suburban Tom Paine,
Who spoke in a Communist strain;
But he does it no more
Since he walked, door to door,
Six miles to his work in the rain.

"The Sins of the Fathers . . ."

"Evidence alleged that the wife spent £40,000 on dress and extravagances of every kind which she had inherited from her father."
Tasmanian Paper.

"Furnished House: four bedrooms; bath; any period."—Provincial Paper.
We ourselves prefer a neo-Georgian bath.

"By the clever manipulation of long pieces of wire, burglars succeeded in slipping back the bolts of a back door."—Evening Paper.
The above seems to throw light on that obscure passage:—

"Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came."

THE ADAPTABLE BARBER.

SIR LONDON RONALD complained recently that the average English barber can talk of nothing but sport, and others of us have noted the same phenomenon. No barber ever gracefully waved his shaving-brush before me to punctuate his opinions on Mid-Victorian novelists, but often he has nearly choked me with it when explaining exactly how Chelsea ought to have scored on the previous day. Presumably a barber argues sub-consciously that a man who would deliberately expose his throat to the tender mercies of a razor in another man's hand must be possessed of the gambling instinct, and is therefore *ipso facto* and *nem. con.* a sportsman.

Personally I'm not sure that I should like my barber to be otherwise. It thrills me when he takes it for granted that I must surely be a personal friend of Kid Wallop, the middle-weight champion. Again, have you never felt flattered when he assumes beyond question that you had *nous* enough to back the winner of the Grand National? Maybe you don't bet, but if you don't you may secretly consider that it must be rather a doggy thing to do, and you signify this in the usual manner when you hand the barber his tip.

The trouble is that while he deals with the all-absorbing topic he discusses it in the same terms, whether his victim be a professor of philology or a plumber. He talks of "dead certs," of "jobs," and he refers to a football match as being a "cinch" for one of the teams. But the perfect barber would be all things to all men, like an Independent Anti-Socialist Candidate in Westminster.

Thus, for example, should he be operating on an artist, he might hold forth as follows:—

"Suppose you saw the fight last night, Sir? The Frenchman made the other fellow look like a Cubist impression of a railway accident before he'd finished. He was all spots, dashes and streaks of lightning. But, speaking as a fellow-artist, I didn't like the way he stuck his left out. Did you? Seemed a trifle out of drawing, although it certainly was always in the foreground. His idea of perspective wasn't bad, was it? He made the other man find his vanishing point every time. By the way, have you tried our latest tooth paste? It has the advantage that you can use it instead of Chinese White, if ever you run out. You remember Dauber's masterpiece in last year's Academy—that picture of a charwoman? He got all the high lights on his wet floor with one tube of this. . . ."

Or with a dentist:—

"Who's going to win the Cup, Sir? I don't fancy the Rovers stand much chance myself, although their centre-forward can shoot as often and as accurately as a back molar when it really means business. But their defence is showing signs of decay and their goalie's ideas of stopping them would disgrace an American quack. They want a new set of half-backs too. And that reminds me, Sir—you haven't let the forceps slip and absent-mindedly extracted some of your own hairs, have you? They're awfully irregular in the front. Now this preparation of our own would grow hair on a porcelain tooth. . . ."

And a farmer:—

"Not going to the Boat Race, Sir, I take it? Weather's bound to be wet or else fine, or hot or cold, or something. Can't expect anything else in a country like this, can you, Sir? They say Oxbridge's stroke rows too deeply. You'd fancy he was ploughing, wouldn't you? Still, I hear that they're going to throw the Putney course into grass some day. And talking of that, have you seen our latest chemical fertiliser for the hair? Not that it would do yours much good; your crop's ruined. . . ."

Or even a Prime Minister:—

"Greetings, Comrade—or perhaps I should nowadays say 'Sir'—What's your opinion of this Mlle. LENGLEN business? She seems to be too class-conscious, don't you think, Sir, and too apt to resort to direct action, like everybody else, although in her case it's not so much the Hidden Hand as the too evident foot? What do you think ought to be done? Get both sides to meet and talk it over? But these French people are so clever at saying a lot that means nothing, and even when they put all the cards on the table they usually put them the wrong way up, don't they, Sir? But you might call Lawn Tennis a Means of Distribution and Exchange, so perhaps we shall be able to communise it some day. How do you want your hair parted? In the old style? You like to be a little Conservative in some respects, Sir, don't you? You don't mind my talking, Sir, do you? You must find it a great change after your new club. . . ."

And there may be a barber near Westminster who sometimes has submitted to his ministrations a noble head on which the bump of self-esteem is so prominent that the owner can't get any of his hats to fit him—and he has a large number too. He knows who this is at once, and he proceeds:—

"Good morning, Sir. What do you think of the prospects of cricket this season? They say there'll be a revival



The Tall One. "I SEE YOU HAVE THE NEW-SHAPED CLOCHE. WHAT A DEAR YOUR HUSBAND MUST BE!"

The Short One. "NOTHING OF THE KIND. IT'S THE OLD ONE WITH THE BRIM TURNED UP. THE BEAST DID IT WITH HIS OWN HANDS."

of fast bowling, that is if these Socialists don't ruin all the wickets or turn them into allotments. I like a bit of ginger in the Opposition myself. It gives you so much chance of those 'tip-and-run' tactics that were so successful at Antwerp. Cricket isn't a bad game, Sir, is it? Of course there is a drawback that you can't keep changing sides, as you do in politics, and perhaps it doesn't appeal to you so much as it might have done in the days when they wore those funny hats. Talking of hats, Sir, you've been wearing the same shape for some time now, haven't you? It's made quite a ridge round the crown. That would show badly if ever you wore a coronet. Now this fixative. . . ."

But of course, even if he adapted

himself to his client every time in this way, the barber would occasionally strike a snag. Supposing the LORD CHIEF JUSTICE found his wig a bit wobbly and came in to get his hair trimmed. The barber might refer to the latest billiards controversy and be floored in the first round by the bland query, "What is billiards?"

"Soldiers are simple men, but they can put two and two together."—*Irish Paper*.
The military term, we understand, is "forming fours."

"Buenos Aires, March 22.—Norwegian s. TERRIER put in damaged by collision. Vessel apparently tight."—*Daily Paper*.
That may account for the accident.

GLOOM.

AN INTERRUPTED NOVEL.

THE December night, like a gaunt old hag, was creeping wearily up Waterman's Court when the fog swirling up from the river brushed past her and, gathering the fluttering skirts of his cloak about him, settled down in the alley.

Edgar Wop shivered and drew his chair nearer the slowly dying fire. The broken gas-mantle that whistled overhead cast a flickering light over a small room. Dust lay heavily over the two objects that, with the chair on which the occupant was seated, formed the sum of the furniture—a battered sideboard and a table bare of covering.

On the table stood the remains of what had evidently been a supper, for beside the cracked plate, on which there remained a few crumbs and a rind of cheese, and the chipped cup there stood two tins, one of cocoa and the other of condensed milk, down the side of which the milk was still trickling slowly into a small pool that was congealing itself round the base of the tin. The wall-paper was of blue long since faded into a dingy grey, and here and there strips, loosened from the wall by the moisture that evidenced itself by discoloured patches, hung down like immense dog's ears revealing triangular areas of plaster.

Upon the mantelpiece, for ornament, stood a clock; for, though the brass was tarnished and a segment of the dial was missing, as it had long ceased to tell the time, it served no other purpose. The minute hand had fallen off and lay wedged across the bottom of the dial. The hour hand, standing stiffly to attention, pointed steadfastly to twelve. Festoons of cobwebs had anchored themselves to the mantelshelf.

Wop stopped and picked up the poker and jabbed savagely at the ashes in the fireplace. No answering glow rewarded him and he let the poker fall to the hearth with a clang. As if in sympathy the tongs that had been leaning against the fireplace slid to the tiles with a clatter.

He raised his hand and drew his pipe from the mantelshelf and tapped it upon the fender. Drawing his pouch out of his right-hand pocket he opened it and, looking inside, found it empty.

He returned it to his pocket and, replacing his pipe on the mantelshelf, stared moodily into the grate. Despair was pictured in every curve of his body. A clock outside struck six. Wop gathered himself together and rose lazily from the chair. He strode slowly across the room to the door and, turning the tarnished brass handle, opened it and went into the hall.

Taking a worn cap from off a peg he put it on his head and opened the street door. The fog rushed into the house, and for a moment Wop stood there irresolute; then, clanging the door behind him, he strode out into the night.

And now I must throw myself upon the mercy of my readers. It is perfectly inexcusable, I know, but the fact is that in the dense fog that evening I completely lost sight of Edgar Wop, and, though I have spared neither time nor expense in the search, I have not caught one glimpse or heard one word of him to this day. I can only plead in extenuation that in the fifty-seven years that I have been before the British public I have never previously been guilty of such carelessness, but have brought my characters through typhoons, monsoons, shipwrecks, earthquakes and many other calamities without losing a single one, prior to this unfortunate fog.

I may say that during my short acquaintance with the man he did not strike me as a very interesting person, nor from the way he was going on did much seem likely to happen to him. I suggest therefore to those who have

ordered copies of my novel in advance that they should make arrangements with their booksellers to receive instead a copy of *The Dagger on the Door-mat*, the work on which I am at present engaged, and which will, I think, prove more interesting. To prevent a recurrence of this unfortunate episode I have engaged detectives to watch the principal characters by day and night until the book is completed.

COMMODORE.

(*North Atlantic Mail Service*).

TWICE twenty thousand tons of steel obey his sole command; He rules, a king whose lightest word is law from land to land;

And he'd give it all to be fisting down a topsail once again,

With the mate at the bunt a-cursing his best and the skipper raising Cain,

Or bracing yards to each baffling breath in the wayward doldrum weather,

Or tarring down in the North-east Trades, his chum and he together,

Or sand-and-canvassing down the poop till the planks shone white as snow,

A care-free young brassbounder, outward bound to Callao,
A long watch ago.

In harbour-trim from head to heel, each day he goes arrayed

With buttons bright as burnished gold and rows of gleaming braid;

And he'd chop the blessed lot, Lord knows! for a suit of dungarees

All paint and pitch, with a patch on the seat, and his trousers up to his knees,

For the feel of the planking warm to his toes and his sun-tanned skin aglow,

A lively young brassbounder,
A care-free young brassbounder outward bound to Callao,
A long watch ago.

He dines in state with glass and plate and a steward by his chair,

A hand to play his victuals down and fancy foreign fare;

And he'd swop it all for a greasy kid of pork both salt and tough,

And a lump of leathery harness beef and a slab of the "doctor's" duff,

And the hot sweet taste of the galley tea and the coffee's nameless flavour,

With the wine of youth to wash 'em down and the salt of youth to savour,

And the cabin tarts he collared that, by gum! he relished so,
A lively young brassbounder,

A care-free young brassbounder,
A hungry young brassbounder outward bound to Callao,
A long watch ago. C. F. S.

From an outside broker's circular:—

"£150 MADE A PROFIT OF £1,050.

Which can be proved by our Books and the paid Banker's cheque. If you are at all credulous over this then call or send your representative and we will prove it to him beyond all question."

Many thanks, but we are not the least credulous over this.

"The clearness of African air seems to bring far-distant objects almost under one's feet. Of this striking character is the exquisite view from the Mount of Olives across the Dead Sea."—*Daily Paper*.

We fear the discovery that their "national home" has been transported to the Dark Continent will distress the Zionists.



SOLVING THE TRANSPORT QUESTION.

MOBILISE THE UP-RIVER CRAFT.



"NIAGARA!"

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

V.—CANADA.

"For Canada did Wembley Park
A stately pleasure dome decree."
Songs of a Sourdough.

CANADIANS, one has always been led to believe, have a forthrightness which forbids them to be unduly reticent about the merits of the country from which they come. They would like to suppress the truth, but they do not feel that it would be fair. So that whenever the natives of various lands are gathered together, after the Englishman, the Scotchman, the Frenchman, the Italian, and the Chinaman have uttered their vainglorious boasts, the Canadian, if there is one present, is unable to resist saying quietly at the end, "Yes, but even in my insignificant country, as it may appear to you, there are certain minor advantages which I will now proceed to point out."

One seems to see traces of this instinctive straightforwardness on the part of the Canadians in the Wembley Exhibition of 1924. You cannot stand on the bridge which spans the lake and say to yourself, "But where is Canada?" Canada is there. Canada does not so much hint as quite certainly announce that she is there.

The interior of the vast building which represents Canada does not belie its outward refusal to cringe. One has the idea of a vast, a colossal, civic reception room, which so far from ending, as a reception room might be expected to end in an ordinary wall, terminates in a tremendous vista of orchards and arable land. Green carpet mats and the piled-up fruits of the earth, with a suitably graded scenic

background, produce this effect; and it is carried out also in those transepts (I can call them nothing else) into which one gazes on each side of the pillared hall. Canada has had experience of exhibitions, not only in Europe but in the West; and those sightseers who expect on entering to see nothing but a few sheaves of corn, some glass-cases



SOME STAG.

containing apples, and sections of pine-trunks and the head of a moose, will be very agreeably startled indeed. Canada knows that progress is not static and that people like to see things move. The trains run, the steamers puff, the rivers flow. Even paint is not sufficiently alive for Canada. Where a more decadent country might be content with painted friezes, Canada has ground up seeds, poppies, lentils, peas and maize, and a host of others, and laid them on with glue to represent buildings and landscapes and skies.

Into one transept the Illustrator and I looked with no little astonishment. There was nothing apparently but a large number of metal rollers.

"And what is this?" I inquired.

"Niagara," said the Head Pioneer.

"Oh, yes—ha! ha!—Niagara," I said, feeling rather confused and leaning backwards against my stick. "Niagara. Very good indeed!"

"We couldn't put any volume of water over," explained the Pioneer, "that would give a genuine impression of Niagara, so we're going to do it by running gauze continuously over electric rollers. It'll look like water all right; but you'll have to imagine," he admitted, "the noise of the Falls."

I had known that the water-power of Niagara was harnessed to work electric dynamos, but it was reserved, I felt, for Canada at Wembley to use electricity in order to work the Niagara Falls. Let us all pray that Nature will not be on strike when Canada is thrown open to the world.

We examined specimens of the mineral resources of Canada too, including an enormous lump of rock intersected by streaks of asbestos, which is rather like coarse silk, and of which there is so much in Canada, the Pioneer told us, that she almost has a chance of being saved from burning when the Day of Judgment comes; and a piece of silver ore which was valued at several thousand pounds. While we were looking at this I drew the Pioneer's attention for a moment to the head of an animal on the far horizon with extremely machicolated horns. "Is that a wop-pity?" I inquired, for I knew one or two words of the native Canadian tongue. Meanwhile I made covert signs to the

Illustrator to pick up the silver ore and bolt for the door with it. Alas! he is not of the build of those lean sun-burnt men who mine and dig on the lonely trail, and when we turned round again we only found him panting and looking very red in the face, whilst the silver ore remained where it was. It was a great disappointment to us, the more so because it was probably our last chance of exploiting the mineral resources of Canada. Very soon, the Pioneer told us, the pavilion will be patrolled by men of the North-West Mounted Police in their uniforms of scarlet and gold.

"By the way, have you seen our model ranch?" inquired the Pioneer. He took us to the end of the pavilion, where in a great show-case stood a shingle-built house, live stock, horses, riders, landscape and everything else that a ranch may require. Of plaster? Not on your life. We are in Canada now. It was all made of butter, cows and buildings and people and grass. Even the bits of model butter were made of butter, too.

We saw too the separate palaces which the two great Canadian Railway systems had built for their models and scenic reproductions, and their replicas of sleeping and dining cars. I remembered that I had once had a Canadian Railway share, which fluctuated for some time, but came out all right in the end, so I assumed rather a patronising air in these buildings, and expressed my great satisfaction to hear that they would be ready for the opening day. In one of them there is to be a large model train running perpetually round a balcony of model scenery. Like Niagara, it will run by electricity. I gather that when the electric power is turned on in the Canadian pavilion at Wembley, almost everything will happen except the electrical ripening of apples and wheat. I am not even sure about those.

"It seems to me," I said to the Pioneer, "that you are making Canada too attractive. You don't want unlimited emigrants, do you, just now?"

"We don't want loafers from the London streets," he said. I frowned very severely, when I heard these words, at the Illustrator, who was now gaping idly at a grain elevator in Vancouver Harbour.

"What we want," he went on, "is capital to start new industries in Canada. And then we shall ask for labour."

I tried to look as much like a capitalist as possible and promised to explain the point to my wealthy acquaintances, especially those who are fond of apples and romantic scenery as well as mineral resources.

We were now at the great main entrance again, going down the flight of steps between the Landseer lions. Both the Illustrator and I had caught



"ALAS! HE IS NOT OF THE BUILD OF THOSE LEAN SUN-BURN'T MEN WHO MINE AND DIG ON THE LONELY TRAIL."

something of the lithe active tread of the trapper, the rancher and the resource developer, and our eyes were the eyes of men accustomed to look over far spaces.



"THE PAVILION WILL BE PATROLLED BY MEN OF THE NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE."

"What did we know of Wembley," I said to him, "who only Wembley knew?" For had we not been from Montreal to British Columbia and back again?

And even the fact that it was once more a wet day, so that the large masses of imperial mud on our boots were fringed with heavy whiskers of Canadian pine shavings, did not damp our enthusiasm for the Far North-West. **EVON.**

DANCING FOR JOY.

[An article in a Sunday paper suggests that the dancing craze is being killed by the gloom and seriousness of the dance, and comments on a real "party," which ended up recently with Sir Roger de Coverley, after which young and old "simply glowed in the unaccustomed atmosphere of real enjoyment."]

O Sir Roger,

You jolly old codger,

Who danced without notions of gloom,

What make you, I pray,

Of the dancing to-day,

The Boom that is danced without "boom"?

As, dead nuts on style,

With never a smile,

The dancers slink round the great room?

While you, Sir!—who cares

To dance with the airs

Of one on the brink of the tomb?—

When you (*tum-ti-diddle!*)

Cry, "Lines down the middle!"

And all the young girls in their bloom,

And the bucks and the boys

With laughter and noise,

And the old folk, forgetting their rheum,

Start right hand—and left hand—

And both hands so deft—and

Now back to back, straight as a broom,

Now curtsy and bow,

Now separate, now

Two and two, like the threads of a loom,

Forgetting your starch

Bob under the arch

Of the pretty young bride and her groom—

Then, quick! down the floor,

And at it once more,

Till the candles the daylight illumo,

And the tune's lost its rhyme,

But the player thumps time,

For he knows that to stop means the doom

Of some lass or some lad

Who hasn't yet had

A turn with—well, never mind whom!

O lovely and lovely

Roger de Coverley,

The dance that is death to all gloom!

"Wm. Trotsky is in a serious condition in a hospital and Wm. Scott is held on remand following a fight outside a local hotel. Trotsky refused to lend his assailant 50 cents, it is claimed.

Scott, a Gaspe Scotchman speaking only French, says that Trotsky made insulting remarks about the Scotch race."

Canadian Paper.

How fortunate for Mr. TROTSKY, of Moscow, that Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD is a Lossiemouth Scotsman and not one of the Gaspé breed.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

XVI.—THE PYRAMID; OR, WHY WE PAY TWELVE-AND-SIXPENCE FOR OUR STALLS.

THE Man in the Moon came in in a great rage. I have never seen him so much upset.

"Good Heavens!" he cried. "Can nothing be done? Listen. I know a man who has written a play, and, believing in it, I undertook to back it financially to a limited extent—a few thousand or so—to give it a start. And I've been trying to get a theatre for it. But can I get a theatre for it? I can—not. You've no idea," he said gravely—"you've no idea what theatres cost to-day."

"This also is a very old story," I said. "However, go on. Let's hear what happened."

"I was particularly anxious," he said, "to take the Euterpe Theatre for the summer months. It has, I understand, a tradition of intelligence and culture—"

"It has," I said. "At the moment a musical piece called *Skirts* is playing there, featuring the Most Beautiful Woman in Bessarabia and a negro knuckle bone player from New Orleans."

"But it's coming off," he said eagerly. "And I thought, 'Now's my chance!' You see, I got a list of the people with an interest in the theatre, took my top-hat and a cheque-book and went to see Mrs. Fothergill. I'm sorry now I didn't ask your advice. It seems I started at the wrong end."

"Mrs. Fothergill lives in a shabby little flat on Campden Hill. She is quite old, and everything suggested that she was not well-off—which surprised me. For Mrs. Fothergill is the owner of the Euterpe Theatre."

"But you don't mean to tell me you went to the owner of the theatre to get a lease?"

"Yes," he confessed. "My fatal ignorance. And Mrs. Fothergill soon showed me my mistake."

"The theatre?" quavered she. "Oh, yes, I like to talk about the Euterpe. My husband built it, you know, with the money he made from his plays. He loved it, and when he died he left it to me. "Norah," he said, "whatever happens, our little theatre ought to bring you in a steady £1,500 a year. £1,500 a year—nearly £90 a week."

"I should be very glad to pay you that," I said innocently.

"Oh, dear," laughed the old lady a little sadly; "I've nothing more to do with it. You see, I've let it. I let it for ninety-nine years to Mr. Blumberg—at £2,000 a year—that's nearly £40 a week. You'd better go and see Mr. Blumberg. You'll like him. He's a nice man. He makes razor-blades, you know."

"I called on Mr. Blumberg, who was expansive.

came demobilisation and weekly shaving again, so I cleared out. Wanted a hobby, and I had a couple of friends on the stage, and they had a play they wanted to act in. So I took this theatre and gave them their chance. Lost money too," he added gloomily.

"Yes, I soon tired of it. Too much worry. All these blithering actors and authors and musicians and painters buzzing round to get jobs out of you. Too much like work. So I let the theatre to this Bathbury—

£8,000 a year, or £150 a week. Sounds a lot, I know, but I had to get my money back. Good day, Sir."

"I went to see Mr. Bathbury, a dreamy melancholy man."

"No good," he said; "it's out of my hands. I've let the theatre for ten years to Mercy Moss. It was a great disappointment to me. You see, I'm a man of vision—or thought I was. And after the War—the Dawn of a New World and all that—I thought there might be a chance for a new sort of theatre in the West End. I started out with the most splendid ideas. I was going to do every sort of thing—SHAKESPEARE and modern plays, eighteenth-century revivals, comic opera and new kinds of revue—all sorts of things which a lot of people like but don't get. And I did pretty well. Lots of people came, and came regularly; but there weren't enough of them. Not enough to pay the rent. That was the only difficulty—the rent. I lost a lot of money. So I let the theatre to Mercy Moss—£12,000 a year, or £250 a week. It sounds a lot—but I had to get my money back," he added dreamily.

"I went forthwith to see Miss Mercy Moss, the actor-manageress."

"So sorry," she said, "but the theatre's let. It's let to Jimmy Stickstein for five years. You see, for many years I had a great success in everything I did, and everybody told me that I had a public of my own and ought to go into management. So I did. I did play after play. They were all failures. I don't quite know why. Naturally, being in management, I didn't bother much about the play as long as it had a good strong part for me, for of course my public expect to see me on the stage most of the time. And everybody was always so nice about me on First Nights. But very few people



"YOU'RE IN A DREADFUL STATE. I SHALL TELEPHONE AT ONCE FOR DR. FLEMING."

"WELL, IF YOU'RE GOING TO DO THAT YOU'D BETTER TELL HIM TO PICK UP CARRUTHERS JONES ON THE WAY—HE'LL FIND HIM LYING BY THE SCHOOL-GATE."

"Yes," he said, "I don't doubt we could have done business—if you'd come, say, seven years earlier, Sir. It's out of my hands now. I've let the theatre for twenty years—to a crack-brained literary cove called Bathbury. You see, it was never more than a hobby with me, the theatre. I did pretty well in the War, you know. Razor-blades. Perhaps you didn't realise—very few people do—that during the War there were millions of men who were made to shave regular every day who'd never been shaved more than once a week before, and then by a barber. Grand thing, military discipline. Well, then

came on the Second Nights. And nobody came on the Third Nights. And, the rent being so high, I lost a lot of money. So I've let the theatre for £16,000 a year, or £300 a week. I had to get my money back, you see, she added quaintly.

"I called on Jimmy Stickstein.

"Yes, boy," said he, 'Skirts is com-

ing off in the Spring, and squeeze me if I can tell you why. It's a rattling good show. There's the Most Beautiful Woman in Bessarabia, there's Nick the Knuckle-bone Player, there's three good jokes and forty-eight good legs; there's nothing *brainy* about the show—nothing to make a fellow think after dinner. The words of the songs don't mean anything, and as for the tunes there's not a tune in it that when you've heard the first two bars you can't guess the rest. It's a real, good, popular show, and we've done pretty well. But it won't carry £300 a week for rent, and that's a fact. I'm putting on another show in the Autumn—*Petticoats*, I'm calling it; and, if you want the theatre till then, you're welcome, my boy—£400 a week, £3,000 down in cash, and it's yours."

"But Mrs. Fothergill gets £40 a week!" I cried. "The owner! You can't seriously expect to get £400."

"I may have to ask more," said Jimmy. "You've heard of Wembley, maybe? Yes? Well, don't forget it, my boy—W-E-M—Wembley."

"I gave it up then," said the Man in the Moon. "It seems to me that this is a matter which some enlightened politician ought to tackle."

"No good," I said; "it doesn't interest them. If it was profiteering in the food of the people they'd all be on their hind-legs about it—it's a good cry; but profiteering in the food of the mind leaves them cold. Here's a particular thing which concerns everybody, which everybody would like to see settled on its merits in a common-sense way. But if you go to the political parties they'll all start talking about their wretched 'principles.' The Tories will say, 'It's a scandal, but we can't do anything

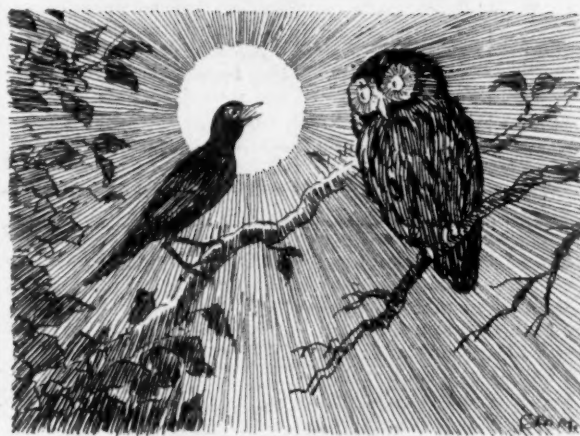
which wouldn't be the thin end of the wedge of nationalisation. Principle, my boy!' The Liberals will say, 'It's a scandal, but it's a dangerous thing to interfere with the free play of economic forces. Principle, my boy!' The Labour Party will say, 'It's a scandal, but we are out for the nationalisation of land. The theatres can wait. Wait

BROADCASTING THE NIGHTINGALE.

It is hoped that the song of the nightingale will be made accessible to listeners in this Spring.



I.



II.

The Nightingale (proudly). "I WAS BROADCASTED LAST NIGHT—GREAT FUN!"

The Owl (not to be outdone). "Ah! I'VE BEEN APPROACHED BY A RADIO COMPANY TO SUPPLY THE HOOTS FOR A SCOTTISH CONCERT."

till we've nationalised land, my boy. We're out for the big things. Principle, my boy."

"And yet," said the Man in the Moon, "I should have thought that this was one of the little things which the present Government (or any Government) might very well do."

"Quite so," I said. "Quite so. What about a Rent (Theatres) Restriction Act, 1924?"

A. P. H.

CURFEW AT CLERKSEY.

CURFEW rings at Clerksey town
To warn the world that the sun's gone down.

"Cover your fires and get to bed,"
Curfew cries from the Abbot's stead
(Nor dreams of a stove by a gas-pipe fed).

But never a bulb forgoes
its glare

(And every lamp's electric
there)

When Curfew rings in the
market square.

Nay, never a switch obeys
the call

From the Court-leet House
to the Dancing Hall.

When Curfew calls to the
child of Jazz

In the feudal way that the
Curfew has.

When Curfew rings at Clerk-
sey town

The damsel dons her gad-
about gown

And rides to Bigborough
on the bus,

For nobody cares a tinker's
cuss

For Curfew's threat of a
night in the pound,

Which was shovelled away
when they cleared the
ground

For the wonderful Stores of
Smith and Brown

Which leers in the face of
the timbered "Crown."

Yet Curfew rings at Clerksey
town.

So Curfew croons of a bed-
time hour

From the old pre-wars-of-
the-Roses tower,

And never a live man gets
to bed,

Yet so may it be that the
sheeted dead—

Lying between the Abbey
brook

And the old tithe-barn that
the Movies took—

Who turned in their graves
at the noon-day hoot

Of the motor-coach on the Pilgrims'
route,

May turn 'em again and settle down
As Curfew rings in Clerksey town.

"STRIKE ITEMS.

In the event of a tube strike taking place
arrangements will be made for Government
officials to sleep at their offices."—*Daily Mail*.
But surely there is nothing unusual in
this?

SCRAMBLED EGGS.

AN IMPRESSION OF "BLINKERS" AT THE SAVOY.
(With acknowledgments to Mr. H. A. VACHELL and
Mr. L. M. LION.)

Dramatis Personæ:

Mr. Prospero Chucklesome, a paper-hanger. His whiskers are white	HORACE HODGES.
Miles Earnest, a newspaperman (staunch hearted)	IAN FLEMING.
Miranda, a paperhanger's grandchild	RENÉE KELLY.
Ralph Leaner, a young man	RONALD SIMPSON.
Mrs. Mullet, Ralph's Aunt	MARY JERROLD.
Colonel Leaner, M.F.H., Ralph's papa	C. V. FRANCE.

ACT I.

SCENE—A paperhanger's studio somewhere in Bohemia.

Mr. Prospero Chucklesome (at work). Hang paperhanging! I suppose I must go on with it, but my soul is really in Art.
Enter Miles Earnest.

Miles Earnest (standing stiffly to attention). My friend, Ralph Leaner, says you design most lovely wall-papers. May I see them? (Sees one. Starts back in amazement.) Why, this is Art! I shall boom it. I can boom anything. I write for the newspapers. I own *The Prattler*.

Mr. Prospero Chucklesome. Would you like to see another masterpiece?

Miles Earnest. I should.

[Mr. Chucklesome pulls aside an easel. Miranda is discovered behind it.]

Miranda. My Man of the Forest!

Miles Earnest. My Maid of the Moon!

Enter Ralph Leaner wearing field-boots.

Ralph (also standing to attention, but leaning forward like the Tower of Pisa). Miranda, I have just come to bring you your engagement-ring.

Miles Earnest. What! You two are engaged?

Miranda. Yes. Perhaps—perhaps I ought to have told you. (Kisses Ralph.) But I must go back to my work now.

Ralph. What work?

Miranda. Don't you know? I'm a parlourmaid.

Ralph (almost falling forward on his face). Where?

Miranda (with a charming smile). At the house of your aunt.

Ralph (now at an angle of 45°). My aunt! (Miranda trips out.) My parents will never allow us to marry.

Miles Earnest (who has been getting tenser and tauter every minute). Yes, they will. I am still your loyal friend. I shall put a paragraph in *The Prattler* to make them think Miranda is the daughter of an earl pretending to be a parlourmaid for fun.

Ralph. Splendid! Once my father has given his consent, he will never take it away. We Leaners are like that. Our tally-ho is our tally-ho; our goneaway is our goneaway.

[Falls out of the room. Miles Earnest wrestles with suppressed emotion, but refuses to stand-at-ease.]

(CURTAIN.)

ACT II.

SCENE—Mrs. Mullet's drawing-room.

Mrs. Mullet (looking up from "The Prattler"). I have a suspicion about the new parlourmaid.

Colonel Leaner, M.F.H. What, what? What's that? What, what?

Mrs. Mullet. I believe she is the granddaughter of an earl. There's something in the paper. Besides, she has a

Lyra Innocentium in her room with a coronet on the book-plate.

Colonel Leaner. *Lyra* what, what? I'll soon find out. Ring the bell. (Enter Miranda.) Walk across the room, my good girl. (Miranda trips to the door.) 'Pon my word, you're right! A nice little filly, clean in the pasterns! Just the little vixen for Ralph to marry.

Ralph Leaner (sprinting into the room in tennis costume). Father, I am engaged to the parlourmaid!

Colonel Leaner. Yoicks forward! My blessing, my boy. (Ralph sprints out of the room.)

Enter Miles Earnest with Mr. Chucklesome.

Miles Earnest. Mrs. Mullet, I want to introduce my friend, Mr. Chucklesome.

Mrs. Mullet (raising both hands in fluttered delight). The Earl!

Mr. Chucklesome (after gazing round and smiling a pawky smile). But I'm not an earl; I'm a paperhanger.

Colonel Leaner. What, what! Then your granddaughter isn't the granddaughter of an earl?

Mr. Chucklesome. Not at all. We Chucklesomes don't believe in idle leisure. We believe in Work and Art. I have one or two epigrams to make about that. Let me see—

Colonel Leaner. Get out! (To his sister) Send that filly back to the dealer at once.

ACT III.

SCENE—The Studio Again.

Mr. Chucklesome (patting Miranda's hand, which does not look as if it had been cleaning the silver). There, there, my dear, never mind. We'll all have tea with some scrambled eggs. [Exit to scramble them.]

Enter Miles Earnest, tenser than ever.

Miranda (tearfully). Has Ralph sent any message?

Miles Earnest (gulping hard and clenching his hands till they become quite red). Yes, he did. He said, "Have faith and we will tear our star out of the sky."

Miranda. "Tear our star out of the sky!" What a perfectly delightful message! [Weeps a little.]

Enter Ralph at the double. He halts at the usual inclination.

Miranda. Thank you, my darling, for that delightful message. "Tear our—"

Ralph. What, what? Message? Oh, yes, of course. Sent you one by Miles, didn't I? Cheerio, and all that sort of thing.

Miranda (gulping in turn). CHEERIO! CHEERIO!!

Ralph. Well, I must be going now. So long. See you again in a couple of weeks.

[Exit at the rapid double. Miranda throws a small object after him.]

Miles (in a voice strangled with emotion). Miranda! What is that?

Miranda. My engagement-ring. Miles!—

Re-enter Mr. Chucklesome with a large tray.

Mr. Chucklesome. The scrambled eggs are quite ready, my dears. EVOE.

"English or French light Car Wanted in exchange for Ford with college education."—Advt. in Birmingham Paper. Oxford, of course.

"Philosophical Institution.—See under 'Amusements.'"

Scots Paper.
Who said the Scots had no sense of humour?

With my Uncle at the Barber's.

You are normally placid, my dear Uncle Ted,

Yet I've known you a good deal sorer

Than when you demanded a wash for your head
And I hinted a vacuum-cleaner.



Sportsman (helping fallen friend). "THERE'S OLD McDROWTHIE. SHOUT TO HIM. HE'S SURE TO HAVE A FLASK, IF NOT TWO." Runner. "'TAIN'T WORTH WHILE. 'E'S SURE TO 'AVE EMPTIED 'EM—IT'S NEAR ONE O'CLOCK."

WOMEN AND WATERFOWL.

(With humble apologies to the late Mr. AUSTIN DOBSON.)

THE ladies of St. James's,
Though very bright and gay,
No longer in sedan-chairs
Go "swinging to the play";
But, while they serve as models
Of Fashion's endless flux,
St. James's real glory
Is in its birds and ducks.

The ladies of St. James's
Are angular of gait,
And rigid "lamp-post outlines"
Their figures imitate;
But the pigeons, oh! the pigeons,
Are plump and graceful too,
And full of woodland magic
Is their delicious coo.

The ladies of St. James's
In speech are loud and free;
In moments of expansion
They loose the frequent D.;

But the dabchicks, oh! the dabchicks,
No matter how they fuss,
Abstain from any noises
Suggestive of a cuss.

The ladies of St. James's
They are so fine and smart;
Their marvellous complexions
Astound my simple heart;
But the pelicans, the pelicans,
Cause only pleasant thrills;
They need no rouge or lipstick
To rubricate their bills.

The ladies of St. James's,
And Phyllida likewise,
Fill Lady FRANCES BALFOUR
With horrified surprise:
But the sheldrakes, oh! the sheldrakes
With their enchanting clucks
They merely fascinate one,
They are such real ducks!

O CAROLUS, O CAROLUS
(The Second of that name),
In politics and morals
You played a shady game;

And yet to you, the wildest
Of royal rakes and bucks,
We owe St. James's parkland,
Its pelicans and ducks.

Our Cynical Press.

"Everybody misses opportunities, and it is only the man who is fatuous enough not to realise this who may hope to succeed."

Daily Paper.

"Besides school children, motorists are often compelled in springtime to include frogs and toads among their objects of compulsory natural study; because you cannot help noticing some of the things which you kill."

Monthly Journal.

"Wanted, Marriem Man to undertake the duties of Clerk and Verger of — Church."

Provincial Paper.

And "joiner" too?

"The by-election for the — County Council has resulted as follows:—

W. Williams (Socialist) . . . 788
W. Williams (Socialist) . . . 789."

Manchester Paper.

Well, nothing could be fairer than that.



"LOOK AT THEM ALL LOOKING FOR THE BALL, AND THAT BOY OVER THERE HAS GOT IT ALL THE TIME!"

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG

XIX.—SAND-BETWEEN-THE-TOES.

I WENT right down to the shouting sea,
Taking Christopher down with me,
For Nurse had given us sixpence each—
And down we went to the beach.

We had sand in the eyes and the ears and the nose,
And sand in the hair, and sand between the toes;
Whenever a good Nor'-wester blows,
Christopher is certain of
Sand-between-the-toes.

The sea was galloping grey and white;
Christopher clutched his sixpence tight;
We clambered over the humping sand—
And Christopher held my hand.

We had sand in the eyes and the ears and the nose,
And sand in the hair, and sand between the toes;
Whenever a good Nor'-wester blows,
Christopher is certain of
Sand-between-the-toes.

There was a roaring in the sky;
The sea-gulls cried as they blew by;
We tried to talk, but had to shout—
Nobody else was out.

When we got home we had sand in the hair,
In the eyes and the ears and everywhere;

Whenever a good Nor'-wester blows,
Christopher is found with
Sand-between-the-toes.

XX.—INDEPENDENCE.

I NEVER did, I never did, I never *did* like "Now, take care,
dear!"

I never did, I never did, I never *did* want "Hold-my-
hand;"

I never did, I never did, I never *did* think much of "Not up
there, dear!"

It's no good saying it. They don't understand. A. A. M.

Tragedy.

It depended on him and him alone; should he fail there
was no other to take his place.

Suddenly he felt himself seized round the waist and
dragged hastily along a roughened incline. In the excite-
ment of the moment he lost his head.

His infuriated owner hurled him to the ground and threw
the empty match-box out of the carriage-window.

From an athletic sports programme:—

"Throwing the Cricket Bat."—*Rhodesian Paper*.

Our South African visitors should be asked to give an
exhibition between the innings of the Test Matches.

"Seven Days in the Lake of Geneva, with Return Ticket, £8 8s."
Prospectus of a Touring Agency.

But wouldn't so long an immersion damp one's spirits for
the homeward journey?



FILLING A GAP.

IN HONOUR OF ITS CENTENARY, MR. PUNCH OFFERS TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY
A WORK BY THAT PRACTICALLY UNKNOWN MASTER, UTOPIANO DEL MILLENNIO.



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 24th.—The PRIME MINISTER was much badgered about the alleged intention of the Government to bring in a Miners' Minimum Wage Bill. He fenced with the question for a time, but at last admitted that "we have given a conditional pledge." "To whom?" asked Mr. ORMSBY-GORE, scenting an improper bargain with the miners. "To this House," was the unexpected reply.

Mr. MACDONALD is not always quite so fortunate in his ripostes. Last Friday, in regard to the complaint that a "Free Trade exhibit" had been admitted to the Imperial Industries Exhibition, he tickled the House by the revelation that the crime, if any, had been committed, not by the Government, but by that impeccable Conservative, Lord DERBY. This afternoon he had to confess that he had been misinformed and that his Lordship had nothing whatever to do with it.

Ever since the War the Parliamentary inquisitors have displayed constant curiosity regarding the subsidy of fifty thousand pounds paid to an Arab potentate, IBN SAUD; and the House has been given to understand that it was granted on the principle of giving on organ-grinder a penny to play in the next street. It seems that IBN SAUD has now received his final payment; and one wonders how long it will be before he again disturbs the harmony of Iraq.

The Performing Animals Bill was read a first time. Despite the fact that it was introduced by General COCKERILL and supported by Sir SYDNEY HENS, it is expected to take a lot of hatching.

In olden days the debate on the Army Estimates used to be confined to the experts. So it is still, but with the difference that since 1914 the experts (in their own opinion) have multiplied exceedingly. Fortunately for the War SECRETARY, their criticisms were as various as they were volatile. Major G. DAVIES, for example, attributed the shortage of officers to the "mechanicalisation" of the Army. "A horse, a horse," is apparently the cry of the youthful cadet, who finds the Tank a very poor substitute. Mr. BECKER, on the other hand, did not think cavalry were of the slightest use, except for guarding Whitehall.

Tuesday, March 25th.—Lord BANBURY must be, I fear, rather

disappointed with the House of Lords. "In another place" his Bill to exempt dogs from vivisection obtained several times a Second reading. Naturally he expected that in the Upper Chamber, with its sporting traditions, it would be at least as successful. But, with the



"WILL IT HATCH?"

[The Performing Animals Bill was introduced by Brigadier-General COCKERILL, supported by Sir SYDNEY HENS.]

exception of Lord LAMBOURNE, he did not find a single supporter.

It was not, I think, to the eloquence or even the humour of Lord KNUTSFORD, who moved the rejection, that this result was due, but rather to the fact that a scientific inquiry is now being made into the causes of distemper. Without experiments on dogs that in-

quiry must be abortive, and therefore it is in the interests of "the friend of man" himself that they should be continued. That was the argument of Lord MILDMAY, who declared that if dogs could speak—"and as we dog-lovers know, some of them do very nearly speak"—they would agree with him.

Mr. WALSH announced that the War Office exhibit at Wembley would illustrate the history of the British Army for eight hundred years "by models, panoramic displays, relics and other means." Intending visitors must not be misled by the word "relics" into imagining that the senior officials will be on view.

Yet another injustice to Ireland! It seems that, if a musical instrument is sent from the Irish Free State for repair in Great Britain, a deposit of 33½ per cent. of its value is exacted by the brutal British Customs. Imagine the disgust of the Minstrel Boy desirous, now that the Treaty is passed, of making good the damage done to his property on the occasion when he "tore its strings asunder" on being confronted with this sordid demand. It suggests a picture for the Royal Hibernian Academy, "The Harp and the Harpies."

At last the SPEAKER's patient efforts to induce Members to limit their "Supplementaries" have been rewarded. No fewer than 107 Questions were called to-day, and cheers were given when the "century" was passed.

The demonstrations that greeted the arrival of Mr. NICHOLSON were rather louder than usual—a tribute which the new Member for the Abbey division owed less, perhaps, to his own modest personality than to the fact that he now shares with Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, Mr. PETHICK-LAWRENCE and others the distinction of being "the man who beat CHURCHILL."

Mr. BRIANT's Bill to enable Peeresses in their own right to sit and vote in the House of Lords furnished a lively interlude. Mr. JACK JONES, who opposed it, was in his best form, and brought down the House with his description of a certain statesman as "the wizard of Wales and the blizzard of Britain." There was further laughter when he named "Mr. Scrimmajower" as his co-teller, for it is notorious that on another great question of the day he and Mr. SCRYMGEOUR do not see eye to eye, or shall I say, "glass to glass"?



TWO OLD MASTERS AND A NEW ONE.

A WAR OFFICE EXHIBIT.

DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH. DUKE OF WELLINGTON.
MR. STEPHEN WALSH.

In a further debate on Singapore Sir ROBERT HORNE eloquently restated the arguments for bringing the naval base there up to date, and added the incontestable fact that "Japan is just as near to Singapore as Singapore is to Japan." Commander FLETCHER, after saying that "if Singapore went Hong Kong would go, and then everything would go," nevertheless announced his intention of voting for the Ministerial policy, and, as most of the Liberals present took the same course, the Government secured a majority of 76. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE preserved a discreet silence.

Wednesday, March 26th.—From Lord EMMOTT's speech this afternoon it is plain that there are few things about Russia that he does not know. But one of them is why Mr. MACDONALD accorded unconditional recognition to the Soviet Government. His generous gesture had, in Lord EMMOTT's opinion, been wasted. Russia was again in the hands of the extremists, who, to judge by their speeches, had no intention of recognising Russia's pre-war debts or of restoring the confiscated property of British citizens or of dropping the propaganda which is stirring up disaffection in various parts of the Empire.

Poor Lord PARMOOR had very little to say in reply, except that he still thought that recognition was wise. Lord CURZON said he had never heard "an emptier speech," and proceeded to rub in all Lord EMMOTT's points, with a few more of his own. Considering that the Anglo-Russian Conference was to meet next week, he thought it amazing that the LORD PRESIDENT, who had a room at the Foreign Office, did not yet know what subjects were to be discussed. The LORD CHANCELLOR, coming to the assistance of his hard-pressed colleague, began with a little dig at Lord CURZON and his failure to effect a settlement with Russia during his long tenure of the Foreign Secretaryship. He himself was not afraid of Soviet propaganda in this country; he did not mind being called a bourgeois official by the Bolshevik organ; and even though M. RAKOWSKY, the head of the Soviet delegation, was "a man of ability and very pleasant manners," did Lord CURZON (he asked) think that the Government could not take care of themselves? Lord CURZON did not reply. Perhaps he too desired to earn a reputation for "very pleasant manners."

Mr. W. THORNE asked the MINISTER OF LABOUR if he knew that the Turkish baths industry was "one of the greatest sweating

businesses in the country." Mr. SHAW evidently assumed that his questioner only wanted, as the comedians say, to "get a laugh." But it seems that the portly Member for West Ham really believes that the attendants are underpaid. I fancy that the shampooer has been pulling his leg, and that,



THE WELSH RABBIT.

"BRER RABBIT, HE KINDER LAY LOW."

allowing for tips, he is by no means the real poor.

The PRIME MINISTER stated that first-class railway-passes for M.P.s would cost the country seventy thousand pounds, and third-class some twenty thousand pounds less. He added that the question was one for the House to decide, and when asked if the country should not be consulted in the matter, replied that for this purpose he assumed that the House and the country were one.



"THEY QUITE FORGOT THEIR QUARREL."

MR. JACK JONES AND MR. SCRYMGEOUR.

At that moment the country, or at any rate the population of the Home Counties, was less concerned with the travelling facilities of M.P.s than with its own. To an inquiry as to what steps the Government were taking to minimise the hardships to the workers caused by the tram and bus strike, Mr. MACDONALD oracularly replied, "The law has provided for certain things to be done, and we are doing these things."

Nor when Mr. BRIDGEMAN, later on, deplored the fact that the Labour Government seemed no more able than its predecessors to prevent Labour disputes, were the Ministerial replies much more definite. Mr. SHAW hoped that both sides would realise that "the country was greater than any side," and begged the House not to get "rattled"; while Mr. CLYNES again put forward the rather hackneyed excuse that the Government had inherited these troubles from their predecessors. He was full of sympathy for the strikers, and had no word of criticism of them for refusing to admit their demand (so far as it had not then been conceded) to arbitration. Nevertheless he claimed that no Government could have done more to safeguard public interests. I don't know. Could they not have given Mr. BEVIN a Colonial Governorship?

Thursday, March 27th.—Agriculture is a depressing topic, and sixty years in Parliament might be expected to abate any man's spirit, but despite these drawbacks Lord LINCOLNSHIRE was quite lively in urging upon the Government the claims of the labourer upon the land. He was backed up by

Lord BLEDISLOE, and received a sympathetic reply from Lord PARMOOR, who promised that a Bill re-establishing a Wages Board should be introduced before Easter. He thought that the depression in agriculture had been exaggerated, and mentioned that of eighteen thousand small-holders settled on the land since the War a very small percentage had gone to the wall.

The discussion in the Commons on the foreign situation must have reminded old Parliamentarians of Irish debates before the War. The late Mr. JOHN REDMOND would lead off with a conciliatory statement of the Nationalist claim, and would be answered by the CHIEF SECRETARY in similar vein. But then up would get Mr. DILLOX, who, after a mild exordium, would gradually work himself into a passion—the sound of his own voice acting as an irritant—and, recalling all the unhappy far-off inci-

dents of Anglo-Irish history, would put all the fat back into the fire.

So it was this afternoon. Mr. ASQUITH was as mild as milk in putting his questions to the PRIME MINISTER regarding recent events in the Ruhr and the Rhineland, and drew from Mr. MACDONALD a reply which, if a little vague, did not appear to be provocative. It contained, however, a passage indicating that an Anglo-French pact would be useless to France unless followed up by a military agreement; and this seemed to touch Mr. LLOYD GEORGE upon a raw spot. Suddenly abandoning the *Brer Rabbit* attitude of lying low and saying nothing that he has observed during most of the Session, he jumped up and in his most sarcastic manner criticised the haziness of the Government's foreign policy, winding up with a demand for a clearer definition. "The French," he said, "are entitled to know what we mean; the British people are entitled to know what we mean; and I should not be a bit surprised if the PRIME MINISTER would not like to know himself what he means."

Later speakers, both Unionist and Labour, appeared to think that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had not been quite fair in delivering his attack on a day when Mr. MACDONALD was engaged in efforts to settle the transport dispute. But the PRIME MINISTER himself, though obviously nettled, contented himself with the remark that his opponent had seized his opportunity "with his usual whole-hearted disregard of circumstances." *Brer Rabbit*, I imagine, will now return to his briar-patch and silence.

JACK THE JESTER.

With a gift for repartee
That is witty, bold and free,
And more often leads to glee
Than to groans,
'Tis a pity, when you grouse,
That you lose your native *nous*
And exasperate the House,
JACK JONES.

Recollect that maxim old,
"Speech is silver, silence gold."
For your speech is uncontrolled
In its tones;
And you'd gather more renown
(Though you sit for Silvertown)
If you'd sometimes damp it down,
JACK JONES.

From an article entitled "The Men Behind the Car":—

"It is possibly a little difficult for the average motorist to realise the enormity of producing over 750 cars a week."—*Motoring Paper*.
But the average pedestrian—the man in front of the car—can realise it quite easily.



"COOK, DON'T YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU BOIL CABBAGE WITH THE LID ON IT WILL LOSE ITS COLOUR?"

"SO FOLKS 'AVE TOLD ME, MUM; BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET ME TO BELIEVE IT. I NEVER WAS SUPERSTITIOUS."

The Cautious Tipster.

"TO BEAT THE BOOK,
UNCERTAIN
in the 4.10 race." *Daily Paper*.

From a recent novel:—

"The girl's eyes shone with a fierce anger, and then, without a word, walked away."
Evidently cross eyes.

"Architect's Boy Wanted; useful any capacity; treated as pupil and possibly articles given; should want to draw, but must write well, play 'cello or bassoon; preference given to ex-driver R.H.A.; 2s. 6d. per week first six months."—*Advt. in Daily Paper*.

The correspondent who forwards the above wants to know, before applying, whether he will be allowed to bath the baby in his spare time.

"Special Offer!—1lb. tins Herrings in Tomato Sauce, 7½d. per ton."
Advt. in Local Paper.

It does not say if they are post-free, or we would order a hundredweight.

"Mr. Ramsay MacDonald always gets up before 7 a.m. and usually works for an hour before breakfast at 8 p.m."—*Sunday Paper*.
Like the gentleman in *The Hunting of the Snark*, we suppose, he "dines on the following day."

"I am beginning to doubt whether bad language is a nuisance in Cemberwell. Everybody uses it."—Judge Parry at Lambeth County Court.—*Daily Paper*.
Certainly this "Cemberwell" habit is easy to acquire. So, apparently, is the local accent.

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

Sarah Delamont's got her ambition. She's a Parly-girl, as Pixie Dashmore calls the women M.P.s. She just scraped in at a potty little by-election by promising the poor deluded dears a new heaven and a new earth. Directly she took her place in the House she set to work to catch the SPEAKER's eye. The dear unfortunate man has my deepest sympathy. He did all he could to save his poor eye from Sarah, but she was out to catch it—and she caught it!

I was in the Gallery first time she spoke. She'd been combing the dailies and weeklies for something to ask a question about, and she rose (in a last year's coat and skirt and a *no* year's hat) to ask if there was any truth in the report that concert parties were to be engaged to liven up the British Museum and that a project was on foot for turning Westminster Abbey into a Palais de Danse? She was told "the question did not arise," or something of that kind, but she kept on talking till at last she was coughed down.

Sarah's a lucky woman in having such a husband as Wiloughby Delamont, running their home *à merveille* while Sarah's out setting the world to rights, and satisfying his ambition by collecting coins and stamps, on which he's quite an authority and has written monographs—whatever those are. Sarah says he's a "dear good little soul, thoroughly domesticated and rather clever in his way." But, for all his domesticity and his stamp and coin collecting, he's quite able to take a rise out of Sarah. Someone said to him at his Club the other day, "How d'you like havin' a wife in Parliament?" "Oh, it's a capital idea," he said, rubbing his hands. "She can do almost all her talkin' away from home. Poor dear! I hear she was coughed down the other night. Now, at home she couldn't be coughed down."

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Right Honourable, same as the others! There's Bob Jiffs, who used to work in the same mine as me, 'e's got a portfolio as Minister for Extraordinary Affairs, and I ain't got one! See here, I mean to 'ave one, and an 'an'some one too, if I buy it out o' me own pocket!"

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dear friend"; or in a commonsensical way: "Now, my dear Chatterton, I'm going to take advantage of the date," etc., etc., when he said, "What's the punishment for havin' six wives, Sylvia? Is it hanging or chokey or the dole?" "How d'you—why d'you—what d'you mean?" I gasped. "Simply that I've had six offers this evenin' and accepted 'em all."

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Well, the barristress lost Teddy's case, but almost it was a victory, for the plaintiff got only one farthing damages. Bobo stood up in court, thanked the jury for their finding, and said they'd valued defendant at exactly his proper worth!

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[The prizewinner in a ballot recently initiated by *The Isis*, the Oxford undergraduates' journal, was offered either £2 2s. or a woman student to tea every Sunday for the rest of the term. He chose the money, saying, "The dollars every time. I really could not stand a dowdy beside her chaperon." In reply "Two Women Students" of Somerville College deal faithfully with their traducer in a later number of *The Isis*. *Inter alia* they observe that "they come to Oxford not to please undergraduates, nor to have a good time, nor to dress in order to capture free lunches, but to work. We also think that the young Apollos (in their own conceit) who criticise her would do well to consider whether they are themselves perfect. On looking round a lecture-room the women may be unattractive, but at least they are clean. The men are neither clean nor attractive. Grey flannel trousers bagging at the knee do not seem to us the acme of smartness or good style, nor blazers worn with plus fours, nor crude ties with faded tweed coats. . . . We suggest that the undergraduate is badly dressed, and that his knowledge of personal hygiene is of the scantiest. We should also like the subject of our imperfections to be given a rest."]

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THE DUBIOUS BACHELOR.

A RATHER SAD STATISTICAL SONG.

I WILL not live another year

A sad and solitary he!

I long to call some damsel dear,

But, goodness, which is it to be?

Such charmers everywhere I find,

Delicious, beautiful and kind,

But I can not make up my mind—

*For there are eighteen million women
in England and Wales and one of
these is, presumably, my soul-mate.*

But I am dismal after dark;

It is a dismal thing to sit

And think of many a good remark

With no one there to laugh at it:

The flat is full of ticking clocks,

The very mouse comes out and mocks,

And no one seems to mend my socks,

*Though there are eighteen million
women in England and Wales, and
one of these is, presumably, my soul-
mate.*

Then I will take my Phyllis out,

And we will dance till three or four,

For Phyllis likes me, not a doubt,

And I like Phyllis more and more,

For she is sweet and she is gay,

Though she has nothing much to
say,

And she would suit me, in a way,

*But there are eighteen million women
in England and Wales, and one of
these is, presumably, my soul-mate.*

And when I gaze in Mary's eyes

Poor Phyllis seems a little thing,

For Mary is so very wise

And she can play and she can sing;

But, dear, oh dear, she cannot smile,

And she is not at all my style,

And I am thinking all the while

*That there are eighteen million women
in England and Wales, and one of
these is, presumably, my soul-mate.*

Then there is Miss Camelia Mole,

And I have asked her once or
twice,

But she is like the Arctic Pole,

Though she is uniformly nice,

And she is fond, and so am I,

But if I ask until I die

I know that she will still reply

*That there are seventeen million men
in England and Wales, and one of
these is, presumably, her soul-mate.*

Ah me! But come, I'll not despair;

By April—well, at least by May,

I'll marry somebody, I swear,

And we'll be happy, I dare say;

For Phyllis is a little pet,

And Mary may amuse me yet,

And I'll endeavour to forget

*That there are eighteen million women
in England and Wales, and one of
these is, presumably, my soul-mate.*

Yet oft, how often, in the street,

Or riding on the District line,

I see a maid so rare and sweet

I know that she was meant for mine.

She knows it not. She leaves the train,

I never see her face again.

Why should I? Well, I don't com-
plain—

*But there are eighteen million women
in England and Wales, and one of
these is, presumably, my soul-mate.*

Ah, Phyllis, when you name the day,

Or Mary dear (whichever it be),

To some lone island let's away

Where there is not another she;

That I may never, never view

A girl more glorious than you,

For I will promise to be true—

*But all the same there are eighteen
million women in England and
Wales, and one of these is, pre-
sumably, my soul-mate. A. P. H.*

THE TWINS.

"WE are all so unhappy," said the letter. "Poor Jack's broken his leg. He won't be out and about again for a long while. Do come and cheer us up."

I went, of course, and heard the whole story. Lucky the bus strike was on!

I saw Jack first. He was looking exceedingly sorry for himself but rather liking his place in the limelight. A gentle illness now and then, when one is not unpopular in the house, can be very gratifying, and it's cheaper than a formal rest-cure. Sympathy before routine. Friends: not nurses.

Looking at Jack stretched out luxuriously with an expression in his eye compounded of self-pity and self-satisfaction, I felt that I could sustain—that is the word, I believe—a broken leg myself now and again and be all the better for it.

In the library, over our tea, Margaret told me all about the accident.

It seems that the two children—they are twins, but not a bit alike—had had an unexpected windfall. Uncle Jim, back from India, had blown in to lunch and had presented his nieces with a ten-shilling note apiece. Uncles apparently, base as the world has grown, still occasionally do things like this. Good. Let the gods stand up for uncles! The consequence was that no sooner was lunch over—in fact, before it was over for careful adult eaters and drinkers—the twins were off on a shopping expedition, and of course Jack went too.

"You know how fond he is of going out with the children?" Margaret added.

"Of course," I said. "Why not? I should like to go out with them myself."

"Yes," sighed their mother; "but you don't know how wilful they are."

Don't know? Of course I know. Wilfulness is the order of the day. But what a change! Looking back on my own childhood I can remember almost no occasion on which I was wilful—I mean detrimentally. There was no chance; we weren't allowed to be. My vision of my own childhood is as of a long, straight and tidy avenue, with, on each side, grass which it was our duty to keep off, and which we kept off. But now the only thing that the young keep off is the path itself. And when they are a little older—just in the twenties—and they have their lip-sticks and their cigarette-cases, you might as well try to control the movements of a blizzard.

"Well," said Margaret, "when they got to Regent Street they seem each to have set up independence in an acute form, so that, instead of doing their shopping together, they separated, and one went into a shop on one side of the street and the other into a shop on the other. I blame their uncle intensely."

I made a sound that meant "Oh, rubbish!"

"Yes, I do," Margaret continued hotly. "When he gave them the notes he made the foolish stipulation that they should spend them at once. 'No nonsense about money-boxes,' he said."

"Quite right," said I.

"Not at all, not at all," said Margaret. "Quite wrong. Uncles can be very dangerous and disturbing. The girls' heads were completely turned. And as for poor Jack—you see he was distracted. He adores them both, and he felt it his duty to be with both; he was responsible for them. But how can anyone be with two wilful girls at the same moment when one is on one side of Regent Street and one is on the other? It isn't possible."

"No," I agreed after sufficient thought; "it isn't possible."

"And that's how the accident happened," said Margaret. "The poor old darling kept rushing from one side of the street to the other, trying to have his eye on both, and a taxi came along and knocked him over and broke his leg. If there hadn't been a bus strike he'd have been killed for a certainty."

"Good old Jack!" said I. "How splendid of him!"

"Yes," said Margaret; "and there are people who say that collies aren't trustworthy!" E. V. L.

"LIFE AND LOVE IN NEW LAND."

A party of fifty domestic servants left Liverpool to-day for Canada. Several of them are going out to be married, having secured one of Canada's large number of bachelors.

Liverpool Paper.

Has Mormonism spread to the Dominion?

ART FOR ART'S SAKE.



OUR PAINTER POETS ALWAYS SHOW INSPIRATION COMING TO THEM SOMETHING LIKE THIS—



BUT THEY ALWAYS LEAVE OUT THE INSPIRING BIT.

AT THE PLAY.

"ST. JOAN" (NEW THEATRE).

MR. BERNARD SHAW bombards his audience at the New Theatre for three hours and three-quarters with laughter and tears; and so surely as he sends them reeling with a buffet of audacious burlesque, so surely he crashes them to their knees again with a passage of shining splendour. By a phrase he switches an archbishop from a Pooh-bah to a dignified prelate, a soldier from a poetaster to a general, a peasant-girl from a hoyden to a saint. Truly this is an amazing play. It is as remarkable too for the Shavianisms which Mr. SHAW has permitted himself to exclude as for those which he has put in.

One is not surprised that he has fallen prostrate before the Maid. His ideal heroine yesterday was a female vortex of 10,000 A.D.; to-day she is a country girl from mediæval Lorraine. But JOAN OF ARC has for many years been irresistible to literary minds. MARK TWAIN, Mrs. OLIPHANT, ANDREW LANG, M. ANATOLE FRANCE (perhaps VOLTAIRE was the last of her mockers), and now Mr. BERNARD SHAW. One is not surprised, I say, by this adoration. But one was not prepared for a sympathetic consideration of the attitude of the mediæval Church and the Holy Office towards Joan, for the earnest and stately bigotry of Mr. EUGENE LEAHY's *Bishop of Beauvais* or the silver-haired sweetness of Mr. O. B. CLARENCE's *Inquisitor*, at a Court of Inquiry which in the imagination of most of us flatters by comparison the Roman administration of Judæa under HEROD the Tetrarch and PONTIUS PILATE. One cannot help wondering, I think, whether the drama gains more than it loses by this conscientious effort to make a right reading of history. We are left with the suave and genial *Earl of Warwick*, an admirable mediæval aristocrat in Mr. E. LYALL SWETE's rendering, as the sole villain of the piece; since even Mr. CASSON, the *Chaplain de Stogumber*, in his horror of the actual execution, repents from his bitter hatred of Joan. (Are we doomed to a long course of executions, I wonder? There was something very suggestive of Baghdad about the half-naked figure of the *Master of Rouen*, who found Joan's heart impossible to burn.) All the villainy, in fact, was English, and we were not spared some of those pointed digs at English imperialism and English religion which so delight an English audience and were even introduced into the Shavian "*Julius Cæsar*."

There is usually a General Bernard Shaw in those of Mr. BERNARD SHAW's plays which deal with military affairs, and this rôle of rather irritating sanity

was played by Mr. ROBERT HORTON as the *Bastard of Orleans*: doubtless in truth a very capable General, but so dear to the author that he must needs delight equally in poetry, in kingfishers, in the goodness of Joan and in sound theories as to the use of artillery.



HASELOER.

JOAN VERY DARK.
MISS SYBIL THORNDIKE.

With the *Dauphin* Mr. BERNARD SHAW lets himself go. He is a figure of farce, with a moment of pathos here and there. He is Mr. ERNEST THESIGER. He is, or looked with a large grey beaver on his head as he first appeared, like the *Mad Hatter*. Later on he is like



ROBES ET MODES. SPRING 1429.

Archbishop of Rheims . . . ROBERT CUNNINGHAM.
The Dauphin . . . ERNEST THESIGER.

the EX-CROWN PRINCE OF GERMANY. That is not his character, of course. He hates fuss and does not want to reign. He is screwed up to action by Joan, who persistently calls him "Charlie," as she calls Dunois "Jack." But he finds her a nuisance in the end.

Joan annoyed me terribly when she first came on, for I had expected a rustic *gaucherie*, and I found something more like the manners of a mill-girl of a Northern town. (Is that part of the *HORNIMAN* tradition?) Afterwards she went from greatness to greatness. She was a soldier in shining armour and a surtout embroidered with *fleur-de-lis*. She was a country girl again in black at her trial, but not annoying now. She was one of the world's great protestants, of the world's great patriots. She was out to break the feudal aristocracy and give England to the English and to the French, France. (And if you think Mr. BERNARD SHAW left out a long disquisition between the theory of feudal tenure in France and in England under the Norman and Angevin kings—see GARDINER and GREEN—you are very much mistaken.) She stood also for the common people. She stood, last of all, for the saints of the world, whom the world is not and never will be ready to receive.

The play ends with an epilogue. It has to, because part of Mr. BERNARD SHAW's purpose would not otherwise have been plain. The *Dauphin* is in bed twenty years later. Ghosts of the dead, of the not yet born and the living, come in. They come in partly to repent and partly to hold a conversation *à la Shaw* with the ghost of Joan. One of them is a Roman Catholic priest. He wears a top-hat, and everybody laughs at his funny dress. He reads out the Order canonizing Joan (1920). Another of them is the common soldier who gave her two sticks to make a cross at the stake. He gets a day's leave a year from hell for this, and he comes in singing a rollicking song. He is one of the last to leave. He is just going to point out in Cockney accent once more the way he looks at things when the clock strikes, and he says, "Excuse me—a pressing appointment." That shows you the way Mr. BERNARD SHAW does things. Nobody else could.

It is a wonderful performance, but there are, of course, two plots. The devoted rashness of Joan leads her at first to success, but later, with no change of quality, to defeat and capture. That is a temporal tragedy; but there is also the spiritual contest of Joan with the ecclesiastical machine. The mingling of these two motives makes the action halt a little, because first of all the military position and then the principles of heresy have to be explained.

The dresses, the blazonry, the Cathedral, were wonderful. *St. Catherine*, *St. Margaret* and *St. Michael*, somewhat to my relief, did not arrive in person. *St. Joan* was very seldom off the stage. But she was not on too long. EVER.



First Porter. "Wot's the matter with Bill? 'E's got a bit uppish lately."

Second Porter. "'E's bin like that ever since 'E smashed that case o' dinosaur eggs, worth a thousand quid apiece, an' got 'is photo in the papers."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ABOUT a year ago the Cambridge University Press asked the Master of Christ's College, Sir ARTHUR SHIPLEY, "to write a book which would make students of elementary biology think." Sir ARTHUR, in coping with their request, chose to bear in mind at the same time the capacities and needs of the general reader; and the result is that *Life*, excellent as a text-book, is also a most entertaining introduction to its tremendous subject. The jacket of the book bears the words of an expert: "'Sairey,' says Mrs. Harris, 'seeh is life. Vich likeways is the hend of all things.'" The table of contents (a mere development, you see, of the *Gamp* motif) starts with "Protoplasm" and ends with "Reproduction"; and while the first chapter admits that we have not, so far, defined life, the last acknowledges "other elements of our being" besides "the visible body, its cells and tissues." Between these chapters the constituents, circumstances and functions of life are discussed with grateful lucidity and much happy detail. Myself I confess to a perhaps inordinate appreciation of the detail. It thrills me to learn that the poison habit of snakes is acquired; that young swallows start for mid-Africa before the old ones—and get there; that if you feed a bee larva of the worker-class continuously on "royal jelly," that larva will turn into a queen bee. What an allegory on the advantages (and disadvantages) of education! I feel I

should like to meet the plantain-eating birds whose coppery pigment washes off when it rains, the stickleback whose paternal tenderness is so pleasantly opposed to the insouciance of the female turbot, and the orang-outan of Borneo who constructs his own platform so much more capably than Mr. WINSTON CHURCHILL. Sir ARTHUR's actual illustrations and diagrams are all well chosen and interesting; some (as the picture of the skeleton leaf on p. 51) have a blend of scientific and æsthetic appeal which recalls the notebooks of LEONARDO.

Hilary and *Susan Brent* were not two of the world's workers. In the story of their early married life, as told most effectively by Miss RADCLYFFE HALL in *The Forge* (ARROWSMITH), the whole of their energy was devoted to pleasure. *Susan* before her marriage had been a painter; *Hilary* even after his marriage continued to write verses which he was delighted to read to his wife. For the rest, a long chocolate dachshund, called *Sieglinde*, consumed all the affection that this self-centred couple could spare from each other. Yet, if you expect their story to be vastly dull, I can assure you that you will be disappointed. Their increasing boredom and gradual estrangement are developed with uncommon insight and a considerable gift of comedy. No sort of sensational incident takes place, but little things and still less things keep on happening until they accumulate into a burden from which they both yearn to free themselves. I know my *Hilary* and my *Susan* thoroughly, and

I can but praise the restraint and perception which Miss HALL has shown in her treatment of them.

The late MAURICE HEWLETT had the true essayist's touch, as was apparent in several of his novels, *Open Country* for example, though it may well be doubted whether his brilliance in this form would ever have overshadowed his fame in fiction. The writer of the eloquent appreciation on the cover of *Last Essays* (HEINEMANN) seems to think that it would; but I cannot always subscribe to these pronouncements. The fact is, HEWLETT was an artist in letters, and his range was extraordinarily wide; you have only to recall the names of the first half-dozen books he wrote to get a glimpse of his variety. *Little Novels of Italy* would be included, *The Forest Lovers* and *Songs and Meditations*. He could write, and write superlatively well, in many manners, and in this volume he adopted the easy comfortable style of the country gentleman in his arm-chair. Yet he was not, I admit, quite the ordinary squire, nor even the ordinary retired civilian. He was ever a reformer, and his views on the difficult subject of Great County Families would not meet with acceptance everywhere. The opening essay here deals with the question why his great-grandfather left his

ancestral home in Somerset, forsaking agriculture and cider for the Law and Fetter Lane; and the author comes to the conclusion that he must have been oppressed by the Great House that dominated the village and by the long roll of Earls and the dependants of Earls who populated the churchyard. His ancestor, in effect, wanted more elbow-room for self-development—which is precisely what our essayist was always demanding for his labourers. He maintained that the "cramped propinquity" of the villager stunted his character. And few men knew the life of a country village, Sussex or Wilts, better. I like him best when discoursing on this topic. But he handles many others—BEAUMARCHAIS and LA BRUYÈRE and the Cardinal DE RETZ, and the inevitable Mr. PEPYS, and the two DOROTHYS (OSBORNE and WORDSWORTH—a charming essay this), and flowers, of which he discourses pleasantly as one who has taken up the gardening hobby somewhat late in life. In short, there is here a plenty of "fine confused feeding" for all amateurs of the essay.

The Immortals (FISHER UNWIN) is described on its jacket as "a scintillating extravaganza," and after reading its opening sentence I began to think the description was quite likely to be correct. "Isaac Skovar, aged, by his own computation, one thousand nine hundred and sixty-six years, leaned wearily upon his stick . . ." Such was the prelude with which I was faced, and I felt sure, at any rate, about the extravaganza part of the business. Poor old Isaac, and no wonder, wanted most desperately to die; but this natural desire did not commend itself to a certain Brusilov, who had discovered a serum which gave to the inoculated a good chance to live for ever. This serum could not save you from diseases such as typhoid fever, but it could adjust the ravages of old age. Mr. HAROLD SCARBOROUGH, though

he does not "scintillate" so brilliantly as to indicate the need of smoked glasses, does contrive to make an amusing story out of his wild imaginings. And the end, though prosaic to the point of dullness, is the only one that he could conceivably have found.

If, when you get a novel into your hands, you be one of those light-hearted skippers, *Inigo Sandys* (CHATTO AND WINDUS) is not your book. Miss a sentence—let alone a paragraph—or read it carelessly, and you won't quite know where you are or who's who. But if you think a short, thought-packed study, written with distinction and observed with exquisite sensitiveness, is worth the trouble of reading slowly, let me most strongly commend to you Miss E. B. C. JONES's charming triptych. In the first panel, "Charles," it is the undergraduate friendships of *Inigo*, a hypersensitive destined always to suffer too much from life, that are described. You are conscious indeed that feminine eyes are at work, but you wonder that they see so much and so clearly. The second, "Jocelyn," shows you *Inigo's* marriage with a beautiful, shallow, sham-courageous, pretentious girl, where he gives everything for little. In the third, "Henrietta," *Inigo*, unable to endure the self-centred indiffer-

ference of *Jocelyn*, is living away from her with a group of sympathetic friends; and it is *Henrietta*, a woman doomed but always living with a brave eagerness to squeeze the utmost from the days that remain to her, who gives him the perfect friendship and a hope which cannot be fulfilled. This last part of the book is beautifully felt and written with an exquisite art. The wholly tragic conclusion is inevitable in the premises. I found the

conscious obscurity and compression of the first two parts a little too difficult. I say "conscious," for I feel sure Miss JONES is deliberately attempting to develop her characters and incidents for the reader in the vague veiled way in which life so often unfolds them, and she does it with a success that is almost complete.

Miss HOPE MIRRELES has at last written another novel, *The Counterplot* (COLLINS), and a very brilliant novel it is, of that modern school which is concerned chiefly with tragedies and comedies taking place behind the breasts and foreheads of their protagonists and having little if any physical expression. *Teresa Lane*, daughter of a Spanish mother and an English father, is haunted with the feeling that the inner life, with its unacknowledged fears and hopes and desires, is more real than what we usually think of as life, and at last throws her reflections into the form of a play, which presents a Spanish convent in the time of PEDRO the Cruel. With this key—by no means a small one, for it occupies a third of the book—she unlocks not only her own heart, but those of her mother, sister and other intimates, discovering a fine assortment of the less beautiful impulses which owe their present prominence to FREUD. The immediate effect of the play seems to be to explain *Teresa* to herself as far from being the cold indifferent intellectual that she seemed, and to confirm her lover in his wavering resolution to join



"I DARESAY IT'S A VERY RARE PLANT, BUT IT DOESN'T LOOK WORTH THE MONEY."

the priesthood of the Roman Church. The Vicar's wife and the members of the Women's Institute, whom *Teresa*, with a strange sense of humour, allows to see the play, must have found it more than merely strong meat. As I said before, *The Counterplot* is a most brilliant book; but I should like for once to hear of psycho-analysis as proving something pleasant about somebody.

Urged by a friend to write a book for boys, Sir FRANCIS YOUNGHUSBAND, in a preface to *Wonders of the Himalaya* (MURRAY), says that boys prefer books written for men; "so," he continues, "this is a book written for men, but which, I hope, boys may read, for it is about adventures I had when I was not much more than a boy myself." To this I can add without any qualification that his book ought to find a place in every school library in the kingdom. Sir FRANCIS writes with the modesty we have learned to expect from our great travellers and explorers, and here he relates adventures that were thrilling and hazardous and also of definite value. Of the expeditions which he describes the first was more or less a trial trip. But it served its purpose in introducing him to the Himalayas and in giving him zest further to penetrate their mysteries. At this time he was not twenty-one years of age, though "fairly launched," as he says, on his career as a traveller. Opportunities to continue his explorations soon came to him, and his first really great venture was to emulate the deeds of MARCO POLO, who, six centuries before, had travelled from China to Central Asia. Since that time no European had accomplished such a feat. Sir FRANCIS's official account of this expedition was headed, "Report of a Journey from Peking to Kashmir via the Gobi Desert, Kashgaria and the Mustagh Pass," and his description of it in these pages is a joy to read. His next expedition was on a matter of considerable military importance, and he was accompanied upon it by an escort of six delightful Gurkhas. So, very reluctantly, I came to the end of a volume that is not only packed full of real adventure but is also written with thoughtfulness and charm.

Father RONALD KNOX's latest novel is really a Socratic dialogue; "but don't trouble yourself about that," as the old witch said when she warned the soldier of the dog with eyes as big as castles. The dog, you remember, was guarding the witch's gold, and was quite tame enough to be lifted up and set on the floor while the soldier filled his pockets. You will find Father Knox's formidable-sounding method equally genial and accommodating; and indeed *Sanctions: A Frivolity* (METHUEN) is far and away the most enjoyable book he has written. *Lady Denham*, a hostess without a house-party, comes across MALLOCK's *New Republic* in the library of her hired Scots castle, and assembles a latter-day symposium in emulation of *Mr. Otto Lawrence*. Her company includes a psycho-analytic doctor and his Catholic wife, a middle-aged Neo-Platonic canon, and a young High



—AT SMITH
Small Provincial. "MUMMY, DIDN'T YOU SAY THERE WERE SHIPS IN LONDON?"
Mother. "YES, DEAR. WHY?"
Small Provincial. "WELL, I THOUGHT IT MUST BE ON THE SEA; BUT HERE IT'S RIGHT INDOORS."

Church parson, three men of letters, *Strachean*, eclectic and Catholic, one or two other couples, and *Mrs. Chulmleigh*, stage-manager, prompter, call-boy and scene-shifter to the whole piece. Their conferences usually start over the sort of games you play on wet days and end in the sort of talk you cannot leave off even though it has stopped raining. Their general aim is to find out what induces us to obey rules; and "sanctions" is the pet catchword of the chief Catholic apologist. It is, I think, a real tribute to Father Knox's art that the actual conclusions arrived at evince a disarming and natural rarity. And, though I feel myself that his characters are sympathetic in inverse ratio to the fluency of their convictions, I set this down to an added nuance of perception on his part and not to an unlucky accident. That the book's manner is wholly graceful and adroit goes without saying; but it is the pathos and humour of its portraits of commonplace people—*Lady Denham*, for instance, and the unparalleled schoolboy, *Bobby*—which will lure me speedily and certainly to a second reading.

"Witness agreed that whiskey and champagne didn't jmix very well."—*Birmingham Paper.*
 We agree, too.

THE INVENTORY.

WE are in process of leaving our fifth small furnished house. We always sign agreements that we will put everything in its proper place when we leave, but till then the spare room has to do duty as a Chamber of Horrors. In this case an unexpected difficulty has arisen: we find that over the inventory the house-agent has let himself go. We recognise of course that stained wood coal purdoniums are coal scuttles, and that reeded cornice poles are curtain rods, but we really do not know what a pink-and-white marcella looks like, nor a green fluted specimen holder. However, by a process of elimination we shall arrive at them. They must all be in the Chamber of Horrors. As far as we know no guest has risen up from his bed and destroyed them. So we drag them out. The erection of bamboo and glass (overmantel, polished wood, B. P. panels) goes over the drawing-room mantelpiece. China ornament dog, Ditto, ditto, pig, fall with martial precision into their appointed places on its shelves. We stagger down the stairs with the massive bronze time-piece and winder (foot off—not going), and deposit it in the dining-room. It seems to have developed spotted fever during its sojourn in the Chamber of Horrors—white spotted fever—but we can't help that. The marble-topped occasional table returns to the hall; the ware jardinière takes its place upon it. Even the trinket set is complete—complete according to the inventory, that is to say—two bottles (no stoppers), two powder-box lids (no boxes), two candlesticks (one broken). The crochet mats tally; so do the slip mats (from earlier experience we know what slip mats are). The small copper ash-tray belongs to the dining-room; the china ash-tray pig to the drawing-room. But the inventory is incomplete: four articles remain in the Chamber of Horrors, competing for the two last places: a green glass vase (fluted), a pink-and-white flower-pot, a pink quilt (with white spots) and a pink gas-shade (with a white fringe). We shall never know which of them is the marcella.

Our Tactless Advertisers.

From an outfitter's catalogue:—
"BUTCHER'S DOUBLE BREASTED FROCK COAT.
Also used by Surgeons."

"The York Diocesan Conference, originally fixed for May 27 and 28, has been altered to Wednesday, June 4, and possibly June 5. The former date clashed with York Races."

Ecclesiastical Paper.

Still we should have thought that the D.D.'s ought to come before the G.G.'s.



SCENE—Boatrace Day.

Kindly Lady (to lost child). "NEVER MIND, DEAR, DON'T CRY; LOOK AT THE GENTLEMEN ROWING."

THE MARTYR.

[It is artlessly suggested that the ugliness of our roads accounts for the high speed of motorists.]

Not mine a selfish frame of mind,

Not mine a lust for speed,
But all day long I seek to find

The beauty that I need.

'Tis only my acute distress

At landscapes harsh and dour

That moves me always to progress

At fifty miles an hour.

Whenever some commanding crest

Unfolds its spreading view

I feel that this is not the best

The countryside can do;

The meadow where the cattle wait,

The woodland and the plain

Impel me to accelerate

And start my search again.

The passage through a Highland glen,

The roads that flank the sea

May have their charm for other men,

But not, alas! for me.

The search for views more magical

Explains the restless haste

Of one who's not a "Hog" at all,

But simply has good taste.

"Lord Newton said London was really rather a clean town, but no less than 900 tons of soot and other deposit fell to the square mile during the year. Out of that deposit they could construct a tower about three times the size of the tower of Westminster."—*Daily Paper.*

Well, why don't they?

"A Roman pavement has been found in a garden in North Hill, Colchester.

'It will have a terrible effect on the theatres,' said a 'West End manager.'—*Evening Paper.*
Pessimistic fellows, these theatrical managers.

CHARIVARIA.

APRIL seems to have come in like a lamb this year. Frozen lamb.

The Daily News says it could see no reason for the strike at Wembley. Are things come to such a pass in this country that men have to give a reason for striking?

With reference to the strike at Wembley it is believed that the animals engaged in the Rodeo seriously contemplate "downing cowboys."

Almost without exception the critics have united to praise Mr. SHAW's latest play. He is reported to be bearing up as well as can be expected.

The Italian medium, ERLO, is stated to be able to emit a real halo. It is not true that Mr. BEVIN has written to ask his fee for a correspondence course in twelve lessons.

The salt water for the new aquarium at the Zoo, which has just been opened, is obtained from the Bay of Biscay. Some experienced travellers would have advocated water of a more quiescent variety.

We read of a canal-barge that has been fitted with a listening-in aerial. It is certainly better that barges should listen-in than be broadcast.

There is a possibility that CHARLIE CHAPLIN will broadcast a piano solo from America to England. You will have to shut your eyes and imagine his footwork.

Judging by the amount of correspondence there has been in the Press regarding a luscious tropical fruit which is unobtainable in England, we fear that someone will perpetrate a song entitled "Yes, We have no Papaws."

"You will never stop an Englishman liking his beer," says a daily paper. It is our proud national boast that we always cherish the weak.

After taking a look at the rest of the world the new island which appeared last November off the Arakan coast has disappeared.

A large quantity of home-brewed beer was seized on an American farm and emptied in the orchard. The Prohibition authorities have only themselves to blame if the fruit gets canned.

Sir HARRY BRITAIN, M.P., thinks that something might be done to improve railway sandwiches. If they could only give them a coat of varnish after they leave the sandwich foundry they would be much easier to dust each week.

A Bushman on his way from South Africa to the British Empire Exhibition is said to be a hundred-and-thirty years of age. If he likes London he may decide to settle down here.

"Is Waterloo Bridge Safe?" asks a headline. Well, the modern burglar is

advertisements for brilliantine instead of cricket bats. But we doubt whether the next war will be won on the dressing-tables of Eton.

In a recently published book Dr. E. E. FOURNIER D'ALBE points out that, if anyone were to strike a match on the moon, the fact could be discovered on earth in one second by means of selenium. This warning should deter people from striking matches on the moon.

Sir RICHARD TERRY has remarked that the piano is not the perfect instrument that many families imagine it to be. This has long been realised by many next-door families.

"Should wives write to husbands?" is a question raised in a Sunday paper. In our opinion it all depends upon whose husband.

"If you have to walk to work it is wise to wear lighter clothing," says a doctor. This advice is at variance with the classic exponent of pedestrianism. Felix, who invariably wears a fur coat.

There is an impression in political circles that France is quite prepared to give us a receipt for what they owe us.

On April 1 we are all licensed to play the fool.

says a morning paper leader-writer. The unfortunate part about it is that some persons don't seem to know when the licence expires.

The latest fashion is for women to wear a metal plate bearing their names. The enterprising ones will probably add "Please ring."

Owing to the lack of rain, several wells have dried up recently. But, happily, not the one who produces all those pretty little dots. . . .

Moscow hotels are being renovated and prepared for the large number of foreign visitors who are expected this summer. Moscow can't have heard about Wembley.

A Sunday paper has discovered that one of the men-behind-the-strikes has a strong facial likeness to ABRAHAM LINCOLN. In most cases these resemblances to famous men are merely mental.



J. H. DOWND. 24

"PARDON ME, MADAM, BUT DO YOU MIND REPLACING YOUR HAT? I CAN'T SEE."

"THANK YOU!"

so expert that it is difficult to say for certain.

The Football Final now seems to have taken the place of the Einstein Theory as a topic of conversation in the bus.

A contemporary has discovered from the new London Telephone Directory that there are more than a thousand Smiths in London. The fact has been mentioned before, but it seems that nothing can be done about it.

Now that GHARABLI PASHA has been appointed Egyptian Minister of Pious Foundations, there is some talk of Mr. DAVID KIRKWOOD being made Minister of Righteous Indignations.

Quicksilver has risen rapidly in price recently. Probably this is because the stock of it at present in the thermometers is so low.

Magazines for schoolboys now carry

VANDALISM AT THE OVAL.*(To the Editor of "Punch.")*

DEAR SIR,—The resounding success achieved by the memorable manifesto recently issued against the contemplated proposal to tamper with the sacred fabric of Waterloo Bridge emboldens us to voice the indubitable conviction of an equally influential section of the community in regard to another project equally destructive of the amenities of the Metropolis. We therefore, the Undersigned, being poignantly conscious of the unique artistic significance of the gasometer at the Oval—admittedly one of the finest masterpieces of the Cylindrical School in this country—desire to record our resentment against a scheme involving the permanent disfigurement of this historic landmark. At the same time we are fully aware that a purely negative attempt to preserve its identity after the necessary repairs have been effected will not meet the needs of the situation. We are each and all of us peculiarly appreciative of the inestimable advantages of a liberal, nay, unstinted supply of gazogenic vapour. But the very acuteness of the need happily enables the problem of the conservation of the original Oval-gasometer to be met by a constructive suggestion, instead of by one with a merely dissuasive tendency.

The proposals for the erection of new gasometers in various parts of London, and especially in St. James's Park, Trafalgar Square, and on Lord's Cricket Ground, have met with varying degrees of public approval, and we cannot but feel that the exigencies of utilitarian urgency would be more economically and permanently met by the distribution of these reservoirs than by concentrating effort on the reconstruction of the Oval gasometer, painting it blue instead of red, and ruining its austere nobility of outline by erecting a hand-stand on the top. In fine, the multiplication of these admirable edifices has ceased to be a promising germinal idea to be gradually matured, enriched and fortified by polysyllabic preciosity. It has assumed the dimensions of clamant urgency, in which the promptest action is patently and portentously requisite. Each of the schemes alluded to has its peculiar merits, though that for the filling up of the Round Pound in Kensington Gardens and utilising the space for a Grand Gazogenic Rotunda is perhaps the most fascinating in its decorative possibilities. Our immediate concern, however, is rather to express, in the plainest language and with the maximum of coherent and urgent reasoning, that the inherent barbarity

of the proposed scheme is only equalled by its uneconomic profligacy.

Yours respectfully

Z. RUMPELSTEIN.	EUGENE GLOCK-
ARNOLD RICEYMAN.	ENSPIEL.
KEWLEY KLUXON.	SACHEVERELL.
THE SISTERS BLIX.	WAUKENPHAST.
LONSDALE BRIDGER.	MARCELLUS
ANTONIO BUNGAY.	THOM.
SUSAN BLOOMER.	CHARLES BLATH-
OLIVER DODGE.	ERWICK.

THROWN TOGETHER.

It was the General who introduced us. He was in his usual hurry, but I prevailed upon him to take me with her to Hyde Park. It was a daily journey for him, and the more company he had the better pleased he was, though his reluctance to wait for one belied what his inclinations really were.

She was by far the most enchanting person to whom he had introduced me, for I often accompanied him to the Park and paid him my due for the many curious adventures (if the scant episodes of our hurried modern life can be dignified with that description) which I owe to him. Sometimes the journey was one of pleasure; at other times I looked upon it as a matter of duty, even often, I must confess, with annoyance and discomfort. For the social amenities must be preserved and I am by nature polite. But it was most certainly a pleasure to-day.

My new acquaintance was fair and demure; demure too her pale grey coat and skirt that somehow fitted in so well with the first shy warmth of Spring. Her slightly flushed cheeks (for the General's hurried bearing had usually a rather heating effect) were just visible beneath her *cloche* hat; her fingers toyed idly with the little bag on her knee. She seemed to me to be extremely desirable, somehow quiet and exotic in the rush and roar of London streets. How strange that we two, who were strangers yesterday, should be now in this close and delightful contact! My arm pressed hers; but, alas! she did not respond. I wondered where she lived, speculated in a thousand directions about her family, her home, her age. . . .

The Park was already filling rapidly. Across the crocus-flaming grass scattered cafileades of riders could be seen cantering in the Row. The backs of the newly-painted chairs glistened gaily in the cool sunlight. But now already I was thinking of the time when I should have to go, and it seemed that the trees and chairs and riders rocked and shook in that anticipatory agony of farewell.

I stood before her preparing to leave;

she gathered up her bag and the little book she was carrying, and rose. At last it was time to go. We looked unsteadily at each other. I suddenly realised that she too anticipated this crowded parting with apprehension and dismay. The whole world of streets and trees and railings danced before me. My feet were unsteady; my whole body shook. She too wavered. An uncontrollable impulse bent towards me her wide and frightened eyes. Ah! it was too much. With a despairing cry I tottered and flung myself in a close embrace upon her. Frantically she clung to me, heedless of the curious and laughing eyes around us. For the General had stopped with its usual jerk, which no one can quite fully anticipate.

THE VISION WONDERFUL.

It was the hour when cows come home

In queues of red and white—
The magic hour when lovers roam
And bless the longer light.

The forge had stilled its anvil-clang,
The hammers ceased to thump,
The voices of the children rang
Beside the village pump;

The carpenter, contented, spread
The paper on his knees;
The spectacled postmistress read
Our postcards at her ease,

When suddenly there came a stir,
The children ran in groups;
The village cats began to purr,
Hens cackled in their coops;

The blacksmith at the smithy door,
With brawny arms still bared,
Gulped down his beer and softly swore
And wiped his mouth and stared;

The old wives let their knitting drop,
The paper sailed to ground;
Far off was heard a faint "*clap clap*"—
A strange unusual sound.

Two lines of people faced the long
Unornamented street;
The village idiot joined the throng
On large uncertain feet.

Three racing-motors past them sped
At forty on the flat;
An aeroplane buzzed overhead,
But no one looked at that.

What was it made the old folk stare,
The children dance and sing?—
A phaeton with a spanking pair,

O STRANGE—O WONDEROUS THING!
W. H. O.

Songs and their Singers.

From a concert programme:—

"The Lost Cord," Mr. Corder."

South African Paper.



BROADCAST DIPLOMACY.

"HULLO, WORLD, BRITISH FOREIGN OFFICE CALLING. 'UNCLE RAMSAY' IS GOING TO GIVE US TO-NIGHT'S SECRET TREATY."

[On April 1st Mr. PONSOMBY stated that it was the intention of the Government in future to lay all treaties on the Table of the House before ratification.]



*Dingy Douglas (to partner, just returned from the Boat-Race). "Oo won?"
Partner. "YOUR LOT."*

DOMESTIC TRAINING.

NINE persons out of every ten in this world can never see anyone else looking up a train in a Railway Guide without wanting to show him how to do it. In ordinary circumstances they may be quiet unassuming persons. They may be able calmly to watch you make the most obvious mistakes in their favourite jig-saw puzzle, or to look on with equanimity whilst you lead from your short suit up to a no-trump call. They will let you play about in the inside of a clock with a hair-pin without themselves turning a hair; they will sit and look on whilst you tie up a parcel without even offering to show you how to make a slip-knot. But take up an ordinary *Bradshaw* and they begin to fidget: try to find out where you have to change, and how often, to get from Crewe to Colchester and they begin to gasp like stranded fish: turn back to the "Index" and start all over again, and they fling good manners to the winds and simply snatch.

Now Angela is like that. Of course I didn't know this when we were married; it is one of the really important things which doesn't show until later.

During that halcyon period which precedes matrimony people don't bother to look up trains; they just go and sit in the station until a train arrives. Time is no object.

But when two persons settle down in one house with one Railway Guide then things happen.

Angela is an enthusiastic niece; she seems to have aunts everywhere. In fact, before I had been married very long I came to look upon England as a sort of aunt-hill, peopled exclusively by Angela's parents' sisters. And Angela will go and visit them.

There is nothing wrong in this—it is an amiable weakness; but Angela carries it to excess. And when she had stranded herself at all the railway junctions in England at all hours of the day and night in her attempts to reach Aunts Juliet, Mary, Hannah, Jane, Elizabeth and Sophia I felt that it was time for me to take a hand. I did not want gratitude or even thanks; I only wanted to help.

"Here's a letter from Aunt Agatha," said Angela one morning, looking up from her correspondence. "She wants me to pop over to Wolverhampton and spend the week-end with her."

"Splendid!" I said. "Is—er—is anything said about me?"

"I don't think so," said Angela. "No, you're not even mentioned."

I was disappointed—apart from the humiliation of not being even mentioned. Of all my aunts by marriage, Aunt Agatha is easily my favourite. She alone of the whole glad throng does not seem to think that Angela committed a grave misalliance when she married me. Besides, she has a recipe for blackberry-and-apple jam which—anyway, I like her.

I repeat, I was disappointed. But I am not vindictive. I picked up the Railway Guide.

"I suppose you will want to pop on a Friday?" I said.

"Yes," said Angela. "Don't you bother. I'll look up the trains."

I smiled.

"Better let me do it, and then you will be sure to get there all right," I said.

I didn't say this arrogantly or anything like that, but everyone knows that women can't look up trains properly. It is a question of psychology.

"There is a good train from St. Pancras at 10.25," I said. "You will have

to change at—er—yes—Leicester. You get there at—"

"It seems a funny way of going to Wolverhampton," said Angela.

I took no notice of the interruption; I simply put on my other glasses to show that I was quite calm.

"You get there at—er—"

"Let me see," said Angela.

"There is no need for you to see," I said. "I assure you that it's all right. You get to Leicester at 12.20 and leave again at—"

"You're sure you're not looking at 'Sundays only'?"

I put on both pairs of glasses at once to indicate that I was maintaining my customary *sang-froid*.

"Quite sure. And you leave again at 1.44. You get to Birmingham at 2.58."

"But I don't want to go to Birmingham. Perhaps there's one direct about 11.30."

"Perhaps there is," I agreed, "but the railway people don't seem to be very keen about it."

"Why?"

"They don't put it in the Guide. You get to Walsall at—"

"If you're going to be silly, let me look."

But I was now hot on the scent and getting keener every minute. The end was practically in sight.

"One moment, Angela," I said. "A little patience. You get to Walsall at 4.59. Er—'B.' Now what does 'B' mean?"

I looked at the answers at the bottom of a remote page, and found that "B" meant "Saturdays only." I lit my pipe reflectively.

"On second thoughts, Angela, I don't think I should travel by that train at all if I were you," I said.

"Why not?"

"Well, it doesn't look a very safe sort of train to me. It passes very close to another train going in the opposite direction about Kettering. Now the 2.25 looks a thoroughly reliable sort of—"

In the cases of Aunts Juliet, Mary, etc., this was about the place where Angela usually snatched the Railway Guide, with disastrous results. But this time she had realised that I was in no mood to be trifled with. Of course I am often in no mood to be trifled with, but Angela does not usually realise it. The occasion was almost unique.

The train took a good deal of looking out, but I am nothing if not thorough. It was a rather fascinating train too. I tracked it into apparently unfrequented byways of our railway system; I pictured it halting and drowsing in flower-grown wayside stations. I was hot upon its trail as it dashed through populous in-



G. S. P. 1924

Clergyman. "WILT THOU HAVE THIS WOMAN TO THY WEDDED WIFE?"
Bride (grimly). "HE WILL."

dustrial areas. I followed it happily as it loitered by pleasantly winding rivers. I had a nice tea in the dining-car as we slipped through the Midlands. Oh, it was a jolly trip, and it made an imposing itinerary when I copied it all out for Angela.

She accepted it meekly. I was surprised, but I did not show it; any husband will understand. An unusual atmosphere of good-will and mutual trust hung over our leave-taking. I was touched as I returned to the deserted house, and as I sat in my study I thought sentimentally of Angela bravely adventuring, putting all her

trust in my itinerary, the lode-star of her voyage. I brushed away a tear.

I don't know what went wrong. Time-tables are tricky things, and I may have paid too much attention to the scenery as I followed the train from page to page. But I am more inclined to think that perhaps Angela—

However, I chronicle facts. That evening a telegram reached me. It read:—

"Staying to-night Grand Hotel Harwich Itinerary rotten Love nevertheless Angela."

As I said before, I had not expected gratitude. But I was sorry that I had wasted that tear.

L. DU G.



PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

VI.—AUSTRALIA.

"O land where I should always choose
On fancy's feet to roam
And bask in sunshine beautiful
With cricketers and wine and wool
And wallabies and kangaroos,
And nevermore come home."—*Poems of Emmie Grant.*

AUSTRALIA is also there. A little less magnificent than Canada outside, she has designed the ceiling of her pavilion within, by the help of good lighting and yellow paint and gold, so that it gives the largest possible effect of summer in a grey and misty land.

I told the representative of Australia that we had been to see Canada last week.

"See what?" he said.

"Canada."

"What's that?"

"That great big kind of Greek build-

ing a little higher up the lake. You must have seen it. Opposite the toffee stand."

"I think I know what you mean," he said. "So that's Canada. Well, what about it?"

"Nothing," I replied; "only they had some wonderful apples there."

"Apples," he said. "Do they have apples in Canada? How large?"

"About as big as melons, I should say, the biggest ones."

"The biggest apples in Australia," he said, "are the size of large pumpkins." And he took the Illustrator and me to an apple-sorting machine which mechanically divided the continual stream of apples poured into it, so that the large ones, which were as big as pumpkins, fell into one compartment and the small ones, no bigger than cocoa-nuts, into another.

"That's how we have to deal with apples in Australia," he observed.

"We see," we said.

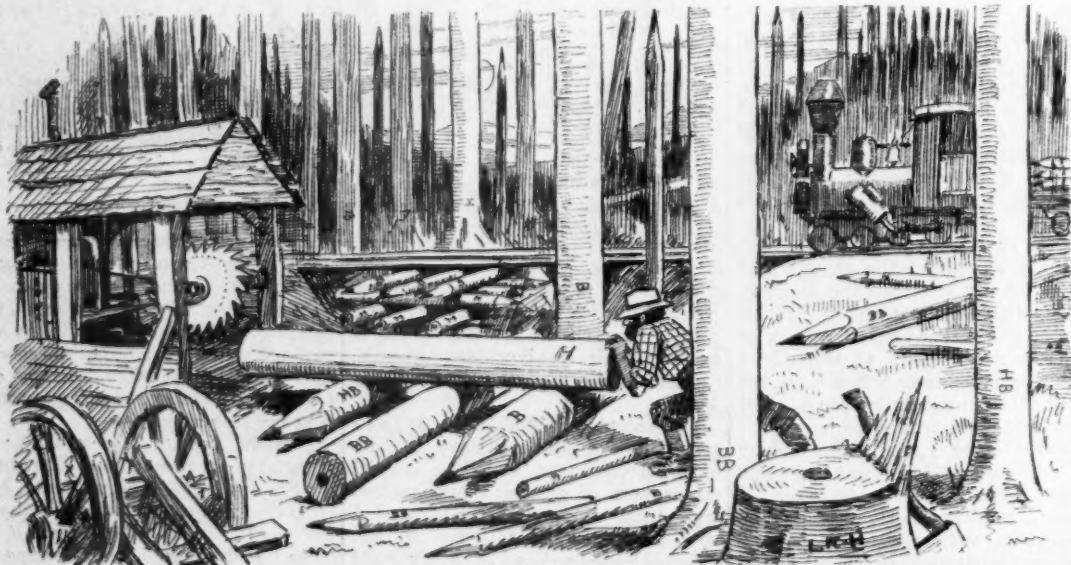
In another place, stuffed, stood a white hen, a white Australian hen, which holds the world's record for egg-laying, surrounded by some of the eggs which she had laid.

"Did she lay to the last?" I inquired sympathetically.

"Yes," he replied, raising his hat a little; "she died at her post."

"I thought perhaps it might be a mechanical hen," I said, "laying synthetic eggs by electricity. They do marvellous things by electricity in the Canadian Pavilion, you know."

He gave me a withering look and



PENCIL-SHARPENING IN THE BUSH.



SHEEP-SHEARING AT WEMBLEY.

led us on to another part of the hall where actual wheat was shown growing, and shown harvested, and shown threshed; and where the grain was ground into flour and the flour baked into pastries and cakes, and the cakes filled with sultanias, which were the dried grapes of Australian vines.

"You have rather large grapes in Australia, haven't you?" I hazarded. "I seem to remember some kind of chant or slogan about the size of Australian grapes."

He reluctantly confessed that Australian grapes were the largest in the world, and then pointed to the restaurant, in which it will be possible to eat Australian mutton, and cakes and pastries made of Australian flour, interspersed with Australian sultanias, and to drink Australian wine.

"I seem to have read about that too," I assured him, "or else I have seen pictures about it somewhere." Rather red and full-bodied, isn't it?"

But he told me there were light white wines in Australia as well. Excellent light white wines.

"How light?" I asked.

"Have you ever seen a kangaroo jump?" he replied.

Then he showed us one of the machines with which the Australians shear their sheep. Six merino sheep, I understand, will be shorn mechanically at Wembley every day. Not the same sheep. There is a limit to the reproductive power even of Australian wool. It takes three minutes to shear a sheep by means of this wonderful apparatus, and it can be so nicely adjusted that it will cut the hair of the human head.

"You can try it if you like," said our friend.

I was a little nervous myself, but the

Illustrator is a man whom nothing daunts. He said that as a demonstration of imperial progress he would be perfectly willing to allow me to operate; so the electric current was switched on and I did my best to give him the now fashionable shingle *coiffure*; and they promised to treasure one or two of his curls amongst the vast exhibits of raw wool in glass-cases which decorate the centre of the Australian hall.

A model exhibition of timber-cutting attracted our attention next, and I commented on the fact that in timber-cutting, at any rate, Canada compared very favourably with the Antipodes.

"It looks like a big pencil-sharpener," suggested the Illustrator, examining the saw-mill which cuts the eucalyptus logs by electricity and delivers them to a model electric train.

"It is a pencil-sharpener," said our guide. "We are obliged to make and sharpen enormous pencils in Australia, you know."

"What for?" I inquired.

"To keep the scores of the Australian batsmen in the Test Matches," he said.

I gave him best there. But I pointed out that in Canada (as I said last week) we had seen a whole ranch and its outfit made of butter.

"We have something of that sort here too," he said. "I have forgotten what it is for the moment. Either an Australian dairy-farm—or, no, it's a model of the Melbourne Cricket Ground with the Australian eleven fielding."

"All in butter?" I asked.

"All except the fieldsmen's fingers," he replied.

The Illustrator suggested that perhaps I would now like to go and look quietly at some pots of Australian honey and jam while he drew a picture of the pencil-sharpening machine. But I did not get much comfort there, for I observed, close by, a large map of Australia, into which a young lady was painting a map of Europe in red and picking out the parts where Australia overlapped Europe in gold.

When we had left the hall, however, a rather bright idea came to me, and I turned back to our guide and said:—

"They have a very beautiful model of Quebec Harbour in the Canadian pavilion. Do any of the Australian harbours, at Sydney or elsewhere, compare with that?"

He was so staggered that we had got halfway to Malaya before he could even pick up a lump of Australian coal. It was only afterwards that the Illustrator remembered we had not asked him anything about our prospects of employment if we emigrated to the Antipodes. Perhaps it was just as well. He would only have found some sharp retort.

One has to get up almost as early to beat these Australian fellows with repartee as to beat them with cricket-bats—or bayonets. But at any rate we went away quite certain which is the most wonderful and enterprising of the Overseas Dominions—Australiana.

EVOE.

AT THE PLAY.

QUITE BEYOND SALARIES.

(A wholly untrustworthy version of "Far Above Rubies" at the Comedy Theatre, with humble apologies to Mr. ALFRED SUTRO.)

Principal Dramatis Personæ.

Miss Marie Löhr.
Miss Marie Tempest.
Mr. A. Bromley Davenport.
Mr. Herbert Marshall.

SCENE I.

A rather suburban drawing-room with not very clean wallpaper.

Miss Marie Löhr (in a perfectly charming frock). Oh, I am so unhappy, I don't know what to do! (Wrings her hands.)

(Enter Miss Marie Tempest in something positively stunning.)

Miss Marie Tempest. My dear, my dear, whatever is the matter? Come and sit on the sofa and tell me all about it.

(They sit down. Miss Marie Tempest takes Miss Marie Löhr's hand.)

Miss M. L. Oh, you know I bought this dress to flirt with the Assistant-Director of Communications in (sniffs), because I thought he was going to die (sniffs again) and bequeath his job to my darling Con.

Miss M. T. Well, well, and isn't he going to die?

Miss M. L. No. (Breaks down.)

Miss M. T. Tiresome man! Well, surely there's more than one job in the Civil Service for your darling Con. Isn't anybody else going to die?

Miss M. L. Marie, you are a wicked woman.

Miss M. T. I know I am. Why shouldn't you start flirting with the Assistant-Secretary of the Board of Control? Isn't he Con's temporary chief? That is, if you must flirt with someone.

Miss M. L. Of course I must. I want to send my boy to Rugby and my Soo-oo-san to Somerville. We can't do it without another five hundred a year.

Miss M. T. And you couldn't flirt in the same frock twice, could you? No, no—of course not. Impossible. Well, order another one at once and start again.

Miss M. L. (looking very tragic and putting her hand to her heart). I suppose I must for the children's sake. Where shall I get it?

(Goes to the telephone.)

Miss M. T. Look on the programme, you little goose. (She does so.)

Miss M. L. (at the telephone). Give me 9999 Mayfair.

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE II.

A room in the office of the Board of Control. It is panelled and pretty comfortable. There is one tray for files on the table, but no file in it. Mr. Constantine Tedcastle (looking very much like HERBERT MARSHALL) and another official are talking.

The Official. But I assure you, Marshall, I mean Tedcastle, this is never done. Sir Charles Haggerston is most particular—most particular. You must have pepper-and-salt trousers and white spats in the Board of Control. It's one of the traditions of the Service.

Tedcastle. Then the sooner it is ended



A TREASURY DEBATE.

Constantine Tedcastle . . . MR. HERBERT MARSHALL.

Ruth Tedcastle . . . MISS MARIE LÖHR.

the better. The whole of this Ministry is thoroughly reactionary, and the sooner we get to dark trousers and grey cloth tops the better. (The Official holds up his hands in horror.) What's more, I'm going to answer a letter.

The Official (now in despair). You can't. You mustn't do that. The Civil Service never answers letters. What would happen if we dropped some ink on our trousers?

(Enter Miss Marie Löhr in a simply ravishing cloak. Exit the other Official on tip-toe with extreme tact.)

Miss M. L. Oh, Con, I had to come and see you here! I've something so important to tell you.

Tedcastle. What is it, my dear?

Miss M. L. I've got a new hat. (Touches it.)

Tedcastle. So you have. How perfectly delightful!

(Enter Sir Charlesworth Haggerston with an air of Mr. A. BROMLEY DAVENPORT about him.)

Sir Charles Haggerston. Is this your wife, Tedcastle? I don't think I've had the pleasure of meeting her. Run off and receive that deputation of the Tailors and Dressmakers' Union for me. Tell them I'm too busy to come. (To Miss M. L.) How charming of you to come and brighten our dull office routine! Won't you take off your cloak?

(She does so, revealing another perfectly priceless gown.)

Sir C. H. (almost dropping his monocle from his eye). How I wish I were Tedcastle!

Miss M. L. Sir Charles, you're a wicked, wicked man!

Sir C. H. Perhaps I am. But surely, now, you didn't come to tell me that?

Miss M. L. No; I came to ask you to make Con your Permanent Deputy Assister.

Sir C. H. Need we talk about your husband? (Takes her hand; she withdraws it.) Well, if we must—speaking as a man, of course, I should be delighted. But as a member of the Civil Service I say, "No; I am afraid his trousers are too dark."

Miss M. L. (rising). Ha! May I remind you for a moment, Sir Charles, of what you said about the Minister of Control in your after-dinner speech to the Spatmakers' Guild a fortnight ago?

Sir C. H. (rising in turn and visibly agitated). A private dinner! Really, my dear lady, this is something very like blackmail. Let me give you your cloak.

(Re-enter Con. He sees that something has happened.)

Tedcastle. My darling, what have you been saying to Sir Charles?

Miss M. L. (defiantly). I've been telling him he's got to make you his Deputy Asserting Persister—Oh, bother it, you know what I mean.

Tedcastle (with a gesture of heroic disdain). Then I resign from the Civil Service. And as for you (Turns to Sir Charles)—I'll tell you what I think of you. You're a pompous old peacock. You and your pepper-and-salt trousers. Boo! (Snaps his fingers in his face.) Boo!

[CURTAIN.]

SCENE III.

The suburban drawing-room again.

Tedcastle (in a perfectly new and expensive lounge suit, to Miss Marie Löhr). I never felt so happy in my life!

Miss Marie Löhr (in her third frock).

Although I've been such a little fool and lost you your job, do you really forgive me, Con?

Tedcastle. Of course I do, my darling. What do jobs matter when you have such a lovely afternoon gown?

Miss M. L. That reminds me, Con, it's time to dress for dinner now. Run along, there's a good boy. I'm coming in a minute.

[*Exit Con. Enter Miss Marie Tempest (shown in by the maid-of-all-work) in a perfectly gorgeous pink dinner triumph, with cloak to match.*

Miss M. T. You don't mind my bringing my cloak in here, do you, darling? It seemed such a pity to leave it in the hall. But why aren't you dressed yet? (*Looking at her again.*) Or are you?

Miss M. L. (stroking the lovely stuff). In this? Of course not. I should look an absolute frump. (*Wrings her hands.*) Oh, I am so unhappy. Con has lost his job and we've nothing to live on.

Miss M. T. Nobody has anything to live on nowadays except the poor. But what on earth have you been doing?

Miss M. L. (in tears). I b-began to flirt with Sir Charles Hardcastle, and then I tried to b-b-blackmail him, and C-Con has resigned his job.

Miss M. T. You perfect little fool! I say, Marie, I do wish you'd look a perfect little fool, and not quite so tragic. I'm certain Mr. SUTRO meant you to look sillier than that.

Miss M. L. (sniffing). I'll try.

[*Exit to Robing Chamber.*

Enter Con (with Sir Charles Hardcastle) in faultless evening clothes.

Miss M. T. I can't very well flirt with you both at once, you dear things; there's only room for one on the sofa. But I do wish I could persuade you to make it up.

Sir C. H. I have just been telling Tedcastle that I have a slight attack of lumbago, and have handed in my resignation to the Minister of Control. I have also exercised my privilege of recommending him as my successor.

Miss M. T. (clapping her hands). You two darlings! (*Re-enter Miss Marie Lohr, wearing her fourth creation.*) You don't deserve it, Marie, but Con's been made Assistant-Secretary to the Board of Control.

Miss M. L. Oh, Con!

Tedcastle. My dearest wife! Thank you a thousand times, Sir Charles.

Sir C. H. (surveying Miss Marie Lohr's frock through his monocle). 'Pon my word, it was worth it.

Miss M. L. (coming well to the front, so as to give every opportunity to the fashion-column reporters to get it right). Then I wasn't meant to be such a little fool after all!

EVOE.



Mother. "THERE WERE TWO APPLES IN THE CUPBOARD THIS MORNING; NOW THERE'S ONLY ONE. HOW DO YOU ACCOUNT FOR THAT?"

Boy. "IT WAS DARK IN THE CUPBOARD, AND I DIDN'T NOTICE THE OTHER ONE."

From an article on Mrs. GASKELL:—
"Wives and Daughters" (1866) is a great work, the work of a great woman. She died just before she wrote the last pages."

Does Sir A. CONAN DOYLE know this?

"The fourth annual celebration of 'Oranges and Lemons' Day took place yesterday at St. Clement Danes Church in the Strand. . . . There was a pause in the chiming of the bells, and then the famous peal rang out."

Daily Paper.

Quite in keeping; but was it Orange or Lemon?

"Handsome old Mahogany Gent's Wardrobe, £20."—*Local Paper.*

A remarkable piece; most of the old mahogany gents we have come across had no use for a wardrobe.

"For illegal trawling and for failing to heave-to at the request of the fishery cruiser —, Joseph —, master of a Lissimouth fishing boat, was fined £50 and £70 respectfully at — Sheriff Court."—*Daily Paper.*

The Sheriff's deference was due, we suppose, to the culprit's connection with the PRIME MINISTER'S birth-place.

THE MAN IN THE MOON.

XVII.—"EVIL COMMUNICATIONS"—
OR, THE LAST STRAW.

"FAREWELL," said the Man in the Moon, tearing three newspapers into exceedingly small pieces. "That settles it. I am going back to the Moon. Your Earth, as I suspected, is insane; and I see now that it is unsafe."

"I read in your Press that within a few weeks two expeditions have left their comfortable homes with the expressed intention of flying round the world. One of them, if successful, expects to be back in the preposterous time of fourteen weeks. Which is an impiety, and has so been understood by the forces of Nature."

"Look what has happened since. Tornadoes, snowstorms and blizzards in the Middle West. Floods on the Potomac and floods on the Ohio. An earth tremor in East Derbyshire. A mine explosion in Western Virginia. The Vistula is flooding Warsaw. The Guadalquivir is flooding Seville. The Tagus is flooding Andalusia. There has been a landslide in Italy. The country round Cordova is a vast lake. Stromboli is in eruption. There is no doubt about it. Man is becoming too big for his boots, and poor old Nature is making ready to bite his heel. Fly round the world, indeed! Why, at this moment it is as much as the most energetic and indomitable of you can do to travel round London."

"But, my dear Sir," I said, "our communications are the glory of our civilisation; in fact the history of our communications is the history of civilisation! There is *nothing* we do so well."

"In the past three weeks," he replied, "there have been three first-class steamship collisions and as many railway accidents. And you talk of flying round the world! Bah! Something is going to happen to you. I am afraid. Call me a taxi, please."

I went to the telephone, remarking a little bitterly, "Anyhow, *this* is something you can't do in the Moon. *Hullo*," I added crossly, "*Hullo* . . ."
"*Hullo*," and yet again, "*HULLO!*"

For a few minutes I read quietly in the telephone-book. "DO NOT SAY 'HALLO,'" I read; and also, "SUBSCRIBERS SHOULD NOT ENGAGE THE TELEPHONISTS IN CONVERSATION." Fond hope!

"*Hullo*," I said a little later, "I want Hammersmith FOER—DOUBLE—FOER

—WUN," and I emphasised, as requested, the consonant "n."

"Hammersmith Double-FOER—FOER—WUN?" said a sweet girl's voice.

"Hammersmith FOER—Double—FOER—WUN," I said.

"Hammersmith Double—FOER—FOER—WUN," said the girl.

"Oh, very well," I said; and she went away.

"What is the meaning of the word 'FOER'?" said the Man in the Moon.

"Since SHAKESPEARE'S day," I replied, "our communications have been marvellously improved. The language also has been considerably amended. We have now two Departments in



Lady. "NEVER HEARD OF THE TEN COMMANDMENTS, LITTLE BOY! GOOD GRACIOUS! WHAT IS YOUR NAME?"
Little Boy. "MOSES, MUM."

Whitehall which grapple daily with the problem of the word 'four.' One Department is trying to teach the adults of the nation to pronounce it 'FOER'; the other Department is trying to teach the children to pronounce it 'FOUR.'"

"Ullo," said a voice in my ear.

"Is there a taxi there, please?" I said.

"Yussir."

"Can you send me a taxi, please?"

"Where's 'e to go, Sir?"

"Charing Cross."

"Yussir."

"Can you send him to Number 4, Acacia Villas, please?"

"Number 4, Acaysher? No, Sir."

"Why not?" I inquired timidly.

"The road's up three-quarter of a mile each side of you, Sir."

"True," I said; "I had forgotten."

"Can't get near you, Sir, not unless

I go round by Putney. P'raps you could come to the rank, Sir?"

"Where's that?"

"By the 'Orspital. Right opposit the station."

"Right then, I will."

"Right you are, Sir."

The rank is a mile away. The Man in the Moon set out sulkily, and he climbed over the heap of tar which has been placed outside my door, jumped over a pit, dived under two ropes, avoided a steam-roller and put his foot in a pan of wet cement.

"It is generally considered," I said, "that in the matter of roads we are second only to the Romans, who flour-

ished two thousand years ago. This little road is being 'tarmacked'; it is a back-street, connecting two side-streets. No traffic of any sort ever passes along it. For ten weeks to-day my municipality has been employing our unemployed in hacking it up and rolling it down again. It has now been hacked up and rolled down five times. In the ninth week they brought the tarmac. The road is practically ready."

"Marvellous!" he murmured.

By the time we had struggled out of the devastated area we were a little tired, and my friend suggested taking a tram to the taxi-rank.

"There are no trams," I reminded him; "and no buses."

"Your system of communications—" he began a little nastily.

"But we can take a fast electric train," I assured him. "*BEVIN volante*."

We took two penny tickets and watched a couple of non-

stop trains flash through.

"Marvellous!" he murmured again.

The station was cold and draughty, being very high up above the roofs of Hammersmith.

"It must be a great satisfaction," he said after a few minutes, "to know that at this very moment three of your countrymen are flying round the world."

"It is," I said shortly.

A little later I drew his attention to the handsome forest of wireless wires and posts on the roofs about us.

"What about *that*?" I said proudly. "Those people, those humble people, can listen to America."

"And they cannot get to Charing Cross," said he sourly.

For two pence I would have pushed him on to the line.



Old Scot (whose youngest daughter's admirer has called for the first time). "JEANNIE! JEANNIE! WHIT OUGHT AH TAE OFFER THE LADDIE? A WEE DRAP WHISKY OR A JUJUBE?"

A train arrived, and we hacked a passage into it. Some time later it deposited us at High Street, Kensington.

"May I ask," said the Man in the Moon, while we waited for a Circle train, "exactly what are the advantages of your superb modern communications?"

"Centralisation, co-ordination. We are bringing the peoples of the earth closer and closer together. One day we hope that *anyone* will be able to fly round the world—a single International Round-the-World Air Service."

"Well," he said, "I wish your 'aviators' luck. But though they succeed in driving their exceedingly ugly machine round the Earth, I shall still think more of a certain Captain STOCUM of whom I have read, an American citizen and a poor man, who built a small sailing-boat with his own hands and sailed it round the world, absolutely alone. It took him three years and some months. There was no point in it. But that was the greatest thing a single man has ever done. He was greater than Ulysses. He must have been mad. But Providence looked after him, because he trusted in nothing but the wind and the sea, the natural gifts of Heaven, and had no machine but a tin clock. Are there men like that now?"

"We have a few lunatics who do that kind of thing," I admitted.

"And are there men who ride horses?"

"One or two. They are considered—the PRINCE, of course, excepted—rather a joke."

"Or walk from place to place? Or travel on camels?"

"Certain savage tribes——" I murmured.

"Those lunatics are the sanest men you have. Take me to them."

"I cannot," I said. "We have no passports."

The Man in the Moon went white with rage. "In all this orgy of communications," he cried with a most disgraceful oath, "is there *nowhere* I can go?"

"This brown thing approaching," I said, "is an Inner Circle train. It will take you round and round in a circle, and at last (if there is no industrial trouble meanwhile) it will bring you back alive to High Street, Kensington (if you are not crushed to death on the way). It is electric," I added.

"It is vile," he said. "Something to do with the Moon, I suppose? Farewell."

There was a green flash; there was a very high Spring Tide; and two young persons on the platform fell violently in love. The Man in the Moon was gone.

A. P. H.

"BRYON CENTENARY CELEBRATIONS IN CYPRUS.

Limassol, March 24.—The hundredth anniversary of Bryon's death was celebrated here to-day. Bryon's portrait was framed with laurel, and with the Anglo-Greek colours."

Irish Paper.

Who was this hero? Some relation of BRYON BORN, we suppose.

The Professor of Astrophysics, lecturing at Cambridge, recently quoted the following definition of a hole: "A hole is a partial negation in the totality of the surrounding positive circumstances." It was no doubt as a result of this precise information that Cambridge won the Inter-Varsity golf match.

"BOMBAY GOVERNMENT GAZETTE.

The Reverend W. —, on return from leave, to be Chaplain of —, vice the Reverend C. — January 31.

begin the session with. It is seldom that situation so develops.

Not 'My Old Dutch,' Albert Chevalier's popu-General Day of Humiliation and Prayer (on a Senator Welmaran's speech in moving this were received quite calmly by most of the grave Walvis Bay, after twelve days in the South-West Town Council during the visit."

Indian Paper.

While admitting that the story, if slightly disconnected, is full of incident, we are nevertheless glad of the assurance that it is seldom the situation so develops.

NEWS FROM THE SOUTH.

THE birds were again in council.

"There was a telegram in *The Times* this morning," said the robin, "saying that the first swallow flying north had been seen at Taormina, in Sicily. On the principal page, too. What rubbish!"

"How did you know?" asked the great tit.

"The parrot at the Vicarage told me," said the robin. "He heard his master read it out at breakfast."

"It sounds disproportionate to me," said the thrush. "And wasteful too. Aren't telegrams expensive?"

"Very," said the chaffinch. "But perhaps the swallow sent it himself. They're always sitting on the wires over here."

"Very likely they're foreign spies, tapping them," said the blue tit.

"The Vicar," the robin resumed, "thought that this particular telegram from Sicily was one of the funniest things that ever got into print. He said that no Sicilian paper, in the autumn, would put in a telegram about the first swallow to leave here."

"Where do swallows come from?" the blue tit asked.

"The parrot says from Africa," said the robin.

"He's a foreigner too, isn't he?" the blue tit asked.

"Yes," said the robin; "but you mustn't blame him for that. He didn't fly here, like these others, whether they're wanted or not. He was brought against his will on a ship. You should hear him imitate the people calling for the steward. It's marvellous. He mimics the Vicar too, 'acknowledging his transgressions.' Very funny. Although he comes from so far—Brazil, I believe—he's quite intelligent. I mean quite intelligent for a foreigner."

"There's one thing in the swallows' favour, anyway," said the chaffinch. "They don't want to join any birds' tables. They don't eat crumbs."

"No," said the great tit, "nor share our cocoa-nuts. But after that, I don't see that they're so wonderful. And they do nothing for us. They don't sing; they haven't got beautiful colours;" and he looked with approval at his yellow, green and velvety black.

"Fancy building a nest out of mud!" said the chaffinch.

"I don't object to their lining a nest with mud," said the thrush; "but to build it all like that—no."

"Foreign ways," said the sparrow. "All foreigners are peculiar."

"I've only told you half the parrot's news," said the robin. "They're going to broadcast the song of the nightingale. Did you ever? The parrot says it's for people who never get to the country. But in that case why don't they broadcast us too? Aren't we worth listening-in to? I don't say anything about my own song, but what price the thrush?"

"Yes," said the chaffinch, "and the blackbird?"

"And the skylark? What about him?" the great tit inquired.

"All English," said the robin. "No home-bred songsters need apply. No one wanted but foreigners. Sad but true."

"To return to that swallow," said the blackbird; "I'm sorry for him if he got here during these east winds. He'll look sillier than ever pretending he can make a summer. Did you ever know such a winter?"

"No, nor such a spring," said the robin. "We're lucky to have a restaurant in this village. Few bird tables are as regularly and as well supplied as that at 'The Folly.' That must be a very nice woman who lives there."

"Have you had the pluck to sit on the cocoa-nut she's hung up in a new place—just inside her sitting-room?" the chaffinch asked the blue tit.

"No, I haven't," said the blue tit. "It's very silly, I know, but somehow I can't do it. I know she's all right, but I daren't do it. It's a pity we're so timid. It's a great defect of bird character."

"And it might be a trick to catch you," said the wren. "You never can tell."

"I don't think that," said the blue tit. "But I haven't the courage."

"I wouldn't mind," said the robin, "only I don't care for cocoa-nuts."

"I've seen you successfully overcoming your dislike," said the great tit drily.

"No," said the robin, "I have never really cared for it; but I might have pretended to be enjoying it by way of gratitude to the lady. I think I must hop into her sitting-room one day. It'll give her such pleasure. It's time we did something to cheer her dull life."

"How brave you are!" sighed the blue tit. "But this thoughtful kindness to others is something of a novelty in one who has so recently killed his father and his mother."

"Don't be catty," said the robin.

The birds all shuddered.

"What a terrible word to use!" said the chaffinch. "I'm off." And the meeting broke up in dismay. E. V. L.

In a Good Cause.

WESTMINSTER'S recent election showed us what a big place Westminster is, for Mr. CHURCHILL was finding constituents to address as far afield as Covent Garden and Soho Square; while the Westminster City Hall is as distant from the Abbey as the Charing Cross Road. When we think of this great space, wherein are comprised far too many crowded poor dwellings, we must realise how important it is that Westminster's Hospital should be properly maintained.

The opportunity to assist the Hospital (which has the distinction of being the very first in England to be dependent upon voluntary contributions) is at this moment ripe, for the growing needs of Westminster have made extension imperative, and the authorities have taken advantage of the occasion of rebuilding to add not only new wards and operating-rooms but a new home for nurses. The total cost is £70,000, of which rather more than half has been raised; and it is the second half that is now so earnestly desired.

The exact sum is £32,000, and a friend of the Hospital has come forward with the promise to give half—£16,000—if the remainder is raised by June 30th. This offer surely cannot be allowed to fail of its purpose. It would be disgraceful and worse if in two-and-a-half months a generous and sympathetic people like the English did not subscribe £16,000 for so worthy a cause.

While, of course, the larger the donation the better, no sum is too small to assist the Hospital in its work and to give the donor the right to feel a participant therein. When passing the mass of scaffolding which now masks the Hospital façade, how pleasant to be able to say, with innocent boastfulness, "I too am helping to rebuild that fine place and keep it going!" That is within the power of every reader of *Punch* who sends a contribution to the Hon. Treasurer, Sir ROBERT HUDSON, G.B.E., Westminster Hospital, S.W.1.

A Remarkable Memory.

"Miss Elizabeth — has died in her ninety-fifth year. She remembered Waterloo."—*Provincial Paper*.
Fourteen years before she was born!

Witness in a motor collision case:—

"It was a moonlight night, although there were trees about. But it was rather a light night for the time."
These moonlight nights are very bewildering.



AUTO-SUGGESTION.

A LITTLE old woman lived lone on a hill;
Her clothes were all patches; she hadn't a shoe;
Her features were shrivelled, yet in her eyes still

A light shone of blue.

The little old woman had little to eat—
A dandelion salad, a hunk of black bread,
A handful of beans now and then for a treat—
No better she fed.

The little old woman slept high in a hut;
The North wind attacked it as well as the rain;
The door and the window had long ceased to shut—
She fought them in vain.

The little old woman would ache a great deal,
But rubbed her bones, humming. "She's mad!" the folks swore,
Since though she could often scarce stand, bend or kneel,

A smile her face wore.

The little old woman, when once more a-foot,
Might earn a few pennies at intervals rare
From strangers that on the right path she would put
With motherly care.

This little old woman whose heart was so stout
Said daily: "I'm lucky!"—complained not nor sighed,
And even in secret, if courage gave out,
"I'm lucky!" still cried.



Ernest H. Shepherd



Mother (to Maid who has been sent to negotiate with Nellie, dismissed from the dinner-table for misbehaviour). "DID YOU TELL MISS NELLIE SHE COULD COME DOWN FOR THE PUDDING IF SHE PROMISED TO BE A GOOD GIRL?"

Maid. "YES 'M."

Mother. "WELL, WHAT DID SHE SAY?"

Maid. "SHE SAID, 'WHAT SORT OF A PUDDING IS IT?'"

JUNGLE GEORGICS.

THERE'S a damsel nibbling plantains, and a pariah-pup
that snatches

The little strips of yellow peel she flings at him for fun,
And the cracked black soil around her is aflame with
scarlet patches

Where the chillies lie a-drying in the sun.

The carts are standing empty and the jungle-men are lazing
And chocolate-coloured goblins scream and scramble in
the hay,

For the paddy's in the garner and the buffaloes are grazing
And the jungle's holding carnival to-day.

All the greenwood's lit with flowers, little lamps that
wink and twinkle

Through the twisting crawling creepers, through the
twilight of the trees,
And the branches shake with laughter as they wait for you
and sprinkle

Their rose and gold confetti in the breeze.

See the butterflies in orange, how they flutter, how they quiver,
See the parakeets in emerald darting madly to the fête,
And away across the valley, where the kaing-grass shows
the river,

There's a peacock that's a-calling to his mate.

Oh, the ecstasies unspoken and the rhapsodies unwritten,
Of my jungle where the lotus and the frangipanni bloom!
Yet I'd willingly exchange it for the tiniest bit of Britain
With the bluebells and the bracken and the broom.

J. M. S.

SONGS IN THE MORNING.

THE time of the singing of the birds has come again!

Hardly has the gloom of night begun to yield to the first
grey approach of the dawn when the blackbird's note is
heard, tremulous and hesitating at first, but soon full-
throated, loud and clear. No whit behind, the rooks take
up the chorus, for to the rookery also has laggard Spring
come at last.

Then the thrushes' throbbing notes are heard: then the
starlings and the finches and the— [That will do.
Payment at the usual rates is not made for bird-lists.—Ed.]

Very well. To resume: long ere the milkman breaks the
stillness of the fresh young day, himself whistling no less
lustily than any bird, or ever the first workman's train has
ambled on its tortuous way adown the valley, whistling
worse than the milkman, our feathered companions are
wide awake, greeting the dawn. Even the fowls next door
[I will not charge for these.—CONTRIB.]—even these,
though their note may not be included in the category of
bird-song, make as much noise as they can from their
wired enclosure 'neath the budding lilacs.

Oh, the Spring song of the birds! How their glad notes
penetrate everywhere, even through three blankets and an
eider-down, telling that another Spring day is coming.
How they sing! How I wish they wouldn't!

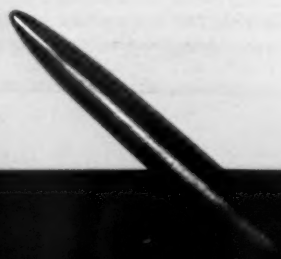
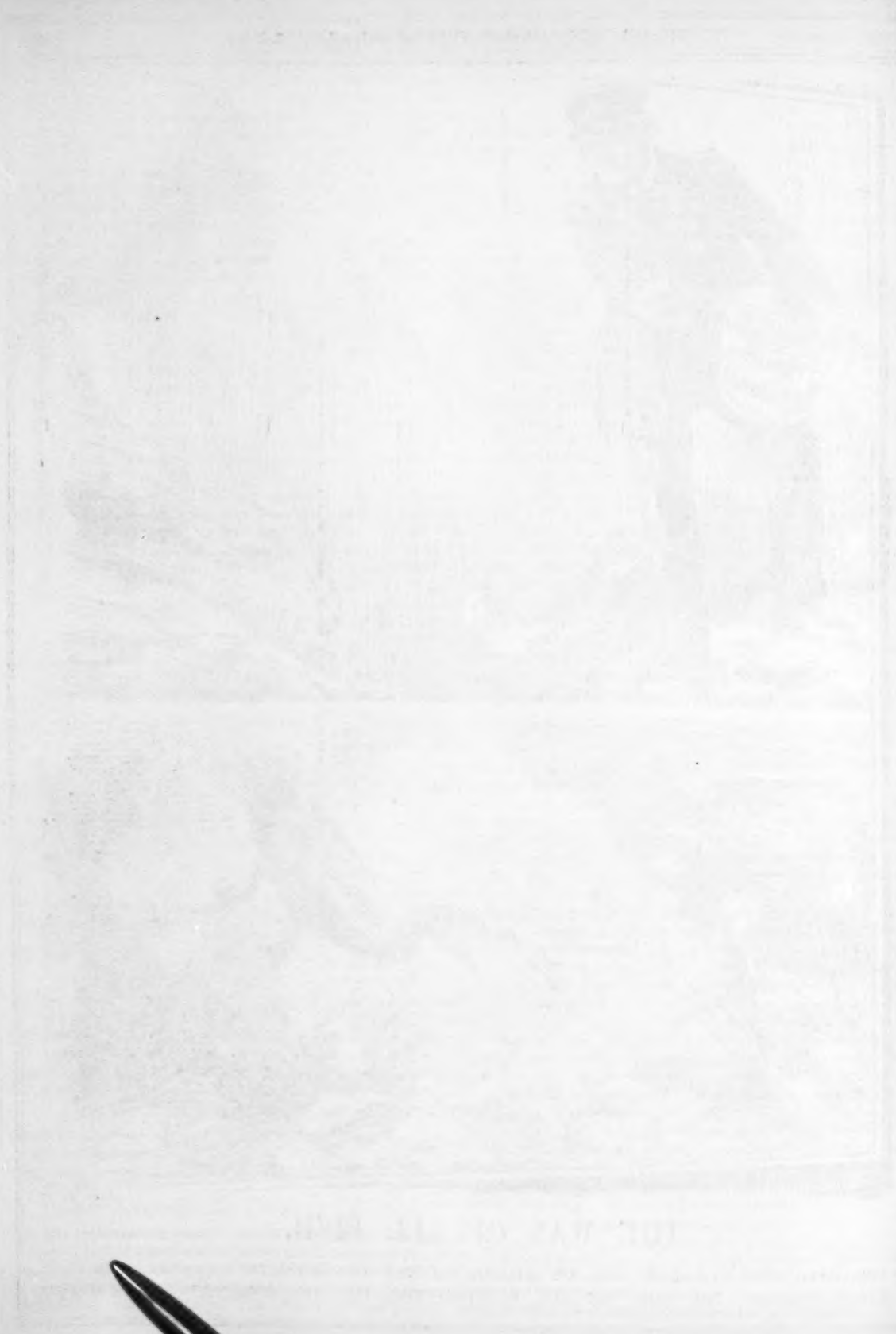
Mr. Edwin —, an astronomer from Los Angeles, said that the sky
was so clear during the passage through the Bay of Fundy (Nova
Scotia) that Venus was quite distinct to the naked eye during day-
light.—*Provincial Paper*.

She must have guessed he came from Los Angeles.



THE WAY OF ALL FISH.

THE GULL. "DON'T I GET ANY OF THESE LOVELY GOLDFISH?"
KEEPER SNOWDEN. "NO, THEY'RE ALL WANTED FOR THE CORMORANT." (*Disgust of Gull.*)



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, March 31st.—Mr. MACDONALD appealed to the House to give him longer notice of Questions on foreign affairs. But he gave no encouragement to a suggestion by Captain TUDOR-REES that, as Ministers' replies were often inaudible, they should be printed and circulated before, instead of (as now)



A GRAND NATIONAL INSURANCE "ACT."

Mr. WHEATLEY (as "Conjuror III."). "THIS PROCEDURE, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, OBVIATES THE NECESSITY OF PASSING ROUND THE HAT."

after, the questions were put. Yet that surely would be from the Government point of view an ideal arrangement; for questions and answers could then be "taken as read," and there would be no "supplementaries" to embarrass Ministers not quite accustomed to their job.

Somestrayscraps of information were forthcoming. The new Greek Republic has not yet been "recognised" by H.M. Government; not through any "hesitancy," as the PRIME MINISTER assured Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, but because the conditions attending "a re-recognition" are very complicated. If the Greeks at the coming plebiscite were to restore the Monarchy there might, I suppose, have to be a "re-recognition."

On one matter the Government have firmly made up their minds. They have no intention of introducing a Pure Beer Bill, and paid no more attention to Mr. ERNEST BROWN's plea for "more barley and less science" than to Lord WOLMER's protest against the importation of Czecho-Slovakian hops.

After Mr. WHEATLEY's speech on the panel-doctors' fees I am inclined to think that he ought to be Chancellor of

the Exchequer. He had to find nearly two millions a year to pay the increase demanded by the medicos. "Nothing more from the State," stipulated the Treasury. "Don't you dare to touch our benefit-funds!" roared the Approved Societies. And yet, by a process of financial jugglery which I don't pretend to understand, he has managed to get hold of the money without anybody (apparently) being a penny the worse. Among the factors that he mentioned as helping him were the dislike of Scotsmen for drugs (they prefer, I understand, a local panacea) and the tendency of casual contributors to tear up their cards.

Afterwards the COLONIAL SECRETARY explained his proposals for improving communications (wireless and other) in the West Indies; and Mr. ORMSBY-GORE urged that there should be a news-broadcasting station in Barbados for the benefit of the remote islands, where the inhabitants "lived very much to themselves," and at present, I am told, have to be content with the wire in their hair.

Tuesday, April 1st.—The Church of Scotland Bill gave Lord HALDANE an excellent opportunity of displaying his varied gifts as lawyer, historian, philosopher and even theologian; and he showed remarkable self-restraint, I thought, in compressing into a speech of less than an hour's duration his account of the Disruption of 1843 and of the efforts (culminating in the present Bill) to shepherd Scottish Presbyterians again into one fold.

But there was one noble Lord who chafed a little. This was Lord BUXTON, who had been promised this day for a motion about the League of Nations. By the time the Scottish debate was over it was half-past six, and Lord BUXTON hinted—in the politest possible language, of course—that Lord PARMOOR had made an April fool of him. Lord PARMOOR disclaimed any such intention, and, pointing out that Lord BUXTON was merely the victim of the rule that Bills had precedence on Tuesdays, hoped he would keep his motion till Monday. But that brought a protest from Lord CURZON, who trusted that the House was not going to drop into the practice of never taking any important business after half-past six. He had often known debates begun at that time and continued up to the dinner-hour.

Roused by this trumpet-call to duty the Peers thereupon carried on a debate upon Smoke Abatement until nearly seven.

Mr. SNOWDEN announced that he would "open the Budget"—his use of the old-fashioned phrase beloved by GLADSTONE may help to allay our fears of predatory taxation—on Tuesday,

April 29th. That will be the first day after the holidays. Probably he reckons that his proposals will seem quite mild to Members who have just faced their Easter hotel bills.

In moving the Second Reading of the Treaty of Peace (Turkey) Bill Mr. ARTHUR PONSONBY seized the opportunity to expound the policy of the Government towards Treaties in general. In future they are all to be submitted to the House for consideration and, if desired, discussion. Thus "secret treaties and secret clauses of treaties" would be rendered impossible; and the House would be informed of all commitments and understandings which might bind the country to specific action.

It sounds very nice in theory, but will the foreign nations with whom we desire to negotiate take the same view? Incidentally it means, as Sir SAMUEL HOARE pointed out, that without the consent of the House the PRIME MINISTER would be unable to make a deal on Reparations with our Allies or on Russian debts with the Soviet Delegation. At this Mr. MACDONALD gave a BURLEIGH-like nod, but whether of assent or dissent it was impossible to say.

The Treaty itself came in for criticism. Mr. H. A. L. FISHER considered it an omission that it did nothing for the Christian minorities, unless we were to



The Coon. "DON'T FIRE, COLONEL; I HAVE DECIDED TO RECONSIDER MY POSITION."

MR. ABQUITH AND MR. CLYNES

assume, as an old Armenian had told him, that "the minorities had all been killed"; and Sir EDWARD GRIGG doubted whether the Dominions approved of the obligations imposed upon them, and said that what they wanted was "a sane and steady opportunism"—a phrase which may have reminded the House

that Sir EDWARD was once private secretary to Mr. LLOYD GEORGE.

Wednesday, April 2nd.—A discussion on the Territorial Army, initiated by Lord GAGE, revealed a fairly satisfactory condition in that Force. Recruiting suffers from two contradictory difficulties—war-weariness among the older

could we hope for the eventual pacification of the world.

In the Commons, Viscount CURZON received from Mr. AMMON a reassuring reply regarding the accommodation for air-craft carriers in the existing docks at Singapore, and took occasion to apologise for having accused the hon. gentleman of misleading the House on a former occasion. The noble Lord's tongue, like his ear, not infrequently exceeds the speed-limit, but never does any serious damage.

This was perhaps the most critical day that the Government has experienced this Session. Mr. WHEATLEY, who turned the tables so cleverly upon his adversaries in the Poplar debate, was less successful in commending his Rent Restriction Bill, whose first and principal clause was designed to prevent a landlord from recovering possession of his premises if the defaulting tenant was unemployed. He told harrowing tales of starving Glasgow tenants in daily terror of eviction, but admitted that it was hardly fair to throw the burden of housing them entirely upon one section of the community.

"This is not Socialism," said Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, "this is the Revolution itself." If a man was entitled to receive shelter at some other individual's expense, why not food and clothing as well?

There was consternation on the Ministerial Bench when Mr. ASQUITH declared that unless Clause 1 was dropped he should vote against the Second Reading; and it was not allayed when Mr. MAXTON bade the Government accept the challenge and go to the country.

Mr. CLYNES, between the Devil and the Red Sea, attempted a compromise. He was willing to bring in a clause throwing upon the taxpayer, instead of the landlord, the burden of keeping an unemployed tenant in his home. But the SPEAKER ruled that this would require a new Bill and a Money Resolution. Still the Leader of the House hummed and hawed; and he must have been sincerely grateful to Mr. PRINGLE, who, amid cries of "Divide," talked the Bill out. But it is not true that he has asked leave to attend the lectures on Procedure which the Member for Penistone delivers to budding Liberals.

Mr. CLYNES soon recovered his equanimity and made a clever speech on Colonel GUINNESS's motion regarding the inexpediency of a Capital Levy. But neither his advocacy nor that of Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE, the "onlie begger" of the Levy, was able to convince the House that it was practical politics, and the motion was carried by 325-160.

When the House went into Committee on the Army Annual Bill Mr. WALSH

sturdily announced that he would not accept any Amendments; and, though the back-benchers, chiefly on his own side, kept the House sitting till five in the morning, he stuck to his guns, and triumphantly secured the Third Reading.

Thursday, April 3rd.—The Public House Improvement was again before the Lords, and led to a lively duel—a hundred years ago it would have been adjourned to Hyde Park—between Lords PLYMOUTH and ASTOR on the subject of the True Temperance Association. Lord RUSSELL, to whom I unwillingly did an injustice a fortnight ago by suggesting that his attitude towards the Bill was inspired by Puritan motives, moved an amendment designed to secure that the improved public-house should supply "meals suitable to the character of the premises and the locality;" but Lord CAVE thought the wording too indefinite, and on a division it was rejected by a small majority.

A Performing Animals Bill, introduced by Lord DANESFORD, was opposed by Lord RAGLAN, on the ground that its provisions might apply to anything from a meet of the Coaching Club to a con-



THE "PRINGLEGARTEN."

MR. TURVEYDROP, M.P. FOR PENISTONE, OPENS A LIBERAL ACADEMY OF DEPORTMENT.

men, and a belief that there is no real need for their services among the younger—but in spite of that the Force has reached three-quarters of its establishment, the men are of good quality, and the attendance at camp, according to the Coué-like phrase of Lord DERBY, who takes a paternal interest in the "Terriers," grows "better and better."

At last Lord BUXTON was able to put his postponed question regarding the League of Nations. Lord PARMOOR, as the result of his visit to Geneva as British representative, was convinced that the League had already done much good work and had a great future before it. Lord CECIL OF CHELWOOD vigorously endorsed this view, and declared his belief that only through the League



THE MOSLEY BUTTERFLY, OR PAPHIO HARROVIENSIS, IN ITS THREE STAGES OF DEVELOPMENT.

jurer's rabbit. It was supported however by Lord KNUTSFORD, chiefly, I think, in order that he might get even with a friend who has trained his dog to sit up and beg whenever he shouts "Knutsford!"

Mr. MOSLEY has at last finished his

journey from Toryism *via* Independence to Labour, and, to show the completeness of his conversion, took his seat next to Mr. KIRKWOOD.

Encouraged by this notable accession to his flock, Mr. CLYNES plucked up his spirits and boldly asserted, in reply to critics, that the Government's handling of the tram strike had "saved the London public much inconvenience." Without exactly endorsing this statement I am prepared to admit, as an involuntary pedestrian, that the delay in the settlement was a distinct benefit to one liver in the Metropolis.

THE NEW HEADACHE.

"A HEADACHE, you say," observed the doctor.

"No, I did not. I said headaches—plural. Hundreds of headaches. I hold the world rights in the headache, London, Provincial, American, Colonial and Assorted Foreign."

"Any other symptoms?"

"Book, acting, translating, musical and film rights. Every time the heroine of a movie has a headache you are impelled to think of me."

"Let's see your tongue."

"The broadcasting right is said to be worthless, but you never know what science will achieve."

"Undo your waistcoat."

"I said headaches, not heartaches."

The doctor looked at me as if he had just remembered that everything comes to an end some time. Then he listened to my heart.

"Shall we say a little adiposity?"

"I shan't. I only know 'The Raven' and 'The Wreck of the Hesperus.'"

"What sort of headache is this?"

"All sorts. Headaches to please all classes. See my circular and advertisements. This moment's variety is like that following on stroke across top of head with length of lead piping."

"I know. I've had one like it myself."

"You have? You never paid me royalties. How long ago and how frequently? Send in a statement for me to check."

"How's your appetite?"

"Look at the end of my pen."

"Eat any fruit?"

"Only peanuts at cabarets."

"The engine is off colour. Wants a rest. Been overloading it. Take exercise?"

"When the Persian cat wanders I always have to catch it."

"The headaches will last until you take plenty of exercise regularly."

"You know those chaps who climbed Mount Everest—BRUCE & Co.? Do you know what they got as they approached the top? Headaches."



Bus Conductor (to passenger who has just thanked him prettily for picking up her bag).
"THAT'S ALL RIGHT, MISS. YOU AIN'T LIKE THE LADY AS I DID THE SAME THING FOR YESTERDAY. WHEN I 'ANDS 'ER THE BAG SHE SAYS, 'YOU 'RE A RARA AVIS'—THAT'S ALL I GOT FOR BEING PERLITE."

"Well, well, we won't send you up Mount Everest. Take some long walks and have this made up for you."

He gave me a piece of writing which looks like this: but I admit there must be at least a hundred different readings, thus affording greater scope for chemists:—

N.T. Strophanth mXX
Pot. Cib. zi
Ag. Chlor SVI
1/12 R.S.V.P.C.Eag.

Then, with what I took to be a muttered apology, he strode out of the house.

Since I am not going to be sent up

Mount Everest I have taken the medicine, walked five miles and now have a new kind of headache. I call it for short "The Scalp" because the feeling resembles that of a pinioned prisoner when he sees the Red Indian approach him with the knife. Terms on application. Just as ghastly and probably as lasting as "The Lead Pipe," "The Red-Hot Needle" and "The Hair Twister." All regular headaches on my books may have a free trial. The ordinary "Spring, 1924" variety—plant now!—at fifty for sixpence. Feel ill and be fashionable.

"PAVEMENT TALKS."—Evening Paper.
Sermons in stones at last.

THE MURMUR.

As I turned the corner on my way to the station I saw Stringfellow ahead of me. He was walking very slowly and making unaccustomed use of his walking-stick; I mean he was walking with it, not hitting things.

"Hullo!" I cried, catching him up, "what's the matter? Corns?"

Stringfellow, leaning rather theatrically on his stick, paused.

"Corns?" he repeated with a laugh which (it seemed to me) was not quite so hollow as he had intended it to be; "corns? I only wish it were corns. No, no," he continued with a wan smile, "it's something a good deal worse than mere corns."

"What?" I asked bluntly, for I am no district visitor and have no aptitude for listening to other people's ailments.

"A Murmur," faltered Stringfellow, leaning so heavily upon his stick that it became a semi-circle.

I regarded Stringfellow amazedly. He was the last person on earth concerning whom I should have thought the merest whisper of scandal could have been raised—a dogged stodgy chap, devoted to his vegetable garden. A chap who specialises in parsnips. A chap who knows more about chemical manures than is good to listen to. And yet...

"Pooh," I soothed, "you know what people are. Besides, if it's only a murmur."

Stringfellow dramatically struck the right side of his chest, and then, exhibiting transient confusion, the left.

"The Murmur's here," he announced with some irritability—"in my heart."

I strove not to look surprised, but I couldn't help wondering if Mrs. Stringfellow knew about it. Of course the whole thing depended upon what the unfortunate chap's heart was murmuring—what name, I mean.

"And—and does your wife know?" I asked gently.

"Yes; I told her last night. She"—a certain complacency crept into his voice—"she was much distressed. Because, you see, I shan't be able to do any more gardening. I'll have to take things awfully easy. Just when Spring is coming, too. Of course we shall have to have the gardener two extra days a week, but that can't be helped. As for me, I shall have to sit—or perhaps recline—in a deck-chair and just watch the gardener work. Just sit and watch. Ah, me!"—and Stringfellow stifled what sounded to me extremely like a gloating chuckle.

"But tell me," I urged (for the picture conjured up by Stringfellow was not without its attraction for me) "what

is a Murmur?" Stringfellow drooped pathetically. "It's an affection of the heart—in the medical sense of the word, of course. Not frightfully dangerous if you're careful, but—" The 10.5 train was steaming into the station; Stringfellow indicated it nonchalantly. "Supposing I were to hurry to catch that train," he said illustratively, "I should—" And he snapped his fingers with an air of finality, at the same time, perhaps inappropriately, casting his eyes upward. "Finish," he added simply. "Phut—gone!"

"Really?" I said admiringly.

"Absolutely. I mustn't hurry or worry or flurry—"

"Or scurry?" I suggested aptly.

He tapped me on the shoulder with his stick: he tapped, I think, rather harder than was necessary. "If I did," he announced portentously—"phut!" And again he gazed at the wintry spring-like sky. "Henceforth I'm a looker-on. Alas!"

I thought of Stringfellow a good deal that day. I thought more particularly of his reclining in a chair watching the gardener at work. It was the sort of thing which, I felt acutely, I myself could do with no little success.

"A garden is," of course, "a lovely thing God wot," but rolling and mowing and weeding, and—and *forking-in* are not so lovely. Supposing—supposing I developed a Murmur! Not, of course, anything so noticeable as "the murmur of innumerable bees," but, say, the murmur of one shy, almost inarticulate bee. The prospect pleased me. And it needed but the oft-repeated spectacle of the back view (patched and otherwise) of countless unwilling gardeners, caught bending as the train sped toward through allotment-country, to render the prospect positively alluring.

When I arrived home that evening I had a Murmur. As I pushed open the garden gate I tottered a little, and instinctively pressed my hand to my left side (I wasn't sure if Mollie mightn't be looking at me through the curtains of the spare-room window). Then—well, I ask you, what would you have done if you had observed a rooster, purple-wattled, pompous and pontifical, conducting a party of three lady-friends over the very spot where but yesterday you had sown a row of the most expensive brand of sweet peas? If you are the man I take you for, you would have done what I did. If you wouldn't—well, you're a poor fish.

Now, I do not claim to be any athletic young stripling, but, by Mercury, no Rhodes' scholar could have covered the distance between the garden gate and that polygamous fowl in quicker

time, taking into consideration that I lost the fraction of a second in snatching up a garden broom *en route*, than I did.

"Save yourselves!" squawked the rooster (with true roosterian chivalry) to his wives as he witnessed my approach. The wives obeyed on the instant. But the Caliph of the hen-run missed his clawing on the fence-top, and my broom caught him pretty shrewdly in the shadow of his tail feathers.

"Whoops!" I cried.

And the rooster went over the top as though projected from a trench mortar. I turned, warm but triumphant, to meet Mollie. Mollie was laughing. Mollie was in an overall. She—she looked awfully springlike.

"I've never seen anything so splendid in my life!" she gurgled. "I was watching you from the bath-room window, and the way you scooted down the path and lunged at that insufferable Buff-Orpington was superb. Why, you might have been a boy again. It makes me feel quite old."

"Ha, ha!" I sniggered self-consciously. "Really!"

Mollie slipped her arm into mine and squeezed it.

"You're nothing but a kid," she said, "and I think I must have looked after you pretty well to have kept you so fit. Why, when I think of poor Mr. Stringfellow—"

My arm gave a jerk. "What's the matter with Stringfellow?" I asked carefully.

Mollie laughed. "Nothing really," she said, "but sheer laziness. He's pretending there's something the matter with his heart, so that he needn't do any more gardening. His wife was telling me about it to-day."

"The deceitful dog!" I said indignantly.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"The theory is that these artist fellows steal out of a night under cover of darkness, their pictures under their arms, and land the magni opi furtively on the steps of Burlington House."—*Scots Paper*.

From a Somerset House notice to an executor:—

"Though it is observed that the deceased did not occupy No. — Street, until subsequently to his death, yet apparently sums have been deducted having reference to actual occupation."

It is attention to little details like this that accounts for Mr. SNOWDEN's surplus.

"BUFFALO SWEET OFF FEET BY MENDELSSOHN CHOIR."

Headline in Canadian Paper.

Were they giving "the tune the old cow died of"?



The Lay Mind. "NEVER MIND, DEAR, HE'S JUST AS LIKELY TO WIN BY HIMSELF."

In Memoriam.

SIR FREDERICK BRIDGE: SIR WALTER PARRATT:
SIR CHARLES STANFORD.

No "idle singers of an empty day"
Were the three veterans who have passed away,
But rather claiming room on history's page
As strenuous minstrels of a crowded age,
Who played most loyally their several parts
In service of the youngest of the Arts.

The first to go—the Abbey's organist—
For his untiring energy will be missed;
He kept the zest of boyhood till fourscore,
Lover of London and her ancient lore,
Of PEPPYS and BYRD and PURCELL; and he lit
His talk and discourse with refreshing wit,
Kindly and keen, good-tempered and well-
wishing.

And like SAM WESLEY in his love of fishing.

A graver note befits the homage due
To him who, noble-hearted through and through,
In every British organ-loft is held
In reverence as a teacher unexcelled,
And chief interpreter of the music made
To strengthen and exalt in worship's aid:

Gracious and wise, honoured by King and Court,
Yet honouring most the things of good report,
In friendship never known to flag or falter,
And to his peers the "best beloved WALTER."

Last of the three who in a fortnight's space
Finished their memorable earthly race,
In the great Abbey lies by PURCELL's side
The Irish master who was England's pride,
And in his early youth made Cambridge feel
The force of his illuminating zeal.

He trod new paths, while pedants stood aghast,
Yet never sought to ostracize the past.
Finely endowed with the creative gift,
Too critical to imitate or drift,
Fashion he worshipped not nor humour scorned,
But every aspect of his art adorned,
Revealed and purged the glories that belong
To the rich treasure-house of Irish song,
And magnified in high heroic strain
Our mariners who scoured the Spanish main.

But though their living presence may have gone
From Windsor, Westminster and Kensington,
Their life-long service to the Art divine
Has surely built them an enduring shrine,
And the "young lions" whom they sought to tame
Will live to be the guardians of their fame.

MR. PUNCH'S MUSIC-HALL SONGS.

II.—GOING TO THE DOGS.

You don't know what a woman's love can do,
Joanna,

To keep a chap from his decline and fall;
I've been a better man since I met you,
Joanna,

And I don't think I've hardly sinned at all;
If I'm to stay like this for life,
Joanna,

It means you gotter be my little wife—

For if you won't be mine,
Then I shall take to wine,

I'll be a bad man, because I love you so;
I'll drink yellow drinks in low-down places,
I'll take no exercise and go to the races,
I'll go to Africa, I'll shoot a tiger,
I'll eat drugs on the banks of the Niger,
I'll make faces and I'll make scenes,
I'll put counters in the slot-machines,
I'll waste my substance and borrow from the Jews,
I'll dress slovenly and wear brown shoes,
I won't worry how I look—d' you see?
I'll let my hair grow and shave after tea.

To the dogs,

To the dogs,

To the bad black dogs,

To the bad black abominable dogs I'll go,
And all for the love of my sweet Jo!

What—you won't be mine?

Then I shall go and dine.

I'll be a bad man, because I love you so.
I'll take pretty girls away from their mothers,
I'll buy a Wireless and interfere with others,
I'll drink Crème de Menthe in great big beakers,
I'll go to meetings and interrupt the speakers,
I won't shrink from gross exaggeration,
And I won't make no polite conversation;
I'll be a bounder, a Bohemian, a boob,
And I won't stand up for women in the Tube;
I'll lie abed late, meditating crimes,
I'll vote Liberal and write to *The Times*.

To the dogs,

To the dogs,

To the bad black dogs,

To the bad black abominable dogs I'll go,
And all for the love of my sweet Jo!

What—you *will* be mine?

Then you shall see me shine.

I'll be a good boy, because I love you so.
I'll wear white spats and I'll play cricket,
I'll travel third with a first-class ticket,
I'll give money to the starving Prussians,
I'll make a gesture and pray for the Russians;
I'll be a high-brow, but I'll look hearty,
And I won't laugh at the Liberal Party;
I'll wake up with a carol in my throat,
And I'll go to bed on a high top-note;
I'll take a tumbler of water in the morning,
I'll help cook when the cook gives warning,
I'll be a little ray of sunshine, dear,
And I'll make money, shall we say, next year?
I won't kiss nobody without your permission,
I'll go twice to the Wembley Exhibition,
I'll eat apples as I ought to do,
I'll drink lemonade and I'll love you.

To the dogs,

To the dogs,

To the good grey dogs,

To the good grey gentlemanly dogs I'll go,
And all for the love of my sweet Jo! A. P. H.

THE WAYS OF THE WORLD.

PLAIN Jane, having exchanged her sober spectacles for a black velvet mask and thereby completed her Columbine array, gathered up her evening cloak and preceded me out of the house into a taxi. I am Jane's official guardian and she had been staying with me for nearly a week. She seemed to be rather less plain and rather more ingenious than usual.

"The whole story," she explained earnestly as the car started, "depends on what he says." She sighed. "I do wish I knew the ways of the world! I can imagine the kiss part all right, and I've got to where Esmeralda cries 'Oh!' and 'How DARE you?' Then she tears off her mask and scorns him and—and he has to speak next. Uncle, what *do* people say after they've kissed people suddenly at dances?"

"If it's the hero," I replied glibly, "he goes white to the lips with repentance and scarlet to the ears with shame as soon as he sees who it is that he's insulted. Then with a low bow he returns you the periwinkle you gave him at the Band of Hope and retires muttering. You don't meet him again till he saves your life in Nebraska——"

"It's the villain," she interrupted. "He's a Bohemian, and I don't know their kind of language. Tell me quick, because we're nearly at the Albert Hall."

"Look here, Jane," I said suspiciously—"what are you writing this thing at all for? The subject isn't suited to your flaxen fringe and innocent complexion."

"It'll be a surprise for Mother," she explained placidly.

"It will," I agreed, thinking of my black-satin sister in Somerset. "Is that all?"

Jane coloured. "And it'll show *you* that I'm studying human nature and ought to live in London and learn journalism."

There was a long pause. "Well," she inquired, "what *would* he say?"

"Can't tell you," I said, regarding her thoughtfully; "I've never been kissed by a villain."

"But haven't you ever——"

"Jane," I commanded sternly, "get out. We've arrived."

There were about a hundred well-masked Columbines at the carnival, and, having once lost Jane, I regarded them all with suspicion. One of the minxes was, I thought, behaving outrageously and I hoped her exasperated Harlequin would make her pay for it. I watched him corner her against a pillar and heard him say, "Columbine, give me that rose!" in a thoroughly dangerous tone. Columbine considered the flower with her head on one side, then she kissed it lightly and handed it to a passing Clown. Harlequin took her by the shoulders and kissed her—not so lightly.

"Oh!" said Columbine faintly. Then remembering her cue she added, "How DARE you?" tore off her mask and scorned him.

Harlequin stared. His eyes seemed to pop through the holes in his mask and he pressed them back with an anguished hand. "Great Scott!" he groaned, "I thought you were my wife!" and, like a man sore smitten with grief, he staggered away.

Jane rolled her eyes towards me.

"Industrious maiden," I said coldly. "Now that you have found your 'copy' shall we go home?"



Maid (with visiting-card). "PLEASE, MUM, THERE'S A GENTLEMAN WANTS TO SEE YOU."

Mistress. "WHAT NAME, MARY?"

Maid. "'E DIDN'T TELL ME 'IS NAME, MUM, BUT 'E GIVE ME THIS TICKET TO COME IN WITH."

OUTWARD BOUND.

We've painted the Ratcliff Highway red
To the tune of a twelvemonth's pay—
We've cruised around from the "Ship Aground"
To the shores of Tiger Bay;
We've stood our pals and we've kissed the gals
For a fortnight and a day. . . .

But there's something gone wrong with the dance
and the song,

And there ain't no bite in the beer,
So—I'll sail to Vallipo, and you'll sail to Maine,
Coromandel, Callao, Perim, Port o' Spain,
Baltic way—down the Bay—up the China Seas—
Pernambuco, Providence, anywhere you please;
Don't matter where if it's far enough from here!

You can git your sea-chest out o' pawn
Or leave it where it lies;
You can pay your shot (or maybe not),
You can leave your gal likewise
With a "Now, my dear, be of good cheer
And wipe them blooming eyes."

For we'll warp her out with a song and a
shout,

And we'll give the tug a cheer,
And—I'll sail to Frisco, and you to Callao,
Honolulu, Trinidad, Montevideo-o,
Baltic way—down the Bay—up the China
Seas—

Pensacola, Palembang, anywhere you please;
Don't matter where if it's far enough from
here!

C. F. S.

THE WATER ZOO.

[Sincere apologies are offered to Mr. E. G. BOULENGER, controller of the newly opened Aquarium at Regent's Park, for any trifling errors of science or occasional exaggerations which may have crept into these verses. Making an Aquarium, after all, is one thing; making a rhyme is another.]



*To-day I have seen all I wish,
For I have seen four thousand fish,
Inscrutable and rum,
Observing me with solemn eyes
That hold no anger or surprise,
In the Aquarium.*

*Because they float about my brain,
To-morrow I should like to come,
And see four thousand fish again.*

For there are pike and trout and carp,
And fish with faces long and sharp,

And wrasse with their mosaic scales,
And oblong fish that have no tails;
Fresh-water and salt-water fellows,
And fish with valves that work like
bellows;

And fish that leap and fish that crawl,
And great octopodes a-sprawl,
Inside those aqueous mysteries
Below the Mappin Terraces;
And golden fish with filmy skirts
That move like Oriental flirts,

And rainbow-coloured fish that seem
Like sunsets dipped into a stream,
And silver fish with dusky bars
That float beneath the nenuphars,
And tiny fish of Paradise,
And fish with furry backs, like mice,
And fish that lay their eggs on land
By leaping, as I understand,
And placing them on grass, but yet
Must splash about to keep them wet;
The sea-hare, which is like a slug,
The wolf-fish with an awful mug,
And sharks with faces mild and prim,
Like schoolgirls, elegantly slim—
You would not dream that underneath
That tiny mouth had all those teeth—

And humorous turtles that advance
As though in some Salome dance,
And hermit-crabs that have the sense
To use a whelk-shell residence
To walk about with in the sea,
Whereon there sprouts, most luckily,
A poisonous anemone.

And there are fish that kiss and climb,
And fish that croak, though not in
rhyme,

And sucking-fish that hang on rocks,
And eels that give electric shocks,
And fish that turn a rosy pink—
From sheer false modesty, I think—
And fish that, floating on the tide
Transparent, show their whole inside;
Not ray-fish these, but, should you wish,
They might be termed the X-ray fish;
And flat fish with their eyes askew,
All buried, save those eyes, from view
Beneath the clean white sand, until
With rippling movements they ascend
To eat some portion of a friend
Thrown in by keepers from the top;
And fish that always seem to stop

Lying in one place, dull as lead,
Although you tap quite near their head;
And salamanders dark and dire,
And axolotls, whose desire
To be a salamander fills
Their bosom with ecstatic thrills;
But no—the awful hand of Fate
Prevents them from that longed-for state.
For grow to be a salamander
(Though striving with uncommon
candour

And patient as a nurse or aunt)
The axolotl simply can't;
Because of his peculiar gland
He may not hope to salamand;
His life's ambition forced to throttle,
He still remains an axolotl.*

And there the crayfish or langouste
On craggy rocks is seen to roost. . . .

*To-day I have seen all I wish,
For I have seen four thousand fish,
Inscrutable and rum,*

*Observing me with solemn eyes
That hold no anger or surprise,
In the Aquarium.*

*Because they float about my brain,
To-morrow I should like to come,
And see four thousand fish again.*
EVOE.

* This account of the emotions of the axolotl was kindly supplied by Professor JULIAN HUXLEY.





"THAT'S BESSEMER, YOU KNOW, BY THE FIRE—THE FAMOUS NOVELIST. HIS BOOKS HAVE A TREMENDOUS SALE."

"HAVE YOU READ ANY OF THEM?"

"NO, I'VE NEVER READ ANYTHING OF HIS EXCEPT HIS TESTIMONIALS IN PRAISE OF WUGGLES' FAT REDUCER."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

MOST of the H. G. WELLES we know come on in *The Dream* (CAPE); and this multifariousness makes the perusal of that entertaining novel more like a spell at the halls than a night of the legitimate drama. It also renders the book very difficult to appraise, for the reception due to the creator of *Kipps* and *Mr. Polly*—who is allowed two long turns of unparalleled brilliance and vivacity—could not, one feels, be fairly accorded to the ethical, sociological and theological WELLES in his more truculent and hortatory aspects. The two-thousand-years-hence Utopia in which the story opens leaves me, as usual, cold. But when its inhabitants start excavating a village, poison-gassed in "The Age of Confusion," and one of them cuts his hand on a railway-carriage window and dreams himself deliriously back into our own era, then the fun begins. *Sarnae*, the Utopian, is merely WILLIAM MORRIS and water. But *Harry Mortimer Smith*, his "farver" the "greengrosher," his mother, brother and sisters, his admirable uncle, *John Julip* (gardener to *Lord Bramble*), and all their sayings and doings—these are the essential WELLES. So too are the Pimlico chapters—the lodging-house of *Matilda Good*, whose cap was "like the lower shell of an oyster inverted," all her lodgers, and all *Harry's* efforts, finally triumphant,

to rise above his station. Of the book's two typical romances I prefer that of *Hetty*, the pitiful heroine of *Harry's* wifemarrriage, to his sister *Fanny's* successful housekeeping with an unhappily-married publisher. The decorum and stability of this latter idyll (though admittedly exceptional) are, I feel, pieces of special pleading, like the union of religion and ruthlessness in *Mrs. Smith*, and that of religion and dishonesty in *Smith* and the *Reverend Moggeridge*. The book has a great deal to say about "cheap proliferation," which the Utopians apparently eluded by the unheroic methods of *Dr. STOKES*. As in the Wellsian canon nothing is impossible to education, I suggest an austere avoidance of cheap mating as a more noble, natural and radical means to the same end.

In the 'Thirties and 'Forties one of the best-known figures in the Midlands was WILLIAM BOWEN JORDAN WILSON, known variously as "Gumley Wilson" and "The Old Squire," whose hunting reminiscences have now been edited by his nephew, Sir GUY FLEETWOOD WILSON, under the general and effective title of *Green Peas at Christmas* (ARNOLD). The "Squire," his editor declares, was "very good-looking, most attractive in manner, extraordinarily plausible and insensately extravagant." But the habit of backing bills for his friends (one alone cost him a cool twenty-three thousand pounds) seems to have had more to do with his ultimate

bankruptcy than anything else. He had, at any rate, twenty-one years of first-rate hunting in the best country in the Midlands before the smash came. That was in 1852. WILSON joined the 3rd Dragoon Guards in 1825 as a handsome but very slight-looking cornet (see frontispiece), when the senior officers were still Peninsular men and capable, given time, of putting away their three bottles of port a night. His recollections of Ireland about that time are perhaps the most interesting part of the book to the layman. There was plenty of agrarian outrage, but the military were never interfered with even when, so to speak, they were "asking for it." Hunting enthusiasts will turn to the notes on the years 1831-52. Gumley Hall, where the "Squire" took up his residence after his marriage in 1831, lay pleasantly within reach of the Atherstone, Pytchley, Quorn and Cottesmore. And the great days of fox-hunting were just beginning, when hounds were being bred for speed and it took a good horse to live with them. An attractive little book—with perhaps more mis-spellings of proper names than was quite necessary, though Sir Guy does complain that his uncle's handwriting was "all but illegible."

The Pentagon (GRANT RICHARDS) is a study of a highly-strung boy whose home-life was more than a little unusual and irritating. *Gregor Share*, when we meet him, was captain of rugby in the school at which he was a day-boy, a prefect and altogether a great man. But at home he amounted to almost less than nothing, for his step-mother fussed and prayed over him and tried desperately to control his life. He had two younger brothers, who are cleverly drawn, and one half-brother, who had adenoids and other troubles more difficult to remove. The father had disappeared some dozen years previously, and Mrs. Share's anxiety about Greg was presumably due to a fear that he had inherited some of the paternal vices. However that may be, Greg had a friend, *Clive Cardwell*, a young man of artistic tastes and temperament, of whom Mrs. Share profoundly disapproved. I confess that I also had my suspicions about Clive, but in the end should judge him an innocuous man, though of a dangerous type. Presently Greg heard news of his father, and wrote to him, and the result of this was that during his Easter holidays he went to Germany, with Clive and Clive's friend, *Rolf von Rudesheim* (who was not a German), to meet the missing parent. The journey, with all its experiences and delights for an eager boy, is excellently told; but of Mr. Share it is enough to say that he was not worth finding. Mr. HUNTLY ROBERTSON has not, I imagine, finished with Greg. The signals are down for a sequel, and I hope to read it.

The Flying Draper (FISHER UNWIN) was also in the

course of his career a professor of bio-chemistry at Cambridge, a mystic, a factor in international complications and political strife, a vulgar little man engaged in a vulgar little intrigue with an actress, a good fellow and a great lover. This is Mr. RONALD FRASER's first novel and it is perhaps because of this that he has given that superlatively good measure which this summing up of his hero suggests. For his purpose he has utilised farce, tragedy, passion, puerility, satire, science and psychic speculation, probability and fantasy, setting them anywhere between Primrose Hill and Downing Street, with actors who range from the habitués of suburban gin-shops to members of the Cabinet. You might almost conclude that he had set out to show how widely he could throw his net; but the book is much too

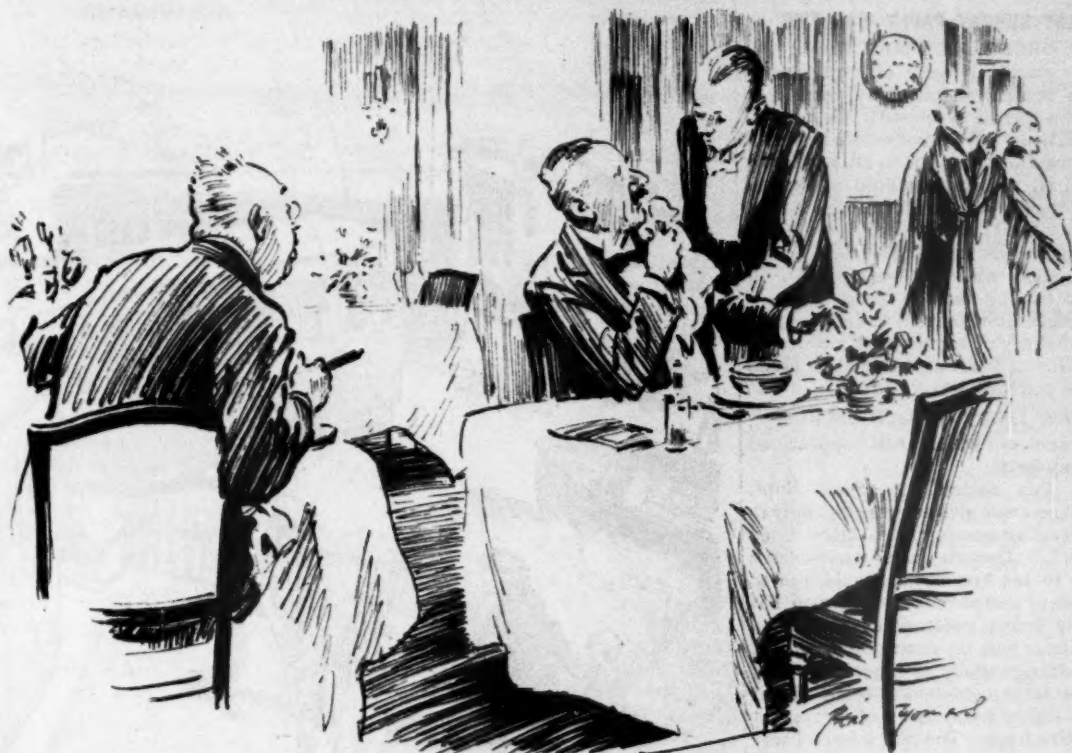
promising to be the result of any such process. *Albert Codling*, "The Flying Draper," is a pathetic figure, impossible and yet convincing, and the sense of strange beauty there is about him is not lost, even though Mr. FRASER allows his first flight to be complicated by the fact that he absent-mindedly takes with him the umbrella of an outraged customer to whom he has just refused to sell flannelette. There is a similar recklessness on the author's part throughout the story. It begins with an air of sharp-flavoured comedy, passes through tragedy and ends on a human note which stresses the loneliness common to all of us, which we seek to lose in close relationship with our kind. After its own prodigal fashion the book rises, however uncertainly, as high above the general run of novels as *Codders* did above the other drapers of Primrose Hill.



Lady Violinist (to M.C. of Country Entertainment). "YOU MIGHT JUST ANNOUNCE THAT I'M PLAYING A 'CAPRICCIO' BY TSCHAIKOWSKY INSTEAD OF THE 'PAGLIACCI' FANTASIA."

no more. I wonder if this is strictly fair. Our author does not belong to any fastidiously literary school of mystery-mongers. With him conversation need not be plausible provided it conveys the necessary information or suggests the appropriate misinformation. "Mary Sanders," said the landlord, introducing the maid to the inspector, "she it was that saw Mr. Deane last." This Mr. Deane, a man of some wealth evidently, had but recently arrived in Southernstowe. He had gone to bed, had got up in the middle of the night and been found shot two days later in a sandpit near the house of the successful and respected mayoress of the little town. She was also a woman of means, and there began a perfect orgy of blackmail of which the victim is the unfortunate mayoress. She is, of course, entirely innocent of the murder, as you can, of course, guess at once or I should not tell you, but, having other personal matters to conceal, she pays. Of the three blackmailers the most important and the least likely was the

The Safety Pin (JENKINS) does indeed set Mr. J. S. FLETCHER's new crime mystery going, but immediately drops out and is heard of



Diner (to another complaining of soup being spilled over him). "IT'S ALL RIGHT, SIR. I KNOW THE SOUP HERE; IT NEVER STAINS AFTER 8.15."

quick-brained little solicitor's clerk, whose motto, "Must look after myself first," was stretched to the point of readiness to put a noose round his own brother's neck if the worst came to the worst. And it is he who ferrets out the murderer, with the assistance of one of the most platitudinous and addle-pated policemen I have met in this kind of work. Something of a machine-made story, but I pass it for railway use.

Jimmy Vaine was about six years old when we are introduced to him. His mother was dead, his father lived in India, and he was staying with a maiden aunt in London. *Miss Pamela Vaine* was "a practical woman." *Jimmy*, on the other hand, dreamed dreams, and a more ill-assorted couple never tried to tolerate each other. With admirable economy of words Mr. JOHN EYTON, in *Expectancy* (Arrow-smith), relates the difficulties and disappointments of this vague and lonely child. When *Jimmy* was nine he returned to India with some distant cousins, who opened up one new world to *Jimmy*, while their little daughter, *Joan*, opened up another. The voyage was a delight to him; but on joining his father at the end of it he was as lonely as he had ever been. Both of them were shy, and eventually, after the return to England, their sympathies drifted apart. Up to a certain point Mr. EYTON has succeeded completely with a very difficult task, but towards the end I found it less easy to follow him. The innocence and diffidence that became *Jimmy* as a boy are not so attractive when he grows up, and I failed to share his appreciation of the merits of *Joan*. But in spite of this I warmly commend the tale for the excellence of its style and construction. The Indian scenes exercise a real spell, and as a study of a sensitive romantic character *Jimmy* deserves a wide recognition.

What pleases me most in *Dublin Pride* (PALMER) is its simplicity and independence. Very few first novels are so free from original airs and reflected graces. Yet I found it, on the whole, a rather callow and unconvincing book; and this I put down to the superficiality and lack of interest displayed by Mr. EWAN AGNEW in dealing with the pivot of his plot—a proposed "mixed marriage" between a Catholic and a Protestant. The Catholic, *Kathleen Rafferty*, is said at the outset to be "remarkably devout." She dwells in Dublin, where her father, a widowed professor, has taken the Catholic Church, lock, stock and barrel, under his controversial wing. Her Protestant fiancé, *John Tanner*, an engineer, lives in Liverpool; and his sole surviving parent, a mother, keeps state in Regent's Park and reads *The Morning Post*. Here you have obvious ground for a socio-political-religious tragedy (or comedy), of which the passion of *Kathleen* for *John* (it is rather that way about) shall be the appropriate centre. But nothing of the sort matures. No sooner is *Kathleen* forbidden the house by her father than Mr. AGNEW wearies of racial and religious differences and the story becomes a mere cock-pit of temperaments. *Kathleen* reacts against her Englishman's graces and exacting disposition, and (with her eye on *David Vernon*, a chivalrous journalist, as his possible successor) gives him his dismissal. The professor dies too soon to witness this consolatory change; and the book closes with *John* at a loose end, *Kathleen* "living her own life," and *David* bound by his word of honour to come up for matrimony if called on. I must own that I could not succeed in taking *Kathleen*, either devout or emancipated, very seriously as a heroine. But I congratulate Mr. AGNEW warmly on *Mrs. Tanner*, a very shrewd and original portrait of a limited but lovable character.

ANY SUNDAY PAPER—BAR TWO.**ORDER YOUR COPY NOW.**

To ensure delivery of next week's issue readers are strongly advised to place a special order with their news-agent now. We have secured at great expense the sole right to all articles by Supt. H. Sleuthson, whose retirement after twenty-five years' brilliant service at the "Yard" has just been announced. Although his name has chiefly been associated with the suppression of street betting and the illicit traffic in chocolate after hours, he has made a profound study of murder and murderers. The fruit of these studies will be found in the startling series entitled

NEW LIGHT ON OLD CRIMES,
the first of which will appear on Sunday next.

In this enthralling article Supt. Sleuthson will give an amazing reply to the familiar query, "Who killed Cock Robin?" Certain facts which have come to his knowledge enable him to dispose of the commonly accepted but utterly bogus confession of Sparrow. The latter will be shown to belong to that strange group of mental perverts whose false confessions often render more difficult the tasks of our great detective force. The real criminal was a much more dangerous and desperate man than that ill-armed and self-accused megalomaniac, Sparrow. The motive for the dreadful deed will be found after research in the grim records of sexual pathology, a subject with which Mr. Sleuthson will not hesitate to deal at length. Terrible and even nauseating details of the slaying of poor Robin are now available, and we shall not shrink from our plain duty, which is to give them full publicity. An organ which forms the staple reading on Sundays in a million British homes shall never fail to put the true facts of life before the men and women, ay, and the growing children, of this great Empire.

The article will be illustrated by exclusive photographs of curious exhibits from the morbid museum which is Mr. Sleuthson's pride. These will include the tiny monocle worn in the "little eye" of Fly and the wrought-iron soap-dish in which Fish caught the ebbing life-stream of the poor victim. Incidentally it emerges that neither Fly nor Fish was present when the dreadful blow was struck, only arriving on the scene after the hitherto anonymous assassin had fled.

"Gentleman, contemplating a Trip to Iceland during the summer, would like to Meet Another to accompany him."—*Daily Paper.*
But why trouble to leave England?



Shortsighted Old Dear (homeward bound). "CAN YOU TELL ME, YOUNG MAN, IF THIS IS THE EXCURSION BACK TO EALING BROADWAY?"

OXFORD OUT OF TERM.

In Arcady the woods are green,
The cowslips dip and dance at will,
The daisies in a silver ring
Circle the fountain and the spring,
And marigolds burn bright between
The ladysmock and daffodil.
But shall I sigh
Because that I
Have lost the key to Arcady?

The woods are green on Hinksey Hill.

In Arcady the nightingale
Makes music for the butterflies,
Makes melody upon the thorn,
Sings vespers till the morrow morn,
Ceaseless and sweet, moonlit and pale—
The dying girl that never dies.
But shall my tear
Bedew her bier
While of a morning I can hear
The shouting larks on Cumnor Rise?

In Arcady each shepherd king
Follows a lady, light and lithe,
And queens as slim as hollyhocks
Are set to guard the snowy flocks,
And lovers find in labouring
A sceptre hid in every scythe.
But shall I weep
For silly sheep
While Cumnor village lies asleep
Dreaming of June and Bablock Hythe?

"A short single string of pears, just long enough to fit round the base of the neck, is fashion's latest fancy."—*Evening Paper.*
It might have been worse but for the fortunate shortage of bananas.

Extract from school-boy's letter:—

"In Gym. I am top of the Division. I got there by standing on my head: as there is only one more lesson I hope to stay there."
It is a good thing the holidays are near.

CHARIVARIA.

NATIVE mail runners of Toro, in the Uganda Protectorate, have gone on strike because there are too many lions in the district. There is a hope that Mr. BEVIN will be asked to go over and deal with the matter.

Amongst the latest art treasures to go to the United States is Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN.

The man who wrote the banana song is now reported to have written another, entitled, "Do Shrimps Make Good Mothers?" One theory is that a piece of bone may be pressing on the brain.

Professor HOWARD MAYBERRY, of Chicago, states that love at first sight is impossible. In view of this statement we hope Lord ROTHERMERE will have another look at Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD.

The residents of Kensington have been petitioning Lord ASHFIELD to construct a Tube from there to South London. This looks to us suspiciously like an attempt to shift the Albert Memorial to Clapham Common.

MESSRS. NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA have prepared a chart comparing the temperature of March this year with that of March, 1923. Very morbid.

One of life's most bitter tragedies is that of the keen golfer who has also taken up Mah-Jongg.

TROTSKY is said to be now living in daily fear of assassination. Hitherto, of course, he has only been assassinated weekly.

The United States Salvation Army authorities complain of being overwhelmed with golf-clubs discarded by people who are sick of the game. Still, they should welcome the chance of recruiting many a reformed golfer.

A café waitress with a thorough knowledge of Greek has been discovered at Colwyn Bay. But Colwyn Bay is not always convenient for those who prefer to give their orders in the dead languages.

With reference to the development of broadcasting we see it suggested that this summer the jaded business man in his sweltering office may be able to

listen-in to the splashing of the waves and the shouts of the joyous bathers. On the other hand it might entertain the joyous bathers to listen-in to the sighs of the jaded business man.

An expedition which is sailing for the South Seas in search of hidden treasure is reported to have an ample supply of champagne. With champagne at present prices we could do with some hidden treasure ourselves.

We understand that *The Daily Mail's* recent leading article, "Come Off Your Perch!" may be sung in public without fee or licence.



Perfect Little Gentleman (about to have his first lesson in self-defence). "Excuse my glove, won't you?"

It has been discovered that the man who claimed to emit a halo did it by means of a trick. It is now suspected that certain politicians obtained theirs by a similar device.

At one Soviet office the employees have been warned against spilling red ink on the staircases. Nothing was said about blood.

We are reminded by a gossip-writer that a certain American song-composer will write the words of a song before breakfast and think nothing of it. Neither do we.

A meeting of the Ku Klux Klan held last week at Lilly, Pennsylvania, passed off very quietly. Only four persons were killed and eleven injured.

The strength of the Government seems to lie in its ability to march triumphantly from one defeat to another.

It is hoped that women will buy their summer furs early and not be caught napping by the first snap of summer.

The Ruddy Kingfisher of Borneo makes its nest in a beehive. Probably it was the bees who first called it by that name.

Attempts have been made recently to find out the reason why chamber concerts are not more popular. We sent our housemaid to one the other day and she found out immediately. There were no pictures.

It is said that diamonds were never so expensive as they are to-day. We don't know. We once had a partner who went three on five to the knave, and then redoubled.

Mr. H. GRINDELL MATTHEWS claims that by means of a ray he can, with the small power obtained in a London flat, create a zone sixty-four feet wide in which life is impossible. But we've known a piano do worse than this.

Dean INGE says that he is in favour of emigration from this country. We have often wondered why he keeps on writing those articles.

Professor LANGDON states that he recently discovered the site of the library at Kish by throwing a brick. We know of a man who did the same thing at Brixton and found the police-station.

A large coal-yard in South Wales caught fire recently and burnt for several days. It seems to have been the sort of coal that we have been trying to find for years.

According to a Society note, the pram in which the daughter of England's richest heiress is to take the air in Hyde Park as soon as the weather is warm enough will be dark blue lined with white kid. We could have wished, for her health's sake, that the kid was to be pink and white.

Natural History Revised.

"Time brings its changes. The cockroach of to-day is the butterfly of to-morrow."
Weekly Paper.

THE WELCOME OF AN ENGLISH SPRING.

(Dedicated to "FOUGASSE," with many happy memories of the South.)

I've always said it rang a little hollow,
That note of BROWNING, with the homesick air,
Hinting that he would like to be a swallow
En route for England "now that April's there;"
Also the taste for homeward aviation
In such a month, when Nature simply scowls,
Betrays a lack of true imagination
In those misguided fowls.

Only an overwhelming sense of duty,
That brooks no parley when my conscience speaks,
Could hope to tear me from the scenes of beauty
Where I have wallowed for the last few weeks;
Oh, not of choice or pure spontaneous motion
I joined with those blind homers on the wing,
Who rush to be in time for England's notion
Of what is meant by "Spring."

The franc's vagaries may have left me stony,
And yet, this hour, I'd blow my final sou
To see the palms of Menton (or Mentone),
The towering palms that fringe her tideless blue;
To climb the hill where Paynim loved to harry
Old Eze's walls; or in your sporting car
To mount the way—a careless *partie carrée*—
That winds to Castellar.

In Monte's restaurants that cheered our gizzards
Plump British matrons beat the floor to-day,
Paying the tariff to their young lounge-lizards—
But Monte seems a million miles away;
So soon—it feels like years ago already—
From that exotic vision fades the flush,
Blurred by the snows of April and her heady
Mixture of sleet and slush. O. S.

* An American term for professional dancing-men.

THE FORTY-EIGHTH SITUATION.

"The achievement of originality," said Balliol, taking out a large calabash pipe and lighting it, "is becoming more difficult every day. In the arts, for instance, we have music, painting, sculpture, and literature——"

"Literature?" a College inquired.

"Literature certainly," continued Balliol coldly. "There's no originality in literature nowadays. With only forty-seven situations for the modern novelist to work on——"

"Excuse me, Sir," interpolated Queen's politely, "but do you include the kitten story in that?"

"What kitten story?"

"The one about the young kitten named Tiny."

"I am dealing with situations," snapped Balliol icily, "not Limericks."

"But it isn't a Limerick," protested Queen's cheerfully. "It's a jolly original situation. Matches? Thanks. Once upon a time——"

Balliol yawned ostentatiously.

"Once upon a time," proceeded Queen's affably, "there lived in a large North of England town a handsome young ironmaster named Allardyce. He was an exceedingly rich young man. All his life had been spent in his business, and, apart from his aged and kind-faced mother, no other woman had ever entered his life. He was, in fact, what they would call at Cambridge a 'misogynist.' That is to say——"

"Yes?" said Balliol.

"—Well, late one evening in June love came to this Richard Allardyce in the shape of a young lady—a young lady named Hinde——"

"Who one day, at Commem., on a 'grind'——" Wadham began.

"Said—but I digress," remembered Queen's suddenly. "Miss Hinde, to be very brief, was a singularly beautiful young lady, and the moment our Richard caught sight of her he writhed in love. Seven days of divine contortions followed, and then on the eighth, being able to restrain himself no longer, he coiled himself about her and asked her to marry him. She agreed. On the ninth day, therefore, at the old village church, with aged mother as best man, they were married."

"Passing over the next twelve months, which is only right and proper among young gentlemen, we discover, on a certain morning during the thirteenth month, a handsome young aerial-fixer, name of Derek Tawnish. He is seated on a couch in the Allardyce drawing-room. What is he doing there? Well may you ask. He is there to make love to April Allardyce. And she? She, my young friends, is returning his love, and with a gusto so hearty that, if you have never made love to a North of England wife, you can scarcely imagine it. Enter suddenly on to this illicit scene Richard Allardyce, ironmaster. He comes in by door left lower entrance and pauses thunderstruck. For at that moment a great resounding kiss assaults his lily-white ears."

"April!" he bursts out huskily. "Really this is a little too much."

"Dropping her lover and picking up her small Persian kitten named Tiny—I want you particularly to note the name, 'Tiny'—April rises and faces her husband courageously."

"Derek," she says calmly, "I love Richard. I mean, Richard," she says calmly, "I——"

"Go on," requested Balliol curtly.

"Really," says Richard, easy like—"indeed. And does Derek—may I ask—love you?"

"Practically," says Derek, drawing himself up to his full height.

"Very well," says Richard, coolly drawing a small revolver from his faultlessly-tied cravat, "bags I then the bird!"

"With that he raises his revolver and shoots straight into April. 'Richard!' she screams. But no one hears her. At that moment both men are looking down on the Wilton-carpeted floor. Lying there, absolutely still, is the small body of Tiny, the Persian kitten, of no fixed affections. It has fallen from its mistress's arm—shot dead!"

Knocking a cushion from the arm of a chair, Queen's sank down into it heavily. Balliol rose.

"So that, Sir, is your story?"

Queen's nodded.

"And the originality of it," continued Balliol, smiling caustically, "lies entirely in the fact of the kitten being named Tiny?"

"Not quite," corrected Queen's gently. "But in the fact of a kitten, born in 1924, being called Tiny."

"And not—Felix?"

Queen's nodded again.

"Good night, gentlemen," said Balliol thoughtfully.

"Modern comedies are often absurdly over-dressed."—*Sunday Paper*.
No one can say that about modern *revues*.

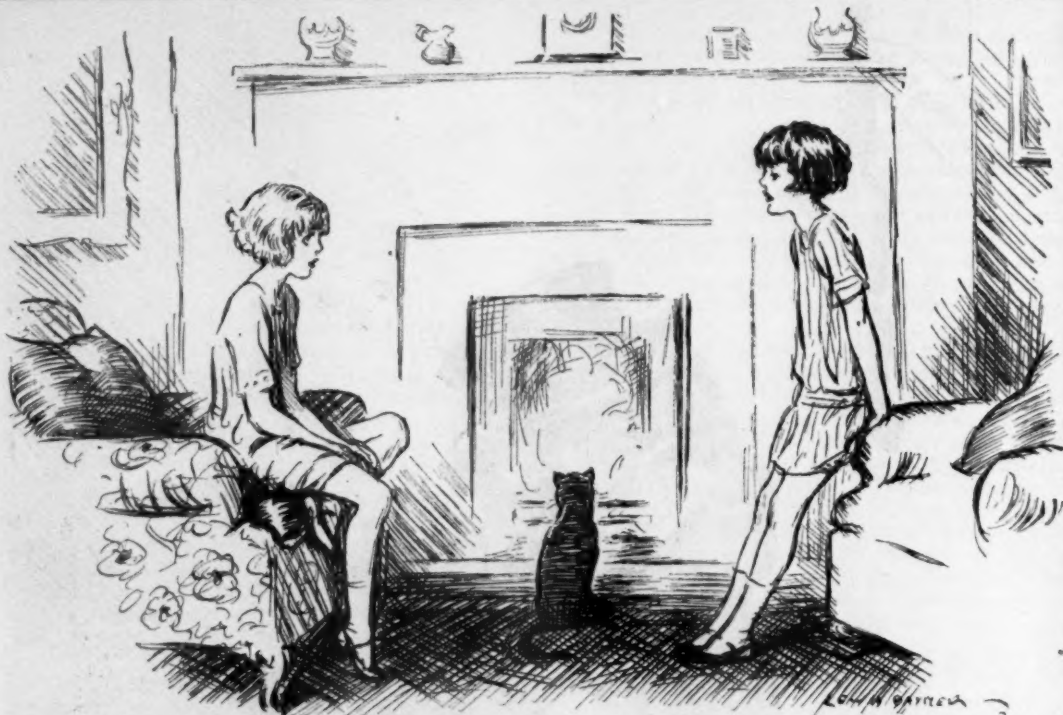
"The new playing field measures 106 sq. yards, and is as flat as the proverbial billiard table."—*Local Paper*.
But appreciably larger.



THE MEAT AND THE BONE.

THE JOHN BULL-DOG. "LET ME DRAW YOUR ATTENTION TO THESE SUCCULENT EXPERT SAUSAGES."

THE FRENCH POODLE (*suspiciously*). "I MAY CONSIDER THEM, IF IT DOESN'T MEAN GIVING UP MY BONE."



Betty (after an awakening talk from Nurse). "DO YOU BELIEVE THERE IS A DEVIL, JOAN?"
Joan. "No, OF COURSE NOT—NO MORE THAN SANTA CLAUS. IT'S JUST FATHER."

MORE AUTO-SUGGESTION.

"I LIKE your Uncle Samson," I murmured dreamily, addressing Mollie, but fixing my half-veiled eyes upon the high light on the coffee-pot's unfashionable figure; "I am glad he is coming to stay the week-end with us. I like him. I am glad—glad!"

"You're what?" gasped Mollie, letting the letter she had just received from her loathsome relative fall from her nerveless fingers. "Glad?"

I allowed my head to sink slightly in acquiescence.

"I like Uncle Samson," I intoned, as in a trance. "Of all your relatives Uncle Samson is my favourite. I like him." Slowly I wrenched my queer gaze from the coffee-pot. "I tell you," I asserted, meeting her startled regard with dogged lack-lustre eyes, "I like him. Dear old Uncle Samson!"

Mollie hurriedly pushed back her chair. She had gone a little pale, but she smiled bravely.

"Sit quite still," she whispered; "I won't be a minute."

With a sort of jerk I wrenched myself out of my incipient state of self-induced hypnosis. Mollie, I felt, was overdoing it.

"There is no need to telephone for the doctor," I said coldly. "I am per-

fectly well. I was merely practising auto-suggestion. If this evening—or to-morrow afternoon at latest—I am not to murder your Uncle Samson and bury his remains beneath the bed of delphiniums (and what magnificent blooms we should get if I did!) I shall have to persuade myself that, so far from regarding him as a plague and a pestilence, I positively like him."

"Oh, then do," urged Mollie. "Do persuade yourself. It'll make things so much easier all round."

"I intend to," I assured her loftily. "The other day, when I proposed that you should Coté away your headache, you laughed at me. You did not believe it possible."

"But I'm only a weak woman," deprecated Mollie, the dimple in her left cheek much in evidence.

"True. You lack concentration. The subjective mind is intensely amenable to suggestion from the objective. At intervals to-day my objective will powerfully suggest to my subjective mind that I like Uncle Samson. By the time I return home this evening the—ah—deed will be done."

"How wonderful!" breathed Mollie, with an admiring look—almost a fiancée's look.

Laughing lightly, I kissed her. "Won-

derful enough," I agreed airily, "until you know how it's done."

Now, no doubt, you in your day (or, rather, night) have listened to back-chat artists with some—however small—degree of pleasure. But I doubt if you have ever been privileged to listen in to an authentic dialogue between the incomparable and invisible duo of the psychological stage, Ob. and Sub. You are now so privileged. This is the sort of thing that went on all day:—

Ob. I like Uncle Samson.

Sub. (in a cotton-woolly voice). Half a minute while I search the records.

Ob. (incisively). Never mind the records. This is a new impression. I tell you I like Uncle Samson. Got that?

Sub. (releasing records). Your Uncle Samson is a scourge. When you were engaged to Mollie he said she might as well marry a dustman.

Ob. (doggedly). I like Uncle Samson. D'you hear me? I like him.

Sub. He is a loathsome entity. He plays golf simply for the exercise.

Ob. (on a higher note). I like him, I like him!

Sub. (still releasing). When he says he knows nothing about music but he "knows what he likes," you have difficulty to restrain yourself from throttling him.

Ob. (fiercely). I tell you I like him.

Sub. He wears rings on his fingers and sandy hairs on his nose.

Ob. (exasperated). I like the sandy hairs. I like Uncle Samson in all his—his manifestations.

Sub. He has curvature of the stomach and he rests it on things—sometimes he even seems to gesticulate with it. And he says dogs ought to be kept outside. And he calls attention to all the little things in the house which want renewing. And, above all, he has invested all his capital in a Life Annuity.

Ob. (faintly and without conviction). I like Uncle Samson.

Sub. (reverting to the cotton-wool voice). Well, you know best.

When I reached home that evening, Uncle Samson had arrived. The spurious brightness of Mollie's voice from within the sitting-room was enough to apprise me of the calamity without the raucous rasp of Uncle Samson's cough. (He always has a bout of coughing until it's time for him to speak again.) I slammed the front-door.

"Oh, there he is!" I heard Mollie exclaim—and there seemed to me to be a curious pleading in her voice—as though she would remind me of my liking for her detestable uncle.

I rushed upstairs to the bathroom and plunged my head under the cold tap. I kept it there for ages; my object was, of course, to petrify Sub. so that he should cease releasing records of past impressions of Uncle Samson. I had lost all faith in Sub.; if the job were to be done cleanly Ob. would have to do it alone. In other words I must flagrantly pretend to like Uncle Samson.

"Hurrah!" I cried, as I rubbed my head with a hard towel; "Uncle Samson's here, I shall see him quite soon. He's going to stay the week-end. Hurrah, Hurrah!"

Presently I went downstairs. I still wore the welcoming, if rather fixed, grin, which I had perfected in front of the shaving-glass.

Flinging wide the sitting-room door, I became instantly aware of a strangely mixed expression upon Mollie's face—the expression of one who, irresistibly amused by the grotesque antics of a banana-skin victim, fears that he may have hurt himself somewhat severely. Not so, however, Uncle Samson's face; it positively oozed smug complacency.

"My boy," he gurgled, approaching me with two puffy wet hands outstretched—"my boy, I have misunderstood you all these years. Hitherto I have had the idea that you did not care overmuch for me. I now know that it was simply natural *gaucherie*, innate shyness on your part; for I have proved beyond doubt that you are ex-



Tourist (contemplating Cleopatra's Needle). "Say, POPPA, ISN'T THAT WHAT THEY CALL A BASILISK?"

Poppa. "No, MY DEAR. YOU'RE THINKING OF ONE OF THOSE CHURCHES WE SAW IN ROME. THIS IS AN ODALISQUE."

tremely fond of me. Just now, as I passed along the passage upstairs, I heard your impassioned soliloquy when obviously you could not have been aware of any audience. Your hand, my boy. There! Now Mollie shall tell you the way in which I propose to show my appreciation of your affection."

Mollie's voice wavered. Was she going to laugh or cry?

"Uncle Samson is going to stay the whole of next week with us," she said.

"POWDER CAN BLAST."

Headline in Welsh Paper.

We always thought it could.

"Mothering Sunday"—Modern Style.

"We love to recall the scene of those dear children long since passed away as they made their way along the pretty lanes of the countryside with wild flowers in their hands in the sweet fresh air of early spring, and sang a song of this type—

*We go a-motoring, Sir, to-day,
Our debt of love and duty pay."*

Letter in Sunday Paper.

"The biggest surplus was in respect of income-tax; this sheet-anchor of our fiscal system again showed remarkable buoyancy."

Daily Paper.

This will confirm the opinion of many tax-payers that it is a useless encumbrance to the Ship of State.



"DO YOU EVER BURY YOUR HEADS IN THE SAND?"

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

VII.—SOUTH AFRICA.

"When Vasco di Gama was doubling the Cape He never observed, I am told, That diamonds dodekahedral in shape And infinite nuggets of gold Were rolling around in the land he despised, At the feet of the ostrich and gnu; But the Dutch and the English were better advised, And that's how South Africa grew." *The Meditations of Sir HARRY SMITH.*

STANDING on the stoep of the long low loggia, under the figure of JAN VAN RIEBEEK (I fancy) which decorates the pediment of the portico, I meditated upon many things. Upon the pleasing though rather dusty effect of a bright spring day at Wembley; upon the charming naïveté of those advertisements of beer and biscuits which enliven the massive stolidity of the Stadium; upon the beauty of red mud as a building material; upon my complete ignorance of the early history of South Africa; upon the recent overthrow of General SMUTS' Administration; but chiefly upon the fact that the Illustrator, who had promised to meet me, was nowhere to be found.

Many people passed in and out of the building—one at least who might easily have been mistaken for a sturdy and independent Dutch farmer, and another who might have been a Kaffir, or possibly a native of Griqualand West, or someone from the Gold Coast or Tanganyika; at any rate most certainly a Balliol man—but no Illustrator at all.

After about twenty minutes I went inside, hoping of course to see a stuffed replica of a South African diamond merchant, with monocle, cigar and fur coat complete, in the centre of the spacious hall. The nicest stuffed thing in

furs, however, that I could discover was a brindled gnu, and I consoled myself for a few minutes in contemplating that. There is a kind of awful calm about a brindled gnu.

I passed on to the koodoo, the eland, the hartebeest, the zebra and the gemsbok; then, remembering I was, after all, in South Africa and not in a West End club, pulled myself together and asked an inhabitant whether I could see the High Commissioner or somebody like that. He directed me to a small office in a corner of the building, where I found a settler settling at his desk and wearing a long white dust-coat, because of the clouds of pulverised gold that are constantly blowing across the veldt.

I began in my usual lame and halting way to explain why I had come.

"I'm writing a sort of thing about South Africa," I said, "and I wondered if you could tell me any of the sort of things that I sort of ought to put into it."

He turned round and regarded me for a few moments closely through his pince-nez.

"The last time we met," he said, "was the evening when I slid down your staircase on a tea-tray into the arms of your Dean."

"Dear me," I said, looking at him closely in turn. "So it was. . . . You were at Trinity, of course. It was a good tea-tray, and I think the Dean was only a little bent. Wonderful what a small place the world is!"

"But what a large the Empire," he replied.

"Quite," I agreed. "You haven't seen an Illustrator about, have you? I happen to have lost one."

He looked vaguely round his office. "So many things get lost in the confusion here," he said; "but they usually

turn up in the end. Is there any other way I could help you at all?"

"You might tell me a little about diamonds," I said. "The public seem to have an idea that they will be allowed to hunt through bags of South African gravel at Wembley, and the lucky ones will get diamonds. A sort of imperial bran-pie, as it were, to render the Exhibition more exciting."

"Life is full of unpleasant surprises," replied the settler; "which is exactly the remark I made, if you will remember, to your Dean. But the method of working the blue grounds for diamonds will be shown here anyway. They sift the gravel through smaller and smaller holes, you know, and then at the end the stones are caught on a surface smeared with a preparation that has a special affinity for diamonds and nothing else."

"I should like some of that in a mug," I said. "The more I hear about the wonders of science the more I admire it. And gold? I suppose you will show how gold is procured, as well, out of your wonderful land?"

"Yes," he said. "But I suppose most of the public will wonder what the stuff is wanted for, won't they? Oh, and there's another thing I'd almost forgotten; our ost—"

Just at this moment we heard a scuffle, followed by several loud cries. "Good heavens! I know that voice," I cried. Dashing outside the office, we followed the direction of the sound. It was well that we had done so; otherwise this article might have had to go to press without the pictures.

The Illustrator, who ought to have met me on the stoep of the loggia, had been lured away by curiosity to inspect the ostrich pen adjoining the pavilion. Somebody had allowed him to go inside,

and once more his reckless spirit had well-nigh proved his undoing.

When we saw him, he was being pursued round and round the enclosure by an irate bird, from which he had attempted to pluck a tail feather. One was reminded of a jackdaw and a hen. It was some minutes before the settler, shouting words of command in three languages, including the Taal, was able to mollify the larger biped and persuade it to restore the Illustrator's hat, which it had seized by way of reprisals. The other ostriches were gathered in a knot together, craning their necks and lifting one leg in the half-mincing, half-menacing manner that ostriches have. They seemed to be discussing the situation in somewhat acid tones. It was fairly obvious that nothing had disturbed them so much since the Jameson Raid.

"Surely," I said, when we had got the Illustrator outside and brushed the dust off him, "South Africa produces something beyond the appurtenances of millionaires and their wives?"

"Practically anything that's grown anywhere in the Empire," said the settler. "Mealies and fruit, merino wool, mohair, that comes from the Angora goat, which we have domesticated. I believe there are some on the premises, if you want any more sketches." And he asked the Illustrator whether he would like to try an Angora goat.

"I have already succeeded in angering an ostrich," replied the poor man. "I think that will be enough for one day, thank you."

"After all," I said reflectively as we went away, "the PRINCE OF WALES can have a jolly good time here, you know, even if he has had to put off his voyage to the Cape."

"Ye-e-es, I suppose he may," answered the Illustrator doubtfully. "But of course he's got three of them already."

"Three what?" I asked.

The Illustrator waved his left arm rather sadly towards the enclosure where the ostriches picked their way about delicately in their black and white plumes.

EVOE.

Lenten Fare.

"A record consignment of 230 flamingoes has just reached this country from Egypt. The rose-coloured birds may be said to have arrived literally in the pink of condition, for they fasted lavishly on large quantities of shrimps."—*Daily Paper*.

From a cinema advertisement:—

"The Greatest Fight Film on record, Gibbons being the only man that Dempsey never floored."

Personally we can't remember his flooring us, but then of course we shouldn't.



THE OSTRICH FEATHER INDUSTRY AT WEMBLEY.

THE ENIGMATIC WEST.

I HAD paused in front of a shop in Bond Street to look at some colour prints when a tiny woman came out and, seeing me, ran forward.

"Mi-i-ster!"

It was Hasu San. And she was laughing, of course.

She was laughing when I saw her last, many years ago, in South America; she has been laughing ever since, no doubt. And as I listened to the delicious sound I remembered, with a smile, how disconcerting once I had found her laughter. I was in love with the East at the time, and trying (not very successfully, I fancy) to analyse its charm. Still, I had found a title for my paper, and when I came across Hasu San I thought I had found my subject. The rest seemed easy enough. I should sit at her diminutive feet with a note-book on my lap, and little by little the East, and all its poetry, its chivalry, its piety, would be transferred to the note-book.

My paper, however, was never written. Perhaps the charm of the East proved too elusive. Or perhaps (as I am inclined to believe) Hasu's laughter was much too disconcerting.

Our acquaintance began with laughter, a happy augury as I thought. It might, of course, have started very differently, for with my first step into the shop the little place seemed to protest. The flooring shook, and a wind-bell began to tinkle, the sweet low sound reverberating like a tocsin. Mandarin's nodded in a threatening manner; a dog on a marble pedestal stiffened perceptibly. And then a tiny woman appeared and, seeing my dismay, laughed merrily.

"But Mister is tall!" she cried. "Too tall," she added, measuring my inches. And, while she curtsied in front of me and laughed, what could I do but laugh also, preposterous male creature in this midget's bower?

"All Englishmen are tall," the little lady said, as if in extenuation, and so gracefully, so convincingly that it seemed to set me right in the eyes of the shop. The flooring still groaned, but less querulously, as if European weight were a thing to be borne with resignation; the mandarins still nodded, but now in philosophic assent. The dog alone maintained a hostile demeanour.

It was the dog that had lured me into the shop. I pictured it seated on a pedestal among the chrysotemi guarding the approaches to a temple; and, looking at it more closely, I found that it possessed the charm, the authentically elusive charm, of the East. Why should it not serve as the bridge across which I might pass to Hasu's side?

"It is marble from Korea," the little woman said in a businesslike way as she wrapped up the dog. "Very good marble."

"It is the dog himself that attracts me," I explained. "He shall stand on a table near my bed to chase away the black butterflies while I sleep."

"I have never seen black butterflies," she replied. "And how can a dog of marble be active?"

How, indeed!

It was during the second visit that I learnt something of Hasu's history. She had been to many places before settling in Montevideo; she knew London, a town or two of France, New York.

"New York!" She clapped her hands. "A very pretty city, Mister. And large—large!"

"Pretty?" I echoed.

But Hasu San would not let me shrug my shoulders at New York.

"It is a very rich city," she said. "Much business."

"She is playing with me," I told myself. "When I have won her confidence the real woman will reveal herself. Patience!"

But patience became increasingly difficult.

The breaking-point came on the day when I discovered a mask tucked away in a corner of the little shop. There was a certain beauty in the thing; there was a charm, I thought, the elusive charm of the East, about it. But Hasu laughed, of course, at my questions.

"That's a god," she told me, pointing disrespectful fingers at the mask. "Very ugly, very funny. No, Mister."

I did not know which of the hierarchy the mask purported to represent, but I thought of Jamoc, the gentle goddess, and I was shocked. A moment later I was laughing at my obtuseness. Natural piety would not allow Hasu to sell the mask; politeness however made it difficult for her to refuse me. How adroitly, then, did she seek to damp my enthusiasm! I looked at her, trying to convey my appreciation of such subtlety. But she was laughing again, and laughing—there couldn't be a doubt about it—at the mask.

"A—how d'you say?—a job lot," she said, looking up at me merrily.

"You have never heard of JULES LAFORGUE?" I asked her. "But of course you haven't. He was a French poet, and he was born here, of all improbable places, in this South American town. His attitude towards life has always pleased me. He is inflexibly polite. He smiles, coldly, ironically, but always politely, at a world in which he found very much to dislike. An admirable attitude, don't you think? A smile, a laugh, can be so effective a guard."

"Poets are mad," she said, "and drink much. But not all," she added quickly. "Mister is a poet, perhaps? That is the strange thing about the English; they play football, they shout 'Goddam,' and yet—who knows?—all the time they are thinking poetry. How shall we understand the West, Mister? It is here, quite solid, one moment, and then the next—!" She laughed as she made a little gesture to depict the strange, the elusive quality of the West.

EDITORS, PAST AND PRESENT.

THE other day I came across an old magazine—primarily a fashion paper—published in 1842, a cultured period when bonnet-strings were *brides* and flounces were *volants*, which accounts for its title, *La Belle Assemblée*. In other respects it was entirely English.

The volume that I discovered contained six monthly numbers; there were numerous coloured plates representing lamb-like ladies in crinolines, many of them topped by bonnets suggestive of Harvest Homes; also stories, poems, musical criticism and "fashionable intelligence;" and all edited by a lady.

I had that morning had a story of mine returned to me for the fifteenth time with the fifteenth editor's "regrets that he is unable to make use of the enclosed," and I was feeling some bitterness against life in general and editors in particular. Here, I thought, turning to a page headed "To Correspondents," is a chance of comparing the churlish manners of to-day with the courtliness of the last century.

It was on this correspondence page that the editress gave her opinion of the stories, articles and poems sent in to her by authors who apparently desired, as a rule, nothing in return save publicity and fame; and it would seem that they were obliged to buy the paper to ascertain the fate of their work. Thus the editress ensured a steady circulation and avoided the worry and expense of individual replies.

The following answers prove that she had no lack of material, and that it was not supplied by the pens of the great.

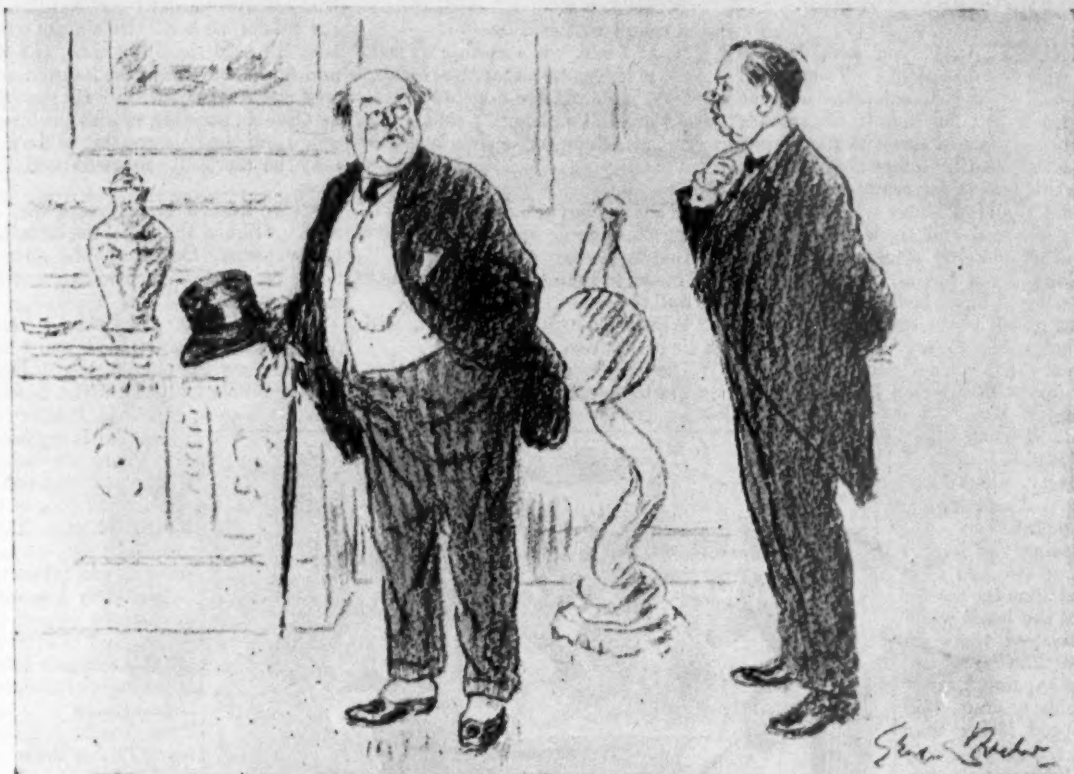
"W. A." she says, "must have patience, like the rest of our friends. If he saw our pile of papers his wonder at the non-insertion of his two poems would not be so great."

The next two remarks seem suggestive of personal feeling:—

"E. L.—We shall always be most happy to insert the poetry of this lady."

"Clara P. is informed we decline all articles from her pen and all further correspondence."

Next she displays righteous indigna-



Doctor. "YOUR MASTER IS DECIDEDLY BETTER, THOMPSON, BUT VERY IRRITABLE. HE MUSTN'T BE THWARTED."

Thompson. "HE EXPRESSES A WISH TO WRING MY NECK, SIR."

Doctor. "WELL—AH—HUMOUR HIM."

tion at an unwarrantable mistake which had arisen:—

"Notice to Correspondents. Many cases have occurred in which authors sending gratuitous contributions to the Editress have, on their insertion in the magazine, made a claim for remuneration on the proprietors; the Editress begs hereby to signify that no such claim will in future be attended to, and that all articles must be distinctly marked "gratuitous" when *as such* presented for her acceptance, so that no mistakes or misconceptions may arise."

Becoming wary after this unfortunate little *contretemps*, she now remarks:—

"N. C.—Accepted if gratuitous."

This is followed by further comments and criticisms:—

"G. B.—The verses shall appear, though there is nothing novel either in their subject or the manner in which it is treated. The very name of 'A Young Lady's Album' gives one a nausea."

"L. M. J.—The verses are declined; they would shame a child of seven years old, and being written by one of seven-

teen is no recommendation for nonsense."

"A. M.—The worse than nonsensical verses of this correspondent are of course declined."

"HENRY M. is a greater simpleton than we took him for."

"F. T. S."—she bursts out—"we really do wonder any person can pen such nonsense. Were we to publish the epitaph all our readers would stand in need of one, for they could not survive its perusal."

After reading this last sally I was not surprised to find the following in the next Correspondence page:—

"E. H.—Doubtless the advice is well intended, but we are not aware that any 'un-lady-like' or 'pert' or 'pettish' answers have ever been given to correspondents. As to our answers being 'too like the shallow attempts at wit of *Punch*, we confess we do not feel 'degraded by the comparison,' some of the most talented writers of the day being constant contributors to that periodical. E. H. is however thanked for the kind interest taken in our welfare."

Apparently after this she felt that the worm was about to turn, for she sank into a bald "Accepted" or "Refused," with one parting shot:—

"N. E.—We will comply with his request if he deems it worth the postage, which is equal to the value of the work."

After "perusing" (as our editress would have had it) the above, I turned with interest to the contributions which had been approved by this acid lady; and, after wading through a story of a young lady who died from a decline on the eve of marriage, some poems such as "A Lament of a Dying Mother to her Child," and one of a living mother to "My Children Departed," I shuddered at the thought of those contributions which the editress considered "worse than nonsensical" and which "gave her a nausea."

In future, when I receive the courteous regrets of an editor and he tells me that he is even obliged to me for "letting him see the enclosed," I shall feel that there is anyhow one feature in which we have improved on early-Victorian manners.

SUBURBAN SCENES.

BUYING A BOAT.

LAUGH at us if you will, but in Suburbia we do see life. Your garish artificial West-End existence may be strange to us; but here in Chisenham we are daily face to face with the simple, elemental, healthy forces of Nature.

At this season, for example, when we are not thinking about white-washing and grass-seed and garden-chairs and the other delights of Spring, we are thinking about boats. Either we are preparing to buy a boat, or we are preparing to sell a boat, or we are assisting our neighbour to buy (or sell) a boat. Who is there in your gilded Belgravia who opens the Season by buying (or selling) a boat? I do not mean a yacht. I mean a boat. A simple, natural, healthy, elemental thing. About twelve feet long.

Passing the ferry a week or two ago I observed upon the mast of one of the boats which are moored there the notice "FOR SALE." She is a grey-painted, dingy and elderly craft, built for speed rather than picnics, and with very little lying-down space. To my knowledge she has been lying there for years, and I have never given her a moment's thought before. The notice "FOR SALE," however, inflamed me (before now the notice "FOR SALE" upon a boat has inflamed the whole of Chisenham).

Unhappily I was not at the moment in the position to buy another boat.

"The very boat for Badger," I said to myself. Badger has no boat. He ought to have a boat. He *shall* have a boat.

I approached old Joe, one of the three elderly watermen who mysteriously exist upon a single ferry and the hire of a few rowing-boats. They never seem to be in want of work or the price of a beer; and they never seem to be working. Now and then they enter a ferry-boat, and slowly, painfully, with many remarks about the tide and about the weather, propel a passenger or two across the river. For the rest they sit against a wall, as Joe was sitting, contemplate Eternity and discuss (when possible) the buying and selling of boats.

"Good afternoon, Joe," said I.

"Afternoon, Sir," said old Joe gloomily. "Fine tide to-day, Sir."

"Yes," I said, "it's a big tide."

"Making up very fast with the east wind be'ind 'er," said he.

"Yes," I said, "it's making up fast."

"Be a bigger tide than yesterday, I daresay," said old Joe hopefully.

"I shouldn't wonder," I said.

(In Chisenham we devote large sections of the year to this kind of conversation.)

"What do they want for that boat?"

I inquired, judging that the subject of the tide was nearly exhausted.

A gleam of real interest quickened in the dull old eyes.

"What boat's that?" he said, with an air of surprise.

"The Bluebell."

"The Bluebell? Ah! I believe 'e'd let 'er go for ten pounds," he said.

though, there was no reason to suspect that old Joe had any direct interest in the sale of the boat. He simply wished that the boat should be sold; the pure and unselfish wish of the longshoreman that the property in all boats shall pass as often as possible, so that the interest of life and the conversation of the shore may be eternally renewed and kept alive.

"I've known 'er for years, Sir," he said. "She's the quickest little boat below locks. Or above," he added—"for 'er size." And he continued to meet my gaze.

I know old Joe. And old Joe knows me; and he knows that I know him. And he knew that I knew that this was not the whole truth about the Bluebell. But he also knows that I know the rules. He is my friend.

But there are neither friends nor enemies on the pitiless floor of the Boat Exchange. There are only buyers and sellers, and all those not immediately interested are on the side of the seller. And I knew that all the complex forces of modern civilisation, concentrated into one force, would not drag from Old Joe the whole truth about the Bluebell. For, if it were otherwise, how is the property in boats ever to pass, and how is the interest of life and the conversation of the shore to be perpetually renewed and kept alive?

"I see," I said, and left him.

I went to see Badger, who was very busy painting a picture. "I think I've found you a boat," I said. "The very thing for you."

"I don't want a boat," he replied.

"It's a bargain," I said, "if it's all right."

"Most things are," he answered.

"Go away."

I am not to be put off from a kind action merely by rudeness. It took me some time to persuade Badger (a) that he wanted a boat, and (b) that this was the kind of boat he wanted. But I did it.

The following Saturday afternoon saw Badger and Mrs. Badger, and Mr. Thompson and me, aboard the Bluebell, and Mr. Thompson hoisting the sails for inspection. And from the shore the three old ferrymen greedily observed us. Mr. Thompson was a dismal young man, who had arrived from a neighbouring suburb on a motor-bicycle, evidently



Visitor. "THE WOOD-NYMPHS," EH? BY JOVE!—I SAY—W-WHAT WOOD ARE THEY SUPPOSED TO BE MADE OF?"

"And she's cheap at that," he added, spitting (a sure sign that he was lying).

"Who does she belong to?" (Yes, I know that there are grammatical objections to that sentence, but that is what I said.)

"Young-feller-name-o'-Thompson."

"And why's he selling her?"

"Couldn't 'andle 'er. 'E don't know no more about sailin' a boat than I do about a sewin'-machine. An' 'e wants the money. Take less than ten, I dare say."

"Do you know anything about her?" I said. "What's her history?"

The old man boldly met my gaze (a sure sign that he was about to lie).

I have had occasion before to comment on the appalling influence exerted by those two noble and beautiful things, the horse and the boat, on the characters of men who have to deal with them in the way of commerce. In this case,



WHAT THE PUBLIC WANTS.

The Strong Man's Agent. "VAIRY NICE, GENTLEMEN! VAIRY PRETTY—NO?"
Member of Music-Hall Syndicate. "NOT SO BAD. BUT TELL YOUR CHAP THINGUMMY KOFF THAT IF HE DOES THAT TRICK WITH ONE LEG, AND LETS THE HORSE PRANCE A BIT, WE 'LL CONSIDER A TWO YEARS' ENGAGEMENT."

hated all boats, and loathed the *Bluebell* with a deadly loathing.

I had warned Badger not to be too particular about the sails, for sails can be repaired or replaced, and the hull (if sound) was worth the money alone.

The sails, as they went up, showed how right I had been. They hung, like the tatters of a stage beggar, flapping picturesquely in the breeze.

We turned our gaze downwards, where a sheet of water lapped about our boots. Badger knows nothing about the boat trade, and he kept on asking direct unwarrantable questions such as, "Does she leak?" Mr. Thompson said there had been a great deal of rain lately and guaranteed that all the water in the boat was rain. We sat and stared at it, trying to gauge if it was rising or not. Mrs. Badger inclined to the opinion that it was, but she knows nothing about boats.

I suggested to Badger in a whisper that he should offer Mr. Thompson five pounds for the *Bluebell*, subject to her

being "tight," as to which we should have to satisfy ourselves during the week. Mr. Thompson replied sourly that he had no time to waste; that he could not come to Chisenham every Saturday; that he would sell the boat for ten pounds; that he would be losing twenty pounds at that; that maybe some of the upper seams were a little dry; but—

At this point Badger, who knows nothing about boats, plunged his hand into the water and pulled from the *Bluebell's* frame a large strip of tow. The water rose like a flood. The boat began to sink. We left her rapidly.

Mr. Thompson mounted his motor-bicycle and silently rode away.

By this time the whole waterside knew that the property in the *Bluebell* was not to pass. Old Joe approached me, confidential and obsequious,

"If I were you, Sir," he said, "I wouldn't have nothing to do with that boat, Sir. I wouldn't say this to everyone, Sir, but I'm speaking to you as a friend. She's rotten, that's what she is.

What we calls 'nail-sick,' Sir. 'Nail-sick,'" he repeated with enjoyment. "There's not a sound plank in 'er. But she's that plugged up with putty and tow and red lead an' all, so's a gentleman like you wouldn't know the difference, I daresay. Rotten, that's what she is," he continued with enthusiasm. "I've known that boat for forty years, Sir. Mr. Potts give fifty pounds for 'er. An' after that Mr. Davids had 'er for a bit—Mr. Davids at the brewery. 'E give twenty, and 'e sold 'er for nine—"

"What did Mr. Thompson give for her?" I inquired curiously.

"She was left to 'im in a will," said Joe. "A legacy like."

"Ah!" I said. "It's funny, Joe, you didn't tell me all this the other day."

But old Joe did not seem to hear.

"Well, Sir," he said, "don't say I didn't warn you. I'm surprised," he added, "at a gentleman like you wasting your time over a boat like 'er."

"Yes," I said, "that's funny too."

A. P. H.

"PERFECTLY NATURAL."

THE Art photographer came into the home carrying an enormous suit-case, and he was a big man too. We were sitting talking idly about one thing and another when he was announced. I was at my desk, toying with a fountain-pen.

"That's precisely what I wanted," he said with a radiant smile—"a real domestic interest. A quiet scene in the home."

At the same time he began to unlimber.

"Don't move on any account," he went on. "Don't let me interrupt you for a moment. Go on talking to Madam and take no notice of me."

I opened my mouth—and shut it again. I thought of all the things that I had ever said to her in my life—serious things, trivial things, flowers, tobacco, poetry, politics, theatres, bills. Nothing would come out. She had begun to laugh a little to herself. I made a blot with the fountain-pen.

The photographer took out and unrolled two large whitesheets, like canvas cricket screens, only taller and not so long. He fixed one quite near me and one a little farther away. He shifted the position of two armchairs and took a pot of pink hyacinths off a side-table. He brought his camera over to the window, laid the shroud upon it and settled the legs of the tripod.

"Go on talking just as if I wasn't in the room," he said. "Keep entirely at your ease—and Madam too. I want a perfectly natural pose. Do you mind if I move the desk ever so little into the light?"

He caught hold of the top of the desk with two strong hands. Have I said that he was a very big strong man?

CRASH!

My desk is one of those desks the top part of which, where you put the letters you haven't answered, is detachable from the two side pieces, where you put the bills you haven't paid. The three parts were divided now. The contents of several drawers were spilt about the carpet. The typewriter was saved from being ruined by falling into the waste-paper basket. There seemed to be more paper-clips than I had supposed.

I myself was now sitting alone in my chair in the middle of the room, holding a pen in the position for toying, but with no surface on which to toy. I got up and helped the photographer to re-assemble the writing-desk.

"May I pick these papers up again?" I asked.

He said that I might. He then allowed me to move my chair up to the desk, and I sat down and recommenced to toy.

"Retain that perfectly natural position and go on talking to Madam as if I wasn't in the room," he smiled, stepping back quickly to the window and stumbling over the inkpot, shaped like a pelican, which my aunt gave me at Christmas-time. We had forgotten to pick that up off the floor.

"Don't interrupt your conversation in the least," he went on, lifting the rubber bulb in one of his strong hands.

There was a pause.

"Excuse me just a moment," he said, darting forward again and giving my coat a violent tug at the back. "Just to show the white of the collar above the coat, you know. That's ever so much better; that's almost perfect now."

He took up the rubber bulb again.

"Just a minute," he said. "I haven't quite got the sparkle of the eyes, as your head is now." (I had not known that they were sparkling at all.) "Turn the head slightly towards the window and tilt the chin upwards a little."

"May I go on toying with my fountain-pen?" I inquired.

"Certainly," he told me. "Keep a perfectly natural position, and make any remark you please to Madam, as if I were not here."

I could just see Madam out of the tail of my left eye. She appeared to be in a condition of suppressed hysteria.

The photographer took up the rubber bulb again. I opened the mouth a little and moistened the lips.

"Would you mind if I moved that bookcase a few inches forward so as to bring the books into the picture?" he asked. "They're just the note I want."

He went across the room and took the top of the bookcase in his strong hands.

THUMP!

My bookcase is one of those bookcases of which, when you move it, the back sometimes comes out. This was one of those times. Some of the books fell out in front and some fell out behind.

"Never mind about getting the volumes of the Encyclopedia in the right order," I said, as we knocked our heads together on the floor.

I then resumed my perfectly natural pose at the writing-desk. He would have got me this time, I think, if the sun had not gone in.

Twenty minutes later, when he had taken me sitting at ease in my chair and talking to Madam while I looked out of the window, and taken me again leaning comfortably against the sharp corner of the desk and talking to Madam while I looked at a picture on the wall, and taken me again close up to the camera, throwing out a few play-

ful remarks to Madam while I looked at the rubber bulb in his strong right hand, he said that that would do. He said that what people liked was to see a person sitting quite at ease, in unstudied positions, in the privacy of the home, talking of this and that.

"Yes," I said.

We had piled one or two of the chairs on the top of each other to get them out of the way, and re-hung a picture to bring it into the light, and accidentally knocked down a bust of the elder Pitt which had fallen on my toe; but I assured him that the marks on the carpet would not matter and that the varnish had often been scratched before. This seemed to reassure his mind.

When he had quite gone away I resumed my natural position at the desk once more and took up my pen.

"You were asking about spring-cleaning," I said in unstudied tones to Madam, who still seemed rather amused. "You can have it whenever you like."

CIDER.

"As sure as God made little apples."

Old Saying.

WHEN God had made the oak-trees,
And the beeches and the pines,
And the flowers and the grasses,
And the tendrils of the vines,
He saw that there was wanting
A something in His plan;
And He made the little apples,
The little cider apples,
The sharp, sour cider apples,
To prove His love for man.

Man made him ships of oak-trees
And masted them with pine,
And fed his bees with grasses
And his poets with the vine;
And then he made him presses
With weight and prop and screw,
And he pressed the little apples,
The little cider apples,
The sharp, sour cider apples,
And set him down to brew.

Ah, ye may praise your vintages
For colour or for fire,
But a lovelier, livelier liquor
They make in Devonshire,
In Hereford and Somerset,
And through the golden West,
From the juice of little apples,
The little cider apples,
The sharp, sour cider apples,
Creation's last and best.

"In the Park yesterday I saw a Life Guardsman with a nursemaid hanging on his arm, and behind her was trailing the baby in a perambulator squealing like fury."

Daily Paper.

We suppose the silly girl had forgotten to oil the wheels.

WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.



XXXI.—LITTLE BO-PEEP AND LITTLE BOY BLUE.

"What have you done with your sheep,
Little Bo-Peep?
What have you done with your sheep,
Bo-Peep?"

"Little Boy Blue, what fun!
I've lost them every one."
"Oh, what a thing to have done,
Little Bo-Peep!"

"What have you done with your sheep,
Little Boy-Blue?
What have you done with your sheep,
Boy Blue?"

"Little Bo-Peep, my sheep
Went off when I was asleep."
"I'm sorry about your sheep,
Little Boy Blue."

"What are you going to do,
Little Bo-Peep?
What are you going to do,
Bo-Peep?"
"Little Boy Blue, you'll see
They'll all come home to tea."
"They wouldn't do that for me,
Little Bo-Peep."

"What are you going to do,
Little Boy Blue?
What are you going to do,
Boy Blue?"
"Little Bo-Peep, I'll blow
My horn for an hour or so."
"Isn't that rather slow,
Little Boy Blue?"

"Whom are you going to marry,
Little Bo-Peep?
Whom are you going to marry,
Bo-Peep?"
"Little Boy Blue, Boy Blue,
I'd like to marry you."
"I think I should like it too,
Little Bo-Peep."

"Where are we going to live,
Little Boy Blue?
Where are we going to live,
Boy Blue?"
"Little Bo-Peep, Bo-Peep,
Up in the hills with the sheep."
"And you'll love your little Bo-Peep,
Little Boy Blue?"

"I'll love you for ever and ever,
Little Bo-Peep;
I'll love you for ever and ever,
Bo-Peep."

"Little Boy Blue, my dear,
Keep near, keep very near."
"I shall be always here,
Little Bo-Peep."

A. A. M.



Ernest H. Shepard



Ambitious Mother (to schoolgirl). "MY DEAR, YOU REALLY MUST NOT EAT YOUR FOOD SO DAINTILY. THE BEST PEOPLE SIMPLY SHOVEL IT IN."

THE CLASSIFYING OF BILL.

I NEVER could make out what Bill was. But I don't think I realised the problem fully till I came to fill in the proposal form for an insurance policy against Workmen's Compensation risks.

The fact of the matter is I am building a house. I have been doing so for nearly thirteen months now, although the architect promised to have it finished in five. I sometimes wonder whether he once spoke a word in anger or tactlessly to Bill early on in the proceedings. If so, this would account for it.

Bill came with the first load of bricks, and he will certainly not depart before the last rite has been performed. He has wonderful smooth pink cheeks, like a Jonathan apple, a black moustache and dark-brown eyes which seem to puncture one's very soul with their unwinking intensity. He never smiles, and his replies to inquiries are models of verbal economy. Yet he does not give the impression of a churl—rather of a Great Thinker, perhaps a re-incar-

nation of some ancient sage. Somehow, therefore, he never seemed to fit in with his surroundings. Can you imagine the Sphinx presiding over the birth-pangs of a desirable villa residence?

Try as I would, I have never been able to determine Bill's exact function or calling in connection with the building of my home. He is not a brick-layer, though I have seen him with a brick in his hand scrutinising it with gentle melancholy. He is not a plasterer any more than a bishop could be a contortionist. He is not a plumber, for he walks alone. He is not a carpenter. He performs only two visible functions with anything like regularity; and they are not such as to make his classification easy. First, he makes tea—gallons of it—in the dusty shed near the road. Secondly, he invariably appears to greet me when I go to look for the foreman and as invariably states (looking me fixedly in the eyes) that this functionary has only that minute gone down the road and it's a wonder I didn't meet him.

So you see what I was up against when I had to fill in an insurance form for Bill. I understand that, if you make a false entry in your proposal form, your contract may be rendered null and void. Yet Bill was there all the time, and liable at any moment to fall off a ladder in his sleep or to scald himself with the tea-kettle. I knew what his wages were; I knew what his hours were. I knew everything about him except what his job was.

Then it dawned on me suddenly, and I entered it in the form, in block letters after his name, "MASCOT."

Commercial Pride.

From a grocer's advertisement:—

"LAST WEEK
we introduced the penny pre-war Fresh Egg."
Local Paper.

"I would paraphrase the remark Kipling, then an exile, made when April opened, as today, and say, 'Oh! to be in Lincolnshire now April's here.'"—*Local Paper.*

But, to paraphrase BROWNING, "What do they know of England who only Lincolnshire know?"



THE VELVET BOOT.

MR. ASQUITH. "UNLESS YOU PROVE A MORE DESIRABLE TENANT IT MAY BECOME MY PAINFUL DUTY TO—"

MR. MACDONALD. "EVICT ME?"

MR. ASQUITH. "NO, NO; BUT I MAY HAVE TO THREATEN TO GIVE YOU SEVERAL MONTHS' NOTICE."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, April 7th.—Prompted, no doubt, by Mr. PONSONBY's announcement last week that there were to be no more secret treaties, Mr. H. H. SPENCER inquired whether the FOREIGN SECRETARY had discovered any such engagements entered into by his predecessors. Hopes of sensational revelations were dashed by Mr. MACDONALD's reply that the answer was in the negative. But when Mr. SPENCER asked if he might then infer that the policy of the Government was in fact just the same as that of previous Administrations Mr. MACDONALD rapped out, "Certainly not."

Yet, when Mr. BALDWIN inquired if the House would be consulted regarding any fresh arrangements relating to inter-Alleied indebtedness before they were concluded, the PRIME MINISTER replied that the Government would claim the same freedom of action as their predecessors had enjoyed—"on any other conditions negotiations would be impossible." But he declined to admit Mr. BALDWIN's assumption that Mr. PONSONBY's statement meant nothing; and, when Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN asked what it did mean, declared that that was a matter for debate.

Further evidence of a lack of co-ordination between the Prophets (Major and Minor) of the Ministry was provided when the House resumed the discussion of the Rent Restriction Bill. The PRIME MINISTER was not very happy in his attempts to reconcile what Mr. WHEATLEY and Mr. CLYNES had said on the previous occasion, and still less so in his exposition of the Amendment by which the Government proposed to purge Clause 1 of its iniquity.

His oft-repeated assertion that "the situation is perfectly clear" brought no comfort either to Mr. BALDWIN, who complained that what he hoped would be "a luciferous Minister" had plunged the House "into a still more profound tenebrosity," or to Mr. ASQUITH, who described the effect that the speech had produced upon Members as one of "in-spissated gloom." Both alike urged the Government to withdraw Clause 1 with its meaningless Amendment.

When the division was taken, Mr. ASQUITH did not follow up his strong language by going into the Lobby against the Bill, and about half the Liberals present voted with the Government; but the score or so who joined the Unionists were just enough to defeat the Bill, the figures being 221—212.

Much may be forgiven to a man who is struggling to carry on the Administration of the country without a majority in Parliament, and at the same time to reconcile the differences in his own party between the moderates who favour a Fabian policy (in both senses of the epithet) and the revolutionaries who believe with PROUDHON that property is theft. Still, it would have been wiser if Mr. MACDONALD had refrained from the suggestion that his opponents were more concerned to defeat the Government than to help the unemployed, a charge which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE (who himself took no part in the division) vigorously rebutted.



The Sparrow (to the Cuckoo). "I SUPPOSE I MUST DO MY BEST FOR YOU, THOUGH YOU AREN'T MY CHICK."
MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD AND MR. E. D. SIMON.

In the evening the Government were again beaten on a minor point. But this second defeat may have been a blessing in disguise, for in the excitement that prevailed Mr. E. D. SIMON's Prevention of Evictions Bill slipped through its Second Reading.

Tuesday, April 8th.—Lord ASQUITH, with a fine optimism, moved the Second Reading of a Bill designed to make strikes and lock-outs illegal, pending an official inquiry into the cause of dispute. The measure was supported by Lord BUXTON, who blamed the Government for their action or inaction in recent strikes, and declared that they had not lifted a finger to help the public.

This unkindness grieved Lord HALDANE. Far from doing nothing, he said, the Government had "closely scrutin-

ized" the disputes. Moreover, they intended to set up a new investigation of the question of strikes and their prevention "as soon as they could get their heads above water." From Lord CECIL's disappointment with the reply I gather that, in his opinion, the emersion of the Great Seal and his friends will be completed about the period of the Greek Kalends.

To an inquiry whether the Board of Trade had adequate powers to deal with rings and combines Mr. WEBB replied that he did not think the powers of the Government on any subject were adequate. Shortly afterwards, however, he showed that they were strong enough to hamstring the Safeguarding of Industries Act, for he announced that the Government intended to drop Part II. of the Act after August 19th.

In vain perturbed Protectionists pleaded the cause of silk and embroidery. Mr. WEBB has no use for these adornments. He is a Free-Trader with no frills on him.

Mr. BALDWIN asked what the Government were going to do about their defeat. Mr. MACDONALD replied that, although Mr. SIMON's Bill was in its present form "altogether unsatisfactory," they proposed to examine it with a view to its suitable emendation. He was not much more enthusiastic about it than the hedge-sparrow is over the cuckoo's chick which she finds in her nest, but, like that philosophical bird, will do his best to be a mother to it.

A well-meaning attempt by Mr. HALL CAINE to make "sympathetic" strikes and lock-outs illegal was frustrated by Mr. SEXTON, who, while expressing his own opinion that strikes of all kinds

were an economic fallacy, declared that in the present state of society the right to strike sympathetically or otherwise was a weapon that the working classes could not abandon. The House accepted his view by 226 to 131.

In moving the Second Reading of the Unemployment Insurance (No. 3) Bill Mr. SHAW gave a much rosier account of the Insurance Fund than Dr. MACNAMARA was prepared to endorse. The Government were rebuked by several Members for not having carried out their pre-Election policy of "work, not doles," but received the unexpected—and I fear unwelcome—support of Mr. HOPKINSON, who thought that in the long run the unemployed would be less demoralized by money-grants than by State-provided work.

Wednesday, April 9th.—Attention

was called to the expulsion from Rome of a British newspaper correspondent called GIGLIO. Recollections of *The Rose and the Ring* should, I think, have made Mr. PONSOMBY a little more sympathetic in his reply. At any rate I hope that Mr. GIGLIO will have as happy an ending to his misfortunes as did THACKERAY's hero.

"Deplorable," "cowardly," "calamitous" were some of the epithets applied by Mr. LLOYD GEORGE to the Treaty of Lausanne. Even the fact that the original draft was written in French instead of English was described as a blow to our prestige; and the Turk was represented as saying, "I can bluff to my heart's content; there's nothing here that can stand up to me."

Sir G. BUTLER thought there might be a better augury for the future in a Treaty negotiated on equal terms than in those dictated by victors to the vanquished; and Mr. BALDWIN, who attributed Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's disappointment with the Treaty to his not having had a hand in it himself, thought it quite possible that the infant born at Lausanne might prove healthier than that of Versailles.

On the motion for the adjournment Sir KINGSLEY WOOD called attention to the hard case of a number of his Woolwich constituents who were threatened with eviction by the FIRST COMMISSIONER OF WORKS for non-payment of rent. Mr. JOWETT made a well-reasoned defence of the Government's action *qua* landlord; but naturally his speech did not altogether square with Ministerial utterances on a similar topic earlier in the week.

Mr. AMERY contrasted it favourably with the "sob-stuff" of which the House had previously heard so much. This description of a style of oratory often favoured by the Glasgow School was too much for Mr. BUCHANAN, who called Mr. AMERY "a little swine" and "a guttersnipe." The SPEAKER had just time to call him to order before Big Ben tolled half-past eleven and the House automatically adjourned.

Thereupon Mr. BUCHANAN, with threatening mien, advanced upon Mr. AMERY, who promptly landed him one on the jaw. It looked for a moment as if there were going to be a repetition of the historic "free fight," but happily other Members intervened between the combatants

and the contest ended, modern fashion, in a single round.

Thursday, April 10th.—Referring to last night's fracas the SPEAKER solemnly warned the House against the growing



"THE GREAT SEAL."

LORD HALDANE.

The Great Seal. "IF ONLY I COULD GET MY HEAD ABOVE WATER."

habit of flinging unparliamentary expressions across the floor, and announced his intention in future of suspending offenders—and not for one day only. Mr. BUCHANAN thereupon apologised, and withdrew what he had said about Mr. AMERY. Mr. AMERY in his turn hoped that Mr. BUCHANAN would not

bear him any ill-will for "action taken in the heat of the moment;" and the incident closed. I rather think that Mr. AMERY's buffet may inaugurate a permanent improvement in Parliamentary manners.

The result of the division on the question of railway-passes for M.P.s was a foregone conclusion. There is much to be said for the concession, as Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN frankly admitted, though he advocated further examination before it was granted. But, with the Easter holidays in view, as Major ASTOR pointed out in a telling—and, I imagine, personally disinterested—speech, Members wanted their passes at once. Then there was the question whether they should be first-class (at a cost of £70,000), or third-class (£42,000). Here again there was little doubt of the decision. The "dignity" of the House must be considered, not to mention the practical disadvantage to Members from Scotland if they could not obtain sleeping-carriages. The motion was eventually carried by 245 to 112. In the circumstances the size of the minority was distinctly surprising.

Offence the Best Defence.

"Mr. Amery landed Mr. Buchanan a blow on the jaw."—*Daily Paper*.

"1900 Club.—Mr. L. S. Amery, M.P., will speak on 'The necessity of Protection.'" *Same Paper, same day.*

From a Parliamentary report:—

"Mr. Asquith (L.—Paisley) confessed that for one he associated himself with the stupid Party. (Laughter)."—*Birmingham Paper*. But not, we feel sure, his better half.

"The one man who has defended schoolmasters more than anybody else, Rudyard Kipling, was not there. Someone ought to have recited his poem, 'Let us now praise famous men.'" *Daily Paper*.

But Ecclesiastical still holds the copyright.

"LORD DARLING ON IMPULSE." *Headline in Daily Paper*.

WORDSWORTH prophesied better than he knew when he made Nature say:—

"Myself shall to my darling be Both law and impulse."

"Cambridge University today upset all calculations and beat Oxford University by four and half lengths in 18 minutes 41 seconds on the classic Mutley to Mortlake course." *West-Country Paper*.

One Dark Blue, not having heard of the change of venue, started from Putney and finished at Bow Street.



"THE RIGHT TO STRIKE."

between the combatants MR. SEXTON (NOT MR. AMERY) AND MR. HALL CAINE (NOT MR. BUCHANAN).



Visitor from Town (who is suffering from school bills). "TEN AT A TIME—TWICE IN THE YEAR?"

Farmer. "YES, THAT'S IT—ABOUT TWENTY IN THE TWELVEMONTH—AND THEY DON'T 'ARDLY PAY THEN."

Visitor. "PAY! MAN, YOU OUGHT TO BE THANKFUL YOU HAVEN'T TO EDUCATE 'EM."

INVISIBLE AUTHORS.

(By Our Medical Phobologist.)

ALL persons interested in the well-being of a community in which the prevalence of neuroticism is unhappily on the increase will be grateful to Mr. STACY AUMONIER for his timely article in *The Evening Standard*. With a cogency of reasoning only equalled by the felicity of his illustrations he pleads for the invisibility of eminent authors. The author, he contends, should never be seen or photographed. It destroys the illusion; it shatters the mental picture you have formed of a commanding personality.

Modern doctors will not merely endorse Mr. AUMONIER's contention; they will go much further. Their practice makes them acquainted with many persons who have suffered a sort of spiritual shell-shock from having been brought into actual contact with a revered figure, only to find that the reality falls lamentably short of the august splendours of the vision created by their reverence. Only a few days ago a famous psychoanalyst of Harley Street described to the present writer the pathetic condition of a patient who had enjoyed admirable health up to the age of fifty-seven. Until then he had been a devout,

nay idolatrous, admirer of the genius of Mr. SHAW, whom he had always mentally visualised as of massive and monumental stature, clean-shaven and with a Dantesque profile. The effect of seeing the great author at a public meeting was simply catastrophic, and ever since he has been suffering from acute enteroptosis and a tendency to lethargic obesity. For a while the case seemed incurable, but the physician is now able to report a slight improvement as the result of convincing the patient, while in a state of deep hypnosis, that the Dantesque figure was the real SHAW, and the figure seen at the lecture was a subjective hallucination.

But the permanent maintenance of this salutary inversion cannot yet be counted upon, and at a time when the recurrence of an influenza epidemic is long overdue, and the liability of highly-strung natures to lose their poise when subjected to the impact of the unexpected is proportionally enhanced, it is imperatively necessary that due precautions should be taken. The consensus of expert psychological opinion strongly favours the passage of a short Act rendering it compulsory for all authors, the annual sale of whose works exceeds twenty thousand copies, to wear masks in public or, alternatively,

to reside in remote islands, light-houses or other places occult from observation. The example of Mr. A. S. M. HUTCHINSON, who, according to Mr. AUMONIER, has just gone a thousand miles down the Amazon, is highly commended; but it is felt that it is rather too much to expect all authors to subject themselves to the privations and even dangers inseparable from travel in tropical climates frequented by dangerous animals and savage tribes. Disguise is a simpler remedy than expatriation, especially when the latter exposes the traveller to contact with natives whose appetites are anthropophagous.

It is much to be feared, however, that the passage of the salutary measure recommended above may meet with insuperable obstacles. For the moment, therefore, I can only impress upon my readers that, if they should be so unfortunate as to meet for the first time any illustrious author or artist, they should at once return home, take a strong dose of aspirin and remain in bed until the initial effects of the shock have passed away.

"The climax came when Father — gave Macbeth's Soliloquy—"To be or not to be . . ."

Central American Paper.

So much less hackneyed than Hamlet's.

ERRING HUMANITY.

"If ever you feel tempted to gamble at the tables," said Ernest, lowering his voice solemnly, "just remember the awful expressions we saw on some of the faces in that dreadful room."

We were sitting in the deserted concert-room of the Kursaal, and Ernest, being some years my senior and having been abroad once before, was cautioning me against the gay life of the Continent. I was, in fact, more or less under his wing.

"Don't turn your head too suddenly," he went on, lowering his voice still further, "but just take a peep at that poor creature with a scrap of paper in her hand—over in the corner there. See her dab at the paper with her pencil. Observe the tragic concentration on her poor vicious face. She left the gaming-table just before we came out. I saw her lose a five-franc piece, probably her very last one to judge from the agony on her face. Now, then, do you grasp the full significance of that scrap of paper?"

Not having seen so much of the world as Ernest had, I hazarded the guess that possibly the girl was reckoning up her gains. Ernest smiled tolerantly.

"If I know anything of the type," said he, setting his mouth firmly, "that poor devil is working out a 'system.' You know about those 'systems,' of course?"

I didn't. So Ernest explained the whole thing to me. He said that some people spent whole years in trying to perfect their gambling systems, and that they usually ended by becoming monomaniacs on the subject.

"That poor fool is almost certainly a case in point," he whispered sadly. "Let us study her profile; you will find it interesting. Note the puckered brow and the pallid cheek. Observe the unusual angle of the chin, the fish-like mouth—a peculiar blend of unflinching resolve and pitiful hesitancy—and the vacant eye. See how she licks the pencil, makes as if to write, then changes her mind and throws her head back to stare dully at the ceiling. Just Heaven! that so young a thing should drift into becoming a reckless gamster. Picture her, laddie, clutching her thin

clothes about her as the gay lights of this gilded hell are switched out one by one in the chill hour before dawn. Follow her in fancy as she totters out



"SEE HOW SHE LICKS THE PENCIL."

on to the deserted promenade, her pitiful little 'system' crushed to her bosom, her dry eyes peering wearily into the shadows for some spot in which to rest her tired bones."



"SHE'S A SCHOOL-TEACHER FRIEND OF MINE—MISS JONES FROM PECKHAM."

I felt chilled. There was, of course, a certain exhilaration about finding oneself in such an atmosphere of devilry. It would be something to talk about when I got home. But the contemplation of that distraught girl depressed me beyond words.

"What is her nationality?" I inquired.

Ernest's keen eyes narrowed to mere slits as his glance swept over the lonely figure.

"Czecho-Slav," he answered without hesitation. "Her type—the Magyar—is, I imagine, common enough in the south-eastern corner of Hungary, where the Carpathians loop over towards the Danube."

A mist rose before my youthful eyes. In fancy I glimpsed the simple homestead, drowsing by the lonely foothills of far-away Transylvania. I saw a grey-haired mother, pitifully gay in native costume, shading her eyes to stare away into the west for the erring daughter who would never come again.

"The wretched creature hasn't even enough spirit left to dress her part," I whispered sadly. "You would never guess what a fast life she's living."

Ernest laughed bitterly.

"Wait till you have seen as much of the world as I have," he retorted, "then come and tell me whether the inveterate gambler is always dressed in purple and fine raiment. Let us get back to the hotel and forget it all."

Over a cup of coffee and a cigarette in the hotel lounge we grew more cheerful again. And, although the vision of that hopeless broken girl persisted in saddening me from time to time, I ended by forgetting her altogether. Even

Ernest had dropped her as a subject for conversation. He was yawning heavily.

"If you don't mind, old man," he said at length, "I'll get—Great Scott! Don't look round!"

In a flash he was wide-awake again, staring over my shoulder with eyes that bulged.

"That poor creature from the Kursaal," he whispered hurriedly. "She's just come in with Miss Jupp, the girl we met at dinner! Is she such a poor creature, after all, or have we chanced across one of those fascinating parasites that batten on the good-natured? We must see this through. We must put Miss Jupp on her

guard. Ah! we shall soon know. Miss Jupp has left her sitting near the door and is coming over to us."

And in a moment Miss Jupp, seating herself at our table, was talking feverishly.

"You saw me come in with that girl?" she began. "Well, I don't like to bother you, but the position is this—"

Here she hesitated, and Ernest's keen eyes narrowed significantly as he kicked me under the table.

"She's too shy to come over herself," resumed Miss Jupp, causing Ernest to chuckle cynically, "so I'm acting as her agent. She's a school-teacher friend of mine—Miss Jones—from Peckham, and she's going in for the picture-puzzle competition in the *Weekly Money-spinner*. Now, she must post her solutions off to-night, and I wondered if you could help her over the last picture. She tells me she sat in a quiet spot in the Kursaal for a solid hour this evening trying to solve it. But without success. Now this is the one—"

But Ernest, studiously avoiding my gaze, pleaded so violent a headache that Miss Jupp advised him to go straight up to bed.

And Ernest went.

A RESTAURANT ROMANCE.

No such thing had ever been heard in this fashionable restaurant before. It shocked the waiter, of course; but waiters are not supposed to have nerves. Unfortunately the phrase reached the ears of the *maitre d'hôtel*. That hypersensitive gentleman seemed to fall into a coma. He was most alarmingly still. When a little colour returned to his cheeks he walked in swaying fashion out into the lounge and sat down. Until that day he had never sat down before 3 P.M.

The thing was said by a man at the next table to me. He had with him a pretty girl, and for both of them, I speculated, it was the first visit.

Here is how I piece the story together. She had a job at anything from three to five pounds a week. He had a little more, no doubt, and they visited the same tea-shop for lunch. She had an eightpenny pudding or pie, a long cold drink, some fruit and, occasionally, a cup of tea. He affected cold meat and pickles, rolls and butter, and perhaps two cups of coffee. Now and then it was his pleasant privilege to pass her the salt.

He had spoken first, and it was a remark about the waitress—a harmless little pleasantry. The girl in black with the white cap had asked, "Are you a



Huntsman of Foxhounds (visiting the West-Country). "WELL, THERE'S ONE THING ABOUT THIS STAG-UNTIN—YOU CAN'T VERY WELL LOSE AN ANIMAL OF THAT SIZE."

Huntsman of Stag-hounds. "ON THE OTHER 'AND, IF I DO, 'TAIN'T NO USE MY PRETENDIN' HE'S GONE TO GROUND."

steak and kidney?" And then he had asked his *vis-à-vis* in slate and a blue hat if he looked like a steak and kidney. But we have no business to pry into Love's temple. Sufficient if I tell you that they made friends, and one evening the sunset made them lovers.

George—so she called him when I sat next them—was promoted the other day. I can't give you details, but I'm sure he gets anything from seven to ten pounds a week, enough to be married on. Anyway there had to be a celebration. Of course normally it was quite right that Olive should continue to pay for her own meals. She could afford it, and George was saving. But George did not want to be regarded as mean, and one wonderful day he insisted on taking Olive to a place where they charge so much that the bread is free, and I chanced to be at the next table.

But for that chance you could not be let into the secrets in this way.

When George and Olive had finished their meal, an oddly chosen affair it must be admitted, George cried to the waiter for the bill.

"L'addition, M'sieur? At once." The waiter slid softly off.

"Hi!" The waiter returned, all petitionary attention.

"Both together, y'know." And that is why the *maitre d'hôtel* has those awful starts in his sleep.

Our Candid Premier.

FROM MR. MACDONALD'S letter to local Labour candidates:—

"The manner in which the Government is facing the legacy of chaos left by previous administration in foreign affairs is only equalled by the dislocation and disabilities suffered by our local governing authorities."

Daily Paper.

MISSOLONGHI.

APRIL 19TH, 1824.

SADLY, beyond a waste of shallows dim,
 An April day died, even as it began.
 Rain-swept, the peaks on the horizon rim
 Had lost all colour and form;
 Along the Cephalonian breakers ran
 A sullen throb of storm.

Then, with the setting of that sun unseen,
 Another baffled fire was doomed to wane,
 A flame that never poised itself serene
 Upon its lamp of clay,
 But streamed aslant and spent itself in vain
 And fumed its light away.

Then flickered out a mighty spirit uncalm,
 Not happy in coming nor in sojourning,
 Yet in departing happy, when the palm
 And laurel life denied
 Death gave, and when one last unbroken string
 Thrilled true ere music died.

Valour unfruitful, pallid dreams new-dead,
 Frustration, with its hourly fret and jar,
 Walked near him, and he, knowing where they led,
 Held fast the strong desire
 That Death might lift his memory like a star
 High above murk and mire.

Ah, well for him if, looking back, we see
 That proud-hewn face, not bent in mimic scorn,
 Not touched with wavering gleams of revelry,
 But frozen into peace,
 And low upon that earth the most forlorn
 Known of the winds of Greece. D. M. S.

MORE GLIMPSES OF THE ZOO.

ANY reader of our newspapers must be aware of the human interest that abounds among the residents in the Zoological Gardens. From day to-day we are informed of marriages and givings in marriage, birthday parties, sports and pastimes, and other interesting details of the social life of the Zoo. Christian names are given in all cases. Occasionally these facts are contributed by a Fellow of the Zoological Society. It is some other fellow, however, who has sent us the following:—

Poor Egbert, the alligator, has been suffering from severe toothache for several days. It is pathetic to see him with his face swathed in red flannel and with hot-water bottles ranged along the entire length of his jaw. Keeper Dobbison is unremitting in his attentions, gently tucking in blankets loosened in the patient's restless tossings, bringing now a glass of water, now a bowl of bread-and-milk, now a blood-orange, in the hope of tempting his appetite. Egbert is so deplorably weak, having eaten nothing since last Friday, that it is only with difficulty that he can raise his fore-paw when his medical man wants to feel his pulse; and he has not even the strength to bite the thermometer. So devoted is Keeper Dobbison that he has made up a shake-down near the pool, where he lies the whole night through listening at the bars, ready to attend to Egbert's slightest want.

The marriage announced recently between Reginald and Amelia, the handsome young kiwis, will not take place.

When the junior rhinoceros is christened towards the end of the month she will receive the name of Daffodil. The ceremony will be performed by Miss Tommy Flipp, of

the beauty chorus in *Sideslips*, who has declared that the rhinoceros is her favourite animal. A bottle of champagne gaily adorned with ribbons will be broken over Daffodil's brow, and as she slides gracefully into the water a fanfare of trumpets will be performed by Arthur, Robert and Martha, the elephants.

Elsie, the Abyssinian gazelle who resides on one of the peaks of the Mappin Terraces, did a kindly action the other day. Observing the depression of Hildebrand, the small brown bear who rocks to and fro on a lower terrace, at having received no nuts for fully five minutes, she butted a half-nibbled banana so skilfully that it fell at his feet. No one who witnessed Hildebrand's smile and grateful upward glance can doubt that kindness is appreciated by even the most bearlike of natures.

The weekly prize of a bunch of grapes awarded by the Committee to the best-behaved denizen of the Zoo goes this week to Clarence, the bald-headed vulture, who came with triumphant dignity through a most provoking ordeal on Saturday last. Half an hour before lunch was served to Clarence an elderly man stopped before his enclosure, took off his hat, produced a ham sandwich from a paper bag and actually had the ill-manners to entertain passers-by with a feeble imitation of the captive bird. Clarence maintained his calmness of demeanour by a magnificent effort and fully merited his reward.

THE CHINK IN THE ARMOUR.

(According to a scientist, statistics seem to show that orators generally enjoy long lives.)

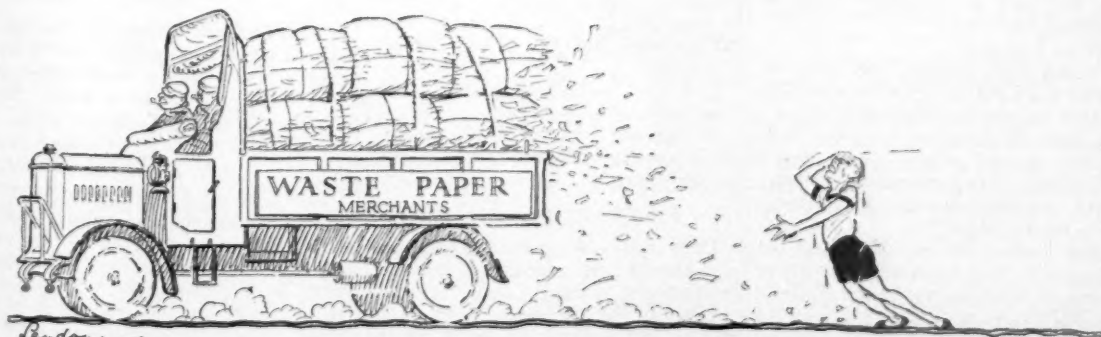
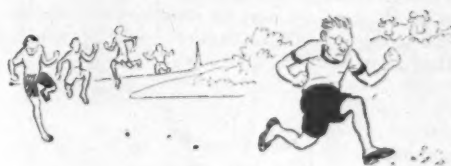
THOMAS, full oft have I been moved to wonder
 By what mysterious impulse you are stirred
 At those too frequent times when forth you thunder
 Your views on any topic that's occurred;
 When, in our homes or in the railway carriage,
 Totally unencouraged, you begin
 Haranguing us on medicine or marriage,
 Ludo or listening-in.

Does he (I've mused, while suffering this infliction)
 Essay to set at rest his secret doubts
 And in an anxious search for self-conviction
 Lay down the law with oratoric shouts,
 Or does he deem himself, as some allege, wise,
 A sage Sir Oracle, whose least remark
 Forbids us all to get a word in edgewise
 And any dog to bark?

But now my fancy takes a new direction:
 A purely selfish war with old you wage,
 Remembering the probable connection
 'Twixt oratory and a ripe old age;
 We're forced to listen, growing daily more dumb,
 Failing to cope with your stentorian ways,
 And suffer all the agonies of boredom
 To bring you length of days.

Thomas, if this should really be your reason,
 Consider rather how it may befall
 If you continue rudely thus to seize on
 Each conversation and usurp it all;
 This plan may prove unworthy your reliance
 When some of us whose patienties you tax
 Arise and stultify the views of Science
 Abruptly with an axe.

"The engine is of 45 h.p., and, it is stated, has done the work of three horses."—*Evening Paper*.
 Under Trade Union rules, of course.



THE CHASE: A "SCRAP OF PAPER" TRAGEDY.

FRIENDSHIP'S OFFERING.

It was in those careless far-off days when we were all beginning and had vowed to do what we could for each other, that we used to meet at the Gate House on Hampstead Heath (where knives and forks used by DICK TURPIN were kept in a glass case), and, either in one of the arbours or upstairs indoors, according to the weather, compared notes and planned campaigns.

It is of one of the more shameless of those campaigns that I would tell.

Among us was one whom I will call Tommy Ridler (now an illustrious publicist). To him Fortune had been less kind than to some of us, and he had got not even one toe on the ladder: nothing that he wrote was accepted.

As I have said, we were all pledged to help each other, and, on the evening that I am recalling, Dick Struthers (also now well known by another name), who had just come back from a holiday on the Norfolk Broads, was talking about the birds there.

"Now take the cornercrake," he said. "That's a rum 'un if you like. It makes a row all day and half the night, and no one's ever seen one yet."

"Nonsense," said I. "They have them in museums."

"Maybe," he said. "But museums don't count."

"Still, they had to be stuffed," I said. I was argumentative in those days.

"Taxidermists don't count either," said Dick. "Speaking generally, no one has ever seen a cornercrake. Jolly interesting, isn't it?"

Even I agreed.

"Look here, Tommy," he went on, "why don't you mug up the cornercrake in some book and write about it. That's the kind of thing editors like: facts about a mystery, even if the mystery's only a bird. Give your inventive powers a rest for a few minutes and try information for a change."

And Tommy did so. He found out all about the cornercrake, otherwise known as landrail, one of the *Rallidae*, the *Rallus crex* of LINNÆUS, and all the rest of it. He dug out of the Classics the legend that it was the cornercrake or landrail that was the *Ortygometra*

which led the quail on its voyages. He described its self-protective colouring (see Mimicry in Nature); its ventriloquial powers, so that you never know in which direction it is; its haunts; its eggs, usually eleven in number, laid in a nest in the long grass; and the whole bag of tricks. And what is more, he got the article accepted. There it was, in our favourite hunting-ground for guineas, *The Globe and Traveller*: "The Mysterious Cornercrake—From a Correspondent." Not a "Turnover"—Tommy's style was not flexible enough for that—but an inside column.

"Splendid!" said Dick when he heard the news. "Now we must get busy and rub this in. Tommy's future as the popular ornithologist must be made."



Disgusted Diner. "I'VE TASTED CONSIDERABLY BETTER STEAKS THAN THIS, WAITER."
Waiter. "NOT HERE, SIR, YOU HAVEN'T—NOT HERE."

"Is ornithology a necessity?" Tommy pathetically inquired. "You've no notion how I loathe birds."

"Of course," said Dick, "you must continue as you have begun. You must be identified in the public mind with our feathered friends. That's the art of success."

And in a few telling words he outlined the campaign.

During the week the Editor of *The Globe and Traveller* received the following missives:—

The Laurels, Tunbridge Wells.

DEAR SIR,—My husband, who is a well-known medical man and amateur ornithologist, is deeply interested in the article on the Cornercrake which you printed last week. He would much like to be put in touch with the author, if that is permissible, and he hopes that

you will be able to give us more of his admirable work.

I am, Yours faithfully,
SELINA PARRISH.

107, Trumpington Street,
Cambridge.

DEAR SIR,—You have, if you will allow me to say so, discovered a real treasure in the contributor who writes on the Cornercrake. I have rarely read anything more fascinating than his account of that strangely elusive bird. It would be a boon to me personally if you would invite him to give you a series of articles on other of our stranger birds, such as the woodcock, the snipe and, say, the hawk family, of which too little is known.

I am,
Yours faithfully,
MARCUS GROW.

*The Nook,
Hampstead Heath.*

DEAR SIR,—You can't think what a pleasure you gave to my family and myself by that article on the Cornercrake. If only there was less about politics and divorce and police and more about nature, how much sweeter would the papers be! Please get this fascinating Correspondent to write again.

Yours sincerely,
AGATHA THORN.

198, Lincoln's Inn
Fields, W.C.

DEAR SIR,—Kindly forward the enclosed letter to your Correspondent on the Cornercrake. It is not written to attempt to lure him

from your literary staff, but to congratulate him on a first-class piece of work and wish him health and strength to continue. Yours faithfully,

AMBROSE HEARTY.

St. Francis' College, Eastbourne.

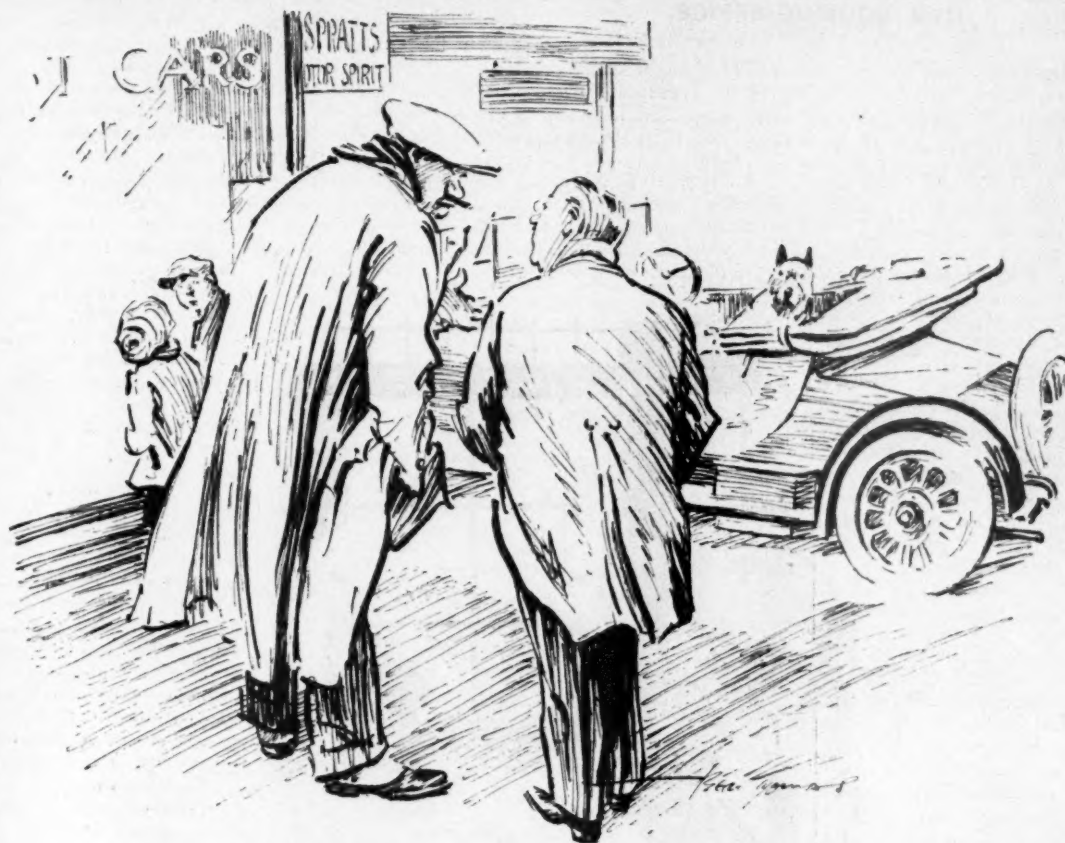
DEAR SIR,—Your article on the Cornercrake is just what we want in school, and I hope you will have more. My boys are all keen on birds.

Believe me, Yours faithfully,
HENRY SWIFT.

United Service Club, S.W.

DEAR SIR,—I shall be grateful if you would kindly favour me with the name and address of your correspondent who writes on the Cornercrake. I am preparing a work on migratory birds and should much value his assistance.

I am, Yours faithfully,
HUGO DUNDAS, Colonel.



Dealer. "You say it rattles? You astonish me."

Customer. "Rattles! Why, it rattles like a skeleton with a chill on a tin roof."

Sea-Scent, Bournemouth.

DEAR SIR,—Speaking with my uncle, the Vicar of Dewfield, the other day, he said that, in a long experience as a reader of ornithological books and articles, he could not remember a more informing or interesting paper than that in your last number on the Corn-crake. The Vicar is now in his eightieth year and very feeble, and it would be a kind act on your part to arrange for further articles by the same writer as a solace to his declining days.

I am, Yours faithfully,

LUCY SPEARING.

Need I add that all those letters and many more were written by Tommy's four friends either the same evening or during the next few days, and arrangements made with friends or relations for the postmarks to be correct? Not bad, were they? One even was written by the disgraceful hand of Tommy himself. Can you guess which? The last. Oh, Tommy!

But the sad thing is, they didn't take the Editor in.

E. V. L.

LUNAR LÈSE-MAJESTÉ.

[Under the auspices of the Smithsonian Institute Professor GODDARD, an American scientist, proposes in the course of the summer to fire a rocket which should reach the moon in thirty-six hours.]

THAT great experimental sage
Of high American renown,
GODDARD, impelled by noble rage
To break celestial barriers down,
Is now preparing to discharge,
Somewhere about the month of June,
A wondrous rocket planned to barge
Through space until it hits the moon.

But though, according to the Press,
The great Smithsonian Institute
Is graciously disposed to bless
The scheme, and bid its author shoot,
Romantic souls of either sex
Refuse to welcome as a boon
An enterprise designed to vex
The silence of our Lady Moon.

For GODDARD's missile, if it hits
The mark, propelled by inner shocks,
Is bound to give all poets fits,
Except the most unorthodox;

Since what is it that always "makes
[Save haply on the River Spoon]
Sweet poets," and their lyre awakes,
But the enchantment of the moon?

Strange that the Queen of Night, who
earned

The immortal meed of SIDNEY's lay,
Into a target should be turned
For the Big Berthas of to-day;
Sad that our age, in mutinous mood,
Should wish to launch this mad
maroon

Not in salute, but as a rude
Assault upon the Royal Moon.

Let Science strive in fiery flight
To make Aunt Sallies of the stars—
"The lesser beauties of the night"—
And broadcast messages to Mars,
But leave upon her silver throne,
From earth's artillery immune,
O GODDARD, leave their Queen alone,
O GODDARD, do not shoot the moon!

"Although the doomed vessel was now well
ablaze forward, the captain remained behind."
Daily Paper.
We don't blame him.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

HOWEVER much we may regret the incidental amenities of life before the War, very few of us, I suspect, would really care to go back to the old conditions. And, if you are inclined to doubt this or to murmur unduly at the social and educational dispensations of to-day, the study of Mr. A. C. BENSON's *Memories and Friends* (MURRAY) will give you considerable matter for reflection and repentance. Not that Mr. BENSON's book is iconoclastic. Far from it. The main aim of its eighteen informal portraits is appreciation. But it is an appreciation very difficult to be shared,

in its most typical cases, by the younger generation; and I think a paragraph in the preface will help to give the reason. Here Mr. BENSON describes himself as preferring men and women "who gave generously and lavishly . . . to life itself" to those who put their energy and force into "definite occupations." In theory the distinction is not very evident; in practice it means that our author is more at home with kings and queens of coteries—HOWARD STURGIS, for instance, or LADY PONSONBY—than with workers of such universal or domestic beneficence as RUSKIN or MRS. OLIPHANT. The lives of the former class, with their long spells of "recreative loafing" and intervals of formidable boredom, have seldom exerted much attraction for members of the latter. And as we are most of us workers nowadays, whether we like it or not, we shall, I think, be inclined to envy Mr. BENSON the sincerity of his enthusiasms without being in any way jealous of their objects. His six or seven Eton portraits—"J. L. JOYNES," "DR. WARRE," "STUART A. DONALDSON" and the rest—will also, I feel, interest both his successors and theirs without rendering either discontented with their lot. For my own part I cannot help wishing that my author had dealt more often with creators and connoisseurs and more seldom with mere potentates. His study of HENRY JAMES and his really excellent portrait of FAIRFAX MURRAY show that he is very far from having lost the art.

Seven stories make up the volume which Miss ELLEN GLASGOW calls *Dare's Gift* (MURRAY), and the first, which gives her book its title, sets the keynote for the rest. In her quiet, rather delicate style, Miss GLASGOW deals here pleasantly with the occult. She takes a kindly interest in haunted houses, or in houses that, if not exactly haunted in the ordinary sense of the word, have memories that are apt to react upon new tenants. About "Dare's Gift," for example, which is the name of an old Colonial house on James River, Virginia, there persists a note of treachery,

which appears to have started in the days of that first Sir Roderick Dare who "came over in time to take a stirring part in Bacon's Rebellion and, tradition says, to betray his leader." In the third story, called "The Past," the narrator had no sooner entered the magnificent mansion just off Fifth Avenue than she knew something was wrong. Behind all that magnificence lurked a secret disturbance. And then again there is "Whispering Leaves," which no darky would approach except in broad daylight, and "Jordan's End," where the representatives of the old Southern family went melancholy mad, one after another. "A fine old place once, but repulsive now in its abject decay, like some young blood of former days who has grown senile," says the

doctor who is called in to assist at the last tragedy. But Miss GLASGOW never presses home the horror of her stories; she leaves them in a detached manner to produce what effect they may; she has even sometimes a slightly apologetic air, as of one who would prefer to dwell on the brighter side of life, had not these matters insisted on receiving some record. Her stories are well written and well constructed, but a little deficient in that quality so eagerly demanded by literary agents and editors of popular magazines. We blush to say that they generally call it "Punch!" Perhaps the best of her collection is "The Shadowy Third," which by the way is also the name of one of Mr. VACHELL's novels. There is a veritable ghost in this, not merely a house with an unhappy tradition.

Having caught the Russian contagion less virulently than some of my contemporaries, I own to approaching a new Russian novel, especially a long one, in the spirit which Mrs. Malaprop recommends as the right preliminary to marriage. In the case of *The Cathedral Folk* (LANE), which has just been translated by

Miss ISABEL HAPGOOD, I had, you must allow, some excuse. Not only does the book itself run to over four hundred pages of close print, but its foreword gives an unduly bleak prospect of the entertainment to follow. Its author, NICOLAI LYESKOV, was a busy Government official of the mid-nineteenth century; and you are led to infer that his novels are little more than the expanded notebooks of his departmental journeys, lifted to the domain of Art by a supererogatory gift for character-drawing and diction. This novel, at any rate, is more than that. It is as shapeless and ungovernable as Russia itself—as though a continent should call itself a country. But it has passages of striking poetic beauty, rendered certainly more striking and more beautiful by its author's complete self-effacement. The story, such as it is, deals with the three chief ecclesiastics of a small provincial town: Savely the archpriest, Zakhariya the priest and Akhilla the deacon.



Visitor. "LET ME SEE—IT'S HIGH WATER ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK, ISN'T IT?"

Waiter (new to the place and anxious to please). "YESSIR. USUALLY IS ABOUT FOUR O'CLOCK ROUND 'ERE."



Fair Hero-Worshipper (to Genius). "YOU KNOW, I REALLY CAME TO TOWN EXPRESSLY IN THE HOPE OF SEEING YOU."
Genius. "DID YOU? PITY IT'S SUCH A POOR LIGHT HERE."

Savely is too tactlessly holy for the civil authorities and his own superiors. He gets into trouble and is degraded to be lay-reader in his bishop's house at Petersburg. *Akhilla*, burly and impetuous, plays *Sancho* to *Savely*, and champions his gentle wife, the Archpriestess *Natdlya*, in her loneliness. *Zakhariya*, a resigned little piece of placidity, ripples quietly on in the background of the two more imposing lives; and the epic, for epic it is, ends with the deaths of all three heroes. Obviously this is not every man's book. But the amateur of Russia should enjoy it all, the imaginative should appreciate its imagination and the spiritual its spirituality. Miss HARGOOD's translation, though not quite flawless, is courageous and animated; and her footnotes, from first to last, are apposite and satisfying.

There can be few names more romantically attractive in this country than that of the great Boer leader who, whether

as one of the enemy or as one of ourselves, was for many years the pre-eminent figure in South African history. Earl Buxton, in calling his volume of reminiscences simply *General Botha* (MURRAY), presumably realises the attractiveness no less than the pre-eminence. His book is not a biography of the famous farmer-soldier who became a statesman, but rather, though it does contain a sketch of his hero's early career, an informal record of the author's own experiences during his six years' term of office as Governor-General of the Union, in which the principal position is almost inevitably allotted to the man who was Prime Minister there during nearly the whole of that time. Being neither altogether a biography, nor yet quite a history of South Africa at war, nor even frankly a volume of memoirs, it suffers from a certain degree of repetition arising from its inconstancy of arrangement. General BOTHA no doubt proved that he had at command the same admirable qualities of leadership

on many and different occasions as a general of guerillas, as a soldier and statesman of the Empire, as the friend of his people; but to convince the reader of that fact it would hardly seem necessary to restate one's admiration in about the same words in respect of each several aspect of his career. All the same that career and the character of the man—whom really it would seem impossible to admire too much—were of such an order that no book concerned with him can fail in its appeal, while it must be agreed that not infrequently the author, as in the chapters on the Rebellion and the campaign in German "South-West," has used his official knowledge of "inner history," though guardedly, with very telling effect. When occasionally, though all too seldom, he allows himself to indulge in detail more personal to himself, he is always entertaining; and when he actually comes right down to telling a funny story in a foot-note the effect is entirely satisfactory.

The name of AGATHA CHRISTIE must be familiar to all of us who read mystery stories, and the eleven tales contained in *Poirot Investigates* (LANE) make a very useful, if not an exceptionally brilliant, team. The more I read of detective fiction the sorrier do I become for the assistants of these wonderful unravellers of crime. Unblushingly Mrs. CHRISTIE allows *Poirot* to pour contempt over *Captain Hastings*, and I found myself hoping with all my might that *Hastings* would turn and rend the great man. Needless to say I was hoping in vain; such things are not done in this class of story. But apart from "The Million Dollar Robbery," which must have a weak spot lurking in it, because I guessed its solution with bewildering quickness, there is not a real dud in the eleven. Let me add that, if you are thinking of making a sudden and effective disappearance from the scene of your activities, I recommend you to study the methods adopted by the ingenious *Mr. Davenheim*.

Anna Nugent (HUTCHINSON), orphan daughter of an English father and an Italian mother, came to live in London with some rich and worldly Protestant relations. Starting from this point, Miss ISABEL C. CLARKE has woven a pretty little story about *Anna* and her love for her cousin, *Michael Nugent*, and his stern resolve not to try to influence her in his own favour until she had seen something of the world or before he himself had quite decided to join her in the Roman Catholic Church. *Gay Lawton*, *Anna's* selfish and scheming young companion, makes the way of the lovers sufficiently hard, and *Anna* herself, after the amazing manner of heroines, helps her in her designs by promising to marry a young man for whom she cares nothing and refusing to break off the engagement, even though, an hour or two later, *Michael* tells her of his love. Then *Michael's* father, quite the nicest person in the book, fails in business and is tried for fraud, but, though things look very black for *Michael* and *Anna*, this proves to be the turning-point of their fortunes and the beginning of the road to happiness.

Miss CLARKE has written some descriptions of Italy so attractive that I have with difficulty restrained myself from rushing round to Mr. Cook and begging him to transport me at once to such scenes; but the reader who does not enjoy hearing Protestantism described as a "fiery blast of destruction" may not find them a sufficient compensation.

Adrian St. Clair, well-bred, well-tailored, handsome beyond ordinary and, it is alleged, extremely distinguished, comes back from the War to the luxury of his Hill Street house and his beautiful reticent wife, *Drusilla*. He is fed-up with it all. He loves his *Drusilla* tremendously however. What shall he do to win her back? Life is too smooth. By way of getting into touch with rough reality he will spend his week-ends in Aldgate, giving out that he is golfing at Aldeburgh. Among his new Aldgate friends, chief among whom is the girl *Vicky*, he is known as *Jim Higgins* and assumed to be a professional thief, like *Vicky* and *Vicky's* brother and the redoubtable *Herb Harris*, who considers *Vicky* his property. This worthy, recently put away in Portland, roundly asserts that he will do in the bloke who

has stolen his girl. This bloke is, of course, no other than our *Jim Higgins*, with whom *Vicky* is certainly in love, though nothing could be more correct than *Jim's* conduct. Of course *Harris* escapes from Portland, and, on the way from Paddington to the East End to do the doing-in, hunger (though he had money) induces him to break into a larder. Of all ladders in London it happened to be *Adrian's*! By which you will judge Mr. FRANK STAYTON, author of *The Passionate Adventure* (NASH AND GRAYSON) to

be a man of no conscience at all. The vagaries of the chief of the C.I.D., *Sir Felix*, in search of the murderer of *Herb Harris* are indeed preposterous. And if the author really thinks that his hero can week after week change from the immaculate *Adrian* to the rough *Jim* in Liverpool Street Station, leaving his gear in the cloak-room, he is distinctly underestimating the difficulties of leading a double life.

Lieutenant-Colonel E. H. RICHARDSON is one of those rare people who are possessed of gifts that enable them to undertake the higher education of the dog, and in *Watch-Dogs: Their Training and Management* (HUTCHINSON) he tells us how it is done. I venture to doubt if the average dog-owner—or indeed the average dog—would find it quite so simple as it reads; but the former will derive both instruction and enjoyment, and the latter indirectly considerable benefit, from one of the best books of the kind I have ever seen. In a chapter which should have an appeal beyond purely "doggy" circles the author, writing with authority as late Commandant of the British War Dog School, relates in detail the wonderful work done at the Front by trained dogs, whose courage and intelligence saved thousands of human lives. In view of the recent "puffing" of the Alsations, I note with satisfaction that he has found British breeds far and away the best for his purposes.



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF MY PAVEMENT, UNCLE?"
"OH, DON'T LET THAT WORRY YOU, MY BOY. HALF A BAG OF CEMENT AND A HANDYMAN 'LL SOON FILL UP THEM CRACKS."

CHARIVARIA.

THE Glasgow Orpheus Choir was recently invited to No. 10, Downing Street. This led to the rumour that the Government had decided to have its defeated Rents Bill set to music as a glee.

Someone has invented an electric chair in which a person can sit and lose six pounds an hour. We seem to have played Bridge in one of these chairs.

The Corporation of a seaside resort have just placed an order for some straw hats for their band. It's optimism like this which has made England put up with what she is.

MARY PICKFORD and DOUGLAS FAIRBANKS have already arrived in England. At one time it was feared that their arrival might clash with the opening of the British Empire Exhibition.

The cuckoo has been heard at Cranleigh, at Melksham and in Bushey Park. The bird seems to be loose about the place.

"New York Copper Millionaire in London," says a heading. This seems to bear out the stories of graft in the American police force.

Two solicitors at a County Court have reported the loss of their overcoats from the robing-room. No suspicion, however, attaches to members of their own profession, as there is believed to be a well-established code of honour among lawyers.

The teaching of English is now compulsory in Polish schools. Later it is intended to try it in some British schools.

A correspondent writes to a contemporary to ask if an American phrase-book is being prepared for the use of visitors to Wembley. The answer is "Yep, Steve."

It is announced that a crack has appeared in the neck of the Sphinx. This is ascribed to the creature's habit of turning to stare after passing notabilities.

A daily paper states that food prices are about to fall. Good—so long as they do not fall on the consumer.

A sturgeon was landed at Grimsby the other day. So that's where the PRIME MINISTER got his caviare for the Russians.

It is reported that a North of Eng-

land clergyman has preached three thousand sermons. We think it would be kinder to hush up this sort of thing.

According to a gossip writer several members of the Stock Exchange have been suffering with violent attacks of hiccups. Thanks to Prohibition, Wall Street rarely suffers that way.

A picture paper makes the announcement that at a dance the other day a saxophone player failed to put in an appearance. The name of his murderer was not given.

In spite of the fact that their country



THE CULT OF THE KERCHIEF.
A BANK-HOLIDAY NOTE.

introduced Mah-Jongg into Britain several Chinamen are coming to London for the Exhibition.

It has been decided to set up a Petty Sessions Court, which will sit daily, in the grounds at Wembley. Visitors will greatly appreciate the convenience of being sentenced on the spot.

The Sausage Manufacturers' Association has applied for an order directing the railway companies to reduce their charges for carriage. This step is understood to have the cordial support of the Federated Potato Mashers.

With reference to the first Women's Symphony Orchestra, which is to give a concert shortly, a contemporary expresses surprise that a woman should have enough wind to play the trombone. We in turn are astounded that

our contemporary should know so little about women.

Bathing by artificial moonlight is to be a Thanet attraction this summer. Some surprise is felt that the local authorities have not been able to arrange for a continuous supply of real moonlight.

The suggestion in the Press that Dr. BRIDGES may be the last Poet Laureate is regarded as a gentle hint that, if he doesn't write something, he shan't have a successor.

We understand that the question, "Do shrimps make good mothers?" was postponed until Parliament reassembles after the Easter Recess, in order that the Government experts might have an opportunity of making personal investigations.

A machine has been invented into which a man may sing and be heard by nobody but himself. We know of diners whom we should like to see equipped with a soup-plate like this.

An advertisement offers invalid port at three shillings a bottle. Personally we shall wait until it gets better.

Mr. GRINDELL MATTHEWS claims that his new ray will stop the working of any kind of electrical machine. We want to borrow it for our electric light meter.

A cat which was taken last October from Hampstead to Tottenham in a basket has just returned to Hampstead. This must be one of those high-brow cats.

A recent film portrays a very ferocious monster which weighs hundreds of tons and breathes fire. We recently travelled home in the Tube on the next strap to a man who answered to this description.

A scientist has invented a paint which renders an object almost invisible at a few yards. Some of our modern painters must be told of this.

There is a movement in Sweden to ask the League of Nations to adopt an "international auxiliary language." If this happens, perhaps we shall be able to read some of those American stories which are said to be so good.

Some peculiar tiles have recently been dug up at Dover. We often wondered what WINSTON did with his old ones.

A BUSINESS WEATHER BUREAU.

"In spite of the really important service consequences involved, the Air Ministry has been able to do little to improve our weather reports."—*London Daily Paper.*

THE above extract from an influential organ courageously expresses what many of us have long since thought on the subject. At the same time I hold that, instead of merely girding at the Air Ministry, it behoves somebody—I mean me—to offer some constructive criticism and help the officials concerned to make their department a credit to the nation in these days of trial.

My view is that the failure of our Weather Bureau results from a lack of competition. They have an absolute monopoly in the business, and consequently they never seem to think it necessary to put their backs into the job.

Not that I suggest for a moment that rival weather bureaux—what you might call "pirate bureaux"—should be set up in order to put the official institution on its mettle. Much better to reorganise the latter so that there shall be a certain amount of competition among the officials themselves, each working tooth and nail to give more accurate forecasts than any of the others.

The idea came to me the other day when I was reading the admirable racing forecast in *The Daily Scoop*. You remember, of course, how it is set out:—

	1.30
Tityrus.	Bobby.
Our Travelling Correspondent.	Tinribs.
The Man on the Spot.	Rookey. If ab. Thistle.
Cassandra.	Noces II.

Now why shouldn't the Weather Bureau work on similar lines?

They could have their Travelling Correspondent constantly on the move, looking out for weather signs, interviewing the solan geese in the Shetlands and the wise old gulls on Blackfriars Bridge—some of the latter having been stationed there, man and boy, for eight or ten years—and keeping a close eye on any cyclones or anti-cyclones that he happened to come across.

Their Man on the Spot would, of course, have to settle down in Iceland, where all the depressions seem to come from. He would need to be a man of a jovial temperament to keep his heart up in his dismal retreat, but a good salary and a substantial Young-Age pension would probably reconcile him to his lot.

At home in the Weather Bureau headquarters would be Augur, the star

forecaster, who would have to be something of a scientist, capable of talking gracefully about zones and belts and barometric pressures, though really these technicalities are not so very important, as nobody understands what they're all about.

Last of the group would come Wiseacre, who would be stationed somewhere in the Greater London Area. His forecasts would be based on simple natural phenomena, such as red sunsets, sagging seaweed, rheumatic twinges of oldest inhabitants, heehawing donkeys and other reliable weather signposts.

With these four gifted men at work simultaneously and independently we should get results something like the following:—

	May 24.
Augur.	West Winds. Showery.
Our Travelling Correspondent.	Calm. Bright Sunshine.
The Man on the Spot.	Blizzards, Hurricanes. Bitter Cold.
Wiseacre.	Some Rain. If ab. Fine Day

You see the point, don't you? One of the four would be almost bound to be right, and all who followed him would get the sort of weather they expected. That would mean that a considerable section of the community would be satisfied, whereas now the whole lot are disgruntled and complaining.

Again, the public would soon discover which forecaster happened to be in form, and they would stick to him as long as his run of luck lasted.

With what joy and worthy pride would the Weather Bureau publish an announcement of the following kind:—

"Wiseacre is in wonderful form just now. On Monday he gave Bright Sunshine, on Tuesday North-Easterly Gales, on Wednesday Some Snow (a masterly forecast, as it snowed for eight hours on end), on Thursday Overcast and Chilly, on Friday Heavy Rain, and on Saturday Heavy Rain. Of these the last only was inaccurate, as it turned out to be Bright Sunshine; but Wiseacre was misled by a hitherto reliable correspondent who mistook pins-and-needles for rheumatic twinges. Follow Wiseacre, the Man that Knows."

Grandma at the War Office.

Some recent amendments in Army orders:—

"After 'custard pudding—egg 1' insert '(in Egypt, eggs 2)."

"The War stock of 'Soap, scouring,' will be accounted for in bars instead of by weight, and will be designated 'Soap, scouring, bars (reputed 1-lb.)."

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

V.—THE DENTAL OFFICER.

THE Dental Officer delights

In setting people's jaws to rights;
He pulls a tooth with boyish zest,
Like one who perpetrates a jest,
And eagerly employs the drill
To show his aptitude and skill.
Day in, day out, he never tires
Of probing with his pointed wires
Unhappy nerves and tortured roots,
No matter how the victim hoots.
I think it thrills him to impart
These master-touches of his art,
Although he has been heard to say
That, work with what *finesse* you may,
For good and solid satisfaction
It's hard to beat a bold extraction.

In spite of such delightful fun,
His life is not a happy one.
In bed at night he'll toss about
Distracted with never-ending doubt:
He cannot tell, to save his skin,
Which Service he is really in.
He knows he's not a flying man,
For, though when first the Peace
began

They dressed him up in Air Force blue,
They'd altered that by '22,
And made him wear a British warm
Above a khaki uniform.
And yet the Army would condemn
The claim that he belongs to them,
And have him know in any case
A change may soon be taking place,
When very likely such as he
May find themselves despatched to sea
Among the men who sport the Oaks,
To tend the teeth of Naval blokes.
So, through the long and sleepless
night
He ponders his unhappy plight,
Until his brain begins to fizz
From calculating what he is.

I'm sorry for the Dental O.:
It must be vexing not to know
Which element, sea, land or air,
The King's entrusted to his care.
But when at last his service ends
They're almost sure to make amends:
They'll shake him warmly by the fist
And place him on the Pensions List
With rank (to make his Service clear)
Of Air Vice-Bo'sun-Brigadier.

"German, 24 years, seeks Engagement as Correspondent in England, for the object to further improvement of the English language."
Daily Paper.

We may be prejudiced, but we doubt if he would do it much good.

"Dr. — said he thought all were quite alive now to the risks they ran, and people were being vaccinated all over."—*Local Paper.*
This seems to us to be carrying precaution too far.

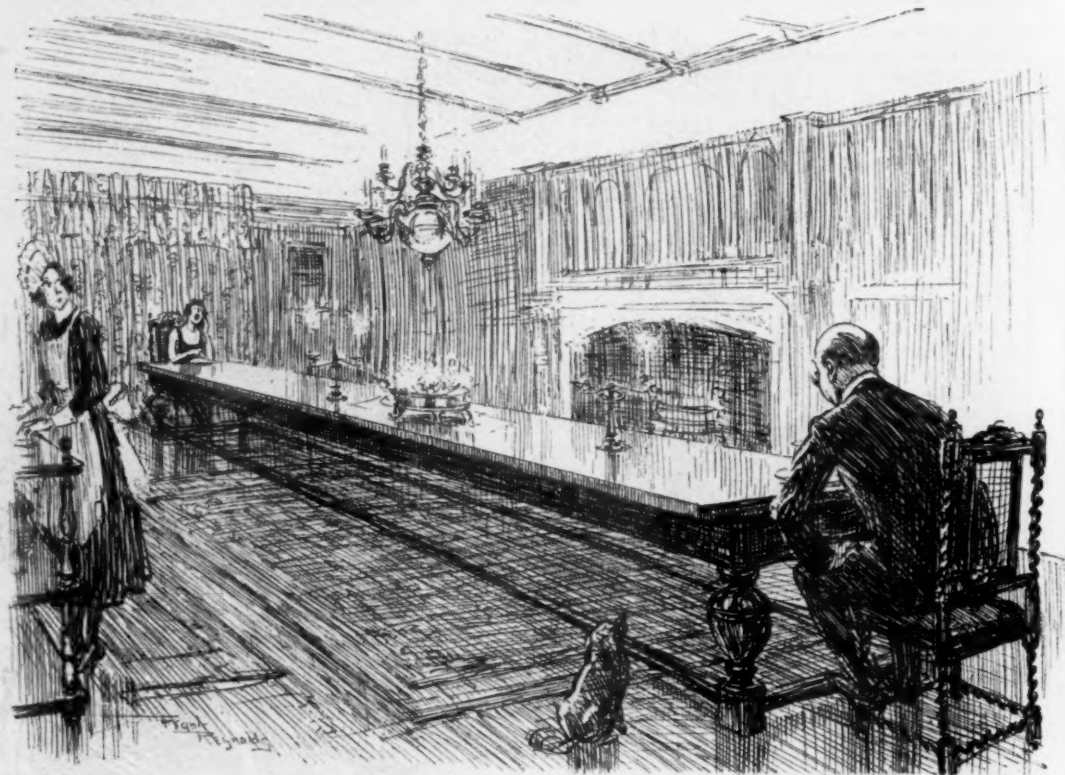


A TOUCHING APPEAL.

RUSSIAN DELEGATE. "WHAT WE WANT IS YOUR CAPITAL."

JOHN BULL. "WHAT HAVE YOU DONE WITH YOUR OWN?"

RUSSIAN DELEGATE. "WELL, YOU SEE, WE FOUND THE CAMPAIGN AGAINST CAPITALISM VERY COSTLY."



THE JACOBAN TABLE.

Husband. "THIS SOUP IS COLD."

Wife. "WELL, IT WAS HOT ENOUGH WHEN IT WAS UP THIS END."

A TRACT OF LAND.

It is many years ago now since I first experienced the thrill of a Shareholders' Meeting. To this day, however, I can recall the way the Chairman rose and, laying a sheaf of papers on the table before him, beamed upon us all very graciously.

"Your Company," he began, "has been fortunate enough to acquire a tract of land in the heart of the pipless-blood-orange-growing district of California."

Was ever such fortune for a young company? Did other companies ever have such directors—men who could snatch for their shareholders, right under the eyes of the older orange-growers, the tract of land that lay in the heart—not right down in the toe or up in the gullet—but in the very heart of the best district?

Though it appeared to be our intention to specialise in the cultivation of the pipless blood-orange, of course the prospectus didn't say so outright. That would have given the game away at once, and besides in the prospectus one

has to mention everything that the company may want to do in any conceivable circumstance.

As far as I can remember, the Company was formed to acquire lands, territories, continents and stabling accommodation, rivers, locks, bolts and bars, in order to plant and/or displant, to mine and/or counter mine, to fetch and/or carry, to put and/or take; in fact to do and/or die, at all times, in all places, upon, above or below land and sea in this planet and such other planets as may seem from time to time desirable, for 999 years or the lifetime of the Directors, whichever be longer; riot, treason, piracy on the high seas or barratry of the master and crew always excepted.

After all these years my memory may not serve me exactly, but I remember that the powers of "your Directors" were very wide indeed.

Perhaps it was just as well they were, for our Californian venture never prospered. I never quite understood what went wrong. Either some blight got at the oranges or some blighters got

at the shares. Anyway, it was with a sinking heart that I attended the next annual meeting.

I came away a new man, with courage restored and hope revived. Once more our Chairman had spoken.

"Your Directors," he said, "while regretting the unfortunate termination of the Company's experiment in orange-growing, through circumstances it was impossible to foresee, and having deemed it the wisest plan to cut their losses in that direction, have much pleasure in informing you that your Company has been fortunate enough to acquire a tract of land in the heart of the Nitrate district of Chile."

Who could forbear to cheer a man like that? No whining, no useless repining once things had gone wrong, but a lightning decision to turn defeat into victory; and once more we found ourselves in the heart of things.

Unfortunately, just as the Nitrate proposition was showing every sign of becoming a financial success, the bottom dropped out of the market and it collapsed. I never found out where the

Chilean market was, but through sheer bad luck our nitrate happened to be on the floor when it fell through.

Once more came the lightning counter-stroke. We did not linger on the stricken field longer than to collect our decimated forces. Hardly had the last notes of the call been sounded and banked, than we were off to Africa and safely entrenched in the heart of the Rubber district before the next annual meeting.

When the elephants attacked our plantation and the bears attacked our stock our gallant Directors lost no time in getting us to Ceylon. For a year we all put up a strenuous fight, but the slump was victorious and we left for Java and coffee.

It was when we got to Siam that our Directors first proposed that their salaries should be reduced from four thousand to two thousand per annum. There was some bitterness at the meeting, I remember. Wild men were talking of dividends. Some of them so far forgot themselves as to make insinuations about the Directors—against men, mark you, like the Chairman, who had spent years of his life tramping from tract to tract, voyaging from Chile to Siam, carrying on the battle for us stay-at-homes.

I could have cried with shame at the ingratitude of it as I pictured our Chairman, no longer a young man, fighting his way through the Congo jungle, tramping over the nitrate plains of Chile parched with thirst, hacking a path through the dense forests of Java, his indomitable spirit never admitting defeat, never satisfied until he had secured for us a tract of land plucked from the very heart of the particular district he was in.

It was a stormy meeting, but we lived through it to go to China for rice and the South Sea Islands for copra.

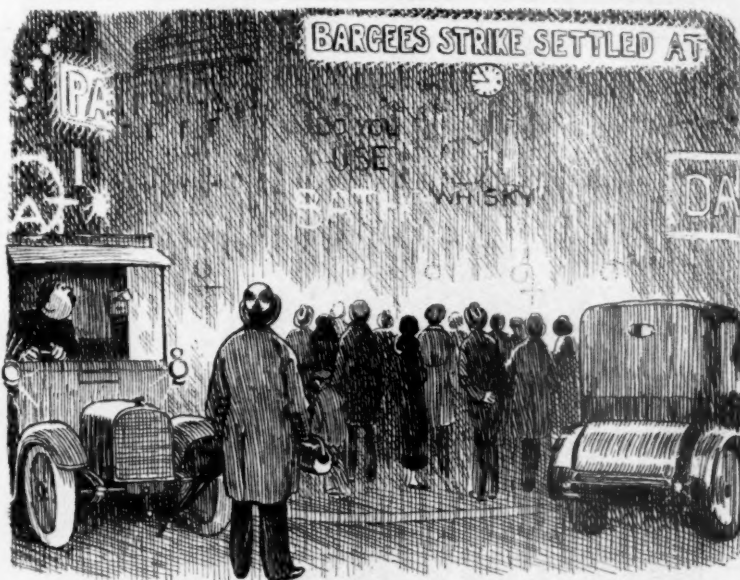
I have a tract of land of my own now, where I work all day growing potatoes. Unfortunately it's just an ordinary little patch; if I could only have had the Chairman's help I'm sure he could have secured me a tract in the heart of the potato-growing district.

Of course it's very nice to be putting money in the bank regularly, and with the bad luck we're having just at present in Samoa I need it; but I never seem to get that tract-owner's thrill as I go down to my own private plot in the late afternoon.

It's there, and I'm glad it's there; but it's too much there to be interesting.

And in my heart I am longing for that day next March when I shall sit back in my chair and hear the Chairman pronounce the spell that begins: "Your

NEWS MADE AND RECORDED WHILE YOU WAIT.



8.55 P.M. MAN ABOUT TO BE RUN OVER.



9.0 P.M. MAN RUN OVER.

Company has been fortunate enough to secure a tract of land . . ." and once more I shall be borne on smoke-clouds to that magic concession that we own in El Dorado.

"Some Nationalists now prophesy that they will get a majority over all parties at the General Election [in South Africa], which may be in the summer of autumn."

Daily Paper.

Ours may be in the winter of summer.

Cannibalism in the Home Counties.

Extract from a notice posted in the office of a Bucks firm:—

"No food must be eaten at any time in the building, with the exception of the acting operator on telephones."

From an advertisement of a book by the AIR MINISTER:—

"C. B. Thomson is the *nom de guerre* of Brigadier-General Lord Thomson."

Surely it should be the other way round.



PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

VIII.—THE DOLL'S HOUSE; OR, THE GHOSTLY VISITORS.

KING WILLIAM was a builder,
And once upon a time
He said to QUEEN MATILDA
(Excuse the Cockney rhyme),
"Our plans will all be undone
Unless we build a bower
Or maisonette in London"—
So WILLIAM made the Tower.

KING HENRY was a builder;
He also cheered the lives
Of plasterer and gilder
And several lady-wives:
His ways were somewhat callous,
His beard was slightly red,
He built St. James's Palace
And cut off SURREY's head.

KING GEORGE (THE THIRD) was
chubby,
He gave us GEORGE THE FOURTH,

His shape was round and tubby,
He bullyragged Lord NORTH;
He got a good-sized mansion
From SHEFFIELD, Duke of
Bucks,
Which underwent expansion
And now is quite *de luxe*.

When WILLIAM came to Wembley,
And GEORGE and HENRY too,
They made a weird assembly
With all their retinue;
But none observed their fat forms
Nor watched their banners shine,
So crowded were the platforms
Upon the District line.

They entered by the turnstile
With ghostly trumpet blast
And halberds, in the stern style
Of monarchs of the past;

Astounded stood the Norman
And blank was GEORGE's face:
KING HENRY asked a foreman
To show them round the place.

They went with their regalia
In golden crowns to peep
At Canada, Australia
And all the wealth they keep,
The ferro-concrete houses,
The plaster and the clay,
The domes where India drowns,
The spires of Mandalay.

Said WILLIAM, "By the splendour
Of God, a town to win!"
Old HAL grew warm and tender
And thought of ANNE BOLEYN:
"We twain might have absconded
And roamed this place for weeks!"
KING GEORGE THE THIRD responded
By puffing out his cheeks.

They looked at Looms for Cotton,
At Printing, Gas and Soaps,
KING WILLIAM's wars forgotten
And HENRY's tiffs with Popes,
While GEORGE THE THIRD he toddles
In ecstasy profound
To poke the various models
And make the wheels go round.

They saw the world presented,
Including various spots
That had not been invented
Whilst they were weaving plots;
They saw the paint and gildings,
The notices of beer,
The Governmental buildings,
The handstand and the mere.

Then all the three stood planted
With reverential mien
Before that home enchanted—
The Doll's House of the QUEEN;
They lifted up the fair case,
The glittering rooms lay wide;
"How did they get that staircase,"
Said GEORGE THE THIRD, "inside?"

"By all my knights' escutcheons,"
KING WILLIAM said, or swore,
"I would have made this LUTYENS
My Lord High Chancellor!"
"He would indeed be sanguine
Who sought for bronzes, Sir,*
More fine than these of BRAN-
GWN!"
Remarked the Widower.

"A place for kingly dwellers!"
The CONQUEROR cried. "Perhaps
You have not seen the cellars?"
KING GEORGE was working taps.
The PRINCE OF WALES, by MUNNINGS,
Made HENRY pause and sigh;
"What racings and what runnings!
Just such a lad was I.

"Such Art in such perfection,
Although of pigmy sort,
Was scarce in my collection,"
Said HAL, "at Hampton Court."
"Agreed," said GEORGE the Farmer.
"How mean is feudal might,"
Observed the man in armour,
"Without electric light!"

"What beauty in the ceiling!"—
"How gay the garden-path!"—
"How exquisite the feeling
Of bathing in that bath!"—
"The Library!"—"The Laverys!"—
"The Orpen!"—"And the
Bone!"—
"The silver dish for savouries!"—
"That tiny gramophone!"—

* Why KING HENRY VIII. suddenly started
talking like Dr. JOHNSON is more than I can
imagine.

The Kings and their assembly
Agreed that it was fine;
"KING GEORGE THE FIFTH has
treasures,"
The Norman Duke averred,
"Beyond ambition's measures."
"He has," said GEORGE THE THIRD.



"RETURNING HOME FROM WEMBLEY."

Returning home from Wembley
To where I do not know,
The by-gone Kings were trembly
About that glorious show;
They praised the huge pavilions,
But one and all confessed—
And so will several millions—
They liked the Doll's House best.
EVOE.

BEGGING AS A FINE ART.

On Tuesday evenings an elderly man plays in our road a thin and pensive pipe. Bare-headed he trudges through the rain, and his wife walks beside him, her patient arms folded across her waist and her eyes downcast. By neither look nor gesture does this quiet couple suggest the vulgarity of soliciting alms. Not unless a passer-by actually stops beside them.

I stop beside them, proffering sixpence.

"Thank you, Sir," says the woman, holding out a black bag, small and discreet. The man, with a smile, touches his grizzled forelock. Beggars, yes; but of a superior type, lifting their profession to the status of an art.

For that their detachment was not natural I learnt during successive Tuesday evenings. They soon became regular pensioners of mine, but the procedure never varied. Always as I approached their backs were turned, as though in delicacy offering me the chance to evade them if I wished.

But sometimes my homeward train was late, and then the man would be walking backwards as he played, anxiously watching the turn of the road. Instantly, at sight of me, he would wheel round, his shoulders would take an added droop and his absolute unconsciousness of my proximity would continue until my footsteps paused alongside.

Once I was early, and they were patrolling the opposite side. Here was a problem. What were they to do? To remain where they were would be to give me the trouble of crossing—an impossible impertinence. Yet to cross would be virtually to demand my sixpence. Magnificently they compromised. They gazed upward at the houses ahead of me, as though receiving a summons from some bedroom window; they crossed to retrieve a coin from the gutter—imaginary, I swear. But now they were on my side of the road and the situation saved.

Regularly through the winter and spring they came. But with the holiday months they disappeared. Tuesday after Tuesday the sixpence was ready in my ticket pocket, but they were not there to accept it. Wondering at their absence, I finally decided that they must be spending the summer at a seaside place, where the visitors were wealthy and liberal. And this, I feel sure, was the case, since with the first dull evening of early October I met them again.

This night I was very late, and met them unexpectedly at the beginning of the road, on the pavement, walking briskly along, actually talking. Recognition was mutual. But what was I to do? They were ordinary pedestrians, like myself. For all I knew they might have come into a fortune, months back, and be out for a friendly stroll. Certainly they were dressed as usual; but the rich can afford to be eccentric. If clothes were the criterion, many a duke would reap more in tips than his butler. I hesitated. I nodded. I passed on.

From behind me, faint and plaintive, yet with a summoning note in its plaint, came the sound of that little pipe. I turned. They were in the gutter again. Their backs were towards me.

I turned back after them. I dropped my sixpence into that discreet black bag. "Thank you, Sir," said the woman; and the man, smiling, touched his hair.

The Tuesday evening rite had recommenced.

"Comfortable Home, young business gentleman; roof to self."—*Welsh Paper.*

Very convenient if he should desire to go on the tiles and not be disturbed by cats.

THE CRIT IN THE WHEELS.

[It is a curious medical fact that patients often sing when under the influence of chloroform.]

"THE use of a bludgeon is clumsy and rude,
A pistol is apt to explode;
Our method will have to be something less crude
On the night that we take to the road;
Our ends will be gained more efficiently if
We trust to a chloroform whiff.

"Our vigil at eve we will carefully keep
In a lone but convenient place,
And, tenderly putting our victim to sleep
With a handkerchief over his face,
Will make of his pockets, coat, waistcoat and fob,
A thoroughly workmanlike job."

In such wise, when making our plan of campaign,
I spoke to my partner in crime,
Intent upon blending the truly humane
With a proper avoidance of "time";
And he fully agreed, advocating himself
The painless extraction of pelf.

No protest was uttered, no murmur was made
When we launched our successful attack,
And, doting an opulent reveller, laid
Him peacefully down on his back;
But things of a sudden began to go wrong
When the beggar broke out into song.

The silent endeavours we'd carefully planned
Were marred at our very first go
By his blurred recollections of Opera (Grand)
And divers comedians (low):
Such spirited efforts seemed likely to win
An abundance of listeners-in.

In the slumber we gave him so loudly he yelled
It seemed injudicious to stay,
And meagre indeed was our plunder, compelled
To steal empty-handed away,
As seven policemen (or possibly more)
Came up to demand an encore.

NEW NAMES FOR NEW CITIES.

THE decision of the Greek Government to commemorate the centenary of BYRON's death by founding the city of Byronia, in which the streets are to be named after his most intimate friends, TRELAUNY and MOORE and JOHN CAM HORHOUSE, etc., has so far been welcomed as a magnanimous gesture, but without any recognition of its momentous suggestiveness. Yet, when viewed in its true perspective, the action of Greece furnishes us with an example which, if judiciously followed, cannot fail to stimulate and encourage the whole profession of letters. Such encouragement is sorely needed, and by none more than by our poets, whose position is little short of desperate. The falling-off in the demand for volumes of verse, as evidenced by the annual record of publications, is only to be paralleled by the slump in foreign currencies, and has led to most distressing results.

Cases are on record of eminent neo-Georgians who, discouraged by the repeated rebuffs of unenterprising publishers, have been obliged to eke out a precarious existence by competing for Limerick prizes, by the propulsion of bath-chairs or by accepting other menial and ignoble posts. Some have gone to the length of reverting to rhyme and the heroic couplet as a means of conciliating the tastes of the gross public. Others have even sunk to what amounts to a

recantation of their principles by admitting that the poetry of RUPERT BROOKE and even of TENNYSON is not without merit.

Nor have poets alone suffered from this lack of public sympathy. Novelists, even novelists of the most intense animalistic "awareness," are being subjected to an obscurantist criticism calculated to impair their sales. Some of the most successful and prosperous manufacturers of fiction, again, show an increasing tendency to expatriate themselves, to go on lecturing tours in America or undertake engagements in remote and uncivilised regions.

It is clear that something must be done and done quickly. Greece shows the way and the housing problem provides us with the opportunity. If only a hundred thousand new houses are built in any given year, we may assume that the process will involve the creation of at least ten or even twenty new garden cities. Are we then to continue in the dull rut of nomenclature based on place names or adopt the more generous and picturesque method of connecting these new communities with some heroic British worthy? There can be no doubt whatever as to the reply, if gratitude and romance prevail. Moreover we are in the favourable position of improving on the example of Greece by commemorating living instead of dead heroes. It is, after all, a tardy compliment to a man to call a city after him when he has been dead for a hundred years.

We are glad to be able to state that a preliminary list has already been drawn up by an influential committee of literary and artistic men. This memorial, which we understand will shortly be presented to Mr. WHEATLEY, errs, if at all, on the side of extreme moderation. While rightly emphasizing the prior claims of youth, the signatories show a generous readiness to accord fair play to writers of established reputation. They suggest, for example, that Boar's Hill should be renamed "One Bridges" (to differentiate it from the town in Sussex); that Horsham, a singularly uneuphonious title, should be replaced by the sumptuous and sonorous designation of Bellopolis; and that Gleneagles should be rechristened Dellville, in honour of the aquiline achievement of our most popular novelist.

With regard to the brand-new cities and towns it is suggested that one at least should be consecrated to the luminaries of the psychological school; but there is a slight conflict of opinion as to the central name. The majority are in favour of Sinclairgrad, but Richardsonstead, Lawrenceville and Beresford all have their supporters. The memorialists also strongly recommend the creation of (1) Squireenia, with suburbs bearing the names of Shanksome, Sassoonia and Blundensands; and (2) Sitwellia, in which special accommodation should be provided for dancing dervishes and all persons liable to uncontrollable accesses of rotary motion.

This is but a small beginning, but at least it promises well, and the scheme is a welcome contrast to the deplorable Philistinism shown by the Australian Commonwealth in calling their new capital by the barbarous title of Canberra.

The Money Market.

Although in business circles the Russian rouble is still regarded with considerable suspicion, there has been a rapid advance in the Birmingham "Copec," which is now quoted at a premium.

"In the old days, he said, it was the custom of the poets to communicate their poems by reading or chanting them aloud. The custom fell into disuse, partly through the discovery of printing."—*Daily Paper*. Ah, but only partly, mind you. Even if printing had never been discovered the listeners could not have stood it much longer.



DÎNER DANSANT.

PARLIAMANNERS.

I HAVE before me the Prospectus and Syllabus of the new Parliament's System of Training for Young Men and Women Intending to Devote Themselves to a Political Career. A few extracts will serve to illustrate the scope and purpose of the System:—

LIVE POLITICS.

The squalid insincerities of the Coalition are at an end and the healthier, cleaner atmosphere of cat-and-dog party politics prevails at Westminster to-day. The present Parliament is by common consent the liveliest Parliament of recent years, and none but

LIVE MEN (OR WOMEN)

can hope to win their spurs on the field of St. Stephen's to-day. It is the lamentable deficiency of "life" in many young aspirants for political honours that (among other things) our System is designed to remedy.

THE SCHOOL OF RUDENESS.

If we ask ourselves, "In what exactly does the liveliness of the present Parliament consist, and how do the Members principally testify to their vitality and good faith?" the answer is

"BAD MANNERS."

It is without exception the most superbly rude Parliament that has ever represented the peoples of our land. Mainly composed of comparatively unknown men, it has thrown up rapidly a number of personalities whose names are already household words. And what are these names? Are they the names of the restrained, quiet, courteous Members who content themselves with the simple putting of occasional questions and the simple making of reasonable speeches? They are not. Nor will these dullards ever emerge from the obscurity which they so richly deserve. The names of which we speak are such names as —, —, and —, as — and —, men who will go down to history, not for their speeches but for their interruptions, and not for their personal charm so much as for their personal abuse.

This being so, an essential feature of the "Parliament" System is the School of Rudeness, where every known form of discourtesy and boorishness is taught.

The Student is first put through a thorough course of Interruptions and Parliamentary Cat-calls.

We find that many of our pupils, especially those who have been members of University or suburban Debating Societies, have formed in youth a deplorable habit of listening to the arguments of their opponents, and it is our first business to eradicate this mannerism, for nothing is so fatal to the liveliness of debate.

We have therefore engaged the services of several of the mildest old men at Oxford and Cambridge to recite to the students some of the most famous orations in history, including speeches by MACAULAY, GLADSTONE, PERICLES and BUBKE, while the students are encouraged to interrupt as often and as meaninglessly as possible. Mr. —,



The Visitor. "YOU SURELY AIN'T GOIN' TO TELL ME YOU'RE BETTER, AFTER ME COMING ALL THIS WAY TO SEE YER?"

M.P., and Mr. —, M.P., have kindly consented to be present at the Terminal Interruption Tests, when the subject will be "The Funeral Oration of PERICLES," for which Mr. —, M.P. (a former pupil), holds the record with forty-nine interruptions. No pupil is considered to have passed the test until he can maintain with ease the rate of at least three interruptions to a column of *Hansard*.

* * *

The Interruption Course leads naturally to the "Scenes," "Breezes" and "Parliamentary fracas" which the trained interruptor generally produces in the end. And here, in order to keep touch with actuality, it is our practice to take our pupils through some of the classic "Scenes" of recent times, pointing out the more striking insults which they contain and inviting the Students to improve upon them; while whenever possible we arrange for the leading figures in the actual "Scenes" to give

a short address, supplementing their reported words with the foul language and menacing gestures which are not recorded in *Hansard*. The following is an extract from one of the most popular scenes, which we treat in this way:—

SPECIMEN SCENE

From the Debate on the BICYCLES (NATIONALISATION AND CONTROL [ENGLAND AND WALES]) BILL.

Mr. Bung. In rising to move the Amendment which stands in my name, and which is designed to exclude motor-bicycles from the purview of this Bill, I crave the indulgence of the House. I was a Member of the Committee—

Mr. MacBlather. What about the Scotch bikes?

Mr. Bung. —the Select Committee, which explored this question of motor-bicycles exhaustively. And we came to the conclusion (Interruption)—we came to the conclusion (Interruption) that whatever might be said about "push-bikes," as they are called—

Mr. MacBlather. What's poor old Scotland done?

Mr. Bung. The mechanically-propelled bicycle ought not to be exposed to the deadening fetters of bureaucratic control which hon. Members opposite—

Mr. Busy. "One law for the rich"!

Mr. Bung. —

which hon. Members opposite—

Mr. Yell. A lot you care for the children of the poor!

Mr. Bung. I appeal to hon. Members opposite—

Mr. MacBlather. You are a stinking sot.

The Speaker. The hon. Member must not say that another hon. Member is a stinking sot.

Mr. MacBlather. I humbly bow to your ruling, Mr. Speaker. I withdraw the word "stinking."

Several Hon. Members. Withdraw "sot."

Mr. Busy. Don't you, laddie. Bung began it.

Several Hon. Members. Withdraw "sot." Order, order! and Sit down, fish-face!

Sir Richard Blow. Here come the Pharisees!

Mr. MacBlather (excitedly). Mr. Speaker, is it in order for the hon. Baronet to call the hon. Member for



Host (referring to priceless port). "WHAT D' YE THINK OF THAT, ME BOY?"
 Guest (almost a teetotaler). "I FIND IT VERY REFRESHING, THANKS."

the Bubbles Division of Butterscotch a parasite?

Lord Bargington. Shut up, nincompoop.

Mr. MacBlather. Who are you calling a nincompoop?

Lord Bargington. You.

The Speaker. I appeal to hon. Members to listen to the arguments.

Mr. MacBlather threw a penknife at Lord Bargington. Mr. Busy crossed the floor and began to bite Mr. Bung's ear, but was restrained by several hon. Members. Sir Richard Blow took a horsewhip from his pocket and struck Mr. Yell repeatedly. Mr. Yell made an observation which was indistinctly heard.

The Speaker. Order, order!

But such a classic as the above was not created fortuitously out of nothing. Apart from technical training, a mental "atmosphere" is necessary, and an important part of the "Fracas Course" is the systematic fostering of evil temper of every kind in the mind of the novice. From the very first day of term we do what we can to infuse bad blood among the students. In

private conversation the younger students are encouraged to contradict and sneer at their seniors, to suspect their contemporaries of cheating and their instructors of favouritism, corruption and insincerity, and generally to do all they can to finish the term in an atmosphere of mutual hatred, jealousy, snappishness and ill-will. It is a rule of the School that a person should never be assumed to be speaking the truth or, alternatively, that he is doing it for no good purpose.

The following is a specimen of the Everyday Conversations on Political Lines which we have found useful:—

"Can you please tell me the best way to Piccadilly from here?"

"Why are you going there?"

"Mind your own business. I am meeting my sister."

"Oh, yes. I dare say."

"What do you mean?"

"If the cap fits, wear it."

"Well, how do I get to Piccadilly?"

"Why should I tell you? You wouldn't tell me. And one day last week you trod on my toe in the classroom."

"It's a lie."

"It isn't."

"It is."

"Well, your brother did, anyway."

"Serve you right if he did. One of your friends bagged his umbrella."

"How do I know you won't bag my umbrella if I tell you the way to Piccadilly?"

"How do I know it is your umbrella?"

"You're a boob!"

"You're another!"

It will be observed that the spirit of these exchanges is very much the spirit of the charming dialogues which enliven the nurseries and schoolrooms of the very young. THAT IS OUR SECRET.

(Next Week.—SPECIAL COURSE FOR FANATICS IN PRINCIPLE, LOGIC AND BEES IN THE BONNET.) A. P. H.

Our "Popular" Preachers.

"Our Prayer Book," the Lenten address, was listened to with rapt attention by the large congregation, some most instructive information being given, especially that dealing with the drainage system of the Fens."

Lincolnshire Paper.

From a notice of *Romeo and Juliet*:—

"Among the lesser performances Mr. —'s Friar Tuck stood out."

It would.



Priest. "IS IT AT THE DHRINK YE HAVE BEEN AGAIN, TIM ROONEY?"

Tim Rooney. "IT IS NOT, YER RIVERENCE. SORRA THE DROP I'VE TAKEN THIS TWO MONTHS."

Priest. "HOW DID YOU GET A HORSE LIKE THAT, THEN?"

Tim Rooney. "SURE I BRED HIM."

Priest. "YE MUST HAVE—YE COULD NOT HAVE BOUGHT HIM AND YOU SOBER."

CONSCIENCE MONEY.

In case it should not have been reported in the particular newspaper that you read, it may interest you to know that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-CHEQUER finds himself with a surplus of roughly forty-eight million pounds. My paper, with its usual kindly forethought for the denseness and inferior brain power of its readers, makes it quite clear to me that this surplus is due to the fact that during the past year revenue has exceeded expenditure.

I will confess that at first my interest in the announcement was lukewarm, until, on reading further down the column, I learned that I had contributed, by means of "onerous" and "iniquitous" taxation in various forms, to the appreciable sum that Mr. SNOWDEN has at his disposal.

It seems that there are a number of different ways of utilising these millions, and my paper, with its well-known desire to help everybody, makes certain suggestions with which I must say I am disappointed. I agree, however, with the demand that those who have

helped to provide the surplus should receive the benefit of it.

I do not wish to appear a difficult person to deal with, but I really could not approve the allocation of the forty-eight million pounds to the remission of the Entertainment Tax or the duty on tea or sugar, as I indulge but slightly in these things.

On account of the undoubted medicinal properties possessed by whisky I could have been sympathetic towards any proposal that would have reduced its present cost, but the Editor omitted to include this worthy object in his list.

I condemn as preposterous his recommendation that the surplus should be applied for the purpose of decreasing income-tax for the coming year. It would be equivalent to a robber taking, say, ten pounds from a man and then offering to let his victim off more lightly next time. By all means let us have a decrease, but not by paying for it out of our own pockets.

In the circumstances any patriotic citizen, however humble he may be, should try to help solve the problem, and I therefore beg to offer a solution.

Could not Mr. SNOWDEN make it possible for me and every other taxpayer to insert in *The Times* an advertisement as follows: "Conscience Money.—Citizen — acknowledges receipt of £— from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EX-CHEQUER on account of over-taxation"?

I would gladly help him to calculate the amount due to me.

"FOR EASTER WEAR.

VERY CHICK MILLINERY."

Adet. in Provincial Paper.

Just the thing to go with Easter eggs.

From a Report of The Cremation Society of England:—

"Much spade-work has been done by this Society during the past half-century." We anticipate a sharp protest from the Gravediggers' Union.

At the Downing Street luncheon to the Soviet delegates:—

"The Prime Minister sat at one end of the table in the large dining-room overlooking the Treasury passage."—*Evening Paper*.

To prevent, we suppose, any of those "monkey-tricks" to which he referred on a former occasion.

THE GAMES MASTER'S REPORT.

"You never say anything to Arthur about his term report," said my wife.

I admitted the impeachment. In these hard times I pay far more attention to the bill for extras that usually accompanies it.

"I remember how my father used to go over my brothers' reports line by line. It stirs a boy up so. Now promise me you'll speak to Arthur."

I remembered too the reports that had cast a blight over every holiday of mine—how masters rivalled one another in cutting phrases depicting my equal lack of knowledge and morals. Even my best report, which my old house-master must have written in a softer moment—"If no further lapses may even yet end well"—had drawn predictions from my father that I was heading straight for the workhouse and the gaol. Feeling that I had neglected my duty to my son, I studied his report attentively and discovered that modern form-masters are more humorous and less vindictive than those of the old days. I noticed that the comment on Inorganic Chemistry was simply, "Might know less," and that his Physics master remarked, "His knowledge of wireless atones to some extent for a certain vacuity of mind in other respects." Clearly these new schoolmasters lacked the slashing stroke of my old masters: "Deplorably ignorant;" "Idle, dull, inattentive and frivolous."

I went through the report and found little I could comment forcibly on till I came to the Games master's report. Ah, in my day the only reference to games in a report would have been: "Devotes what intelligence he possesses entirely to games." Well, the Games master said solemnly—he seemed to lack the humour of the other masters, but of course he was dealing with serious things—"Rugby Football. Fair, but will never do really well till he goes down to his man and tackles low."

I had my text, and whilst waiting for my son to come in I speculated on what might appear in other boys' reports: "Shows deplorable lack of judgment in bidding at auction bridge;" "Fails badly on the greens—I strongly recommend a putting tutor during the holidays;" "Incorrigibly inattentive—will not keep his eye on the ball, and unless there is a serious attempt at reform will never make a respectable racquet player."

I was standing on the hearthrug in the fine old paternal fashion when Arthur came in. I began at once: "Arthur, this report of yours. I don't want to complain unnecessarily, but there are remarks here I cannot pass



"BE A DEAR AND GIVE THIS MAN A DANCE."

"SORRY, BUT I DON'T GO BACK AS FAR AS THE MINUET."

over. I had my faults when I was young, but never was it written in a report about my football that I failed to go down to my man and tackle low."

"You told me you played Soccer at your school," interposed Arthur.

"That is beside the point. This failing of yours may seem a small thing to you, but it is a serious indication of moral weakness. Go to the Embankment any evening and you will see its seats filled with men who failed to go down to their man and tackle low."

"Excuse me, Pater," said Arthur, "but do you mind if I buzz off? There's something really humorous just coming over the wireless."

"Not till you promise reform," I said.

"You won't have this to complain about next term; I'll promise you that."

I was just trying to reconstruct in my mind how my father would have behaved under these circumstances when my wife came in.

"You didn't speak too harshly, I hope. You know, dear, you're a bit hot-headed. I shouldn't like a school report to make a difference between you and Arthur."

"He was quite cool and calm. Promised me I should have nothing to complain about next term."

"I'm so glad you were tactful."

"Yes, I can manage a boy—that is—well—"

"What's the matter?"

It had just occurred to me that they play nothing but cricket next term.

"A very good Upright Piano, £12; owner no further use."—Advert. in Provincial Paper. He seems to be played out.



Mother (fishing for the old, old compliment). "AND WHO IS IT THAT MOTHER'S ONLY DARLING LOVES ABSOLUTELY BEST IN THE WHOLE WORLD?"

Bobby. "COUSIN MOLLIE."

Mother. "THEN YOU DON'T LOVE ME AS YOU USED TO DO?"

Bobby. "I'M SORRY, MOTHER, BUT YOU CAN'T BLAME ME—YOUTH TO YOUTH, YOU KNOW."

A SPRING PASTORAL.

Thyrsis. Why, Corydon, provoke the tuneful Lay,
When lowering Clouds obscure the Orb of Day,
And the cold Blast pervades with sullen Moan
The chattering Teeth and chills the shuddering
Bone?

Corydon. The Month demands the customary Strain.
See yonder Cave adjacent to the Plain;
There from the Zephyr sheltered let us sing
The various Havock of returning Spring.

Thyrsis. Say, heavenly Muse, what Streak of envious
Fate

Denies the Pleasures of our rural State?
No vernal Quires with painted Plumage gay
Distinctly warble on the flowery Spray;
But through the Vale incessantly resound
The Sneeze ebullient and the Cough profound.

Corydon. Where lags the Bud, the bosky Verdure where,
And bloomy Richness of the bright Parterre?
The snowy Clouds upon the sylvan Bowers
Discharge their Burden in deciduous Showers;
The Bees, that yearn the flowery Sweets to taste,
Recoil affrighted from th' unfriendly Waste.

Thyrsis. There was a time when at the opening Day
The industrious Swain, attired in light Array,
His simple garden Plat rejoiced to till
And shewed the Triumphs of his careful Skill,

Where in the labour'd Border sweetly bloom
The Shoot florescent and the young Legume.

Corydon. Now, swathed in Fleeces, with dejected Air
Th' unhappy Victims to the Town repair,
Where Chloe, hurrying o'er the miry Ways,
Her fearless Bosom to the Gale displays.
At Eve behold the Toiler from afar
Returning coldly in the publick Car,
Till the wish'd Hearth his fainting Form relieves,
The Bath consoles him and the Bed receives.
Thyrsis. Nor yet his piteous Sorrows find an End;
Each suffering Wretch a Troup of Ills attend;
The rising Chilblain, the rheumatick Pain,
With Influenza, Mortals' horrid Bane.
The learned Sons of Æsculapius' Tribe
Their host of dreadful Remedies prescribe,
The hot *Sinapis* and *Quinina* cold
And Wools thermatick round the Body roll'd.
What Heart may bear, what Tongue aspire to sing
The thousand Evils of relentless Spring?

Thus they consenting in alternate Strains
In brief Repose forget their icy Pains,
Then drive their Flocks where 'mid the gusty
Fields
Chill Sustenance the frozen Herbage yields.



SAINT GEORGE FOR MERRIE WEMBLIE!

APRIL 23, 1924.

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.



Booking-office Clerk (to Paterfamilias). "FREE PASSES TO GLASGOW? WITH PLEASURE. SINGLE OR RETURN? (Aside) SINGLE, I HOPE."

[From left to right: MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD, MR. WHEATLEY, MR. NEIL MCLEAN, MR. HARDIE, MR. MAXTON, MR. STEPHEN, MR. BUCHANAN.]

Monday, April 14th.—In reply to a request for exact particulars of the Glasgow evictions, over which so much emotion has been spilled, the SECRETARY FOR SCOTLAND, following an example widely set by his colleagues, said that he would circulate the answer in the Official Report. But Members from both sides insisted on having the figures at once, and at last Mr. ADAMSON gave them. The reason for his previous coyness then became apparent, for it turned out that of some twenty-four thousand cases brought before the Courts in the last fifteen months less than five thousand had resulted in ejection orders, and of these barely a thousand had actually been carried out. Mr. ADAMSON tried to save the face of his Clyde friends by pointing out that the defaulting tenants often removed without waiting to be evicted, but did not succeed in correcting the impression that the *mus* produced by his friends' labour was *ridiculous*.

The PRIME MINISTER, who had just torn himself away from his luncheon to

the Soviet delegates, was immediately called upon to answer questions arising out of their mission. Had the French Government been invited to take part in the negotiations? No, replied Mr. MACDONALD; the Conference was purely one for the settlement of matters outstanding between the British and Soviet Governments.

Would he join M. POINCARÉ in making representations to the Soviet Government on behalf of the members of the Russian *intelligentsia* recently placed on their trial for the crime (among other things) of demanding freedom of speech? Again Mr. MACDONALD had to reply in the negative. Mr. SANDEMAN, who put the original Question, was sadly disappointed. Had the PRIME MINISTER, he plaintively inquired, no "gesture up his sleeve" that he could make to the Soviet delegates? This veiled method of gesticulation savours of secret diplomacy, and it evidently did not appeal to the right hon. gentleman, for no further answer was forthcoming.

I forget how many people are expected to visit Wembley this summer—if there is a summer—but some idea of the magnitude of the attendance expected may be gained from Mr. LUNN's statement that there could be no reduction of entrance-fee for parties of less than a hundred children, and that to secure the full remission of 33½ per cent. you must take a block of a hundred thousand tickets, as the National Union of Teachers has sportingly done.

The Ministry of Agriculture has set a good example by abolishing the penny fee charge (since the War) for admission to Kew Gardens. Mr. BUXTON also announced that the charges for perambulators and bath-chairs would simultaneously be reduced. Other Departments, please copy, and cease to fine the nation for enjoying its own property.

Mr. LANSBURY endeavoured to raise a storm over the discovery of two policemen under the platform of the Rehearsals Theatre, what time a Conference of the Communist Party of

Great Britain was being held there; but he did not get much out of it. True, he obtained the sympathy, for what it is worth, of Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY; but, on the other hand, he had to suffer rebuke from Mr. JACK JONES, who not for the first time indicated that he had no use for Communists.

On the Report stage of the Vote of seventy thousand pounds for Members' railway vouchers more hostility was shown to the proposal than when it was first introduced. Sir JOHN SIMON considered the sum unnecessarily large, and asked that the nature of the journeys to be franked should be more closely defined. Mr. RAWLINSON, while objecting to the Vote on principle, took special exception to the provision that the vouchers should be first-class, and tried to shame the Scots into economy by recalling his old football-days, when he used to travel third-class to Glasgow to keep goal for England. But if he is a staunch custodian the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY is a very neat and accurate centre-forward, and he scored with a speech which never left the ground, and went straight to the point. In spite of Mr. GRAHAM's able advocacy, however, the Vote was only carried by 82—a substantial reduction on last week's majority.

Tuesday, April 15th.—The House of Lords met at half-past three, passed the Unemployment Insurance (No. 3) Bill through its remaining stages, adopted the report of the Select Committee on the House of Lords Offices (including a recommendation that every Peer should be asked to contribute a pound to the expense of maintaining the Refreshment Department), heard the Royal Assent given (by Commission) to a number of Measures, and adjourned before half-past four.

After this crowded hour the Peers were in the mood for an extra long holiday, and accordingly decided not to return to work until May 6th, a week after the Commons.

If at Question-time the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE sometimes gives the impression of being "a tangled WEBB," it is not, I am sure, that he would "practise to deceive," but simply that he is tired of trying to impart information to Members who ask him the same questions day after day and week after week. Their pet topics are

the Anglo-German Mixed Arbitral Tribunal, and the Royal Commission on Compensation for Suffering and Damage by Enemy Action during the War. Probably no harm would be done to any living soul, certainly the collective gaiety of the Nation would not be eclipsed, if the SPEAKER were to rule out Questions on these subjects for the remainder of the Session.

There must be something highly stimulating in the air of Motherwell. The House, which still remembers the ebullience of Mr. NEWBOLD, the Communist, was startled this afternoon when Mr. FERGUSON, his Unionist successor, having asked a question about the Queenstown outrage, suddenly blurted out that it was "time another OLIVER CROMWELL arose." Mr. J. H. THOMAS, needless to say, showed no desire to don the mantle of the Great Protector.



BIG GAME HUNTING WITH A CAMERA.

A pleasant interlude was the exchange of bouquets between the PRIME MINISTER and his immediate predecessor over the reports of the Experts' Committees. Mr. MACDONALD said that the Government were prepared to support the new Reparations Scheme in its entirety, and Mr. BALDWIN assured him that in so doing they would have the whole British people behind them.

The most surprising statement made during the debate on the Trade Facilities Bill was Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY's claim that this was the first time he had opened his mouth this Session. In his opinion, apparently, what he says at Question-time does not count. Perhaps he is right.

When it was announced that Viscount CURZON was to initiate a debate on India most hon. Members probably thought that he was going to propose a speed-limit for the Car of Juggernaut. And, in effect, that was what he did, in expressing the hope that the Government would not give way to the Swarajists' demands. Mr. HOPE SIMP-

SON (Liberal) and Mr. SCURR (Labour) both urged that the Government of India Act already needed revision, but the UNDER-SECRETARY FOR INDIA, Professor RICHARDS, thought the time was not yet ripe, and delivered an improving little lecture to the Back Benches, containing such valuable truisms as that India was not a homogeneous unit and that government was much easier in Opposition than it was in Office.

Wednesday, April 16th.—With the weather improving and the prospect of a good holiday before him, Mr. WHEATLEY was at his genial best in outlining the Government's housing policy. He tactfully conciliated the Tories by admitting that the Building Act of the late Government was by no means a failure; but showed that the houses provided under it were mostly intended for sale, whereas what the working-classes

wanted were houses to rent at a price within their incomes. These, with the co-operation of the building trades and the local authorities, the Government hoped to supply by means of a "long programme."

Such criticisms as were made by Sir J. GILMOUR and Mr. MASTERMAN, for their respective parties, were quite friendly in tone; and but for Mr. KIRKWOOD, who as usual "went in off the deep-end" without the slight-

est provocation, the afternoon would have been entirely harmonious.

At last, after a good deal of desultory discussion the House of Commons adjourned until Tuesday, April 29th, when Mr. SNOWDEN will "open the Budget." Let us hope it will be a cornucopia for the taxpayer and not a Pandora's box.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"France will soon realise that it will be impossible to make Germany pay beyond her capacity."—*Daily Paper.*

We see it stated that motor-yachting is cheaper than motoring on land. Still, we doubt if the swimmer provides such good sport as the pedestrian.

In an article on the invention of an invisible death-dealing ray, a daily newspaper states:—

"Arrangements are being made by Mr. Matthews to develop his invention, and a series of tests are to take place at a quiet rural retreat during the coming months."

That is why we have arranged to spend our summer holidays at Blackpool.



The Die-Hard. "PARDON ME, YOU'VE ONLY FOUR FOR IT—NOT FIVE."

QUERULOUS NOTES FROM A COUNTRY GARDEN.

SPRING, 1924.

GREASE-BANDS which encircle the trunks of my fruit-trees have gathered an ample and varied harvest of victims, including a few venturesome bees—probably on their way to fertilise the peach blossom. All kinds of insects are represented, with the exception of the particular moth for the destruction of which the bands were provided last October.

Tits are seeking an enforced change of diet since they have devoured all the plump buds of the currant and gooseberry bushes and the pear-trees. Confiding ornithologists who do not possess gardens affirm that the tits merely hunt for grubs; this may be true, but from my experience they seem to prefer eating the dainty trifle in the form of a sandwich of which the buds provide the outer sections.

Grass on the lawns is answering the stirring call of the season by the upward thrusting of tender green shoots in those favoured spots where its existence has been permitted by dandelions,

daisies, prunella and moss—all of which were apparently destroyed last season, but to-day are more sturdy and obvious than ever.

An energetic mole, with amazing ingenuity, has excavated a subterranean passage from one end to the other of a promising row of peas, having kept as near to the surface as natural shyness permitted.

Finches, having discovered the shoots in another row of early peas sooner than I, have now rendered the provision of pea-guards an unnecessary precaution.

Michael, my young Irish terrier, has exhumed a bone carefully and deeply hidden in a present tulip bed by some canine food-hoarder early in the Great War.

Slugs, having evaded with extreme cunning the masses of soot and lime laid for their undoing, have removed the tops of the broad beans. I have an idea that such treatment is considered advantageous for this particular plant, but am of opinion that the operation in this instance has been performed too early.

Rabbits have obtained a secret entry

into the garden and removed all that mattered from my few remaining spring cabbages, the unhealthy survivors of the recent cutting winds and severe frosts.

A green woodpecker flits from tree to tree, laughing immoderately in ebriomatics. Local tradition asserts that his laughter is indicative of approaching rain. I however take it personally.

Making it Easy for Us.

From an appreciation of the PRIME MINISTER:—

"Without him at its head I do not think that the Labour Government could have carried on. And certainly it is on his Atlantean shoulders that its weight is upborne. In homelier language, one would say that he carries the Government on his back."

Sunday Paper.

"Sales of — flour are steadily going up. What is the reason? We offer no prize for correct answer because it is too obvious. It is 'QUALITY.'"

Add. in East African Paper.

They might quite safely have offered a "priz": we should never have guessed the solution.

A FLUTTER IN CLUBLAND.

"And let me tell you this, young fellow," said the one young man to the other, "you must treat me with much more respect in future. I've just been elected to the St. Asaph's."

"No need to put on side about that. You're very much mistaken, my dear Rupert, if you think that consorting with a lot of mouldy generals and decrepit civil servants is going to raise you in *my* estimation," said the other.

"Jealousy, Jack, jealousy. We are a pretty exclusive crowd, of course, but if you bought a new bowler and promised to behave nicely I might ask you to lunch there some day."

"Thank you for nothing. Have you been there yet yourself?"

"No. I'm delaying my *début* till Tuesday, when I hope old Bulpitt will be there to show me round."

"Introduce you to the wine-waiter and show you how to distinguish the secretary and the house-steward at a glance, I suppose? Well, I can't stop all day talking about your new social eminence. Cheer-o."

"Cheer-o."

A day or two later the hall-porter of the St. Asaph's leaped upon the stranger. It was twilight, and the Club was beginning to fill up with world's workers. "Got an appointment with a member, Sir?" he inquired.

"I am a member," replied the new-



"WAITER!" CRIED THE INTRUDER IN RINGING TONES, "A DRY MARTINI. QUICK!"

comer, with a certain air of hauteur. "My name is Rupert Smythe, and I have just been elected."

"Oh, yes, Sir—just so, Sir," and the hall-porter impressed the new member's name and features upon his memory for ever and a day.

In the library members were lapped in the luxury of the "Silence" which

several notices enjoined. Elderly gentlemen lay asleep in armchairs, with the weekly papers draped across their slumbering forms. Other elderly gentlemen lay asleep on chesterfields with the monthly papers nestling unnoticed against their gout-stools. Faint cracklings came from a corner where the oldest member was toying furtively with



"WHO'S GOING TO COME IN?"

tea and a biscuit. The newest one entered, bold and undismayed. He rang a bell and flopped noisily into a chair, thereby wakening one of the elderly gentlemen. A waiter appeared.

"Waiter," cried the intruder in ringing tones, "a dry Martini. Quick!"

Three more elderly gentlemen wakened. Others stirred uneasily in their sleep.

The waiter trod catlike across the room.

"Sorry, Sir," he said; "no drinks may be served in here, Sir."

"What—no drinks? What is this, anyway? A club or a mausoleum?"

And, as elderly gentlemen emerged into outraged wakefulness in every part of the room, the seeker of cocktails flung through the door, which he had the bad taste to leave open.

Stupefaction reigned in the library.

It very soon spread to the dining-room, where the newcomer, in the course of ordering an elaborate dinner for four, referred to the resources of the Club cuisine and cellar in such contumelious terms as surely they had never suffered before. It is doubtful if the horrified steward will ever recover from the shock of hearing a beardless boy, on the first day of his membership, announce to the assembled staff that, as "there was evidently nothing worth drinking in this third-rate caravanserai, he'd have something sent in from round the corner."

The infatuated youth next invaded

the card-room. His demeanour was normal until, taking his turn, he cut in with old Sir Denzil Flannigan as his partner. The ensuing rubber was probably the only one ever left unfinished in the long history of the Club. When Sir Denzil ventured to remonstrate with his partner for revoking, the partner's retorts were so violent and the subsequent dispute so acrimonious that their opponents were willing to forgo the prospect of considerable winnings for the sake of peace. Sir Denzil pleaded indisposition and departed.

"Who's going to come in?" inquired the author of the trouble. But there was no response from the scandalised onlookers, and with a muttered imprecation against this dead-and-alive hole he moved on to seek fresh trouble.

This he found in the morning-room, where he disturbed the ancient solitary reign of a retired Admiral. This gallant old gentleman was engaged in penning his bi-weekly letter to *The Times* in favour of submarine tanks, when he was struck violently on the back (so he later described his experiences) by a grinning ape, who asked him, old bean, for a match. He had a beastly cigarette stuck in his filthy face.

When the Admiral recovered his breath and powers of speech, "What do you mean, Sir?" he cried. "How dare you strike me, Sir? You can't smoke here."

"Oh, yes, I can," was the reply,



"DAMME, SIR, YOU MUSTN'T!" CRIED THE ADMIRAL.

"and, as you won't give me a match, I'd better use one of my own." The youth had the effrontery to strike a match and light a cigarette.

"Damme, Sir, you mustn't!" cried the Admiral. "I—I'll have you put out." He rang the bell.

"Keep your hair on, old cock," said the other. "You can save yourself the



Little Girl (entering carriage with her mother and being glowered at by occupants). "MUMMY, NEXT STOP IT'LL BE OUR TURN TO HATE!"

trouble. I can see it's not worth staying behind in this moth-eaten shanty."

"Mad or drunk, or both," was the general verdict from the crowd of Club servants who witnessed his departure. The rumour of a "row" had spread through every corner of the building. But the new member, quite unmoved, kept the even tenor of his way through the great "Heart of Clubland."

He was even smiling. "This," he was saying to himself, "will teach young Rupert not to be so uppish about his Clubs. I only wish I could be there when he announces himself to-morrow."

HUMOURS OF THE TAPE.

THE world is so taken up with wireless in its various forms and with the wonders of the film that it is in danger of overlooking one of the most beneficent instruments of modern education—the "tape."

To me it is a constant source of delight, whether it describes, as it did the other day, "Devon motorists" as "demon motorists," or occasionally indulges in

an explosion of incoherent letters and numerals just at the moment when some really thrilling piece of news comes along. But what impresses me most is the steady crescendo of interest which begins with the words "testing, testing, only testing," and then in the early morning hours supplies us with a stream of facts about prolific hens in an Essex village, or a plague of wasps at Moreton-in-the-Marsh, or the nesting of a wood-pigeon in a disused bath-chair, or the dancing of a nonagenarian at his great-grandson's wedding. In this way we are prepared and fortified for the impact of telegrams announcing revolutions or earthquakes or the appearance of famous actresses in the Divorce Court.

But it is with the tape as a humourist that I am concerned for the moment. A week ago it announced a rural tragedy under the heading, "Foxes Eat Calves." The tape is always strong in unnatural history, but a finer example was forthcoming a few days later, when I read in the afternoon, sandwiched between paragraphs about Reparations and the

Ruhr, the Oil Scandal in America and the Southampton Strike, this momentous and memorable announcement:—

"LAMBS LAUGH IN AN EARNEST CANTATA."

I think it is SOUTHEY who tells us in his *Commonplace Book* of an eccentric Belgian nobleman who used to give concerts to his horses. There is also, of course, the classical record of the trans-lunar activity of a cow under the stimulating influence of a feline Paganini. But even so this illustration of the unedifying effect of high-class modern music on an audience of juvenile sheep was perplexing and perturbing, and my anxiety was only relieved when I read in a late evening paper that the result of the Manton Two-year-old Plate at Newbury was: "Lamb's Laugh, 1; In Earnest, 2; Cantata, 3."

"People are apparently forgetting that the boat race was run in brilliant sunshine."

Daily Paper.

Now we understand the failure of the experts to spot the winner—they were expecting the race to be rowed.

STOP IT WITH FLOWERS.

"How," the guest asked; "do you deal with your servants? I wish I knew the secret. Yours always seem to be so willing and cheerful, and yet you ask a great deal of them, and those constant supper-parties must ruin their night's rest. How do you do it?"

"I don't know," said the hostess, "except that I pay them well and am never too nice to them."

"Oh, it must be something more than that," said the guest. "Anyway I know I'm no good with servants, and neither is my husband. We were in Paris for Easter, and I've never been so treated in my life as we were by the chauffeur we had. The hotel got him for us at I don't know how many francs a day, hundreds and hundreds, and he did just what he liked with us."

"He was a tall, *soigné*, deferential man—his name was François—with perfect manners, and it was a duck of a car, with inlaid woodwork like a Brighton Pullman. I always wonder why they went to that expense—because you don't get to Brighton any quicker for it, do you?—but I suppose people like it. Anyway it was a charming car and François was a good driver—a perfect driver, if you shut your eyes when he was taking risks. But somehow there never seem to be accidents in Paris. Why, I can never understand, because Providence can't really like the French, can it?"

"Then what was the matter with the man?" the hostess asked.

"Matter? Simply this: he was never there when we wanted him. Always late. We ordered him for half-past ten the first morning; he arrived at a quarter-past eleven, smiling beautifully, holding his cap in his hand. It wasn't his fault, he said—he was desolated—it was the fault of the engine, which had refused to start. And you can't blame a man for that, can you? At least we couldn't."

"Well, we went for a drive and then to lunch, and it was clearly understood that he was to be outside the restaurant again at two. There could be no mistake. Henry held up two fingers and I said '*Deux*' several times. There can't be any doubt about '*deux*'; it doesn't sound in the least like '*trois*' or '*quatre*,' does it? Well, he arrived at half-past. Henry was furious; he had wanted to see a certain race at Auteuil and we were too late. The worst of it was that Henry's horse won."

"And then, coming away, we couldn't find François anywhere; his was almost the last car—and you know what a muddle there always is—to disentangle itself and arrive at the gates. Some people hire those dreadful runners with

tickets, but Henry wouldn't. He said he hadn't come to Paris to be swindled. Fancy that!

"Well, we rode back to the hotel in absolute silence, Henry was so cross, first with François and then with me for not knowing the right French to abuse him with."

"At the hotel Henry complained to the manager, who said that he couldn't understand it; François was the best chauffeur on their list, with the best car: he would inquire. At what hour did we want him next?"

"We said at eight, and at half-past eight, by which time Henry was almost a maniac, he drove gaily up—we were outside waiting for him—smiling all over. What Henry would have done to him I can't say, but just as he was springing forward François revealed a bunch of flowers and offered it to me."

"How sweet!" I said. I couldn't help it; and of course we could only get in the car, Henry growling like a dog, and say no more about it. They were those wretched French flowers, I admit, all squashed together too; but to receive flowers from a chauffeur at all was too much. How could I have repulsed them? Not even NAPOLEON or that fiery Mr. MAXTON could do that."

"We had our wretched late dinner and saw the end of some performance; but of course we had to take a taxi home, for François was never seen more. Henry didn't speak to me again that night, and he went to the manager in the morning and said we must have another driver. But the manager only shrugged his shoulders. Impossible, he said; there wasn't another free car in Paris. There had been some mistake; François had already called to say that he had waited outside the theatre till midnight and must have missed us. At what time would we like him that morning?"

"At eleven," said Henry, as we wished to shop. "At eleven he will be here," said the manager; and at half-past, the picture of bland innocence and friendliness, he arrived, again with a dreadful disarming bouquet, which I had to thank him for."

"From that moment we were lost. He did just as he liked with us; he stayed on and on in neighbouring cafés with his friends; he slept heavily inside the car at the races or sat there reading the paper and smoking the worst cigarettes; he dined long; but we could do nothing because he always brought flowers, and did it in such a way as to suggest that he had spent the intervening hours in the search for them, so that they might be worthy of Madame. Henry he never looked at; I was his prey."

"He was never punctual again, but

he never failed to bring an offering, and such is my cowardice I never failed to receive it with a smile. It poisoned our lives, for Henry used to say things in the car that I expected would blister the varnish and bring the inlay off in strips. But as for having any pleasure in Paris this time, we had none at all. Even I was glad to find myself in the train for Calais, while Henry actually whistled."

"Of course," she continued, "most men-servants make worms of us, but why do chauffeurs excel at that occupation? Can you manage them, dear?"

"Only if I start right," said the hostess. "That is the secret. But my husband hates them. 'Give me taxis every time' is his motto." E. V. L.

THE GREAT BEARD.

My two days' growth of stubble was hardly visible enough to justify Brown's opening phrase.

"Talking of beards," said he, "did I ever tell you about Thompson's? Thompson had a natural taste in beards and in his thirtieth year had already an immense Persian-shaped growth. When, at thirty-five, his doctor suggested that a full beard would be some protection for his rather weak chest he allowed his enthusiasm full licence, and by forty-five any weakness which may have existed considerably lower than his chest was amply protected."

"At fifty-five he was thoroughly healthy and care-free, and so proud of his tremendous beard that he was able to face all the rigours of the late 'Beaver' campaign with equanimity and, having no unnecessary worry as to the choice of neckties and their nice adjustment and being able to undo the top button of his trousers under cover of his beard after each meal, he appeared likely to live for ever. One day, however, he met Williams, whose chief mania is to diagnose people's characters from observations of their everyday habits, and was immediately asked the question—a very ancient one—that sealed his fate. 'When you go to bed,' said Williams, 'do you sleep with your beard inside the clothes, or outside?'

"Inside, of course," said Thompson. "No, outside," he corrected; and then 'Let me think.'

"He thought for some time and was obliged to confess that he did not know. He would tell Williams the next day."

"It rather worried Thompson that he could not remember the facts about a fixed habit, and but for the fear of deranging his housekeeper he would have immediately gone home and got to bed in order to settle the question."

"He awaited impatiently his normal



Little Lady. "WERE YOU EVER A LITTLE GIRL?"

Aunt. "YES, DEAR—EXACTLY LIKE YOU."

Little Lady. "OH, AUNTIE, THAT'S YOUR 'MAGINATION.'"

hour of retiring, and it was not until he was seated in bed that he felt happy. Now he would know.

"He left his beard outside. But somehow he was not convinced that this was the normal procedure. It did not look right. It did not feel right. So he put it inside.

"Yes, that was correct. He turned round to switch off the light, but unfortunately his elbow was resting on his beard and he nearly pulled his face off. When he recovered he was sure that inside could not be right. Such an accident had never happened before. So out he brought the beard once more and again settled himself. But in pull-

ing the eiderdown higher up he folded over the end of the great beard and filled his nose and eyes with tickling hair. Well, that could not be right.

"He sat up and thought. Try as he would he could not remember. Each of the only two possible arrangements seemed utterly wrong. He had no sleep that night and avoided the Club all the next day for fear of meeting Williams.

"On the next night he had much the same experience and determined to consult his housekeeper. Miss Potts somewhat indignantly denied any knowledge of his nocturnal habits. It might be, she said, a part of her duty to bring his morning cup of tea to the bedside, but

it was certainly no part of her duty to take particular notice of a gentleman in his night attire. She had always performed her office with averted eyes. Her position as a spinster . . .

"Thompson hastily murmured an apology. The solution of his problem was as far off as ever.

"After a week he was becoming haggard with sleeplessness and in a fit of desperation went to a barber's and was clean-shaved. The next week he was stricken with bronchitis and died.

"So I should advise you, old chap," added Brown, "to arrest this growth of yours while it is yet in the burgeoning stage."

AT THE PLAY.

"A PERFECT FIT" (SHAFTESBURY).

I RECOGNISE that the hero had an elementary claim on my sympathies; for I too was once lodged over a tailor's shop. This arrangement I owed to my college authorities, whose forethought established me there in my first term at Cambridge. But here our experiences diverged. In the matter of rent I dealt directly with my tutor, and was therefore under no moral obligation to work off my arrears (if any) by a course of servitude in the shop below. Thus I was never tempted to appropriate from my landlord a suit of newly-pressed evening clothes, the property of a client, in order to penetrate, under this disguise, into the exclusive society of commercial magnates.

This was what Robert Bassett did. And it seemed a venial offence compared with that of those merchant princes who at a preliminary stage have helped themselves to other people's tills, and brought off their *conp* in time to restore the loan without discovery. But neither this trick, nor the self-assurance with which he set out to persuade a certain company-promoter of the benefit he might derive from his (Bassett's) initiative and gift for hustling, could have secured that gentleman's confidence if he had not falsely described himself as the unknown benefactor who had saved the magnate from extermination beneath the wheels of an omnibus.

From this less pardonable offence he never recovered in my estimation, even when, at the height of his success, he could afford to make confession and received the unqualified admiration of his master for the sound commercial instinct which prompted the lie.

Another thing that rather troubled me was what I took to be the author's idea of the ironic effect of a *double entente* whose full meaning is appreciable only by the speaker and the audience. When *Clytemnestra*, on the return of *Agamemnon* from the Trojan War, hints that the proper dispositions will be made for him (privily meaning that she has her axe ready), and the simple warrior, who has not had a bath for ten years, understands her to imply that she is about to turn on the hot water for him, and so proceeds to his

doom, the Greek audience (who knew the plot by heart) was never tired of the titillating satisfaction of feeling that their intelligence was superior to that of the duped monarch. This was where the fun came in: they were in the secret and he was deceived. But the ambiguous phrases in which Bassett so lavishly indulged at the social function to which his borrowed dress-clothes admitted him—phrases that mostly turned on the word "suit," as when he remarked about auction-bridge, "It is useless to do any calling unless you have the right suit"—served no such purpose. Nobody on the stage was interested in their more obvious meaning, and therefore they deceived nobody. They were just gratuitous flourishes of rather easy word-play.



Wife (in hoarse whisper from upstairs, to husband who has gone down to investigate). "SHALL I TELEPHONE FOR THE POLICE, GEORGE?"
George (catching sight of the burglar). "NO, DEAR, THE AMBULANCE."

Up to a point the authors—Messrs. ARTHUR WIMPERIS and HARRY M. VERNON—handled their massed cast with a very passable show of probability; though in these days, when a dance-hostess is lucky if she can recognise half of her guests, perhaps a little too much was made of the triumph of the uninvited Bassett over the embarrassments of the situation. And then came one of those incredible scenes which so often betray the playwright who deals with Society in bulk. The flower of British beauty and chivalry had gathered at the offices of the City magnate (of whom Bassett is now the right-hand man) to view a procession. Into their gay midst bursts an assistant from the tailor's shop, who happens (for tailors are great thinkers) to have composed in his spare moments a treatise on social problems. In a stream of eloquence which reduces the whole company to helpless inertia he pours invective on the hero for having

not only pinched his ideas on "determination and initiative" straight out of his book, but also stolen the girl of his heart, to wit, the tailor's daughter, whom Bassett has persuaded to become his secretary. I do the authors the credit of assuming that their cheeks were bulging with tongue when they invited us to take this scene seriously.

As Bassett, Mr. FRANCIS LISTER got there by force of an admirably glib effrontery; but it was perhaps after his arrival that he was at his best, in his swift and efficient treatment of affairs, a little in the DU MAURIER manner. He was given so much to do that all the others had to be content with minor characters. Of the enormous cast I have only time to mention the excellent performances of Messrs. TOM REYNOLDS, MORTON SELTON, ERNEST HENDRIE, ARTHUR CLEAVE, EWART SCOTT and GEORGE ELTON; of Miss ISABEL JEANS, Miss LYDIA BILBROOKE and Miss DOROTHY TETLEY. But the whole company was always as good and natural as it was allowed to be.

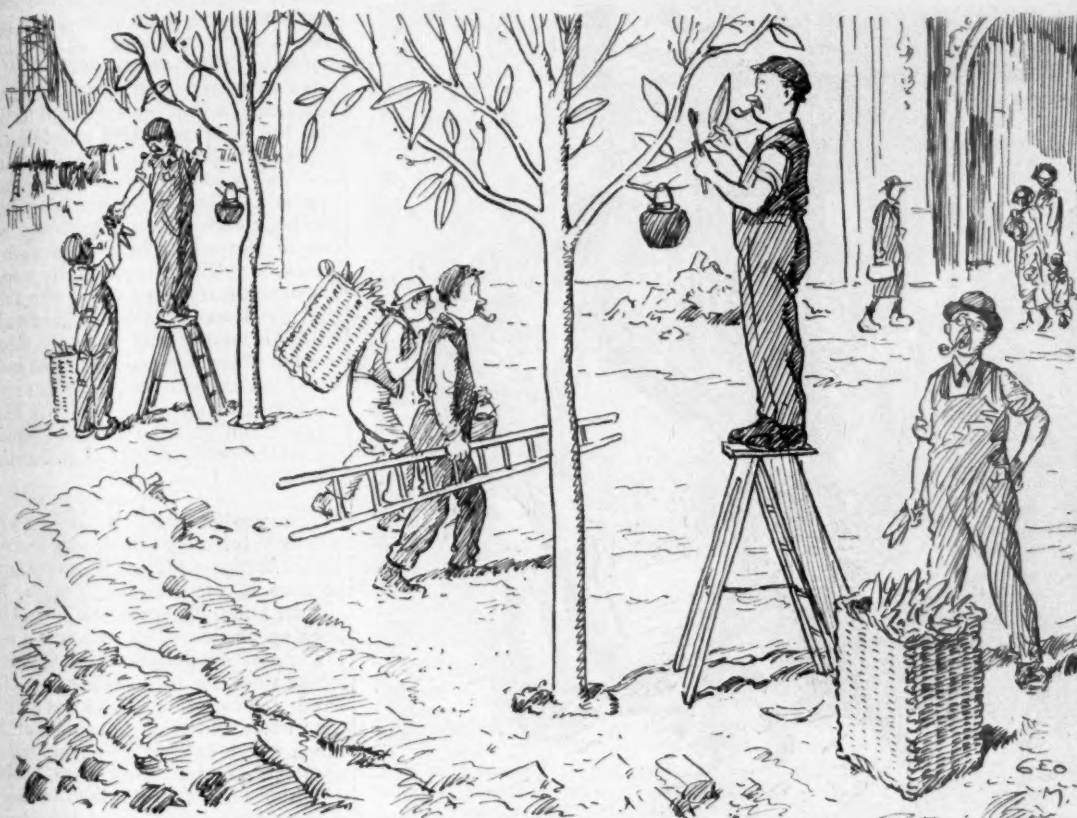
I would hate to seem ungrateful to the Management, but my vision of a play when seen from a box is apt to be oblique. This may account for any doubt that I may harbour as to the prospects of *A Perfect Fit*, for all its novelty of theme. I am too mature to complain of the perfunctoriness of

its love-interest or of its want of moral. But I question whether the chief character is likely to appeal to the great heart of the British public. If he is to be a popular figure, the devilry of your rogue-hero should be a little more robust than Bassett's. O. S.

MY MARKET PRICE.

WHEN I explain that I am not a footballer or a Pekingese dog, you will understand how thrilled I was to discover that I actually had a money value, and that somebody had bought me from somebody else.

It was this way. Our old family doctor has just retired and sold his practice to a new man. Now that practice includes me, as one of his patients. I'm part of the goodwill, as it were. Probably out of the five thousand pounds which changed hands my refractory liver represents at least a guinea.



SPEEDING UP AT WEMBLEY.

PUTTING LEAVES ON BACKWARD TREES.

You never know. Did the old doctor run down the list of names and, coming to mine, say, "Now, there's this one. It's only a liver, with an occasional bad cold. Brings in about three guineas a year, and it's right at the end of the district. I wouldn't worry about it, but it happens to be situated next-door to a very lucrative case of locomotor ataxia at The Elms. Shall we say five guineas?"

"Pooh!" says the newcomer. "What is he—a writer? He won't suffer from liver long. He won't be able to afford to. Say half-a-crown."

"Oh, come," says the old medico, with pleasant memories of last year's influenza. "He's a forgetful sort of chap. Runs out to the post without his hat and all that kind of thing. Besides, I think one lung shows signs of too many cigarettes. Call it a guinea."

Nor is this all. Only a month or so ago Lord ROTHERMERE bought me from Sir EDWARD HULTON for a couple of pounds. I understand that the price he paid for the latter's business worked out at about that figure per reader, and

I happen to be a subscriber to one of the Hulton papers—which one I refuse to confess, even on oath.

The fact is that each and every one of us is an asset on somebody's balance-sheet. I like to picture Sir EDWARD saying, "It's a high price, ROTHERMERE, but you must realise that it includes——" and here his voice drops to a whisper and he reverently breathes my name. At that the other man starts, automatically takes off his hat and signs the contract.

I am not a hero to my valet. I am my own batman and I know myself too well. My landlord possibly considers me a drug in the market. I dare not estimate what my family thinks of me. But no doubt my butcher, when he retires to a peerage, will remember me kindly as the three chops and one rib of beef weekly at No. 10, and will assess me at, say, a fiver. Because I have a passion for parsnips my greengrocer will refuse to let me go under thirty shillings. I am a good client of the Post Office, and perhaps the retiring P.M.G. handed me on as a source

of revenue to the incoming man. Even my dustman might sell me and the contents of my dustbin to another speculative municipal employee for a pint of beer. My tailor—but no. Nor yet my banker. They'd probably give me away or pay somebody to take me.

The thing I don't like about the business is that I never get any of the money myself, and I think it is high time that we who help to form the goodwill of this country should get our rights. Taken on the whole, we may each of us be worth a hundred pounds or so to various business enterprises, and they never consult us in the matter.

Anyway, I am going to emancipate myself. I'm open for offers from a good dentist during next week, and another morning newspaper.

Our Illuminating Contemporaries.

"PRONUNCIATION OF 'WIND' IN MODERN POETRY.—Can you inform me if the pronunciation of 'wind' as 'wind' in poetry is now adhered to?—L. J. S., Bristol.

[Modern poets have, for the most part, given up the old poetical pronunciation of 'wind' as 'wind.'].—*Weekly Paper.*



Bill, "ANYHOW, SHEERIN'S BELIEVING, AIN'T IT?"
 Josh, "WELL, IF YER TAKE MY ADVICE, BILL, YER'LL BELIEVE ONLY JUST 'ALF
 WHAT YER SEES."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

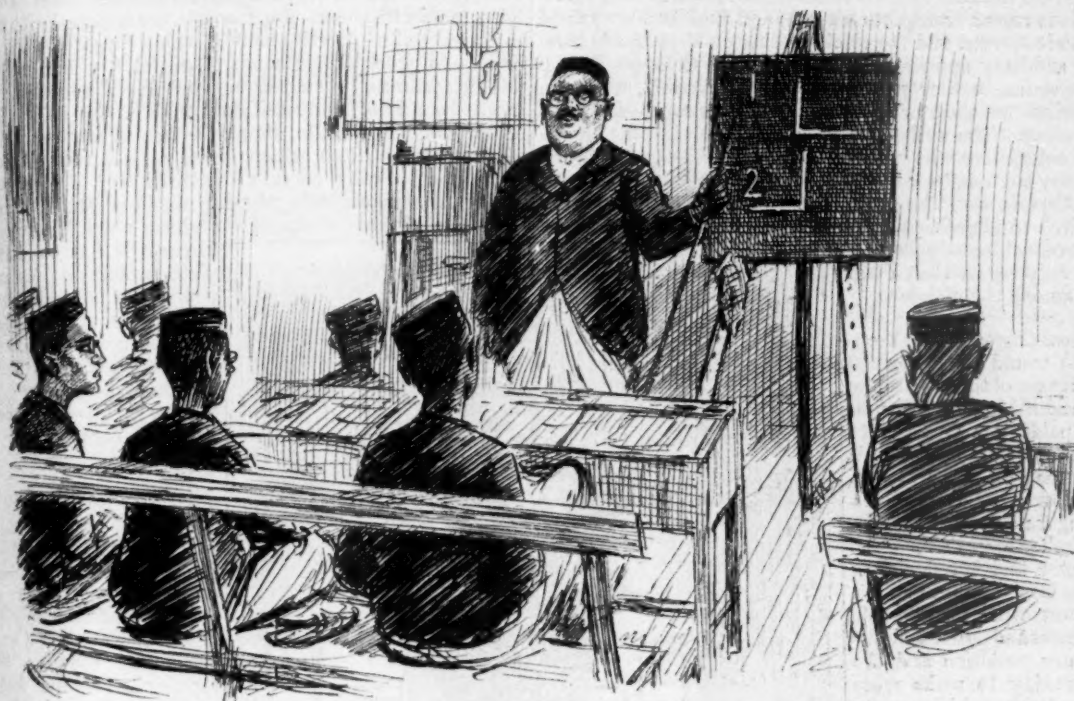
I THINK it is a gain all round that Mr. R. B. CUNNINGHAM GRAHAM should have chosen to present the history of *The Conquest of the River Plate* (HEINEMANN) as a sort of heroic companion piece to PRESCOTT. His theme deserved some such treatment; the interest of the average English reader demanded it, and the writer's own intimate knowledge of the country and its chronicles (a knowledge fused and rendered malleable by personal enthusiasm and skilled literary craftsmanship) ensured the wide and generous aim from any possibility of miscarriage. The story of this particular conquest is unique. El Rio was not Mexico or Peru. There were no cities to be conquered, no governments to be cajoled, by a CORTEZ or a PIZARRO. There was a wide yellow river, unlimited grass, "a furious plague" of pumas, jaguars and wild cats (especially in the neighbourhood of Buenos Aires); there were capibaras, tapirs, alligators and vampire bats and innumerable scattered tribes of Indians all widely different in capacity and temper. The *conquistadores* differed too, though their outfits—hawk-bells, looking-glasses, red cloth and the two swords, spiritual and temporal—seem to have been much the same. First came SOLIS in 1515. Then in 1526 (misprinted as "1580" on p. 16) our own underpaid CABOT. Then NUÑEZ, conqueror,

pedlar of shells, "Child of the Sun," gentleman and saint, soldier and pacifist—a figure who deserves an epic to himself. Then the ill-starred MENDOZA, in whose train came HULDERICO SCHMIDEL, a German soldier of fortune and the conquest's best annalist after NUÑEZ. With IRLA, CHAVES, GARAY and half-a-dozen more the country passes into the settlement stage, and the book ends with a letter home from one of the wives in the garrison of Asuncion. The part played by women is extraordinary; and those who think that ST. TERESA (whose brother sailed with MENDOZA) was the only strong woman of her age and race must make the acquaintance of LUCIA DE HURTADO, martyr of wifely faith, and "LA MALDONADA," midwife to a lioness, besides that of the bravest of all Indian beauties, "LA BELLA LIROPEYA."

The over-hearty folk of Montana were apt to think they could take liberties with *The Nervous Wreck* (SAMPSON LOW) because of his Pittsburgh ways, his slender build, his apologetic air and his horn spectacles. But in a tussle certainly not conducted under QUEENSBERRY rules he made mincemeat of a handsome cattle-hand who was a little too "fresh" with Sally, daughter of the ranch where he was taking his rather restless rest-cure. And when, having lost himself in the "flivver" (which I take from the general run of the evidence to be a Ford) in which he had cheerfully volunteered to drive Sally across uncharted country the sixty odd miles to the station, he encountered the sumptuous car of a New York millionaire and was refused the loan of some petrol.

instead of arguing he just held up the outfit in the traditional manner and helped himself, thus bringing on his trail the sheriff, who happened to be more or less Sally's young man. Mr. E. J. RATH tells his little romance with a good deal of quiet humour and no undue emphasis of its sentimental aspects. Certainly an original hero, and you feel that the admirable Sally will do well with him.

I think you will agree with me that Miss GERTRUDE SPINNY begins her first novel in a very enjoyable vein of fantasy. She starts out with a dreamy young Scot, Jimmy Paterson, who from his youth upwards has made a habit of escaping from the world into a visionary citadel he calls *The Painted Castle* (ARNOLD). This is really a typical French château of the eighteenth century, and Jimmy, on becoming a secondhand bookseller's assistant in London, finds several similar buildings depicted among the stock-in-trade. Some of these he exhibits to Adela Carton, a high-born but cold-hearted damsel who is bent on contracting a marriage of convenience among irreproachably LOUIS SEIZE surroundings. Adela of course is the ideal châtelaine of Jimmy's imaginary castle; and I took it very kindly in Miss SPINNY that she should entice both young people over to Normandy and allow them to discover the original building together. From this point, however, I feel we lose ground. The owner of the castle, a married *roué*, turns out to be a cousin of



Babu Teacher. "NUMBER ONE IS CALLED A 'RIGHT ANGLE,' AND YOU WOULD NATURALLY SUPPOSE THAT NUMBER TWO IS A 'LEFT ANGLE.' BUT BY ORDER OF GOVERNMENT OF INDIA SURVEY DEPARTMENT THIS IS ALSO A RIGHT ANGLE."

Adela's. Not only this, but he was her lover in a former incarnation, when *Adela* herself was the beautiful but erring *Marianne*, and *Jimmy* was her deluded husband. Given this hypothesis and its recognition by all concerned, it is obviously *Jimmy's* task to prevent his wife that was from using her second lease of life as badly as she did her first one. And this he does, though I will not spoil sport by disclosing his method. The reincarnation machinery and the passions of *Adela* and her Marquis are, I suggest, too hackneyed and too realistic for the idyllic status of the castle. But the American Marquise—who is quite capable by herself of tethering her fantastic house-party securely to earth—is an attractive study of unsophisticated character.

When reading BARON CHARLES VON WERKMANN'S *The Tragedy of Charles of Habsburg* (PHILIP ALLAN) I remembered what was once said to me by an Austrian who had been on terms of friendship with his Emperor: "Charles was born to be an Archduke but, unfortunately for himself and his Empire, the accident of a murder placed him on the throne." Charming, quick in comprehension, easy of access to all who sought his presence, desiring to be popular without openly courting popularity, CHARLES, in the ornamental subordinate position of an Archduke, would have lived a happy useful life. Fate decreed otherwise, and at the age of twenty-nine he found himself called upon to direct the Danubian Empire through the gravest crisis in its history. Baron von WERKMANN recalls that LOUIS XVI. spoke of "le malheur de devenir roi," and the expression might have been used with equal appropriateness by CHARLES. It is a great misfortune for the world's peace that so many men who have greatness thrust upon them are incapable of living up to it. In his inability to fill a great office greatly lay the real tragedy of CHARLES, and not, as Baron von

WERKMANN would have us believe, in the malignity of his enemies and the treachery of his professed friend, Admiral von HORTHY. Indeed I think that Baron von WERKMANN is unjust to the Admiral who as Regent of Hungary brought his country out of Bolshevik chaos into comparative order and peace. HORTHY may surely be pardoned for having thought that the immediate restoration to power of a weak young King would not best serve the true interests of Hungary. Baron von WERKMANN pays a high tribute to the courtesy and hospitality shown by the Swiss Government to the EMPEROR, but he does not explain the ingratitude and lack of honour displayed in return by CHARLES. A word of praise is due to Mr. LOCKHART for his admirable translation of an interesting book.

Mr. G. B. BURGIN has the reputation of an industrious novelist, and among the seventy-odd titles displayed opposite the opening page of *The Spending of the Pile* (HUTCHINSON) are some which are known to most students of fiction. I fear familiarity with the game must have bred a certain carelessness, for Mr. BURGIN'S earlier works were surely better than this. The author takes a beautiful and extremely lively American girl, *Millicent P. Hubbs*, who has come into the "pile" and is oppressed by a curious desire to get rid of the hideous responsibilities of wealth as soon as possible. She meets, and adopts as her secretary-companion, *Irene Mainwaring*, an even more beautiful girl than herself, but English, and the most ingenuous of English at that, humorously incapable of understanding even the simplest American slang. Then, of course, the two must needs change places, presumably because in novels where one has all the money and the other has none they generally do, in order to defeat possible fortune-hunters. A spiteful but ridiculous old woman, *Lady Melchester*, is engaged to introduce the two

girls into the best English society. Mr. BURGIN then for no obvious reason transports his girls and their two lovers and a comic servant and the comic mother of *Miss Hubbs* (who has suddenly appeared as the wife of a Colonial Bishop with claims to the "pile") to British Columbia, where he contrives somehow or other to clap a lame conclusion on to his story. The author reminds me of an old-time music-hall entertainer who has acquired in the passage of years a healthy contempt for his audience. "You should see me in my Canada Act," he says. "Awful rot; but they simply eat it." And perhaps he may find some who appreciate his determined facetiousness. I can only regret that I am not among the number.

Card Castle (GRANT RICHARDS) would have escaped all danger of toppling to the ground if Mr. ALEC WAUGH had paid more attention to *Roland Whately* as a business man and less to him as a lover. *Roland*, still a young man, was a partner in his father-in-law's firm, the Marston and Marston Varnish Company; and Mr. WAUGH with considerable clearness and skill has shown us how ambition and the necessity to make more money drove him on to schemes and stratagems that were wide open to criticism. I think that if ambition alone had inveigled him into these devious courses we should have been given a more agreeable story. Unfortunately *Roland* is plunged into an intrigue with a married woman, and it is due to the extravagances caused by this liaison that he finds himself hard pressed for money. I fear that I cannot honestly commend Mr. WAUGH for the discretion with which he describes his hero's erotic adventures.

Mr. C. L. McCURE STEVENS handles his *Famous Crimes and Criminals* (STANLEY PAUL) with an admirable discretion, so politely narrating the most heinous atrocities that even the young person may read of them without what the novelists call changing colour. These horrid annals should indeed serve as sign-posts marked Danger. The aspirant who thinks of "commencing" criminal may learn that the malefactor usually—though not always—suffers retribution. The amateur in nefarious practices may perceive that the professional will surely outwit him; as in the case of the man who was persuaded to insure his life by a plausible acquaintance, the idea being that the plausible acquaintance should produce a dead body, and that the resultant insurance money should be shared by him with the insured man. The acquaintance did indeed produce the requisite corpse, but it was the corpse of the insured man himself. Similarly, the

innocent and the unwary are warned of the frightful dangers lying in wait for them. For example, the temptation to reply in person to an advertisement in which "a comely widow" desires to meet a gentleman of means "with a view to joining fortunes," should be resisted, lest the gentleman of means be chloroformed and slain with an axe by the lady. Masters of ships, again, should beware of cargo consisting of heavy cases from which issues a faint ticking sound, because they may contain dynamite and a clock-work arrangement for exploding the ship in mid-ocean. But, alas! even the varied knowledge of wickedness which Mr. STEVENS imparts is but an incomplete protection; for most people are naturally trustful, not to say credulous; and the more good people there are about the better for the rogue. How grateful we ought all to be to Scotland Yard!



The Bride. "JUST THINK OF IT, DEAREST. TWENTY-FIVE YEARS FROM THE DAY BEFORE YESTERDAY WILL BE OUR SILVER WEDDING."

Mrs. LILIAN ARNOLD has not made *Courtney Blake*, the hero of her latest novel, exactly a *matinée* idol in appearance; in fact his hands, with "pink streaks and patches that somehow suggested the hands of a washerwoman," sound a little repulsive, but his forlorn position will win him the regard of every tender-hearted reader. He has been tried for poisoning his drug-taking first wife, and the experience has left him, though acquitted, broken in spirit and exasperated in temper. The story is concerned with *The Second Wife* (THORNTON BUTTERWORTH), who marries him full of the best intentions for his healing and comfort, and finds that the impossibility of establishing his innocence is rather too much for her. *Alison* is a nice natural girl, if a trifle impulsive; she confessed her love at their third meeting, the other two having taken place respectively in a Harley Street waiting-

room and a chemist's shop, spots in which my own experience is that you do not easily achieve much intimacy with your kind. That she should doubt, and equally that she should resolve to stifle doubt and make *Courtney* happy, was quite natural in her circumstances, and would have been even if she had taken many more than three meetings to get into them. But Mrs. ARNOLD has convinced me that *Courtney* was innocent, and I find it a little exasperating not to be able to share my knowledge with *Alison*. This is quite a nice homely story in spite of the murder, and so staged and told as to be sure to please many readers.

"The chief characteristic of Icharkovski's 'Elegy from Serenade' was the mutiny of the instruments."—*Provincial Paper*. Can you wonder?

CHARIVARIA.

SIGNOR MUSSOLINI has been presented with the Freedom of Rome. It is a bit of a surprise to us to learn that he needed to be presented with the freedom of anywhere.

MISS BELLE HARDING says that bad dancers miss all the fun. But surely we're not supposed to enjoy modern dancing, are we?

MR. CHURCHILL recently assisted the Fire Brigade to put out a gorse fire at Westerham. No doubt he has now added a brass helmet to his collection of head-gear.

MR. W. L. GEORGE says that he became an author by accident. Now perhaps the papers will include this risk under their insurance schemes.

A white Leghorn hen belonging to a farmer at Hitchin is reported to be laying every other day an egg with a bright blue shell. Someone ought to tell the bird that Easter is over.

We are informed by the Press that an underwriter is wanted for a DEMPSEY fight in England. Can this be a misprint for undertaker?

The West of England Chess Festival was held last week at Weston-super-Mare. The police report a total absence of rowdism.

We have just heard of a man who has never been on strike in his life. He attributes this record to the fact that he never started work.

A magistrate has referred to the pernicious influence of billiards. It is not known who has been potting his white.

According to Mr. JOHN HARRIS, M.P., some of the finest men he ever met were cannibals. We suppose it is a question of diet and regular meals.

MISS MARY PICKFORD says she likes to start work at eight o'clock in the morning. It is certainly a beautiful idea.

"Beer," says the Scientific Correspondent of a morning paper, "has ceased to

be the product of ancestral rites at the mercy of such extrinsic influences as thunder, the tricks of fairies or magical charms." Still even in the old superstitious days brewers used to put hops into it.

The Order of Henpecked Husbands met last week at Halifax. We presume that is where their wives told them to go.

Now that the British Empire Exhibition is open there is some talk of the rest of the world being closed at six o'clock each evening.

An actress who has recently arrived from abroad is reported as saying that she loves the greyness and sadness of London. It is believed that her remark

of "Yes, we have no Bananas." It appears to have been composed by somebody else and written by his mother.

The site of a bear-garden has been discovered near London Bridge. For several reasons Westminster has latterly been found more convenient.

England has recognised the Greek Republic. It is said, however, that the Greeks themselves wouldn't have recognised it if they hadn't been told.

The latest craze in Vienna is to dance without music. But we've been doing that in London for years.

MISS OLGA NETHERSOLE says that the first warm months of the year seem to

favour the creation of works of genius. Certainly we always get our income-tax forms early in April.

A scientist says that 150,000 germs can live on a pound note for years. Germs seem to be cleverer than we are. We can hardly do it for a day.

A contemporary, discussing tennis prospects, heads a paragraph, "Spring in the Air." We have often seen this idea illustrated in the Photographic Press.

A medical writer suggests that motorists should take eye exer-

cises to quicken the vision. There is always the danger, it seems, of slow-sighted motorists missing a pedestrian.

An African mangabey called "Freckles," which has arrived at the Zoo, is described as queer-looking. We can only say that, with the probability of a large influx of foreign visitors for the Wembley Exhibition, whose standards of beauty may differ widely from our own, these personalities are ill-judged.

More Broadcasting at Wembley.

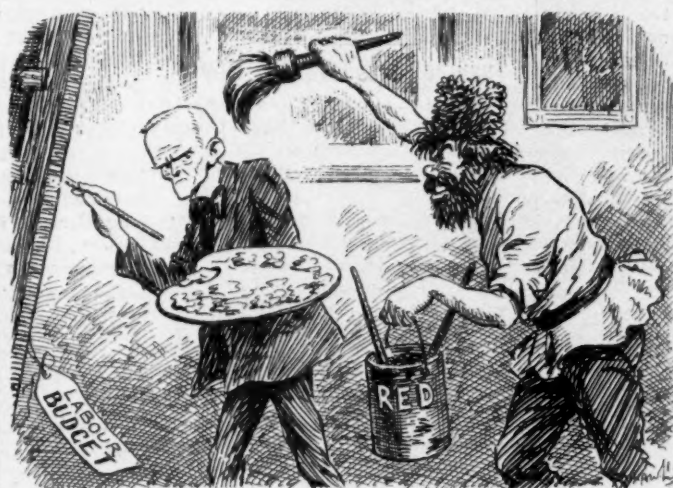
"The Commonwealth of Nations stands at attention. The Royal Standard bellows heavily out from the masthead."

Daily Paper.

Our Candid Journalists.

A propos of the Lib.-Lab. quarrel:—

"Unless we are unusually misinformed, certain pourparlers in this sense have already been mooted."—Sunday Paper.



Delegate from the Soviet Academy of Moscow (to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER). "BAH! A THOROUGHLY BOURGEOIS PRODUCTION. WHY NOT PUT SOME COLOUR INTO IT?"

is receiving the consideration of an Emergency Committee of the Brighter London Society.

The police at Blois have arrested a girl of eleven for burglary. It may seem young, but they all have to make a start.

According to a Colonial Office report the people of Caicos Islands had to import water last year. They never do things like that in Scotland.

A party of English explorers bound for the Antarctic have been presented by well-wishers with sixteen gramophones, six bagpipes and two saxophones. That ought to teach them to explore.

We are asked to correct our statement that "Do Shrimps Make Good Mothers?" is from the pen of the author

THE OPENING OF THE CRICKET SEASON.

THE menace of summer is upon us. Journalists are already predicting which county will be second to Yorkshire in the Championship. Kennington Gasworks are being repainted. Photographs showing Mr. HENDREN of Middlesex in the act of coaching schoolboys two feet taller than himself are appearing in the picture-papers. Mr. LOVAT FRASER's trenchant article, "How I Should Beat the South Africans," is already in italics.

Meanwhile we in Little Whinbury await the season with quiet confidence.

Our club colours will be the same as last year's—white flannel trousers with dark waistcoats, and the single brown pad (as heretofore) will be worn. The dear Vicar will lead us again, and will open the bowling from the cowshed end, though it is to be hoped that he will not, as so frequently occurred last season, be above the heads of his congregation of batsman, wicket-keeper and three long-stops. You may tell me that STRUDWICK has never employed three long-stops. That is quite true. Nor do we the whole season through. After haymaking we manage with a couple.

Yesterday, between hailstorms, we inspected the wicket and found it all in order. There they were—the dear familiar landmarks! Reverently we viewed them all: the cover-point salient, scene of a thousand sitters dropped; the casual water at long-off; the elm-tree at mid-on, behind which our skipper, after the manner of ARMSTRONG's leg-trap, conceals his reserve fieldsmen; and the sandpit, artfully masked by a forest of stinging-nettles, which inspired the late Lord TENNYSON (after an afternoon of anguish at deep square-leg) to pen the poignant line:—

"I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood!"

Since last September there has been a railing round the pitch, but its function has been purely symbolic. It has not kept the cattle off. Why should it? If cattle had never been allowed on the pitch you would not find that hoof-mark two feet in front of the popping-crease which is affectionately known as "Oswald's Spot." 'Tis not so deep as a well nor so wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill serve the fell purposes of Oswald Greensitt, our second bowler, who can pitch them there five balls out of six.

Once Oswald has pitched one on the spot your little hour is ended. The two-eyed stance will avail you naught; indeed I doubt whether Argus himself could have invented a stance capable of dealing with the celebrated Greensitt

shooter. If you assert that only over your dead body will he reach your wicket, Oswald will take you at your word. Whether you elect to figure in the scoring-book as (simply):—

... b. Greensitt 0
or (more sympathetically)—

... retired hurt 0
or (with a hint of cowardice)—

... absent, ill 0
it is all the same to Oswald.

The ball no question makes of eyes or nose, But right or left strikes—and the player goes; And he that tossed it down into the field, He knows about it all—he knows—he knows!

Oswald knows. It is, as they say, all St. John's Wood Road to a Sorbo bouncer that he knows. He was a regimental bomb-thrower in France for four years.

Yes, I think we shall have a very successful season.

UNDERSTUDIES FOR THE FILMS.

HE slipped smilingly into the vacant seat beside mine in the Regent Cinema—a tall athletic man with a general air upon him that suggested the "Profession."

"Are you," he began without apology, "an admirer of the famous Denis Dere—'Daredevil' Dere?"

"Yes," I admitted, opening a programme wherein the great Dere was starred in the thrilling film, *Do and Die*. "Ah! then it may interest you to know that I am Denis Dere."

I looked at him nervously, but there was nothing in his appearance to excite alarm.

"That is to say," he amended, "I am one of his understudies."

"But," I began with astonishment, "I had no idea that screen actors employed understudies. Do you seriously mean that—?"

"Most decidedly," interrupted the stranger. "In the past, as perhaps you remember, there was an absurd idea in vogue that a leading actor must be able to do anything."

"And, in fact," I prompted him, "they do practically—?"

"Nothing! And you will readily perceive that this greatly facilitates the production of colossal masterpieces. Take the film that is now in course of production. One of Dere's most thrilling scenes takes place on the Brighton front, where to-morrow morning he will be filmed rescuing the heroine from a watery grave. As a matter of fact he can't swim a stroke, so for that episode I am to be the eminent Dere."

"And the heroine, Ruby Nix," I suggested—"doesn't she take her part?"

"What—and ruin her Marcel wave? No, her dresser takes that Act. Again,

there is a most tremendous scene where he drops from a ten-storey building. Audiences like that sort of thing; it always fetches a laugh. But what does the great Dere know of falling? Nothing. It isn't his work. His place is in London—being interviewed and," he added bitterly, "signing autograph albums. No, a friend of mine is understudying that Act."

"And the marvellous feats of horsemanship?" I queried. "That wonderful ride to Salisbury, and—"

"Understudy," he interjected briefly. "Dere has never been for a ride in his life, except once, I believe, on a donkey at Palm Beach. In fact there are about three-dozen understudies just now taking his place in another production, *The Whirlpool*, where he shoots Niagara in an orange-box—or rather," he corrected, "I do."

"And that thrilling aeroplane incident in the tenth episode of *Do and Die*?" I persisted.

"Ha-ha! we used a dummy there. Clever, wasn't it? Dere was in Harrogate at that time taking a cure. Owing to this system the company are enabled to produce a new film, featuring Dere, of course, every week. His salary, I believe, is enormous."

"Perhaps you would tell me," I managed sadly, "what exactly are the scenes in which he himself is featured? Does he come in at all?"

"He has hitherto," the understudy replied, "but he hopes to procure a few real doubles shortly. It would save so much time. Then he would simply have to devote his days to being interviewed and investing his salary, while the company could produce three colossal masterpieces every week. What an improvement on the old days, when a world-famous star had to do the whole thing himself—introductory, thrills and close-up—without any assistance! Why, you might say that we, the understudies, are the backbone of the cinema indus—"

"One might, indeed," I assented, staggered at this iconoclasm. "But there must be compensations. The enormous salary, for instance—Dere shares that with his collaborators, of course?"

"Would you?" he snapped with unnecessary violence as he proceeded to applaud his own performance as understudy in the first episode of *Do and Die*.

Quite between ourselves, I am transferring my allegiance to Felix—the cat, you know. Felix has no understudy.

— 24 h.p., 6-cyl., chassis, late 1920 model, bulbous back, painted cream with black wings.—Advt. in *Motoring Paper*.
The car of destiny!



LAST AID.

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE (to Europa). "AS SOON AS YOU HAVE EXTRICATED YOURSELF FROM THE MORASS IN WHICH YOU ARE NOW WALLOWING, I SHALL BE HAPPY, MADAM, TO SUMMON ASSISTANCE."

[The AMERICAN PRESIDENT recently announced that "when a definite settlement of German reparations had been finally established" he would favour the calling of a new world-conference.]



ANOTHER GLIMPSE OF THE OBVIOUS.

Jones (returning from the City). "GREAT HEAVENS! WHAT'S HAPPENED?"
Fireman. "YOUR 'OUSE IS ON FIRE."

NEW ENDINGS TO OLD TALES.

V.—ARACHNE.

Arachne's skill in needlework had long been a trial to her husband. She had been elected president of the local Arts and Crafts Guild, which held an exhibition every Spring, and she had induced him to be present at the opening of one of these functions. He had been virtually compelled to buy clay-dolls and wrought-iron coffers which he did not require; he had paid five drachmæ for the privilege of guessing the weight of a cake, and he had purchased tickets for two raffles. Unfortunately he had won both the prizes offered. The first was a green cloak embroidered with yellow suns, which he had been obliged to wear because Arachne herself had designed the garment; and the second was a colossal statue of Pallas Athene, a goddess in whom he took no interest whatever. Broken up it would have served to mend the roads, which were in very bad condition; but there were the feelings of the divinity to be considered, and Arachne's husband, whose name,

by the way was Eurycles, thought it safer to present the statue to the nearest temple dedicated to the daughter of Zeus. This happened to be thirty miles distant, and the cost of transport was very heavy. Still, in the course of superintending the removal, he was able to drop the green cloak while crossing a stream.

The following year he contrived to have business in Athens, which he only concluded after the closing of the exhibition. He had not been home an hour and was still in his bath, washing off the dust of the journey, when a slave came to fetch him.

"Please, Sir, an oracle to see you."

"Ask him what he wants," shouted Eurycles.

"He won't say, Sir."

"Very well. Tell him to wait. It's a funny thing," he grumbled, "that I can never be allowed a moment's peace. An oracle indeed! More likely to be a man selling lutes on the hire system, or collecting subscriptions for a home for decayed Mænads."

But he was impressed in spite of himself by the venerable appearance

of the white-bearded old gentleman whom he found sunning himself on the bench by the house-door.

"Sorry to have kept you——" he began.

"Woe!" said the old gentleman loudly.

"Oh, dear me, I hope not," said Eurycles anxiously, for he was now assured of the genuineness of his visitor's claim to be an oracle; oracular conversation being always of a depressing character. "Is it anything I can put right? I know I half-promised Zeus a bull last year, but I've had a good many expenses——"

"Woe!" repeated the oracle.

"May I ask whom you represent?" inquired Eurycles. "There are so many——"

"Too many," agreed the other. "The competition is keen, very keen. But I have no instructions from Zeus. I come from the temple of Pallas. The goddess was pleased with the statue of her you presented to the temple some time ago. That is, she does not regard it as a good likeness, but it was a well-meant effort, and as a reward she has

sent me to break some bad news to you as gently as possible."

"Oh," said Eurycles.

The oracle coughed. "It's rather a delicate matter," he said, and coughed again. "Have you seen your good lady since your return?"

"I have not," said Eurycles.

"Are you sure?"

Eurycles was surprised. "Of course I am sure. Do you think I don't know my own wife when I see her?"

"Pallas was one of the entrants in the needlework competition of your Arts and Crafts Guild," said the oracle. "The judges awarded her the first prize, which was prudent of them, but Arachne was heard to make some derogatory remarks and to compare the stitches unfavourably with those of her own exhibit. Pallas was annoyed by her presumption and, to make a long story short, she has changed your wife into a spider."

"Good gracious!" said Eurycles. "Now you mention it I remember I noticed one on the bathroom wall. I tried to reach it, but it ran up to the ceiling. This puts me in an exceedingly awkward position."

"Most distressing," said the oracle. He lowered his voice confidentially. "Between you and me I don't mind saying that the gods interfere too much. We have a good many complaints from various sources. Family wage-earners, useful members of society, turned into peacocks and laurel bushes. Young persons crossed in love are afraid to show their feelings in case they should be changed into brooks or fountains by sympathetic deities."

But Eurycles was not listening. "The servants," he said, "may not mind if it is properly explained to them. But I shall have to get a housekeeper," he said. "You can't expect them to take their orders from a spider, even if it—she, I mean—is able to make herself understood. It is most upsetting."

"Of course it is," said the oracle kindly. "I think that if Pallas had realised at the time that the offender was your wife she might have dealt with her more leniently. Shall I try to persuade her to restore Arachne to her original form?"

"No, no," said Eurycles. He redened slightly. "At least—what I mean is—don't let us do anything in a hurry. You have confused me. I must have time—"

"Quite, quite," said the oracle in his most soothing manner. "You may rely on me to do my best for you. Good afternoon."

He kept his word. When Pallas paid her next visit to the temple he pleaded the cause of the bereaved



REJECTED.

Urchin. "Oo, LUMME—LOOK! THERE'S WATER—AN' SOMEFINK SETTIN' ON A CLOUD—AN' A LIDY WHAT'S 'AD HER CLOTHES PINCHED—YER NEVER SEE SUCH A SIGHT!"

Eurycles with so much fervour that the goddess was touched.

"I never reverse my judgments. That would be against my principles," she said. "But I tell you what I will do for them. She may not return to him, but he shall join her. It comes to the same thing practically."

"I'm afraid I don't quite—" began the oracle.

"I have done it," she announced.

"Done what, O Goddess?" faltered the old gentleman. He wished she was not quite so impulsive.

She laughed good-naturedly. "Why, turned the poor little man into a spider

too. Now they'll be quite comfy together again."

And if the oracle wondered how much the goddess knew of natural history—whether she was aware of the female spider's habit of eating her husband after the honeymoon—he thought it best to keep his own doubts to himself.

"Referring to the question of debts to be discussed at the London Conference, M. Trotsky said: 'In 1917 we decided not to pay debts. This decision will be honestly kept.'—*Daily Paper*.

Who said the Bolsheviks had no sense of humour?



THE TALKING-DRUMS.

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

IX.—WEST AFRICA.

THE two drums (male and female) on which the tone language of the Ashanti tribes is beaten with hooked sticks are made of elephant's ear stretched over some kind of palm-wood with a name which I know but may not tell. If you have learnt Ashanti and are something of a drummer you can talk on these drums. If not, not. Into the drums when they are beaten come the spirit of the elephant and the spirit of the palm-tree; and they are very sacred drums. They are kept in a special house; no woman may come near them; and sacrifices are made to them—sacrifices of eggs, which are broken against their sides, and sacrifices of fowls.

There is on the Wembley Gold Coast an officer who is also an anthropologist (a combination not insisted upon by K.R.), and by dint of I don't know how many years of practice he can talk a little on the speaking-drums. When he had made a few self-chosen remarks to us, he handed the drumsticks over to an Ashanti prince wearing what until lately was the usual native costume of Wembley West Africans—a Balaclava helmet and a heavy overcoat. The prince then spoke. I think he summoned the Ashanti tribes to war. Anyhow, I have seldom heard a more effective little oration. Nothing, of course, could deter the Illustrator from trying his hand on the Ashanti drums, in spite of the fact that he did not know the tone language and is at home with no musical instrument except the ocarina. The

effect was terrible, for all the West Africans present flung down the sacks of cocoa-nibs which they were carrying and prostrated themselves on the ground.

It appears that they thought the spirit of the elephant and the spirit of the palm-tree were sick with pains and about to die.

"How far does the sound of these drums carry?" I asked the Anthropologist.

"About four miles," he told me, "through the forests."

"And how long have these people been using them?"

"Oh, for centuries."

"Good heavens!" I said, "and we have only just got to 2 L.O."

He pointed out truly, however, that the radio programme was voluntary, whereas you were obliged to listen-in to the speaking drums, unless you used cotton-wool, and also too, owing to taboo, one would not be able to listen to MARY PICKFORD on them.

"That is so," I agreed. "On the other hand there have been times when I have felt so much awed by the spirit of somebody or other which has come into a loud-speaker that I have longed to break eggs against its sides. Do give these poor people another of your bedtime stories, please."

He did so, and, being restored to comparative calm, the terror-stricken natives were able to continue their labour.

The affairs of the Gold Coast are largely superintended by two English ladies, who, even if they are not permitted to broad-cast on the speaking-drums, give a very charming welcome to prospectors somewhat dazed by the immense ranches of Canada and Australia or the limitless vistas of the veldt and Wembley. I doubt whether the Illus-



THE LONG AND THE SHORT.

trator had ever before felt so kindly disposed towards the world's cocoa supply, about seventy per cent. of which I gather comes from West Africa. But there were other exhibits—leather shoes and inlay work and fabrics and raw palm-oil, the West African variety of which, unlike that used in English hotels, appears to be a pinkish fluid enclosed in glass jars and makes no crackling sound.

Then the Anthropologist asked us whether we would like to see the West African village, now in complete occupation; and of course we would. We went into the little circle of wattle-roofed huts, and we received a guard's salute from an Ashanti warrior, over six foot high, with a cross cut on either cheek (his tribal mark). This man was standing stiffly upright outside the door of his home, and he could have easily stood stiffly upright inside it if the floor had been a little lower.

"He fought for us in 1914," said our guide, "against German West;" and he spoke a few words to the warrior in the tone language, getting the reply (so I understood) that it is a long, long way to Wembley, but the hearts of the Ashanti people are right there.

We were then introduced to a princess. It is the first time (for I have lived a secluded life) that I have ever had a princess trotted out of a hut for my critical appraisal, and I did not know exactly what to do. She stood there, and I stood there. The Illustrator smiled and she smiled. I thought it was time to say something at last, so I pulled myself together.

"She has our gracious approval," I announced. The lady was carrying a black doll decorated with two bead necklaces.

"She prays to that doll," said the Anthropologist, "and has given it those necklaces as an offering, in order that when she marries she may have children."

I know very little of Court etiquette, but it did not seem to me to be quite the thing to discuss the day-dreams of a princess publicly before her face, and I was rather glad when our attention was diverted to a rough post surmounted by a kind of wooden cap.

"That is an altar to the sky-god," said the Anthropologist. "The supreme Ashanti god."

"A sort of sun-god?" I hazarded.

"Oh, no," he said. "There is no sun-god in West Africa. The sky-god is the rain-god, who gives fertility and makes the rivers flow."

"And they were worshipping that all through a Wembley April?"

"They were."

"They must have been vastly sustained in the faith," I said.

But it seemed that the cold winds had troubled them a great deal, and that some of them thought the sky-god had been angry with them for coming so far overseas. To which of the gods they



ON PARADE.

attributed the merciful dispensation by which electric radiators had been installed in their huts I did not discover.

"Wasn't it rather a strange experience?" I asked the Anthropologist



OFF DUTY.

as we left the village, "for all these people to transplant themselves like this?"

"Not so strange," he said, "as they found it before we settled them here. I

had them with me in a Bloomsbury boarding-house for a fortnight—the whole twenty-seven of them, you know."

"You what?" I said.

He repeated it.

"And how did you—how did they enjoy that?"

"Well, the first day they threw all their food off the table on to the floor."

"That is not exactly customary, is it?" I said, for, never having been in a Bloomsbury boarding-house, I did not know.

"It occasioned some remark amongst the guests," he admitted. "And of course they did not know how to get into bed, never having been under blankets before. And then there was the gas."

"What happened about the gas?"

"They understood how to work electric light, because they had seen it on the ship, so they did the same thing to the gas. It troubled them, of course, a good deal that no light appeared, but it naturally didn't occur to them to turn it off again. They merely thought that some evil spirit was annoyed with them."

"Amongst the deeds that won the Empire," I said to the Anthropologist, "I count yours not the least. I shall always see you in my mind's eye explaining the therm-god to the Ashanti warriors on the speaking-drums."

EVOC.

Our Erudite Contemporaries.

"[The ancient Greeks] mourned for their dead, believing dolorous Plutarch enchain'd them in the regions of darkness."

Sunday Paper.

It seems that the biographer who "added a new terror to death" was anticipated by PLUTARCH.

"NORTH & SOUTH AT GOLF.

Time to Search for Men off the Beaten Track."

Evening Paper.

And get them back on to the fairway.

"It is the unspanked generation we have on our hands to-day," says Dr. —."

Canadian Paper.

When we ought, of course, to have them across our knees.

"I am glad to be able to chronicle the formation of a new angling club. It will make its public debut on Easter Monday by holding a trout-fishing competition. Tight lies and good fortune to the new club."—*Uster Paper.*

We trust the fortune was so good that the "tight lies" were not required.

"He [Mr. Lloyd George] afterwards took a seat in front of the stand, which commanded a fine view of the Welsh mountains, with Snowden in the far distance."—*Daily Paper.*

This seems to confirm the rumours of a widening gulf between Liberals and Labour, but would not "Mr. Snowden" have been more respectful to the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER?

PARLIAMANNERS.

II.

(Being some further points in the *Parliaman System of Training for Young Politicians.*)

BUT it must not be supposed that the "Parliaman" System is solely concerned with the *manners* of politics. We provide as well the *material* and indeed the *mental* equipment of the young statesman, arguments, jokes, gestures and all. The student has only to name his choice, and we will turn him out a convinced Free Trader, Protectionist, Nationaliser, Individual Enterpriser, Prohibitionist or Anti-Vaccinationist.

We are particularly proud of our FANATICAL SECTION, where the really woolly-headed and successful politicians are made. Over the door of the FANATICAL BUILDING are carved in stone the glowing words of the veteran Free Trader, Slugg, when invited to compromise on the question of child-labour in factories:—

"Compromise! Who asks me to compromise? Has not this Land, this England, grown up to greatness under the Free Elastic Play of Economic Forces? To Buy in the Cheapest Market, to Sell in the Dearest, whether it be Goods or whether it be Labourers, is not this the immemorial Tradition of our Race? If these Children be the Cheapest Labour to our hand, then who am I that I should hold a single Infant from the Looms and Benches which are their Natural Destiny? Blast your Broad-mindedness! Let 'em Sweat.

EBENEZER SLUGG,
Ob. 1869."

And such is the constant mind and temper which we strive to implant in our pupils. From the very first we teach them that the whole scale of moral values must be changed by those embarking on public life. For what would be called PIG-HEADEDNESS in private life becomes in politics ATTACHMENT TO PRINCIPLE; while the mere MULE becomes a WELL-MEANING FANATIC. To yield to the reasoned persuasion of another, however admirable it may be considered in private life, is in politics either the sign of WEAKNESS or INSIN-

CERITY, while definitely to change your mind with changing circumstances is an action so rare and so obnoxious that it is rewarded with terms of obloquy ranging from "Turn-coat" and "Place-hunter" to the odious epithet of "Rat."

For this is the vilest thing that a public man can do. He may change his religion or his wife with impunity, but let him change his mind concerning the imposition of an import duty and he is a dead man. Witness the boyish eagerness with which all parties pursue the game of mud-raking in *Hansard* for quotations indicating that their honourable opponents no longer think as they thought in 1910. On the other hand, infinite respect and applause can be won by the simple statement that your

"We remain the same as we were on the night of October 25th, 1917."
TROTSKY—in a recent speech.

* * *

The root of the matter, as the veteran Slugg so clearly saw, is Principle—which, as the Dictionary has it, is "A General Law as a Guide to Action."

Students taking the Fanatics' Course receive a thorough grounding in the best-known modern Principles, including:—

The Off Theory.
Keep to the Left.
The Earth is Flat.
Eat Less Meat.
Eat More Meat.
Never go to Sea on a Friday.
Never fall in Love with a Red-haired Girl.

President KRUGER, it may be remembered, believed till the day of his death that the earth was flat, even when confronted with a man who had just sailed round the world. This is perhaps the most stimulating example of devotion to principle on record.

In this connection we may refer to the well-known circumstances in which the veteran Slugg met his end. On a visit to Paris in his seventy-eighth year, the tenacious old statesman insisted on driving on the left-hand side of the road, asserting repeatedly and loudly that he had traversed the streets of Manchester for thirty-five

years in that fashion, and that he did not propose to palter with principle at his time of life; that it was clearly laid down in the Acts of the Apostles—But at this point a fire-engine, recklessly deriding the old man's faith, terminated at one blow the statesman and the sentence.

The late George Waters, too, will long be remembered for the admirable consistency with which, for thirty-five years, as Captain of the Gumshire Cricket Eleven, he stood by the off-theory, which his father had employed to such effect before him. Himself a bowler, whatever the state of the game, the weather or the wicket, he bowled over after over some two feet wide of the off-stump, and sternly discouraged such hot-heads among his team as elected to bowl at the wicket; and, though it cannot be said that the Gumshire C. C. often won



Indignant Char Lady (just admitted after standing in pouring rain). "WHY DIDN'T YOU LET ME IN BEFORE? I'VE BEEN RINGIN' AN' RINGIN'—!"
Housemaid. "YOU KEP' ON SO REGULAR, I THOUGHT IT WAS ONLY THE TELEPHONE."

opinions have not changed by a hair's breadth during the past twenty-five years. Indeed, this is perhaps the only walk of life in which this is regarded as the supreme evidence of merit in a man. See *Flick's Lives of the Fanatics*:—

"I stand where CORDEN stood."

Slugg.

"I stand where Lord ELDON stood."

Sir John Blow.

"I have nothing to add to what I said at Manchester in 1892."

Nathaniel Wind.

"There is nothing about Daylight Saving in the Book of Genesis."

Harriet Wicks.

"My grandfather knew what he was talking about."

The Earl of Rumble.

"No man shall persuade me."

Lord Bilberry—passim.



Artist (who has proposed to red-headed young woman). "THE ONLY TROUBLE IS THAT THE COLOUR-SCHEME OF MY HOUSE DOESN'T GO WITH YOUR HAIR. QUESTION IS—WHICH SHALL WE SCRAP?"

a match, the number of matches drawn in the year 1903 was said for many years to constitute a record. George Waters was a teetotaler, vegetarian and member of the Free Trade Union. He died of indigestion.

Such examples, however, in the ordinary citizen are rare, for in private life there are few of us so confident in our own genius that in this shifting and uncertain world we are prepared to lay down a rule of action which shall be true for all time, all circumstances and all places. Such proud boasts as Mr. ASQUITH's, Mr. CHURCHILL's and others—"I am a life-long Free Trader"—are seldom heard in the homes of lesser men, though there was the unfortunate case of a Mr. PRITT, of Kennington, who, having disposed of his fortune to a designing woman, declined to marry her on the ground that he was a life-long bachelor.

Two months at our College, however, and any young man should readily pick up a Principle or two. Once acquired, it will be found that they make his life a simple thing; he will take no action,

he will form no opinion, except by logical reference to his Principles. The Clydeside Members, for example (who, next to the Free Traders are perhaps the most glorious exponents of the value of Principle), were anxious recently to reach their constituencies during a partial railway strike, but, since it was against their Principles to travel in a train during a railway strike, they elected instead to travel uncomfortably by sea, and were thus unable to discharge their pressing duties to their constituents till some days later. Principle, however, scored a victory. Mr. MAXTON, again, in a recent debate announced that large numbers of "the workers" would not take part in the next war, some because they thought war was wrong, and others "because they would never fight for a capitalist country"—war, of course, being a right and proper thing only if conducted by a Socialist State and according to Socialist Principles.

This kind of rugged constancy we do our best to implant in our pupils. Members of the Free Trade Class are trained to refuse all food which may be suspected of any taint of Imperial Prefer-

ence. The Collectivist Class has instructions to travel in the municipal trams, but not in a private company's omnibus. The Communists are taught yelling.

The chief Communist principles or yells are the following:—

- "You began it!"
- "What about you?"
- "Mud is quicker than water."
- "Peace! Fraternity! Let's have a strike!"
- "All men are Brothers—but Capitalists are illegitimate."

A. P. H.

Fiction and Physiology.

"His blue pupils were needle points of frosty fire."—Recent novel.

"The most arresting thing about him was his eyes, bright brown pupils set in very white irises."—Magazine story.

At the opening of the Wembley Exhibition:—

"Easily, after a sweltering journey in a packed railway carriage, we made our way, the whole hundred thousand of us, to our appointed places."—Evening Paper.

"Packed," in the circumstances, seems an inadequate epithet.

DAK BUNGALOWS.

"DAK BUNGALOWS?" said Jobson, "Dak Bungalows!" said he;

"I hit the trail for the Gorgeous East in 1893.
And I've wandered thirty years from Chatrapur to Comorin
Till there's not a rest-house on the road but I've cast
anchor in.
Dak Bungalows! Don't speak of 'em to me.

"You get 'em walled with native mud and roofed with
rotting thatch,
Where the bats hang up in hundreds and the baby cobras
hatch;
You get 'em built of Gov'ment brick, topped off with
Mission tiles,
Where the rain comes through and weeps on you and the
sun looks in and smiles;
But there's precious few that you could call a catch.

"You get 'em cocked up on a hill or settled by the Bay,
Or buried in some jungle glade where the bamboos creak
and sway;
You get 'em miles from anywhere or plumb in the bazaar
Where the pi-dogs howl and the drums beat up and the
native voices jar;
You get 'em different day by weary day.

"You get 'em new and 'type-design' with the doors and
windows plumb,
With the varnish sticky on the chairs and a smell of paint
and gum;
And all along the Grand Trunk Road you get 'em old
and odd,
With tombstones in the compound and an air of
'Ichabod';
Yes, you've simply got to take 'em as they come.

"By railway, river and canal, by road and bullock-track,
You do your stage and stay your night and write your
name and pack;
Come hill or dale, come hot or cold, come lightning,
thunder, rain,
You wander on from house to house and wander out
again—
And know you're never likely to be back.

"You get 'em good, you get 'em bad, you get 'em worse
and worst,
But always there's a likeness odd betwixt the last and first;
Because of those who all these years from house to
house have plied
And laughed and joked and jollified or ailed and wept
and died;
And the ghosts come back that blessed the place—or cursed.
"And often on a stuffy night, mid the pi-dogs' maddening din,
When the breeze is dead and it's ninety-odd and the
poochies * bite like sin,
I read the names in the Bungalow Book and wonder why
and how
They came along and where they went and what they're
doing now—
And I sometimes see their faces looking in.
"Familiar faces—Magistrate, Policeman, Engineer,
Forest and Salt and all the rest, who humped their battered
gear
From bungalow to bungalow and paid twelve annas rent
And spread their kit and packed again and did their
work and went,
But somehow left behind an atmosphere.

* Insects.

"Dak Bungalows! A funny life—arrive, unpack and
flit;
But my name is in a hundred Books and you may learn
from it
That a certain friendless fellow—one Jobson, it appears—
Made his home in these same houses for a spell of thirty
years,
And groused a lot . . . But oh! he's loath to quit."
H. B.

A DESIRABLE DISTRICT.

SINCE visiting Townman in his flat in one of those streets
off the north side of Piccadilly, I cannot help feeling that
Mayfair, as a residential neighbourhood, compares very
favourably even with Tootleham, which is one of the best
of our suburbs.

It must be very pleasant to walk along Piccadilly in the
knowledge that your home is just round the corner, instead
of fifty minutes away (always supposing that you catch your
train at Victoria). Another advantage of living here is the
saving effected in the matter of season-tickets. Further, the
breakfast hour could be suitably adjusted: I cannot think
that the best people would breakfast at eight, as we have to
do at Tootleham.

Sometimes in Tootleham one receives an invitation to
dinner, which one cannot very well decline, from a house
on the other side of London, necessitating a very tiresome
expedition. For Mayfair, however, there is no "other side"
to London. Peckham, Ilford, Kentish Town, Golder's
Green, Chiswick, Battersea, Balham—all are one to Mayfair.
By the way, I am afraid that evening dress worn in the
streets of Mayfair does not attract such attention as it does
in Cowslip Avenue, Tootleham; but that is one of the
sacrifices one would be called upon to make.

On glancing through the Directory I find that the neigh-
bours one would have in Mayfair are really quite nice people.
It must be confessed that in this respect Tootleham, though
still presenting a high standard on the whole, is not what
it was.

The idea of living among shops would, of course, need
getting used to. Neither Ethel nor I have been accustomed
to this kind of thing. Yet something is to be said for it.
If one happens to want a jade bowl or a couple of Old
Masters or a basket of winter strawberries, it is convenient
to be able to slip downstairs and across the street for them.
Still, this proximity of shops would be a difficulty. Ethel
would not be truly comfortable in a home next door to a
tobacconist's; while I should not wish my wife to live over
a milliner's establishment. Cowslip Avenue is quite untar-
nished by anything of this sort. So perhaps after all we
had better remain in Tootleham.

Another Impending Apology.

"In the course of the afternoon the Prime Minister and Miss Mac-
Donald visited Browne's Hospital, where they were conducted on a
tour of inspection by the caretaker. The Premier, who did not in-
dulge freely in conversation, was especially interested in the beautiful
widows."—*Local Paper*.

From a concert notice:—

"When the Key came hame" (Old Scotch).—*Local Paper*.

The triumph-song, we presume, of a strayed reveller who
has successfully grappled with the lock of his house-door.

From a book review:—

"The Devil's Bridge at Aberystwyth, where Auld Reekie was
cheated."—*Birmingham Paper*.

For the Scots the moral of this legend is, "Don't let your
capital leave the country."



WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

XXII.—THE THREE FOXES.

ONCE upon a time there were three little foxes
Who didn't wear stockings and they didn't wear sockses,
But they all had handkerchiefs to blow their noses,
And they kept their handkerchiefs in cardboard boxes.

They lived in the forest in three little houses,
And they didn't wear coats and they didn't wear trousers;
They ran through the woods on their little bare toeses
And they played "Touch last" with a family of mouses.

They didn't go shopping in the High Street shoppes,
They caught what they wanted in the woods and copses;
They all went fishing, and they caught three wormses;
They went out hunting, and they caught three wopsees.

They went to a Fair and they all won prizes—
Three plum-puddinges and three mince-pieses;
They rode on elephants and swang on swingses
And hit three cocoanuts at cocoanut-shieses.

That's all that I know of the three little foxes
Who kept their handkerchiefs in cardboard boxes.

They lived in the forest in three little houses,
But they didn't wear stockings and they didn't wear
sockses.

A. A. M.



Conrad H. Shepard

A NEO-GEORGIAN NIGHTMARE.

Aubrey flung the latest violet-backed volume of verse—*Horizons and Dead Ends*—to the other end of the low couch piled with polychromatic cushions.

"How it would shock them, those dear old-fashioned parents of ours!" he said tolerantly. "They are all dead ends, both of them. They have no horizons. Just because Olive smokes thirty gaspers a day and swears a little; because she dances all night with me, although we're not engaged; because she rides a motor-bike in breeches and leggings, and shingles her hair and wears no petticoats, they grow virtuous. I thought Victorianism was dead. Dash it all, one must move with the times!"

He contemplated his image in the mirror. That cigarette-holder was really a peach—a foot-and-a-half long if it was an inch.

His personal satisfaction was nevertheless clouded by the faint shadow of his elders' disapproval. "If one could bridge the gap!" he thought, knowing all the time that the bridge would have to be thrown from the parental side. He and Olive were the younger generation; they threw no bridges backward.

He wandered uneasily into the inner room. The score of Psskeff's new "Corporal Symphony" was open on the piano. It showed no bars, no key signatures, no time signatures: over the first chord was written, "With a hint of self-consciousness." He played this first chord by sitting down deftly on the keys, ranging over some three octaves. A painful dissonance sang through the room. He played a few lines, normal save for the introduction of the Chinese scale, and then leaned over to pluck at the strings harp-wise. "It takes the moderns to write real music," he murmured, following the plucked notes with an "elbow cluster." Even this failed to calm him, and he returned to his restless contemplation of the mirror.

After a while a strange thing happened. His cigarette-holder seemed to lengthen, the lines about his mouth deepened, his hair thinned rapidly and whitened. He was looking at something like a caricature of his present self as he might appear thirty years on.

He was not surprised to see Olive's

reflection in the mirror. She too had aged, but in spite of her obvious years there was a shining brightness in her eyes as though she were still keeping the flag flying.

He liked her frock. It was daring at both ends. His Georgian taste, developed and hardened, saw no incongruity between her daintily-powdered nose and her almost shaven head. Her hair was shorter than his.

"Give me a fag, old bean," she said. "The children have hidden mine." She inhaled deeply of the gasper.

"I had an adventure to-day," she went on; "Anne actually consented to go with me to the movies. They were featuring Bill Hunk in *Where's Your Father?*—that's the *Hamlet* film, you know."



Grateful recipient (to Vicar's wife who always gives him her cast-off boots for his wife). "THANK YE, MUM. IT'S VERY GOOD OF YER. MY MISSUS 'AS SUCH LONG FEET, AN' YOURS ARE THE ONLY BOOTS I CAN GET TO FIT 'ER WITH ANY COMFORT."

"What did she say?"

"I think she was quietly amused, but all she said was, 'Mother dear, don't you find it just a little bit vulgar?'"

"I suppose she prefers SHAKESPEARE," he said satirically. "She would."

"I felt quite ashamed of her," Olive continued. "There were very few of the younger generation there, of course. You know how she refuses to lip-stick or to wear short skirts. She looked almost effeminate!"

"This craze for womanliness has gone too far," he said angrily. "Where is she now?"

As he spoke the door opened and his eldest daughter, Anne, appeared, followed by her brother John.

"Chin-chin, children!" said Olive brightly.

Anne smiled indulgently, but a faint expression of disgust crossed John's face.

"What about a dance?" said Olive with facile enthusiasm. "New York is relaying the Tibetan Slouch music to-night as part of the Parents' Corner."

John groaned softly.

"You know I can't dance that antiquated jazz in a modern frock," said Anne, shaking out the graceful folds of her full skirt.

"Not dignified enough for you?" began Aubrey.

"It's not that so much," said Anne, "but those old dances are so ugly."

"I've no patience with you," her father answered. "You look down on everything we do. You despise all the standards of the taste we fought to establish. I suspect all you so-called moderns of being little better than Victorians. Your insensate worship of

mere Beauty and Sanity is positively antique."

His son John looked annoyed.

"I wish you could understand a little, Dad," he said. "Loud-speaker music, aboriginal dances, strident art and jazz manners are quite impossible now-a-days. You say 'Victorian' and think it is a criticism. Can't you see that when we say 'Georgian' it is equally a criticism and a more damaging one? The jazz period was merely an aberration, a somewhat silly throw-back to Primitivism. We've had to alter all that."

The pair passed on to the inner room, their

sanctum. A few minutes later the soft tones of the piano were heard. The clear harmonies and delicate rhythm of a MOZART sonata filled the room.

Aubrey opened the door and looked in. Anne was seated at the piano, John stood on her right, turning over the pages for her. The room was mellow with the soft warm light of candles; the atmosphere was serene and very gracious.

As the lonely parents watched, the movement came to an end. They heard Anne say:—

"It's quite hopeless, really, John. They are old-fashioned and we must simply humour them. They are both dears, but quite impossibly out of date."

In her smile they caught the intolerable tolerance of youth.

The vision faded. Aubrey, finding himself once more alone, passed a damp hand across a damp cold forehead. The reality of the present, of the room, of



Our Budding Savbones. "Tut, tut, Madam, it is just as I feared. Your husband has broken his leg in two places and I must prescribe half-an-hour's complete rest."

himself, of his cigarette-holder came back to him. With a shudder of horror he buried his face in his hands. "If it were true!" he groaned. "How awful! How unspeakably awful!"

THE HOTEL PROBLEM SOLVED.

My friend Milau is a Chief of Police in the Balkans. He once visited London and formed very distinct notions of the traditional courtesy of the English policeman. He was not a Chief Officer in those days, but the kindness of one of our constables stirred him deeply.

Milau wanted to find the British Museum. Someone referred him to a policeman. It amazed Milau. "Why," he remarked to me, "at home the stranger only goes to the police when he wants to get into trouble, not out of it." It is a previously unrecorded fact that the charm of manner of a single London hobby was not only destined to determine the policy of a remote constabulary, but to add to the amenity of a foreigner's life in a Balkan city.

I will relate how.

When I heard Milau had been promoted to the position he still occupies I felt that he would resort to his native methods. The people of his country are not lawless, but they have ideas of their own. The police methods of the State

are a little direct, or, as Milau put it, "they shoot first and talk afterwards."

All the hotels of the city, which owes its tranquillity to Milau, were full when I arrived late one night. It was raining, and as I did not favour the idea of spending the night in the cheerless waiting-room of the station I naturally turned to my old friend. He was in bed when I called at Police Headquarters, but cheerfully greeted me. "All the hotels full, eh?" he said with a chuckle of glee. "Both of them," I replied. "We shall see about that," he added, and, accompanied by two members of the Force, Milau came with me to one of the hotels.

Milau is an imposing figure in uniform. He carries two revolvers and a sword. His men were, I think, issued with bayonets in lieu of razors. When the three in unison demanded a room the terror on the face of a miserable Swiss night porter was pathetic to see.

Milau was not satisfied despite fervent assurance that the hotel was full. He demanded the visitors' list, and after a hasty glance at it issued orders I did not understand to his men, who proceeded up the stairs.

Milau asked me to sit down and await events. It was not long before I heard shouting, and then between two police-

men a man whose hands were chained together passed down the stairs. I was then shown to a room which had lately been vacated.

When, prior to my departure in the morning, I called to bid Milau goodbye, a man I had seen before was being literally kicked out of the police-station. He had spent a night in the cells.

I thanked Milau for what he had done. "Remember that policeman in London?" he asked. "I shall never forget the lesson he taught me of kindness to strangers."

"But the man you arrested—what had he done?"

"Never mind," said Milau; "we have told him not to do it again."

Another Wireless Wonder.

"My! It's good to be back in England," said Mary Pickford from the London Broadcast Station to the British Isles last night a few hours before she and her husband, Douglas Fairbanks, arrived from New York."

Sunday Paper.

A propos of the BYRON celebrations:—

"It was proposed to name a town outside Athens after the poet, and to give the streets the names of some of his friends. 'Shelley Street, Byron, Italy,' will thus become an official address."—*Daily Paper.*

Correspondents who do not wish their letters to go astray will be wise to stick to "Greece."



Small Girl (at Fashion parade). "MUMMY, WHAT TIME ARE THE MANIKINS FED?"

HONOLULU.

(By one who has never been there.)

HONOLULU! Honolulu! brightest star of the Pacific
(If that's not your native ocean, never mind; it's all the same),

Little Isle, whose state of being is so calmly soporific
(I imagine) that it might be thought to verge upon the tame,

If a bard, whose only merit is a passion to confess you
The ideal of his dreams, may be permitted to address you,
I would ask for that indulgence while I raise you up and
bless you,

Honolulu! Honolulu! What a name!

"I imagine." Not for me the bane of geographic details;
Let the chart remain unopened; be the gazetteer unread;
By th' innumerable fancies of my own imagined sea-tales,
Free from liminary fact, alone to you will I be led.
This it is to be a poet; at the present moment (*e.g.*)
I am wafted by the white wings of a brigantine from
Fiji.

While a Tennysonian bevy of Kanakas with a squeegee
Skirmish round me, and your palms rise up ahead.

Very radiant are the valleys of that loveliest of islets
With the flora and the myriad-flashing plumage in the
noon

On an air that's reminiscent (to the British nose) of vi'lets;
Very warm the sea for bathing in the coralline lagoon,
If it's coral; and the multitude of fruits which can't be
beaten

For variety and flavour, and the lot that can be eaten
At a sitting (there's a bread-fruit that's superior to
wheaten),

Are, it may be, Honolulu's choicest boon.

All is comely, all is pleasant, in my peerless Honolulu;
E'en the open-hearted populace that greet one on the
shore

Has escaped the sultry burnish of the top-hat or the Zulu
For what's practically sunburn—one can hardly call it
more;

And the maidens have a soft eye and such favourable glances
That the stranger gets uplifted and incontinently dances
In vexation at his efforts to respond to their advances
In a language that he's never heard before.

* * * * *
Is it true, O Honolulu, that your ev'ry prospect pleases?
Is there nothing wrong about you? Do you never smite
the clay

With objectionable fauna and indigenous diseases?
Are your daughters so attractive? Are there sharks
about the bay?

Have you earthquakes? And tornadoes? Do you melt one
to a jelly?

Should I find your breezes fragrant or, to put it mildly,
smelly?

Would you rouse my objurgations or expand me to a
SHELLEY?

Honolulu, Honolulu, who can say?

Does it matter? Not an atom. Though I sing you with
emotion,

I know nothing of your merits, be they plentiful or few;
'Tis your name alone that stirs me to this frenzy of devotion,
'Tis its music that has thrilled my poet-cockles through
and through;

Honolulu! Yes, 'tis that that sets me going, so commodious
In its metric possibilities, so magic, so melodious,
That I offer you these verses, though you may be simply
odious,

Honolulu! Honolulu—lu-lu-lu!

DUM-DUM.



THE LABOUR BIRD AND THE LIBERAL WORM.

THE WORM. "IF YOU KEEP ON SWALLOWING ME LIKE THIS I SHALL TURN."

THE BIRD. "WELL, AND THEN?"

THE WORM. "I SHALL DISAGREE WITH YOU."

[The Bird carries on.]



THE YOUNG DICTATOR.

CONSIDERABLE sympathy has been expressed in influential circles with Miss SHEPHERD, the secretary of Miss MARY PICKFORD, who has lately given a vivid account of her arduous task in coping with the mountainous correspondence of her illustrious employer. Miss SHEPHERD, however, has at least this consolation—that she is not the only victim of conscientious loyalty. It is the common lot of all who serve our modern monarchs in a confidential capacity.

It was the good fortune and privilege of Mr. Punch quite recently to meet Mr. Abner Stoot, the chief of the secretarial staff of Willie Wogan, the wonderful child satrap of the Screen, who is now visiting London in the course of his world campaign, undertaken for the purpose of regenerating the Capitals of Europe in accordance with the principles of frugality and simplicity laid down by the elder CATO.

Willie Wogan, it should be noted at the outset, is in the receipt of an income estimated at two hundred thousand pounds a year. Mr. Abner Stoot gave some interesting particulars as to his staff and suite. It comprises besides himself three secretaries, a Byzantine logothete, four typists and a domestic chaplain, a head valet with four assistants, three chauffeurs, a tonsorial artist and a doctor.

"Miss SHEPHERD," he went on, "speaks of MARY PICKFORD's mail running to hundreds of letters daily. I and my colleagues have seldom less than a thousand to deal with, and as they come from all quarters of the globe the strain on our linguistic equipment is considerable. This morning, for example, there was a long communication from the DALAI LAMA, another from Mr. GANDHI and a third from Madame MONTESSORI. These however were among the less important letters."

"I suppose," we asked somewhat irrelevantly, "that you receive a great many autograph albums with requests for signatures."

"Millions," was the rejoinder; "but these are the imponderables, the negligibles of my master's daily budget. Why, within the last week we have received a proposal from a Continental State offering Willie the crown on his own conditions; an urgent appeal from a Liberal leader that he would endeavour to restore conditions of adhesive affection between the Liberal and the Labour Parties; and an epistle from a prominent Anglo-Catholic endeavouring to enlist his support in the effort to allay the suspicions of



AFTER LUNCH.

Golfer. "WE'VE GOT THIS FOR A POSSIBLE HALF, PARTNER—RATHER A FORGONE HOPE, EH?"

Partner. "MY DEAR CHAP, AREN'T YOU THINKING OF A FORLORN CONCLUSION?"

the Evangelical section of the English Church."

"Your office must be no sinecure," we observed.

"It is not. But think of the privileges of assisting in deliberations which may alter the entire course of the world's history. The power of the modern Boy Film King is greater than that of any potentate of past ages. His realm is not confined by any boundaries; it is conterminous with the world. His fame on the screen entitles him to reverence and respect on whatever subject he may pronounce an opinion, from Mah-Jongg to Relativity. It is one of the most encouraging signs of the times

that the impact of a fresh though untutored mind should have wider repercussions than all the accumulated sagacity of a long life spent in study or public service. The child is not only the father but the master of the man. As Willie said to me only this morning, 'I like things to happen, and when they don't happen I like to make them happen;' and he does and will."

"And what do Mr. COOLIDGE and Mr. FORD think of this Infant Phenomenon?"

"Sir," was the impressive reply, "they may think what they like; but thinking is a poor substitute for acting, and Willie acts all the time."



Guide (ushering a party of Americans into the Uffizi Gallery). "THIS, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, IS OUR LAST GALLERY. YOUR TRAIN LEAVES IN HALF-AN-HOUR."

THE LITTLE BROTHERS OF THE POOR.

It was on a walking holiday many years ago that we came to a certain inn, in a small Berkshire town, and made it our home for two nights instead of one. The reasons for such a long stay were the flavour of the ham and the friendliness of the host and hostess, added to the fact that the place occupied a key position for the Berkshire Downs, which we were proposing to investigate.

The inn—the "Red Lion" we will call it—was old and spreading, with a front half timber and whitewash, several thatched roofs, stable-yard, yellow-and-white spaniel, fantails, and a large empty room at the back. Behind all this a garden. A rookery not far away. The landlord had been a footman and his wife a cook in the same family and they had but just taken over the licence. Other houses in the place were however still most in favour, as the previous tenant of the "Red Lion" had been famous for short measure—the unpardonable sin in a Boniface—and the landlord confided to us his anxiety as to whether or not he would be able to

hold on. It was a free house, you see, without any brewery-backing.

We were in the neighbourhood of TOM HUGHES' "White Horse" the next day, eating our lunch in a shelter from the wind, when Dick Struthers suddenly said, "I have it. I know how to help the 'Red Lion.' We'll stock a museum for him. People love curiosities and that'll give him a pull over the other inns."

"But won't it cost an awful lot?" Tommy Ridley asked.

"Awful lot your grandmother!" said Dick. "We've all got half-a-dozen things we would part with cheerfully, and the rest can be begged or picked up for next to nothing."

"Then you don't mean real curiosities?" Tommy asked in wonder.

"They'll be real enough for the purpose when they've got their labels on them," said Dick. "I know this is a good scheme," he continued. "I know quite half-a-dozen inns with museums, and they're always popular. Now," he went on—he was in his element—"in forming a collection of curiosities to act as a lure to licensed premises we have to ask ourselves, 'What does the

public want? Does it want instruction or entertainment?' The answer is 'Entertainment, with a suggestion of instruction to flatter it.' 'Does it want generalities or personalities?' The answer is 'Personalities.' We then ask ourselves, 'Are the persons likely to be more popular or less popular according to their depravity?' 'More popular.' 'And if you ran short of picturesque depravity what other class of souvenirs would best act as a magnet?' The answer is, 'Those appertaining to royalty.' Very well, then, we know how to proceed. In your researches for relics you will concentrate on those that belonged or might have belonged either to criminals or kings."

That evening Dick explained the project to the landlord, but without emphasising the element of deception. "If you'll go to the expense of some glass-cases in that big empty room," he said, "we'll undertake to fill them for you with the right stuff."

"Under your sign-board," said Dick, "you will have the inviting words, 'Visit our old curiosity museum. Free.' If you don't add 'Free' they won't come in, because they'll think it's a

shop. Once they come in they'll stop, get thirsty, and when they go away they'll tell their friends about it, and some of them very likely will send you things of their own for it. Everyone's got something that might suit. Is it a bargain?"

The landlord said that he couldn't well say No. It was all very sudden, but we seemed to be clever gentlemen, and he was a sporting kind of fellow himself. Yes.

And so we went ahead and for some weeks had the most amusing time in searching our own homes and our friends and relations' homes, and London's junk shops, for odds and ends that might carry a seducing inscription. I don't suppose that we spent a fiver all told, but among the articles thus accumulated were some astonishing rarities.

We spent some uproarious evenings in fixing their significance and writing labels.

"Here's an old wedding-ring," I said. "Whose is it?"

"Are there any hall-marks?" Dick asked.

"No," I said; "they've been worn away."

"Then it's one of HENRY THE EIGHTH's, of course. Write a label, 'One of HENRY THE EIGHTH's wedding-rings.'"

"But would it be enough of a rarity? He had so many wedding-rings."

"Then make it HENRY THE SEVENTH's," said Dick, being a quick thinker.

"Here's a jemmy," said Tommy Ridley. "Whose is it—JACK SHEPPARD's, I presume?"

"No," said Dick; "too far back—CHARLES PEACE's. We'll give JACK SHEPPARD one of those old pistols. 'From the Trenchard Collection.' The name of a collection is very convincing."

"Here's a piece of wire from one of the Duke of WELLINGTON's field telephones," said Tommy proudly.

"Don't be silly," said Dick. "'Fanciful but not impossible' must be our motto."

"Then what shall I do with it?" Tommy asked.

"Don't waste it," said Dick. "Call it 'Wire from first Atlantic cable.'"

And so we went through the list.

We had some of MARY, Queen of Scots' hair (Dick's sister's—and they had an awful row over it too, he told us) cut on the scaffold; some of Lady JANE GREY's (from the same source); one of CHARLES THE FIRST's handkerchiefs ("From the Howlett Collection"); an hour-glass that used to stand on the ledge of JOHN KNOX's pulpit; a flag from the *Victory* ("From



William. "NEW GOVERNMENT DO SEEM TO BE MUDDLIN' THROUGH, JARGE."
Jarge. "WELL, LET 'EM, SEZ I. SAME AS T'OTHERS MUDDLED THROUGH AN' ALL."

the Hamilton Collection"); a hare's foot that had been GARRICK's; a make-up stick that had been Sir HENRY IRVING's (Dick knew several actors); some grains of gunpowder from one of GUY FAWKES's tubs ("From the Montague Collection"); a piece of concrete, a relic of the WAINWRIGHT murder; a cricket-ball used in a famous Test Match; a piece of gold lace from a coat worn by CHARLES II.; a neckerchief that was NELL GWYNN's; a chip of wood from a tree cut down by Mr. GLADSTONE; a shoe worn by Hermit when he won the Derby in a snowstorm; a threepenny-bit with the Lord's Prayer on it; a series of finger-prints by famous malefactors (I made these); the favourite glass from which ROBERT BURNS used to drink his toddy ("From the John Anderson Collection"); the

pen with which DICKENS wrote *Pickwick*; one of SWEENEY TODD's razors, and so forth. It was a marvellously catholic assemblage, chosen with great knowledge of the narrow range of the ordinary tripper's interests and historical and literary knowledge.

That was years ago, when the landlord was simple and slim. To-day he has retired, lives at Bournemouth, weighs eighteen stone and has a son at Oxford.

E. V. L.

In Memoriam.

We learn with deep regret of the death of Lady BURNAND, widow of the late Editor of *Punch*. Of her gentleness and true kindness of heart his colleagues cherish many proofs. We beg to offer to her family our very sincere sympathies.

THE CONVERSION OF WULLIE ANGUS.

Mr. William Angus, of the farm of Easter Brae, situate in one of the more fertile Scots counties, was a person of considerable local importance. Rightly, indeed, was he so esteemed, for he was a man of modest wealth honestly acquired, a good fellow, a good neighbour, and a veritable friend in need to all deserving objects. Nevertheless he had two failings. The one was an inordinate pride in his horses and cattle, and the other his habit of driving every Friday, in his smart trap drawn by a bonny mare, to the market town some eight miles distant.

Now there is nothing in driving to market which can with justice be cited against a man's character, and it wasn't the manner of his going to Inverdee that caused sorrow to his friends, but his manner of returning. For this led to many a disapproving shake of the head, since, truth to tell, Wullie found Inverdee a hospitable spot, and as "wee hauf" succeeded "wee hauf" and "dram" succeeded "dram" even his strong head had in the end to admit defeat.

It was then the routine, established by long custom, for his mare to be "yoked" to the trap, Wullie hoisted aboard, the reins tied at his right hand and the mare sent on her road home. Before this, as often as not, Wullie would be sound asleep, and the wise old companion of his many falls from grace would quietly and in her own time take him safely to the iron gates leading to his modernised farmhouse or, if they chanced to be open, right up to his door.

Now of Wullie's first failing, his pride in his horses and cattle. Many a fantastic wager had he lost over this mare, for he publicly claimed for "Brae Princess" the combined virtues and qualities of a Derby and Grand National winner and, moreover, was always ready to put his money down in support of his most wild claims—greatly to the content of neighbours, who saw no reason why he shouldn't pay for his opinions. This, however, caused little Mrs. Angus less concern than the weekly disgrace which was a heavy load to bear. Many and

many a time she took him to task, only to be met with good-humoured promises of improvement and, as often as not, the production of some gift from the grand shops of Inverdee.

"What can a body dae wi' a man like yon?" she asked her brothers on one occasion. John, who, incidentally, disliked the boasting about the mare, opined that "there was naething sae likely tae cure him as a guid scare," and, as fear was a mode of conversion which had hitherto not been tried, ways and means were discussed, and the execution of the plan left to John and Andrew.



"GUID SAKES!" SAID HE. "SHE'S JUMPED IT!"

The following Friday night therefore found them about ten o'clock waiting outside the gates leading to their brother-in-law's house. Before long they could see a vehicle slowly approaching along the moonlit road. It was Brae Princess with her usual Friday load, and as she arrived at the high and massive gates she was noiselessly stopped by the two conspirators, unyoked and led inside the gates by John, while Andrew supported the shafts of the trap. The gates were then closed, and quietly and gently the trap with its snoring burden was drawn towards them, the shafts put through the ornamental ironwork and Brae Princess re-yoked inside the gates. Concealing

themselves in the whin bushes on the roadside, the agents of conversion hurled pieces of turf at their unconscious relative in order to hasten the crucial moment of the "cure."

Eventually Wullie stirred, yawned, rubbed his eyes and—stared. For a full minute he sat thus, and then the anxious watchers heard him speak. "Guid sakes!" said he. "She's jumped it!"

INVESTMENT STOCKS.

"Joan," I said to my eight-year-old, "your grandpa has given you sixteen shillings for your birthday."

"Oh, but I've got a lovely paint-box from Grandpa," said Joan. "Has he given me sixteen shillings too? That's ever such masses of money, isn't it, Daddy?"

"It is," I replied: "quite a tidy windfall. But it's not to spend. It's to be invested."

"What's 'invested'?" I cogitated a moment. "Well, it means put out of the way."

"But then how do I have it?—'cos it wouldn't be my present if I didn't have it."

"Ah, but if judiciously invested—as it will be by your parent—that sixteen shillings will grow and grow: and some day you will find yourself a rich woman, with rings on her fingers and bells on her toes—"

"How does money grow?" inquired Joan rather sceptically.

"Well, it all depends."

If you strike it lucky in Mines or the Oil Market, it grows like a beanstalk. On the other hand, if you select Ottoman Bonds, it grows very slowly—perhaps downwards, like a cow's tail."

"Supposing I just kept it in a bag under my pillow, how would it grow then?"

"It would grow mouldy. No, Joanna, if you want to get rich quick, you must have a dip in Oil."

Joan made a face. "I don't think I should like that," she said decidedly. The oil she knows best is castor.

"Well, try a gold-mine, or some rubber. I tell you what, we'll have a look through the Stock Exchange news and make a few selections."



The Woman. "OH, WUGGY DARLING—WHAT A LOVELY PAIR OF TUSKS! DO GET THEM FOR ME, THERE'S A DEAR."
Her Timid Husband. "I'M AFRAID YOU'LL HAVE TO WAIT SOME TIME FOR THEM, MY LOVE. THESE MAMMOTS ARE APT TO BE RATHER LONG-LIVED."

We routed out the morning paper and Joan came and sat on my knee.

"Now," I said, "in backing our fancy we will follow the method largely used by Turf experts—such as Mummy—that is, we will choose the nicest names." And I turned to the Mining Market.

"Here we are at once. What about Nundydroogs? Here we go gathering Nundydroogs, Nundydroogs, Nundydroogs! Shall we go in for a packet of those?"

Joan smiled like "Mona Lisa." She always regards me with a certain polite suspicion on these occasions, not without justification.

"What are they like?" she inquired cautiously.

"I'm not absolutely certain, but I think they're tiny little round things, all different colours, like those sweets called Hundreds and Thousands. Shall we have some?"

We thought we would, just to try them. Then we passed on. Joan's next fancy was Doom Doomas. She pressed this with great determination.

"Well," I said, "if you insist on Doom Doomas, we must have one. But I decline to take any responsibility. A Doom Dooma is an awkward thing to have about a house. Probably you'll want a licence for it. Also, I

believe they chase chickens. However, it's your funeral."

"I expect he could have Towser's old muzzle, couldn't he?" suggested Joan; and I could have sworn that one of her eyelids flickered.

We passed on again, and I read out some more likely names. Joan called a halt at Broken Hill Props., but we discovered that these were something like twenty-six shillings per prop. I doubted whether they would sell us a piece out of the middle, but after some discussion we decided to order a pound and a-half of prime cut and chance it. Then we moved on to Rubber.

It was about half an hour later that Mummy came in from her shopping, and by then we had completed our selection. It was as follows:—

Nundydroogs (sample bag).

One Doom Dooma (with collar and chain).

Broken Hill Prop. (1½ lb. prime cut).

Gula Kalumpong (in syrup).

Imp. Tob. } (to taste).

Pinks Prefs. }

B.A.G.S. (one pair).

Brokerage (1th).

"This," I said to Mummy, "is our considered selection. It might be de-

scribed as a Nursery Trust. Will you kindly hand over the money?"

She dived into her bag and brought out a little blue-paper book.

"I'm afraid," she said, "I have already selected an investment."

"What's that?" I inquired. "A Contango?"

"No, it's a Savings Certificate."

I shrugged my shoulders. "Well," I said to Joan, "you may have a ring on your finger some day, but you'll never be a Noise on Wall Street, not with a mother like that."

Commercial Candour.

"TRY —'S NEXT TIME,
You Might do Better."

Advt. in Flower-Show Programme.

"DON'T LET OTHERS ROB YOU, COME TO US.
— & SON."

Advt. in Another Flower-Show Programme.

"Young Couple (Eton and Sandhurst), owning a lovely place too large for them, one hour from London, with 700 acres, would be willing to take two or three Guns who would undertake to share expenses of putting down pheasants and keepers' wages."—Advt. in Daily Paper.

We should like to meet a young couple who have been at Eton and Sandhurst, but it seems doubtful whether their plan of using Guns for putting down keepers' wages would meet the approval of the present Government.

THE BULL-DOG BREED.

"Do you see that man?" asked my friend Charles. "That is the famous Henry Tybalt, C.S.A.," and he indicated a venerable bent figure which moved haltingly along Pall Mall. "Twenty-two years ago he was a fairly successful business man and led a quiet life; he was fond of vicarious travel and used to pore a lot over maps, marking routes with a pencil. On one occasion he set about planning a journey in Africa, starting in the Myombo country and crossing the Umamtakali near Myesmadurlo—you know the region, I expect?"

"Quite," I replied hastily.

"Well, Tybalt wrote to the Africa Office for a map of that country and received the following:—

*General Dept., Africa Office,
10th October, '01.*

Sir,—I beg to inform you that the map you require is reported to be available in this Office, price 2/-; cloth, 2/9. Any further communications on this subject should be addressed to the Public Dept.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant, etc.

"So Tybalt addressed the Public Department, with this result:—

*Public Dept., Africa Office,
9th December, '01.*

Sir,—Replying to your inquiry of 11th October, '01, I am to acquaint you that your letter has been forwarded to the Librarian's Dept. for disposal.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant, etc.

"So Tybalt made a personal call on the Librarian.

"It is useless," said the Librarian, "for visitors to come to any special department. This Office is one and indivisible—it has no parts. In your case I advise you to communicate by letter with the Publications Department."

"Tybalt did so, with the following result:—

*Publications Dept., Africa Office,
7th March, '02.*

Sir,—With reference to your letter of 11th December, '01, I am to invite your attention to Resolution XD 21517, whereby it is enjoined that certain publications are issued only with the permission of the Judicial Dept.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient Servant, etc.

"Tybalt now set his teeth. He abandoned his business, gave up his house and took a little flat near Whitehall. He

spent his days in the Africa Office and his evenings in drafting letters to it. The Political Department, somewhere about 1905, pointed out that the required map covered a portion of the domains of the Chief of Ulu, and that if maps were sold broadcast that potentate might raise an objection which might result in international complications. However steps were being taken to obtain the Chief's permission for the sale of one map.

"Meanwhile Tybalt besieged the Legal Department, which was offering objections of a different character. They doubted whether the sale of maps by a Government Department was not an interference with legitimate private enterprise, and were unable to decide under what head the purchase sum, when paid, should be credited. The Accountant-General's Department naturally took a hand in this, and in time the Revenue Department became involved.

"By 1910 Tybalt was a familiar figure all over the building. The messengers saluted him as he entered each day with his portfolio. He knew all the officials from top to bottom and could find his way without a guide from Record Room E in the basement to the Secretary of State's rest-room in the turret overlooking St. James's Park.

"In 1911 the State of Ulu was 'absorbed' and thus the political objection was removed; but Tybalt had yet to secure his map. He was informed by an official in the Audit Department that he must await the termination of a correspondence with the Board of Inland Revenue on the question of Revenues (D) Unbudgeted-for.

"In 1913 some doubt arose in the Supply Department as to whether the map itself was available, even if sanction should eventually be accorded to the sale. Also the Survey Department objected to the sale of obsolete maps, though their new ones were not likely to be complete for some years to come.

"The War somewhat slackened the pace of Tybalt's progress, so that 1921 saw him still mapless but undefeated. However, his efforts had resulted in the appointment of a Royal Commission to inquire into the whole question of the sale of maps to private persons. The Commission has already been sitting for two years, and its report may issue any time during 1927.

"Tybalt was now an old man, worn out with his efforts but respected by all. Last year he was decorated with the Order of the Commander of the Star of Africa, amid the acclamation of the Popular Press, which loudly insisted on what he as a single citizen had achieved in promoting the efficiency of Government offices.

"Now you see him," concluded Charles, "enjoying a well-earned retirement."

"Certainly an encouraging story for the young," I remarked; "but did he ever get the map?"

"Yes, but not from the Africa Office. He bought it, without trouble, as long ago as 1902, at a railway bookstall. So you see he was a disinterested champion."

SONGS OF IMPUDENCE.

II.—TO DELIA (QUICK-CHANGE QUATRAINS).

WHENAS my Delia takes the air
The wild-rose hides its blushing face,
Confessing as beyond compare
The radiant glories of her face.

*For the colour of her hair is ginger
And the colour of her eyes is green,
And the very brightest new brick is
duller than the rubric
Upon her lips habitually seen.*

When Delia speaks the grove is mute,
The nightingales their plainings hush;
The blackbird stills his golden flute
And silent is the speckled thrush.

*For the accents of her voice are piercing,
And its quality so harsh and shrill
That it pierces to the marrow like a
vitriolic arrow
Or a penetrating dentist's drill.*

When Delia mingles in the dance
Her paramourcy is complete;
Spell-bound and glazed as in a trance
All eyes are fixed upon her feet.

*For she's agile as a young opossum
And as graceful as an old emu,
And her genius for contortion suggests a
double portion
Of the spirit of a boxing kangaroo.*

When Delia into fiction strays
A new star swims into our ken,
And critics rapturously praise
The sprightly runnings of her pen.

*For she's very, very "stark" in her
"awareness";
Her reticence is absolutely nil;
And she drains the muddy chalices of
psychical analysis
With a gusto that can never quaff its
fill.*

In fine, wherever Delia goes
New marvels burst upon the sight,
The whole horizon gleams and glows
Apparalled in celestial light.

*For never in the wide world's annals
Has woman the eternal and supreme,
In the Ark or in the Argo, from Medea
down to MARGOT,
Evolved a more electrifying "scream."*

AT THE PLAY.

"TO HAVE THE HONOUR"
(WYNDHAM'S).

MR. ALAN MILNE is his own most dangerous rival. He should not write such good First Acts. Once again he has given us a brilliant beginning and once again in what followed he seemed to suffer by comparison with himself. So at least the first-night audience thought, if one might judge by their apparent decline from their earlier enthusiasm. But I went again on the third night and came to the conclusion that the dialogue of the Third Act was as good as that of the First. Was it that the cocktails provided for the *Prince's* party had got into the heads of the first-night audience, or spoiled their palates for the good wine that was to come after? First-night audiences are strangely susceptible. Or was it simply that by the third night a certain very popular actor had become better acquainted with his words?

In the opening Act Mr. MILNE seized all his chances with the various types that were "to have the honour" of dining with "*Prince Michael* of Neo-Slavonia":—the casual host, *Simon Battersby*, and the still more casual hostess, his daughter *Angela*; the stolid *Captain Holt*, British to the core and perfectly satisfied with his vague knowledge of the nature of buffer States; his *banale* wife, drenched with bromides; *Mrs. Faithfull*, a pattern of genteel snobbery, and her *ingénue* daughter (not quite so simple as she looked) for whom she had designs; the local doctor, with a republican contempt for Courts and conventions; and the incomparable *Jennifer*, very free lance. Their respective attitudes toward the Great Event were treated with a most engaging freshness. The only flaw that one could reasonably find lay in the excessively dilatory methods of *Angela* (Miss FAITH CELLI). She should have got into her dinner-dress much sooner. It seemed most unlikely that even so unceremonious a flapper would have received and entertained her earlier guests in her dressing-gown. I may offend the more confirmed Cellists, but I confess to have grown a little weary of her repeated and protracted apparitions in that informal garment.

With the revelation (to the audience) of *Prince Michael* as an impostor—he turns out to be a plain Englishman of the name of Brown, who has separated from his wife *Jennifer* (herself an im-

postor, having for her own convenience styled herself the relict of one General James Bulger, C.B.) and led for years a life of exotic adventure—the plot begins. Now plots demand a certain clarity and cohesion, and Mr. MILNE's genius, you would say, was not built for such responsibilities. Yet he made a very entertaining thing of it, even if it might have been a shade more plausible.

Briefly, *Michael* had invited himself with the hope of seeing *Jennifer* again (having heard very nice things of her from the loyal *Angela* in the South of France) and is re-conquered by her charm. *Jennifer*, however, suspects him

acter; yet he didn't seem the kind of man to worry much about that.

But it was still more important that we should entertain no doubts as to the reason why *Michael* had left *Jennifer*; and the explanation given—that the War had left him a bit on edge—seemed rather inadequate. Of course we all wanted two such charming people to be reconciled, but we should have liked to be shown a little more convincingly how it was that, with so many gifts in common—that of imposture, for one—they ever came to separate.

But the sparkling dialogue made generous amends for any inadequacy of plot or revealed motive. Really

excellent sport was got out of *Prince Michael's* success not merely in imposing his imaginary buffer State on a public which is content to take foreign Princes at their own value, but in persuading literary critics to accept his estimate of the claims of Neo-Slavonia's greatest author, "*Tushkin*"—a purely fabulous person. The fact that the Foreign Office had never heard of the place proved nothing. And it was a genuine stroke of humour when at the very end *Michael* is made to learn from a well-informed Press that a revolution had just occurred there. (This delightful incident had disappeared by the third night—I can't imagine why.)

Sir GERALD DU MAURIER showed a nice discrimination of manner in the treatment of his two characters, the assumed and the real; and an easy adaptability to every turn of the situation. In Miss MADGE TITHERIDGE (*Jennifer*) he found a kindred spirit, swift in response and subtle in suggestion. She

has the artist's right horror of italics and makes her best remarks more piquant by letting us feel that our intelligence has had a share in their success. Miss GRACE LANE's toady, *Mrs. Faithfull*—the last word in provincial refinement—was a finished performance. As her daughter, Miss JOAN CLEMENT SCOTT gave a very natural picture of hero-worship, frank and even shameless. As *Angela* Miss FAITH CELLI did the business (largely without words) of striding about in *négligé*, smoking and cocktail-drinking, as one who knows well the ways of the masculine moderns; but I liked her best when she took a feminine interest in forwarding the reunion of *Michael* and *Jennifer*; and she was really delightful when she listened to the astounding inventions and prevarications of *Michael* without turning a bobble



Fond Father (ceasing his amateur plumbing operations).
"LET DADDY PULL THAT TOOTH OUT WITH HIS FISHERS.
YOU DON'T WANT TO GO TO A CRUEL DENTIST, DO YOU?"

of philandering after her dear friend *Angela* (she could not have known much of that insensitive young lady if she feared any danger for her from such advances), and threatens to expose him if he does not go off by noon of the next day.

At this stage *Michael's* motive becomes a little obscure. It was not clear—even at the second time of seeing the play—why he should have taken as much pains as he did to forestall this exposure by a further feat of creative art, designed to explain his imposture away. For, if he subsequently succeeded in his purpose of recapturing *Jennifer's* affections, he could hardly continue his career as a Prince, and, if he failed, that career was equally at an end. Perhaps he wanted to leave the Court of Neo-Slavonia without a stain on his char-



The Little 'Un. "MORE OF YOU 'OLD 'IM—ONE CAN 'OLD ME, EASY."

hair. Her final, "Come on, children," in the gently patronising tone of a woman of the world, showed that she differed from Mr. MILNE's opinion, expressed earlier in the play, that there is nothing quite so innocently youthful as the advanced flapper. Lastly Mr. NICHOLSON (as *Simon Battersby*) and Mr. ERIC STANLEY (as *Doctor Ainslie*), both treated the stage as if it were their own private apartment, which takes more doing than you might think.

There is a tale told of a lion which missed his man through springing too high in the air, and was found later on in a retired glade quietly practising low jumps. The case of this animal is not on all fours with that of Mr. MILNE, though there may be clever people who will tell you that he aimed too high last time and is well advised to confine himself to lower flights. For myself I cherish the belief that he will one day give us a great play of serious quality. It may be merely a question of years and experience. Meanwhile I am more than content to know that he is as young as ever, and can delight us with a return to the manner by which his reputation was made. In that manner he here excels himself. A more mature judg-

ment has discarded certain elements—adopted or home-made—which weakened his art; and, with this, he still retains the spontaneous freshness and irresponsible gaiety that charmed us from the first.

O. S.

The Diehard Spirit.

"A bayoneted patrol stopped us on a swing-bridge over a rocky gorge about ten o'clock, and meticulously examined our papers."

Manchester Paper.

Plucky of the patrol to stick it after being stuck.

From an article on the bicentenary of KANT:—

"In metaphysics and ethics and anaesthetics, he emancipated the human mind and gave it wings wherewith to soar."

Birmingham Paper.

Just like our dentist when he gives us gas.

From the report of a motoring case:—

"From the evidence it appeared that defendant put his foot on the accelerator thinking it was the brake. He was forced to take a wide sweep at the corner by the Canal Bridge, and in doing so he collided with Mr. —, who was pushing a sweep's truck."—Midland Paper.

The Bench, disapproving this method of taking the sweep, fined him a guinea.

NIGHT-SCENTED STOCK.

THEY say the ghosts of garden lovers crept

Down the long borders where the flowers all slept,

To see if it was well

With petal, bud and bell.

If blooms they had befriended

Were well and gently tended.

And one of them, a little lady's ghost, Sorrowed because the flowers that she loved most

Were all so sound asleep

That she could never peep

Into the hearts of roses

Or gather scented posies.

No blossom in the night would raise its head

In fragrant welcome to the loving dead,

Until some little stocks

'Neath slumbering hollyhocks,

Hearing the faintest sigh,

Guessed she was drifting by,

Missing and longing for the scents of day,

So wafted fragrance to console her way.

And now each summer night

Their petals mauve and white

Unfurl in scented hosts

To cheer all garden ghosts.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I THINK I should have guessed, even if Miss CLEMENCE DANE had not given me dates, that *Wandering Stars* (HEINEMANN) took time to write. It has the unmistakable cachet of deliberation. In theme, and still more in structure, it is almost wantonly original. Yet so sure and delicate is its handling that you do not realize until the last page how strange and devious is the path you have followed. The

book apparently falls into two disconnected parts; and it is not until you are half-way through the second and titular story that you discover that these dovetail. The first tale, "The Lover," is on the face of it a fantastic idyll of a ruined and restored marriage. It is really the plot of a play. And the play was written by *Greydon Hart*, a venal dramatist, at the prompting of *Damaris Payne*, the actress, leading lady of "Wandering Stars." Hart's view of the case was simple. He was hard up, financially and intellectually, and he made a play out of a hoydenish young actress's haphazard suggestion. *Damaris* saw it otherwise. To her the play was not only her supreme professional chance; it was (what she valued more) her unique opportunity of speaking her passionate mind to Hart. Hitherto he had only seen her in the rôles of other women: now he had written her, and she would play herself for him. Hart's success and his collaborator's failure are recounted nine years afterwards to the dramatist himself by an obscure, embittered and pathetic dwarf named *Cairns*, who loves *Damaris* and has witnessed (as he says) the birth and death of her soul. The dwarf, the actress and the dramatist, their relations and interactions, are all Miss DANE sees fit to give us. Their setting is only indicated, and their colleagues and rivals are little more than shadows. When any of these for a moment materialize, their solidity is almost felt as an impertinence. The book stands or falls by *Cairns*, *Damaris* and *Hart*. But I cannot imagine it falling with any reader of discernment.

MR. STANLEY WEYMAN is still our premier novelist of the historical-romantic school. I can call to mind no other successful writer who of his own initiative decided to abandon the fascinating game of fiction while still in the fulness of his powers. Fortunately Mr. WEYMAN relented, though he was silent for ten or a dozen years after the publication of *Wild Geese* in 1908. I hope he does not mean to retire again. For his is a variety of the novel

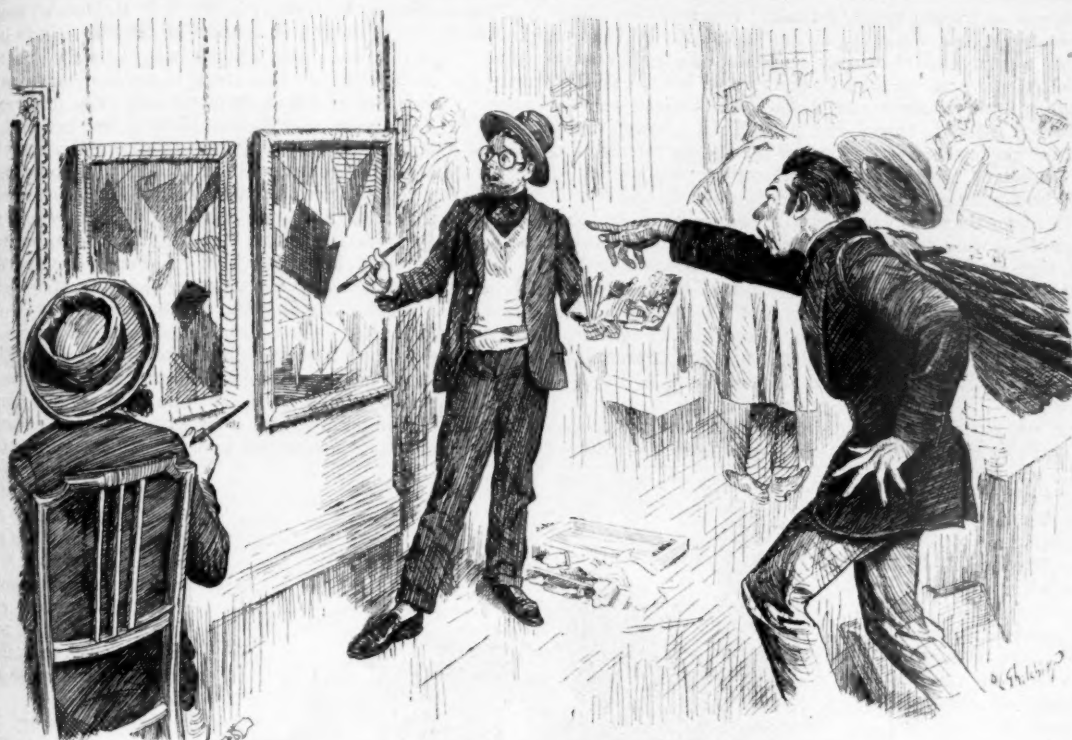
which we can ill afford to lose. Personally I always wonder how these novelists do it—how they manage to get their atmosphere. I marvel at Mr. WEYMAN's intimacy with the France of *The House of the Wolf* or *Under the Red Robe*, with the England of *Shrewsbury* or *Chippinge*, and again here, in *The Traveller in the Fur Cloak* (HUTCHINSON), with middle Europe in the days of NAPOLEON's supremacy. The story is full of real excitement as well as the cleverest contrivance. Young *Francis Cartwright* meets with the best of his adventures while trying to trace the whereabouts of his murdered diplomatic chief, *Perceval Ellis*, with whom he had set out from Vienna with most important despatches on the termination of the British secret mission to the Court of Austria. Before he succeeds he has some unpleasant experiences, you may be sure. I like the scene in the Grand Ducal castle of Zerbst, where he escapes from *Davout's* unwelcome attentions by masquerading as a Rook in the Grand Duke's afternoon game of chess, played with living pieces. And again the scene where he extracts a safe-conduct from *Davout* himself in order to go and unravel the mystery of *Ellis's* disappearance. Then the final struggle with the villainous *Waechters*, who were busy abducting the English governess of the Zerbst family, and the rescue when the hero is on the point of being hurled into the foul cellar where the bones of his chief already lie—all these make excellent reading for those who are not ashamed of a little sensation artfully contrived by good sound joinery work.



Nervous Punter (who has plunged on the favourite). "THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT OUR BOOKIE I DON'T LIKE."
Friend. "WHAT—HIS FACE?"
Nervous Punter. "No, HIS RUNNING-SHOES."

In writing the history of his regiment, *Princess Patricia's Canadian Light Infantry* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON) Lieut. R. HODDER-WILLIAMS has done more than merely compile another sectional war record; he has established a

link between the gloomy horrors of a campaign as conducted in the twentieth century and the gay irresponsible wayfaring that passes for war in the chronicles of the age of chivalry. Whether it is because the author deliberately willed it so or because he simply could not help it, the impression he creates is that the regiment was recruited, not from plain men of the days of T.N.T. and gas-masks, but from those who followed, lance and coat-armour and all, in the train of the BLACK PRINCE and DU GUESCLIN. For one thing the author has at his command such an intimate knowledge of the details of raids, reconnaissances and patrols as makes these exploits stand out as personal adventures, the equivalents of the single combat before the battle. More than that, he is happy in being able to weave into the very fabric



VARNISHING DAY CHEZ THE PRE-CAVEMEN SOCIETY.

"HI! WHAT ARE YOU DOING TO MY PICTURE, YOU SCOUNDREL?"

"A THOUSAND PARDONS. I MADE SURE IT WAS MINE."

of his narrative the history of the Regiment's Colour, their Princess Patricia's Colour, worked by their lady herself for the regiment, and by the regiment carried safe through the main crash of ten set battles, to be brought back finally, battle-scarred but triumphant, home to the giver. It is said that no other unit carried a banner—officially it was only a camp-colour—right into the firing-line, and the author is by no means disposed to miss the picturesque values attending the distinction. After all, when a unit can maintain, through four years of European war and a five times repeated casualty list approaching absolute annihilation, the individuality and reputation that by common consent distinguished the "Patricias" from beginning to end, there must have been that in the men themselves that might drive any writer to use the language of romance.

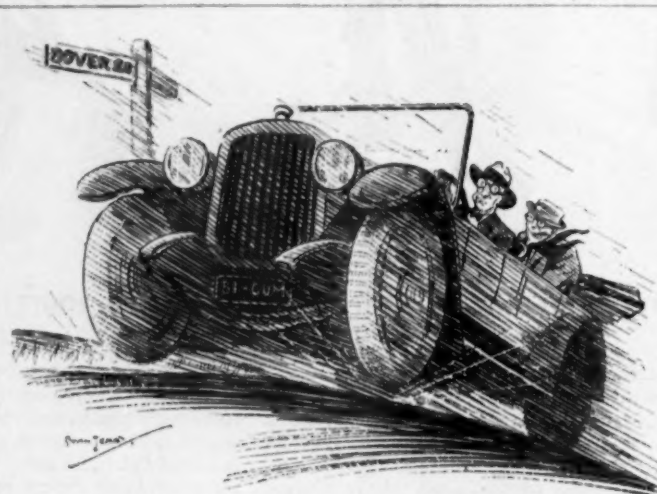
Needles and Pins (FISHER UNWIN) is a novel of grievances. So if you like to see typical post-war troubles fictitiously ventilated you will enjoy it. And if you don't you won't. This is not to say that Mr. OLIVER MADOX HUEFFER cannot project his sympathies into something more exhilarating than the sighs of ex-servicemen and the groans of wedded incompatibles. He can and he does. But muddles and miseries, and the characters and circumstances that make for them—these are his strongest suit. His hero, *Peter Trefusis*, has been married young to a conventional wife and inducted young into a Real Estate agency; the former by the exertions and the latter at the expense of a certain hectoring Mrs. Arbuthnot. *Peter* wears his triple yoke with sufficient grace until the War lifts it; but once out of the Army he neglects his business, flouts Mrs. Arbuthnot and philanders innocently but tactlessly with *Rachel Liston*, a

mannequin. *Rachel* is also unhappily married, her husband, a "temporary gentleman," having ruined an excellent baker's business in an attempt to retain his war-time caste. The adventures of *Peter* and *Rachel* in search of a couple of divorces, complicated by *Peter's* pseudo-quixotic entanglement with a third and still younger lady, are the peg on which hang the *plaidoiries* aforesaid. *Peter's* own case for himself, the loudest and most insistent of these, is very prettily demolished by three highly dissimilar mentors—a straightforward landlady, an honest old parson and a benevolent but eccentric etcher. The last-named finally succeeds in shipping *Peter* to Mexico, where genuine work and an absence of petticoat patronage and thwarting speedily bring about his rehabilitation. I am not at all sure that *Peter* deserved this last rose-coloured chapter; but I am quite certain I did. And I hope Mr. HUEFFER, whose sincerity of observation and comment does all it can to mitigate the dreariness of his main theme, will arrive at El Dorado a little earlier in his next volume.

When young *Mark Conway* was invalided out of the army with a maimed hand in the middle of the War, he went over to Stockholm to a sister who had married a prominent business man and Riksdag member, and spilt his coffee over the ankles of *The Swedish Woman* (CAPE), who with great presence of mind told him that he was part of her fate. *Signé Ankarshöld*, a beautiful blonde whose husband is dull and in America, loses her easily lost heart, while *Mark*, victim of first love, loses both heart and head. Very cleverly does Mr. ROBERT CROZIER LONG show you glimpse by glimpse the character of this strange seductive woman and only gradually lets you into the secret

that she is essentially rather a fraud. . She becomes *Mark's* mistress for a time, hotly professing the world well lost, but steering a very prudent course; and when the tedious business of the divorce on tactful grounds of incompatibility comes up for settlement and *Ankarsköld* is sticky about it she finds it easier to throw over poor *Mark*. Never surely in all fiction has heroine so risked her beauty by shedding such abundant tears. *Signé* is always crying or wiping away the results of a good cry just completed, and I can't help thinking that this would have palled on *Mark*, and that perhaps he is well out of it at the price of a temporary broken heart, though our author makes you quite understand how deep he fell into it. Few writers have Mr. Loxo's power of making his settings so objectively real. I feel as if I had been on a pleasant tour in and about Stockholm, and that, if I went there I shouldn't be a complete stranger among its friendly folk. A very attractive piece of work.

How many people, I wonder, though they are acquainted with the little poem about Timbuctoo—or Timbuktu—written for the encouragement of missionaries, know where on the earth's surface that mysterious city may be found? Inspired perhaps with the resolve to end the agonising uncertainty once for all, Lady DOROTHY MILLS actually went to Timbuktu all by herself, and (if I am to believe the frontispiece) armed with a rifle. In *The Road to Timbuktu* (DUCKWORTH) Lady DOROTHY describes her expedition in a pleasant gossiping style happily free from the solemn affectation of the professional traveller, who is apt to imagine that the exact hour at which he awoke in the morning, what he had for breakfast, how blue the mountains were, and what time he went to bed, are matters of enduring interest. But Lady DOROTHY is your real traveller, who loves travelling for its own sake, and is persuaded that to journey is a far, far better thing than to arrive; and that, having arrived, the best thing for you is to depart. She pursues no important scientific quest, delights in perpetual movement and revels in new experiences, no matter what hardships she suffers in their acquisition. Intense heat, flies, dirt, bad food, a voyage up a tropical river in an iron steamer, illness, the candid habits of primitive men and the insatiable curiosity of primitive women—these miseries and more also were all in the day's work for Lady DOROTHY MILLS. Pluck, endurance and determination brought her to Timbuktu. Lady DOROTHY was the first Englishwoman to enter that mud-walled, incense-perfumed, immemorial city, islanded in the desert of grey sand, once the centre of Mohammedan learning, trade and pleasure, now crumbling into decay, garrisoned by the French, inhabited by Sonbrais, visited by Touaregs and Berbers, Belahs and Targuis, and scorched by a pitiless sun. On the whole, I have decided not to journey to Timbuktu myself, but to be content with my vicarious visit in Lady DOROTHY'S agreeable company.



First American (making motor-tour of our "Little Island"). "SAY—CAN'T YOU KNOCK A FEW MORE OUTER HER, BO?"
Second American. "WELL, I MIGHT, BUT WE'RE GETTIN' A BIT NEAR THE EDGE."

Perissa (GRANT RICHARDS) is Mr. S. P. B. MAIS'S twenty-first book, but although in a sense he may be said to have come of age I do not think that he has yet reached years of complete discretion. In this story he again chooses as his hero a young man to whom women rush with "both arms extended." As a caresser *Julian Dethick* was not perhaps as active as some of the young men to whom Mr. MAIS has introduced us, but no one could say that he was irresponsible to the advances of these infatuated ladies. *Pauline* (married) and *Felicity* (unmarried) succumbed to *Julian's* charms, and part of my trouble lay in the fact that I failed to see why they should fall in love with him. I should imagine that *Mr. Perrin* and *Mr. Traill* were never far from Mr. MAIS'S mind while he was writing the account of *Golden Friars*. We are told that there is no such school as *Golden Friars*, a statement which I find no difficulty whatever in accepting. But if I cannot believe either in *Julian* as a schoolmaster or in the school where he taught the boys to love him, I was pitifully impressed by a master called *Westbrook*. This poor man, incompetent and miserable, represents a

tragedy not uncommon in school life, and I find him grimly real and pathetic. For the rest Mr. MAIS writes with enthusiasm of country life, and much can be forgiven in a man who rejoices so exuberantly over exercise and fresh air.

MISS MAGDALENE HORSFALL has ample justification both for going on her travels and for writing about them. She sets out with the firm intention of enjoying herself, and she meets inconveniences with laughter. In *Vagabond Fortunes* (METHUEN)—its subtitle is "Wayfaring in Provence"—she suc-

ceeds in communicating a considerable amount of her enjoyment to her readers. Possibly her humour is sometimes a little obvious, but in the main she writes with real appreciation of what she hears and sees. And it is a more than ordinary blessing to find a traveller who uses her ears as frequently as she uses her eyes. Vienne, Avignon, Arles, Nîmes were among the towns which this happy party of four ladies visited, and I can recommend Miss HORSFALL'S account of the "fulfilment of a day-dream" to anyone who goes a-holidaying in Provence. She makes no attempt to be vastly instructive, but she does not neglect the history of these ancient towns, and she is always alive to their beauties. Personally, I cannot read such names as Camargue, Tarascon, Vaucluse, Les Baux without wanting to be up and going.

Our Publicity-Shunning Manufacturers.

"NO VIEW AT THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION, STAND NO. —."

Adet, in Weekly Paper.

"Another contest at the light-weight limit between Fred Bretonnel, the French light-weight champion, and Paul Fritsch will be brought off in Paris during the first month in May."—*Sporting Paper.*
We are apparently in for a prolonged spring, if ever it begins.

CHARIVARIA.

M^{RS}. LENGLEN may, after all, come to Wimbledon this year. Her revised attitude is understood to be the outcome of a long interchange of notes between Mr. RAMSAY MACDONALD and M. POINCARÉ.

A monster mouth-organ contest is to take place in Philadelphia next month. There is some talk of the League of Nations offering its services as mediator.

It is estimated that one American in every forty now visiting London brings a saxophone with him. No wonder PRESIDENT COOLIDGE is in favour of another Conference on disarmament.

Judge KENYON refused to be Secretary of the United States Navy because he had no qualifications for the job. Things seem to have reached a pretty pass in America if officials have to be qualified for Government posts.

America has no Poet Laureate. Great Britain has, but you wouldn't notice it.

According to Sir ARTHUR KEITH, man's jaw has dropped half an inch since prehistoric days. Not much of a drop, considering the Budgets he has had to put up with.

A man who can speak six languages has just married a woman who can speak three. That seems to be about the right handicap.

Miss PAULINE FREDERICK says that modern husbands do not drag their wives home by the hair. That comes of wearing shingled hair; but is it worth while?

We understand that the builder who fell from a scaffolding into the mud of the river Irwell at Manchester is smelling as well as can be expected in the circumstances.

The latest malady is a slight deafness known as "wireless ear." On the other hand the wearing of headphones tends to improve the appearance of those whose ears flap in the breeze.

During the gales last week it is estimated that on more than one occasion

the wind blew at forty miles an hour. Viscount CURZON suggests that its licence should be suspended for at least six months.

A resident of Westerham writes to a contemporary saying that he has written seventeen letters to the Income Tax authorities asking for an explanation of a certain matter in connection with his demand note. If he could only tell them what it means the authorities would pass the information on to him.

Scottish, has taken out United States naturalisation papers. It is believed, however, that numbers of people are well aware that they are Scottish but are doing nothing whatever about it.

The problem of getting recruits for yachting has been discussed in *The Times*. We suggest a revival of the press-gang.

At a meeting of the Actors' Association last week it was alleged that there are people who pay to get on to the stage. It is sometimes suspected too that there are people who actually pay to get into the stalls.

A picture in this year's Academy was painted by a grocer. In advanced Chelsea circles the opinion is that it would be much more remarkable if the Academy exhibited a picture painted by an artist.

Complaint is made that too many important cricket matches at Lord's have been fixed for May. Still, experience has proved that even later in the summer the weather is not always fit for sleeping in the open air.

With reference to the strawberry reported by a contemporary to be blooming at Ventnor, it has now been declared to be wild. Annoyed, we imagine, by the publicity it has received.

According to a film expert there are many cinema artistes who never indulge in divorce. Yet we all go about our business without giving a thought to the drab lives these people must lead.

A writer in *The Daily Mail* says that the Sandy Vark is the most repulsive creature in the world. But have you ever caught sight of the expression on the faces of the people who sit opposite you in the Tube?

A doctor says that a man may be drunk through suffering a severe shock. So that you need not even drink the whisky. It's sufficient to pay for it.

"Debts Bought, any distance (except Scotland). Best price given, cash down."

Trade Paper.

We protest against this implied slur upon Scotsmen.



With so many artistic posters advertising seaside resorts it is surprising that some artist has not given us a picture of the pathetic moment when a boarder pays his bill and kisses his landlady before tearing himself away.

"I went outside to look at a funeral," complained a woman at the Willesden police court, "and while I was away my husband deserted me." A bad case of the quick taking advantage of the dead.

A noted opera singer, having discovered, to her surprise, that she was

THE GREAT RECONCILIATION.

THE LIBERAL LEADER TO THE LABOUR LEADER.

Now let the note of turtles matched
 Replace the dog's suspicious growl,
 As by the cheek he lately scratched
 Your HERBERT lays his loving jowl;
 For, O my RAMSAY, I had wronged you;
 But hear me now while I rehearse
 A blessing, in the form of song, due
 From lips that came to curse.

For some long while I deemed that you
 Were sniffing at me with your nose,
 But that I erred in such a view
 Your Free-Trade Budget clearly shows;
 How could I still be peeved or pettish
 When with a *beau geste* you concede
 High tribute to the holiest fetish
 Of all our Liberal creed?

It lightens too the burden laid
 On cups that temperately cheer;
 It brings relief to lemonade
 But none to whisky or to beer;
 Your jealous Unionist may judge it
 A work of mere strategic art;
 For me, this breakfast-table Budget
 Thrills my responsive heart.

As for the late Imperial pact
 So loosely pledged in England's name
 By Tories who suppressed the fact
 That Russia had a prior claim—
 If those who join to-day's assembly
 Of favoured British hoped to touch
 More Preference than they've got at Wembley,
 They want a deal too much.

And, though your Budget has no beans
 To offer to the unemployed;
 Though Coventry may say it means
 More idle hands and bellies void;
 Why heed a hungry people's strictures
 So long as you and I agree?
 Keep 'em amused with cheaper pictures!
 Swill 'em with cheaper tea!

O. S.

SANDWICH-MEN.

I WONDER how many men ever willingly take sandwiches with them on a railway journey. Very few, I suspect. Men otherwise upright and honest in practically every walk of life will descend to the meanest and most despicable shifts in order to get out of the house without them. They will put them into the pocket of the wrong coat, or leave them, if they are not closely watched, on the hall-table. They will tell lies and recklessly invent dining-cars to be rid of them. They will scornfully deprecate the suggestion that they "might be glad of them"; they will "get something" if they want it. And their jaws set in firm, hard, adventurous lines as they say it. Men who live for weeks in the desert without food have jaws that set in lines like that; I don't know why.

On the other hand, ninety-nine wives out of a hundred consider that their husbands are inadequately fortified against the hazards of travel without sandwiches. That is one of the numerous little things unprovided for in the marriage service.

I do a good deal of travelling in trains and I have become

pretty good at avoiding the insidious packet of sandwiches. It is usually sufficient for me to point out to Angela that the train has a dining-car and that a meal helps wonderfully to pass the time on a journey. But once or twice it has happened that I have failed to notice a * or a D or a § or something mixed up with the column of figures, and I have been forced to admit, when subjected to sufficient pressure, that perhaps a packet, a *small* packet, of sandwiches might be . . .

Then with a glad little cry Angela dashes away to the kitchen, to reappear a few minutes later with a neat little parcel.

I know that there are eight little sandwiches in it; I know that they are carefully wrapped up in a clean table-napkin (returnable); I know that the crusts are cut off; I know that affection has been lavished upon their preparation. It would be impossibly churlish not to be grateful.

Once in the train, I discover my mistake. There is a dining-car.

I face the situation with a brave little smile. Here, I tell myself, is an opportunity for the practice of a little economy. As offhandedly as possible I say to myself, "I may as well just eat my sandwiches now that I've got them." And then, as soon as the dining-car attendant comes along the train with the announcement of the first lunch, I rise and follow him like a lamb.

After a spoonful of wildly wobbling soup, an underdone fragment of a disillusioned halibut, an over-cooked portion of mutton (with *pommes à la London* and North South Railway), a dash of fruit salad once removed from the tin, and a minute cube of synthetic cheese, triumphantly garnished with a stick of soft celery, I stagger a hundred oscillating yards back to my compartment. Then of course there arises the problem of disposing of the sandwiches.

I can't throw them out of the window. That would be waste, besides being unkind to Angela. I do not for a moment suggest that they would come in the category of things likely to hurt men working on the line.

It is almost equally impossible to give them away. If you offer them to a fellow-passenger it practically amounts to telling him that you don't think he looks able to afford a lunch in the dining-car. On the only occasion when I tried to do this I was so overcome with natural embarrassment that I inadvertently offered them to a man who had just been sharing a table with me. For a moment it looked as though he was going to solve my difficulty by throwing my sandwiches out of the window and me after them. . . .

To return home with the packet unopened is out of the question. Any husband knows why.

Up to last week I was of the opinion that a packet of sandwiches is about as easy to get rid of as a dead body. But I know better now.

I had just left my table in the dining-car to go back to my compartment, and I was already struggling mentally with the question of what to do with the packet of sandwiches which was in my pocket. A touch of indigestion gave the problem point.

And then, as I passed the door of the little kitchen, a brilliant solution of my difficulty presented itself. For there, in the doorway, stood the chef, a lean and hungry man (like *Casca*), and I suddenly realised that it was inconceivable that the man who had cooked that lunch should ever eat any of it. Before me stood probably the one really ravenously hungry man on the train. I put my hand in my pocket . . .

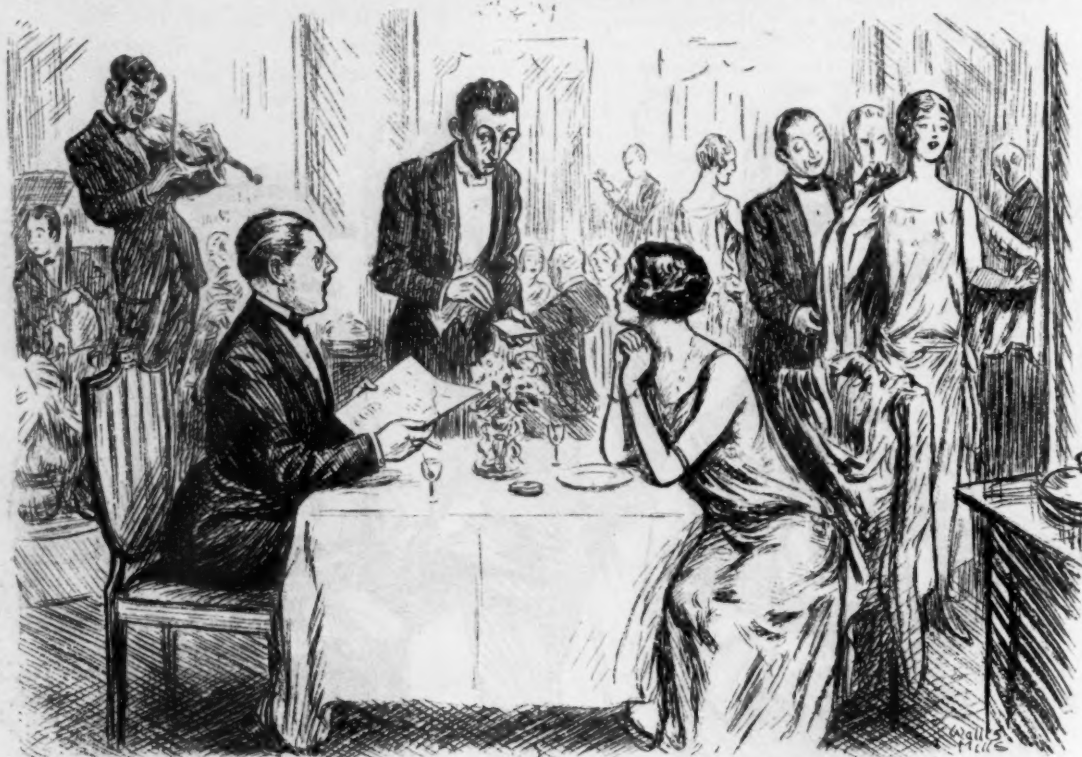
He took them.

L. DU G.



THE MORE FAVOURED NATION.

MEXICO (to RUSSIA, who has just been saluted by Mr. MacDONALD). "I DON'T SEE WHY I SHOULDN'T BE RECOGNISED BY HIM IF YOU ARE. IT'S TRUE I DON'T OWE ENGLAND SO MUCH MONEY AS YOU DO, BUT I OWE HER QUITE ENOUGH."



"Now, what would you like to eat, old thing?"
 "I don't care—as long as it's temperamental."

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

BACK from quite a snappy Easter at Midshire Castle. June Smiley and Solo Sombrero, the (at present) wedded film-stars, are still the Duke's tenants, and they invited him and Anne down for Easter and asked them to bring as many of their friends as they liked. Everyone was simply crazy to go. Not only did the invited ones, like myself, turn up, but ever and ever so many who hadn't been asked—Pixie Dashmore first and foremost of them. "Anne, you wretch!" she said on arriving; "you didn't ask me, but here I am. Put me up anywhere, in a bathroom or a passage or any old corner—I don't care, so long as I'm in the same building as darling Solo Sombrero!"

And all the women, yes, even including myself, were almost as bad as Pixie. But of that more hereafter.

We'd a perfectly nice time, dancing and ragging and playing hide-and-seek in the grounds after dinner, with electric torches *avec discrétion*, and so on and so forth.

The Midshires' stately old butler is still at the Castle, and Anne said to him

one day, "Well, Bateson, how d'you like these new times? Any complaints?"

"I make allowances, your Grace, I make allowances," answered Bateson. "One doesn't *expect* much from such as *them*, but their money's good, and certainly Miss June Smiley is a dear little woman. My most serious trouble, your Grace, is that I don't 'ardly get any time for writing my *memmors*."

Bateson's opinion of June seemed to be shared by most of the men, and the Midshires' third boy, Geoffrey, was so *éperdument épris* of her that his mother was quite worried about it. "For, even if June were free," Anne said to me, "Geoffrey wouldn't have any chance." June herself, however, didn't cut him off from all hope. "When Solo and I conclude to go back to the States and get a divorce," she told him, "I'll bear you in mind, boy."

"S'pose I'd have to queue up with dozens of others," grumbled Geoffrey; "and my people are sending me to the other end of nowhere to grow rubber or pepper or salt or something, and I'll lose my place in the queue."

"Well, you must get a messenger-boy to keep it for you," said June with her million-dollar smile.

"And see here, sonny," she went on, reverting to the language of her profession, "you mustn't worry me; you must keep more at long-shot and not be a close-up for evermore; and you mustn't register jealousy whenever I give a word or a smile to other boys."

And now for the sensational happening caused by the fatal fascination of our dear Solo Sombrero. Among his many charms is his perfect dancing. Of course we all wanted him for a partner at the after-dinner dances at the Castle; indeed the other men scarcely got a look-in. And I must say Pixie Dashmore was selfishness itself in the way she took possession of him. We all felt it; but most especially Delia Easthampton, who's as mad about him as Pixie. The climax came one evening when Pixie and the too-charming Solo were sitting out in a cosy nook during the dancing. Delia burst in on them in a white fury.

"Don't you think you've monopolised him long enough?" she demanded of Pixie.

"Oh, no—not *nearly* long enough!" answered Pixie coolly.

"The next dance is mine and I've come to claim it," said Delia.

"I can't spare him," Pixie told her. "Indeed and indeed, dearest, you must find another partner; you *don't* dance well enough for him, though he's too sweet and kind to say so."

"You know you're engaged to me for the next dance, don't you?" cried Delia, turning upon poor dear Solo, who, feeling dreffully foolish, hesitated and said he wasn't sure.

"There, run away, Delia," said Pixie, who seemed determined to push things to extremes; "you're interrupting a most enthralling talk."

"You shall pay for this, Lady Dashmore!" whispered Delia in a good old melodramatic hiss. "Meet me in the shrubbery to-morrow morning at seven, if you're not afraid."

"Good-oh!" was Pixie's answer. "I'm not afraid of anyone, least of all of *you*, Lady Easthampton."

And they *did* meet in the shrubbery next morning and took a shot at each other with their little toy pistols; and Pixie got off untouched, but Delia got a little toy bullet in her shoulder and was rushed up to town the same day and had the bullet taken out.

We tried to hush it up, but there was a leakage somewhere (Bateson, we all thought). The dailies were very decent about it and said: "The Countess of Easthampton arrived in town yesterday and was operated on for appendicitis at Easthampton House last night. She is progressing quite favourably." But that drefful *West-End Whispers* printed, in the place of honour and in the very biggest type:—

**"RECIPE FOR THE BIG EASTER EGG
SUPPLIED TO THE HOUSE-PARTY
AT BLANKSHIRE CASTLE, BLANKSHIRE.**

Ingredients.—Two Society Matrons and a famous and fascinating Film-Star.

Mix well together and add plenty of dancing, ragging and flirting, with a big 'F.' Season to taste with furious jealousy and finish off with a meeting in Blank Park of two Society Matrons and two pretty little jewelled pistols: one Society Matron wounded and the other S.M. just escaping arrest!

Result.—an Easter Egg of quite extraordinary size and succulence."

Of course *West-End Whispers* ought to be punished, but no one's brave enough to do it.

Ran over to Paris the other day to see those wonderful creatures, René Dubois and Adrienne Lepage, in their marvellous new play, *Henri et Lucile*. The theatre was packed, and there were evidently lots of my dear compatriots present—there was so much laughter in the wrong places. But what a play! And what players! What *pouvoir*, what *savoir*, what *élan*, what technique! Oh, when, when, when shall we be able to show anything like it in the lil old village on the Thames!



"MY DAUGHTER'S VERY CLEVER. SHE'S LEARNED TO PLAY THE PIANO IN NO TIME."
"YES, I'VE NOTICED SHE DOES."

Henri and Lucile are a devoted young couple, who have the profound *aperçu* that their marriage would be still happier and they would appreciate each other even more if they each eloped with some one else. Through the First Act *Lucile* is arranging to run away from her adored *Henri* with *Louis*, to whom she is quite indifferent. Through the Second Act *Henri* is arranging to run away from his idolised *Lucile* with *Simone*, whom he rather dislikes than otherwise. Through the Third Act they discuss the matter together in all its bearings and from every possible angle, with a psycho-analysis, an intuition, an instinct, a *connaissance*, that leave one breathless. They have come to no

definite conclusion when *Lucile* raises one eyebrow, *Henri* shrugs one shoulder—and the curtain falls!

Such applause I've seldom heard, especially from the English present, who haven't understood much of what went before, but have been told to watch for the eyebrow and the shoulder.

Smith Minor's French translation:—

"'Rose, émue, répondit . . .'
'The pink emu laid another egg.'"

There was a kind Curate of Kew
Who kept a large cat in a pew,
Where he taught it each week
Alphabetical Greek,
But it never got further than *μῶ*.



"A BAWLING CROWD OF BELLIGERENT PROGRAMME-SELLERS."

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

X.—OLD VISITORS AND NEW.

STRANGE for the old pioneer who has walked right in wherever a piece of the piling happened to be down, who has roamed through uninhabited prairies littered with plaster limbs and heads of the lion, the moose and the dragon, who has known the Never-Start Railway long before it started never-starting, and the lake when it was the only dry spot in the Exhibition, to see a Wembley guarded by jabbering janitors behind impregnable turnstiles, through which filters continually a meek and admiring crowd. . . .

There is nothing to which the English public will not submit when it desires to see a show—children through one gate, adults through another, no change given, and a bawling crowd of belligerent programme-sellers and guides. But I suppose it might be worse. There is no turnstile at Wembley through which one is compelled to enter on all-fours, or at which one has to pay the entrance money in cowrie shells. One is also allowed to take one's umbrella inside, except of course in the Palace of Imperial Art, where feeling naturally runs high.

I told the Illustrator that the time had come for us to tackle the Palace of Industry.

"Why that?" he asked, looking a little sad, for his heart had been set upon tigers and dancing-girls.

"Look at these swarming mobs," I replied. "In great industrial exhibitions I have always noticed that the one place where you can get a little calm is in the section devoted to industry. In fact, the only way to make the

industrial exhibits really popular with the island people would be to put barriers and turnstiles in front of them and charge half-a-crown for admission. Besides, my whole family is here, and

"I showed them the way to the Queen's Dolls' House," I said. "I thought that would be as much as mere weak women and children could manage in one day."

"Lead on to your Industries, then," he muttered, relinquishing the East with a sigh.



"RATHER PLEASING—WHAT?"

bits of another, and I don't want to meet them before I must. They are so young and terrible. Two of them are boys wearing minus eights."

"I don't suppose you'll ever see them again," said the Illustrator. "What did you tell them to do?"

biscuits and linoleum so beautiful that it would be a shame to consider them under the heading of Utility rather than that of Art.

But if Industry can be rendered lovely to the eye it still remains Industry. After half-an-hour or so of Industry the

back aches, the knees bend, the tongue hangs out, the handkerchief wipes the weary brow. It was so with the Illustrator and myself. We became indignant when we looked at the fresh smiling faces of the young men and women at the stands whose life was rendered so easy for them by their smoothly-running machines.

"It is a disgraceful sight," I said, "to see these gently nurtured operatives lounging amongst lace, chocolates, biscuits, glass, chocolates, gas, pottery, scientific instruments, chocolates—I say it is a disgraceful sight to look at these luxurious people and then contrast their lot with that of harassed and hard-working spectators like you or me, almost fainting under the strain."

"You are right," he agreed. "The fact is that the whole Exhibition is badly managed. The stands ought to be made to move past while the visitors sit down and look on."

"It could have been done, too, quite easily," I added, "if Sir LAURENCE WEAVER had had the sense to connect up the Palace of Engineering with the Palace of Industry and make the one drive the other backwards and forwards or round and round."

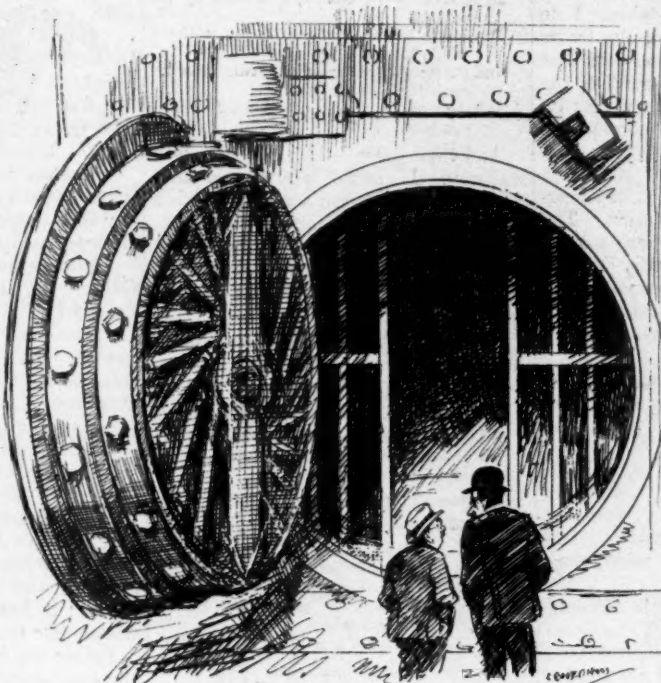
We had seen wool and cotton, we had seen mannequins, we had walked inside a safe large enough to contain the American Debt or the new Budget, we had dabbled our hands in the deceptive harbour of Belfast, which appears to be made of blue glass, we had drooped amongst dressed leather and limped through loaves of bread, we had fainted amongst the perfume of flowers. We now stood before a grim Gothic castle with a raised portcullis, whose only guard seemed to be a beefeater; and this sight, for some reason or other, seemed to give the Illustrator a sudden idea.

"There is a sort of club somewhere in this building," he said, "for the Press."

"It would be a great pity," I told him earnestly, "not to inspect the

industries there. We have seen the mere mechanical side of printing already."

"I rather like the chairs here," he said a little later.

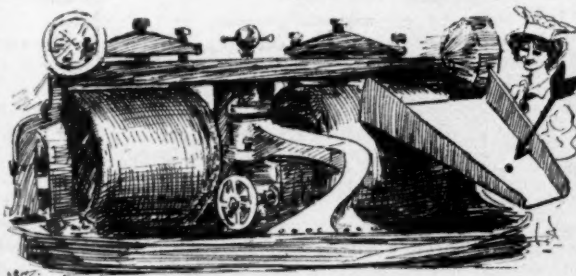


"DO YOU KEEP YOUR MONEY IN A SAFE LIKE THAT?"

"So do I," I agreed. "What about having another?"

We must have spent some time over the exhibits in this place, for on looking at my watch I discovered suddenly that it was time to meet the Dolls' House party on the central bridge.

"Well, did you get there?" I asked them in the patronising tones of a world's worker talking to social butterflies.



THE EVOLUTION OF A CHOCOLATE (THE CHOCOLATE IS INDICATED BY THE ARROW).

"Did we get where?"

"To the Dolls' House?" I said.

"Ages and ages ago we did."

"And I saw the lift and the garage."

"And I saw the snail."

"And we've seen Cannida."

"And Australia."

"And she liked Australia best, because the kangaroo's her favourite animal."

"Next but four to my favourite animal, you mean."

"And South Africa; and the ostriches were all having their tea, and their heads went up and down like choppers."

"I took them twice in a motor-boat round the lake, and they wanted to go again."

"And we saw Burma, and I liked that best because the wind rang the bells and the people were all smily. And I liked Cannida best too, and there was a man on a horse all made of butter; but wasn't it a dreadful waste?—and, oh, yes, I told you I saw the snail—"

"And I liked the map best with real water and ships buzzing about on it, only some of them were duds and never touched the water at all."

"And I liked the purple curtains best."

"And have you seen our Felixes?"

"Felixes, felices," I corrected with pain. "I don't wonder that your Latin report—"

"I've shown them the Palace of Art and we walked through India and East Africa—"

"But she wouldn't take us down the coal-mine. Can't we go down the coal-mine now?"

"No, no—not the coal-mine. I want to go on the lake again. I liked the lake best."

"And I liked Burma best."

"And I liked the engines best."

"And nobody but me saw the snail."

"Well, well," I said when the torrent had slightly abated; "I'm glad you've had a jolly time. Whilst you have been amusing yourselves the Illustrator and I have been busy—very busy indeed."

"What I can't make out is where you got to. When we'd done the Palace of Engineering we walked through the Palace of Industry, but we couldn't find you anywhere."

"Suppose," I said, "that we all go and have some tea." EVOE.

BRIGHTER TIME-TABLES.

AMONG all our modern changes and reconstructions one publication has remained stationary for at least thirty years—the Railway Time-table. I do not mean that the times of the trains have not changed, for it is obvious that they have. But the "lay-out" of the Time-table has remained the same; its story is told in the same old monotonous manner, month after month, year after year.

This seems, in these days of advertising, a remarkable omission. The Railway Companies have here a great instrument for publicity; why do they not play upon it? The Company with the most attractive Time-table would certainly carry off the goods—or, at any rate, the passengers.

I have given much thought to the best method of brightening the Time-table. My first idea was to write it up as an exciting story:—

"How was Lancelot to be at Muddleboro' in time to rescue Nora from Vernon's foul clutches? He knew that the 8.30 ran only on Mondays, and that the 9.20 was a slow train, stopping at . . ." etc., etc.

But this method is a little difficult, and I have a far better one. The Companies are employing eminent artists to design their posters. Why not employ eminent poets to enliven their Time-tables?

I am aware, of course, that our poets have already done much to help the railways. Mr. NOYES has exhorted us to "Come down to Kew in lilac-time"; Mr. BELLOC has hinted that "They sell good beer at Haslemere." But much more than that might be done through the Time-tables.

The note of the Great Western Railway Time-table, for instance, should be one of peace, of rest from toil. The first two towns mentioned in my G.W.R. Time-table (an old one, of course, but it will serve) are Abbotsbury and Abbotsbury, and we might start like this, in a vein almost reminiscent of LONGFELLOW:—

Are you workworn, are you very
Weary of the City's roar?
Go you then to Abbotsbury
Or to gentle Abbotsbury;
Paddington's the terminus that
Calms the soul and rests the eye,
Free from all the fume and fuss that
Mar the other termini.

It may not be good manners thus obviously to disparage the other man's goods, but we cannot afford to-day to be too squeamish.

Then we come to the Southern Railway. I foresee some trouble here over Sussex, because certainly several of our poets will claim the right to sing of

Sussex and how best to get there by rail. But perhaps they may be persuaded to collaborate, when I fancy we shall produce something like this:—

In Sussex, sweet Sussex, in Sussex by the sea,
The downs lift up their mighty heads, the winds blow full and free,
And Pullman-cars run smooth, run smooth, upon their metal track,
To take you (from Victoria) and eke to take you back.

And then there is the Isle of Wight Railway. I should like to see that suitably celebrated in song. Here is a suggestion:—

Come to our Island Railway; seek to-day
Our moss-hung road, our time-worn rolling-stock;
Here you may dream the long slow hours away,
While on the rails the ancient timbers rock;
Still as of yore by flower-girt streams we creep—

Inviolate our heritage we've kept;
The carriages in which you strive to sleep
Are those in which your rude forefathers slept.

A more rugged style will suit the wares of the Northern lines:—

Pilgrim, seek not
The fern-hung grove,
The dew-bespangled mead,
But seek the mire
Of Lancashire,
For here is Life indeed!

So much good coal
Will warm your soul,
So many downright men—
The L.M.S.
Runs an express
To Liverpool at 10.

This is enough to show the idea. I commend it to the Railway Companies of Great Britain. Indeed to give the thing a start they can have my poems—for a consideration. I should not even ask for cash; a few shares would do. A Perp. Ann., which I am told means a Perpetual Annuity, has a pleasant solid sound.

ARS EST CELARE ARTEM.

"Vanishing day for members of the Royal Academy was on Saturday."—*Yorkshire Paper*.

"ENGINE JUMPS THE RAILS.

MISHAP ON A NOTTM. SUBURBAN LINE."
—*Nottingham Paper*.

Once more the compositor rises to the occasion.

From a summary of the Budget:—

"To abolish the 50 per cent. duty on dried waters."—*Scots Paper*.

It sounds like an attempt by Mr. SNOWDEN to placate the "Red" Sea.

From a Parliamentary report:—

"There was only one bass in a house, and that was not the husband."—*Evening Paper*.
He being, of course, the smallest of small beer.

WHAT TOMMY SAW AT BRIGHTON.

I.—THE MASCOT.

"WHY shouldn't we run down to Brighton?" said George Rowland casually, one Saturday morning.

"Run?" I said. "Has it come to that? I thought one walked to Brighton."

"Run you down in the car, I mean," said George. "Lunch at the Cosmopole." It was then half-past eleven.

"Thanks very much, George. But why should I go to Brighton?"

"Why does one go to Brighton?" said George darkly.

"I don't know," I said. "Does one? Others do, I know—but does one, George?"

"One does," said George very darkly indeed, "but two are better. If you want to see life, old boy, you come to Brighton."

If you want to see death, old fellow, you go to Brighton in George's new car. It is a monster, and the latest thing in monsters; it has a bonnet the length of an ordinary two-seater, and within the bonnet are concentrated the strength and swiftness of a hundred horses; it has tyres a foot thick and wheels like the shield of Achilles.

Before the front seats are placed nine shining—ometers or gauges, with jiggling needles, by which the driver may know his speed per hour, the time of the day, the temperature, the oil-pressure, the petrol-pressure, the amount of water in the carburettor, the condition of the magneto and many other things. There is nothing to show the day of the month or the state of the tide.

The bonnet is of shining aluminium, and on the foremost extremity or prow there stands a naked female figure in silver, in the attitude of a bad swimmer about to dive into the sea on a very cold day.

The speedometer, I noted, was marked up to a mere eighty miles per hour.

I was tied down in the front seat, and we shot out of the garage, roaring like lions.

"Isn't she a darling?" said George, as we reeled round a refuge. "What shall I call her?"

"I should call her 'The Wise Virgin,'" I shouted, with a frightened glance at the speedometer.

"Why?" he shouted back, whizzing past a steam-roller.

"Because she's just going to throw herself out of the car."

"I'm talking about the car."

"I'm talking about the Naked Nymph," I yelled, holding on my hat, "the Silver Suicide."

"Oh," said George, "she's Bellona,"

A MASTER OF FILM MAKE-UP.

PLUS ÇA CHANGE, PLUS C'EST LA MÊME CHOSE.



AS HIMSELF



AS
DON PABLO



AS
THE RAJAH



AS
AN AMERICAN



AS
A TAXI-DRIVER



AS
AN ARTIST



AS
AN ACTOR



AS
A COWBOY



IN LIGHTER MOOD
DISGUISED AS
"CHARLIE"

John Jones

and added strangely, "The Goddess of Speed, you know."

"No, George, I didn't know that. Am I to be the human sacrifice?"

"She's my mascot," said George. "Brings me luck."

"A painless death, I suppose?"

George knows my views of his driving well enough, but at the beginning of a journey I generally try to rub them in. It is no use.

"Whenever I've hit anything with her on board," he said with satisfaction, "the other fellow's had to pay."

"That's very comforting," I murmured, and we shot into the country, passing every car in sight. Half of them, I noticed curiously, had naked silver ladies like our own, about to fling themselves in front of the wheels; on the other half were silver angels, pointing meaningfully to Heaven.

"What happens, George," I shouted, "if you hit a car with the same mascot as your own?"

"Never do, old boy," said he.

"You nearly did then," I said with outward calm.

"Dam fellow can't drive," growled George.

"It's funny," I said at the top of my voice, "I have been near to extinction in a motor-car many times, but in no case that I remember was the car which carried me at fault."

"Sorry, old man, I didn't catch."

I gave it up. The monster roared ahead, eating up the miles; and I now understood why so many people walk to Brighton. Trees, churches, villages rushed at the car and vanished by with a whizz behind. In vain for us the Spring had decked the boughs, in vain the primrose lurked below the hedge. At fifty miles an hour a dandelion is just as sweet. In vain, at the cross-roads, dimly seen, the Automobile Association scouts punctiliously saluted us. My nose was cold, my feet were warm, my eyes were watering; strapped under a great rug I could not find my handkerchief. How I love a spin in a good car!

George crouched happy over his wheel, one eye on the speedometer and one foot in the grave.

"Fifty-five," he grunted as we neared a town. "Afraid I shan't get seventy out of her to-day. Not on this road."

"Sickening," I shouted.

George threw me a quick glance and slowed down.

"Sorry, old man," he said, "I forgot. You're nerry, aren't you?"

"I wasn't," I said; "I dare say I shall be."

"Brighton 'll do you good, old man. There's a whole crowd of nerry people there."

"If they went there by car," I began, "I don't won——" But George had jammed his foot on the accelerator again.

We passed at a decent pace through the town and I breathed again. The blood returned to my cheeks; I got at my handkerchief and wiped my eyes, and, looking about me, I enjoyed the

say, George, do you think we could stop and have a drink somewhere? I've a terrible thirst."

"Right," said George. "So have I." "Eaten too many miles, I expect," I said feebly.

At the next "Lord Nelson" we stopped. I lingered outside a moment, admiring the car. When we started again the Brighton Road was one long procession of cars, and we began the frightening routine of treading on their heels, barking at them, squeezing past them and turning in our seats to glower at the occupants. After about four miles of this I said suddenly, "Hullo! she's gone."

"Who's gone?"

"The Silver Suicide."

"Good Lord!" said George. "So she has. Shaken off. That's funny."

"I expect it was at that little bridge," I said. "I nearly went myself."

"No good going back, I suppose," said George sadly.

"Not a bit," I said decidedly. "You'd better ask the A. A. men on our way back."

"Well, well," sighed George. "I wouldn't lose that mascot for the world. I shouldn't wonder if we had a smash now," he added gloomily.

"It would be awful if you had to pay," I murmured.

The rest of the drive I thoroughly enjoyed. The change in George's style of driving was remarkable. He seemed to have lost his nerve.

On the other hand he had recovered his caution. We ambled along at a respectable twenty-five or thirty, slowing down at all curves and hooting at corners in a manner that was almost cowardly. We were now constantly passed by other cars, whose drivers turned and glowered at us for obstructing them, while George glowered at them for reckless driving.

But the change, of course, had nothing to do with the Silver Suicide.

"Afraid this is a bit of a crawl, old man," he said very soon; "fact is, from now on the road is one long police-trap—and I'm not taking any risks of that kind."

"Quite right, old fellow," I said. I admired the young leaves upon the trees; I decided that I would bow to the A. A. men but not smile; and I had time to marvel at the numbers of those



Debt Collector. "LOOK 'ERE, SIR, I'M TIRED O' CLIMBIN' UP ALL THESE STAIRS WEEK AFTER WEEK TO COLLECT THIS BIL."

Artist. "WELL, I'VE GOOD NEWS FOR YOU—I'M MOVING DOWN TO THE BASEMENT TO-MORROW!"



Near-sighted old lady (who has heard of unemployed musicians playing in the streets). "Is THAT WHAT YOU CALL THE 'JAZZ MUSIC'? I'M AFRAID IT'S A LITTLE BEYOND ME, BUT HERE'S A PENNY FOR YOU."

who, like ourselves, were southward bound for Brighton. It was a wonder, that endless stream of pilgrims, muffled figures, so much alike, and all protected by Nymphs and Angels from the perils of the road. They looked neither to the right nor to the left, but kept their eyes fixed upon the South, as conscious of a quest. And as they flashed ahead of us, one after another, there mounted in me the sense of a common urgency and purpose, and I wondered, "What do they seek in the City of Dreams?"

I asked George.

George assumed the tone and air of a man who knows the world.

"You wait," he said.

And so we came to Brighton, unseathed. And at Brighton I posted the Silver Suicide to the A.A. representative at Croydon, where on the Monday we retrieved her.

"George," I said, as we went in to lunch, "if I were you I should call your mascot 'True Love.'"

"Why, old man?"

"Because absence only makes her stronger."

"Don't follow, old chap," said George.

A. P. H.

ROUGH STUFF.

A SOMBRERO on his head, a picturesque knotted handkerchief round his neck, cowboy's chaps and a wide brass-studded leather belt in which were stuck two evil-looking revolvers—that was the picture presented by Silas N. Hunk as he leant over the counter idly passing his hand to and fro over his unshaven chin.

A small mean man, wearing steel-rimmed glasses, came up. He looked like the kind of man who never misses the 8.45 to the City and drinks cocoa for dinner. You would have said he was the most harmless person in the world. He spoke to Hunk, who eyed him insolently for a space and then turned away. Instantly a shot rang out and the bullet howled through the air.

Hunk started ever so slightly, then recovered his composure.

"Say," he said, turning to the other, whose weapon was still smoking, "I guess, compute, collate and ratiocinate that you know as much about shootin' as an Eskimo knows about bathin'-suits."

The small man smiled nervously; then suddenly his expression became grim and determined.

"Well, we shall see," he replied. Crack, crack! Two more shots and a bell tinkled.

"Not so dusty," said Hunk, and then turned his back to the counter. "Step along! Step along!" he cried. "Any more to try their skill at the Wild West Shootin' Gallery? The finest side-show in this lil ole exhibition. Step along."

Our Truthful Press.

"TORRENT OF FALSEHOOD."

FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.
Daily Paper.

"YARN EXPERT"

Wanted as buyer for German Yarn wholesale firm. Only serious offers.—*Manchester Paper.*

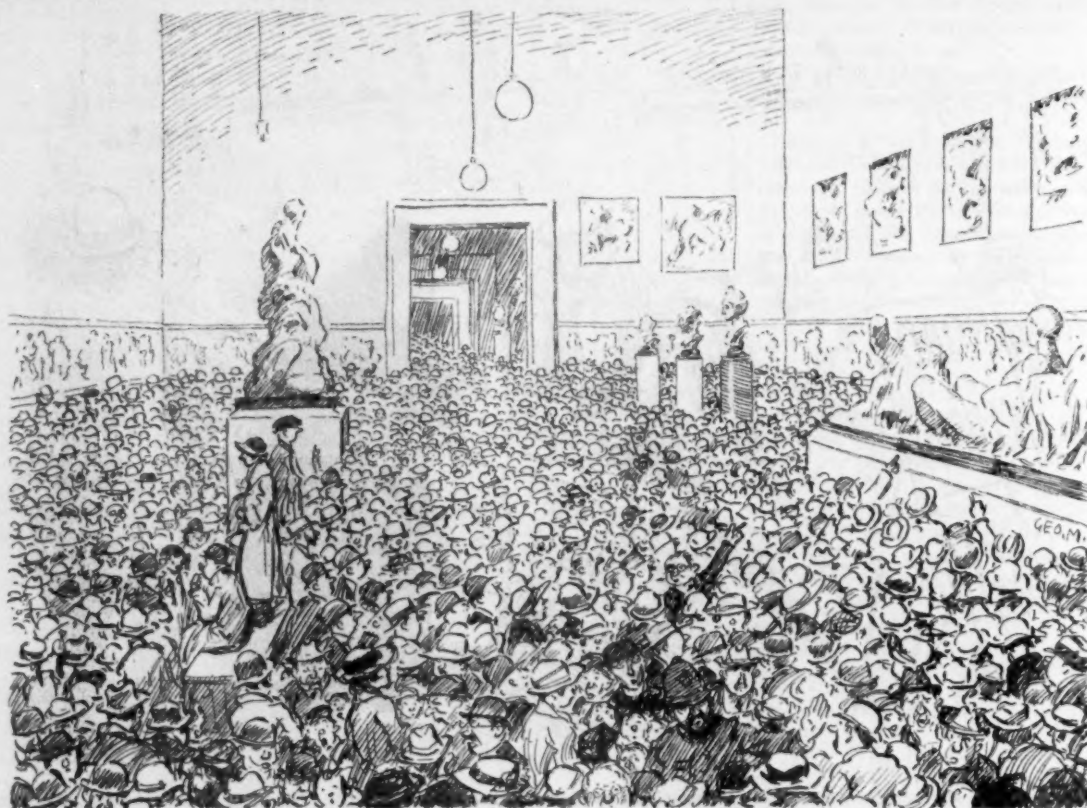
Nothing to do, then, with Reparations?

"JOSE R. Capablanca of Cuba, World's Chess Champion, won his seventh round adjourned match with F. D. Yates, England, in 77 years."
Canadian Paper.

The hustler!

"SUMMER IN SKYE.—Completely furnished cottage; water outside."
Advt. in Scots Paper.

To those who know the climate the assurance is unnecessary.



EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST SHOWN BY THE PUBLIC IN THE ELGIN ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM ON READING THE NEWS THAT GREECE HAD BECOME A REPUBLIC.—As witnessed by our Untrustworthy Correspondent.

FAIR PLAY FOR BOGEY.

WHETHER it was an hallucination or not I shall never know, but there was such an air of reality about the whole affair and such a deep impression has been left on my mind by it that I feel it must be recorded. Also, as I hope you will see, I am practically in honour bound to record it.

I had been playing golf all day at Oxdale, in the Croyford and District Golf Alliance Meeting, and Tapsford and I (Tapsford is the pro at our golf club) had returned a score of seven up on bogey for the thirty-six holes. I was lying deep down in my armchair, gazing idly into the fire and pondering on the quaint thought that our score of seven up had been beaten by no fewer than six couples, the winners being as much as fifteen up, when there came a tap on the door. Turning round in some surprise, I beheld an elderly gentleman, dressed in an old-fashioned Norfolk jacket and a pair of knickerbockers, not plus four; a stranger to me, yet in some vague sort of way familiar. He stepped forward and held out his hand.

"I hope, Sir," he said, "you will pardon my intrusion at this late hour of the evening, but I have something I particularly want to say to you."

I bowed respectfully and beckoned him into the chair opposite.

"I take it," he went on, "there is no need for me to introduce myself to you? I am, of course, the Colonel—Colonel Bogey."

"Colonel Bogey?" I exclaimed, and rubbed my eyes in bewilderment. I had heard of men meeting Colonel Bogey, but only in comic golf stories; and I had never believed that such a person really existed in the flesh.

"Yes," he replied. "And I call upon you to-night to ask you to render me a service. It is not a practice of mine to seek publicity or to ask favours of anyone; and I should not do so now but that I have become the victim of a modern development which threatens my very existence. I am, as you probably know and can see, an old man; and I do not move with the times. I have seen many changes. I have seen the manufacture of a new brand of golf ball which travels half as far again as the

ball that was in use in the early days of my career, yet I continue to drive no further than I ever drove. I have seen greens swept and mown and garnished to such perfection that putting becomes an increasingly simple matter, yet I will never attempt to hole out in less than two putts. I have seen fairways made so clean and velvety that the ball can easily be struck with a driver through the green, yet I resist the temptation to take my driver for my second shot, being as content as ever to play short with an iron and do the hole in five. I have seen an ever-growing number of golf courses, an ever-growing army of golfers; I have seen many new clubs invented—clubs that undoubtedly simplify the game—jiggers, spoons, sammies, socketless mashies and such like, yet I continue to play with my old set of clubs—driver, brassie, cleek, iron, lofter and putter. All these things I have seen and, though at times I have viewed them with a certain apprehension, I have never uttered one word of complaint about them; nor will I do so now.

"I am, I hope—" he shifted nervously

in his chair—"a sportsman. I am ready to face any challenge in reason. But, Sir, I protest"—here he raised his voice and gripped the arm of his chair—"I protest against this new practice that has sprung up out of these County Alliances, by which I am expected to play against—not one golfer, but two—a professional and an amateur who league themselves together against me, making no concession whatever for the fact that I am playing a best-ball match. Sir, it is to me quite incomprehensible that in a game so honoured by tradition, so distinguished for its etiquette, there should be such a sudden transgression of the most elementary principle of sportsmanship. Two against one on level terms! It is monstrous, ridiculous, childish, farcical. What is the excuse for it? What pleasure can men derive from being six up, eight up, twelve up, fifteen up on Bogey under these conditions?"

He paused and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief. The clock on the mantelpiece struck twelve. I felt uneasy and rather ashamed. His tone was very sincere and his argument seemed incontestable.

"I am sorry," he went on quickly; "I should not have allowed my feelings to get the better of me. But I hope you see my point."

"Indeed I do," I replied. "Somehow I had never thought of it in that light. I did not realise that you, that—"

"That I mattered?" he suggested with a smile. "Quite so. But does it not occur to you—I know it must—that, as a lover of a great game and as one who has done so much to popularise it, I feel keenly the danger with which it is beset by such tomfoolery—quite apart from any consideration of my own?"

"It does," I concurred warmly.

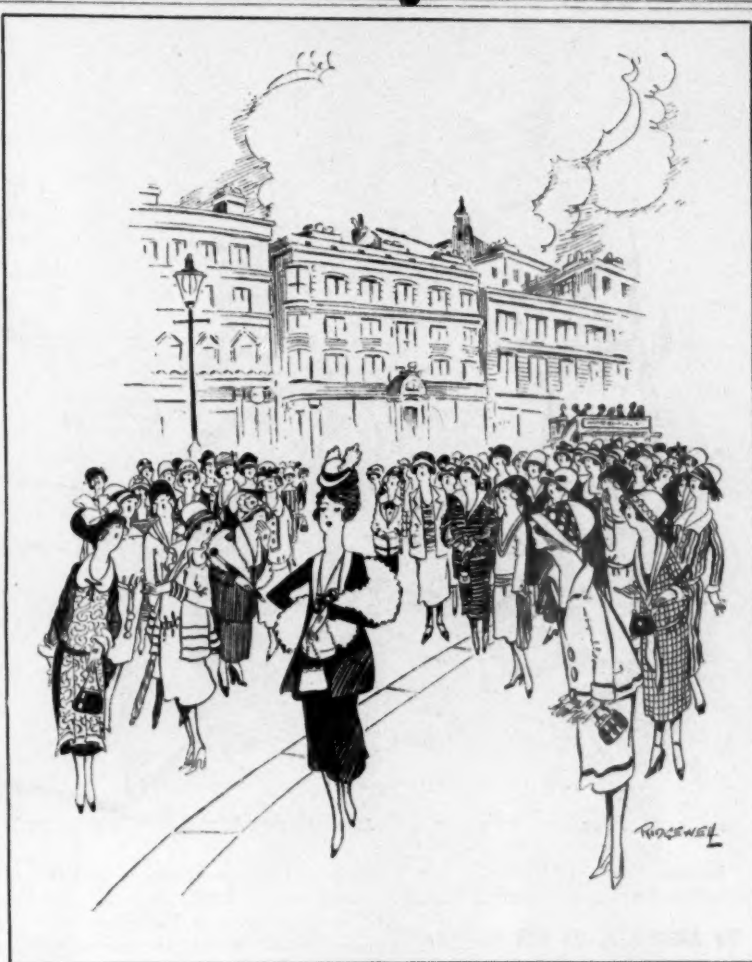
"Right," he said, leaning forward in his chair. "Then may I ask you to help me?"

"Me?" I inquired. "What can I do?"

"You can help me," he replied, "if you will. You are a writing man. You can take up my cause in the Press and state the remedy for it."

"But," I protested, "it is impossible; I do not write that sort of way. I am a—I never wrote anything serious in my life. You should go to someone like—er—LOVAT FRASER—"

"No, no," he said, holding up his hand; "you are wrong. It is these serious people, these professional redressers of grievances, these popular declaimers, these makers of public opinion who have brought me to the plight I am in to-day. They will do



ANTI-CLOCHE.

nothing for me. They—they are too close to the public, too much on their side; they will never urge the public to give up the joy and excitement of being fourteen up on Bogey."

"Well," I said, "supposing I were able to help you, what remedy is there for this unfortunate thing?"

"The remedy is simple," he answered.

"A new creature has been made by these Modernists—a man whom I have never met and never played with. He was designed specially to meet those very conditions to which I have referred—the far-flying ball, the perfect greens and so on. His name is Par. He is a very good player—an unnaturally good player. He gets up in two, against any wind, at holes that I can never hope to reach in two with a following wind; he does holes in three that are a good fifty yards out of the range of my tee shot. He is a perfect player. Is not this the man who should play the better ball of the professional

and amateur in these County and District Alliance competitions? Wouldn't that be a fairer match for them, a better match?"

"Indeed," I answered, "it would. I wonder it has not been done. You are quite right."

"Good," he said, rising from his chair. "That is all I have to say to you. I leave the matter confidently in your hands. And I thank you very much indeed."

He held out his hand. I grasped it. "But, Sir," I began—but he had moved swiftly to the door and was gone.

And now, reviewing the question in the cold light of morning and thinking it over from every point of view, I have a strange feeling that, unworthy as I am to plead so great a cause and unlikely as it is that any useful result can come of my pleading, I can never hope to be happy again until I have recounted the incident as it happened to me last night.



Methodical Boss (to Office-Boy). "PICK UP THESE LETTERS, PUT THEM IN ALPHABETICAL ORDER AND THROW THEM ON THE FIRE."

TO ARAMINTA, ON HER BIRTHDAY.

DEAR Araminta—strangely named,
And most intriguing of my nieces,
So un-Victorian and untamed,
So full of mutinous caprices—
Presuming on an uncle's right
Candour with kindness to mingle,
I humbly venture to indite
My greetings in a jog-trot jingle.
There's little in you of the maid,
Your namesake, placidly romantic,
Limned in the polished lines of PRAED,
And very far from corybantic;
You need no warning, no defence
Against indulging predilections
For swains whose solid "excellence"
Is their sole claim to your affections.
You're modern to the finger-tips,
And, while addicted to athletics,
Incarnating your cheeks and lips
With oleaginous cosmetics;
Domestic discipline you scout
As savouring of the Medes and Persians,
And yet your saner self "will out"
In various amiable reversiona.

* "If he's only an excellent person,
My own Araminta, say No."

Your knowledge of Victorian lore
Is just as skimpy as your raiment;
E.g. you'd never heard, before
I told you, of the TICHBORNE CLAIM-
ANT;
But these shortcomings you redeem,
My surly discontent disarming,
When you confess that JANE'S
"supreme"
And TROLLOPE "absolutely charm-
ing."
You are the human counterpart
Of radium—but not of argon;
You have acquired the dreadful art
Of gabbling in the Freudian jargon;
You have the most supreme disdain
For slipshod writers and best sellers,
And yet contentedly remain
One of the very worst of spellers.
You read, when'er you can afford
Time from your golf or tennis
matches,
And so your memory's strangely stored
With jewels and with purple patches;
Some garish in their modern hues,
Suggestive of the dyes of JUDSON,
Some lifted from the mystic muse
Of DONNE, the limpid prose of
HUDSON.

You wound me when you interlard
Your talk with epithets uncomely,
And laugh at me when I regard
Your verbal caracolings glumly;
Yet I imagine, since the smart
Lasts but a little while—*parumper*—
True gold is hidden in the heart
That beats beneath your rainbow
jumper.

So, viewing with a lenient gaze
Your homage at the shrine of fashion,
And flattered by your friendly ways,
Which, after all, may be compassion—
For you are twenty and a *belle*,
My handicap is *sexaginta*—
"The reason why I cannot tell,"
But still I like you, Araminta.

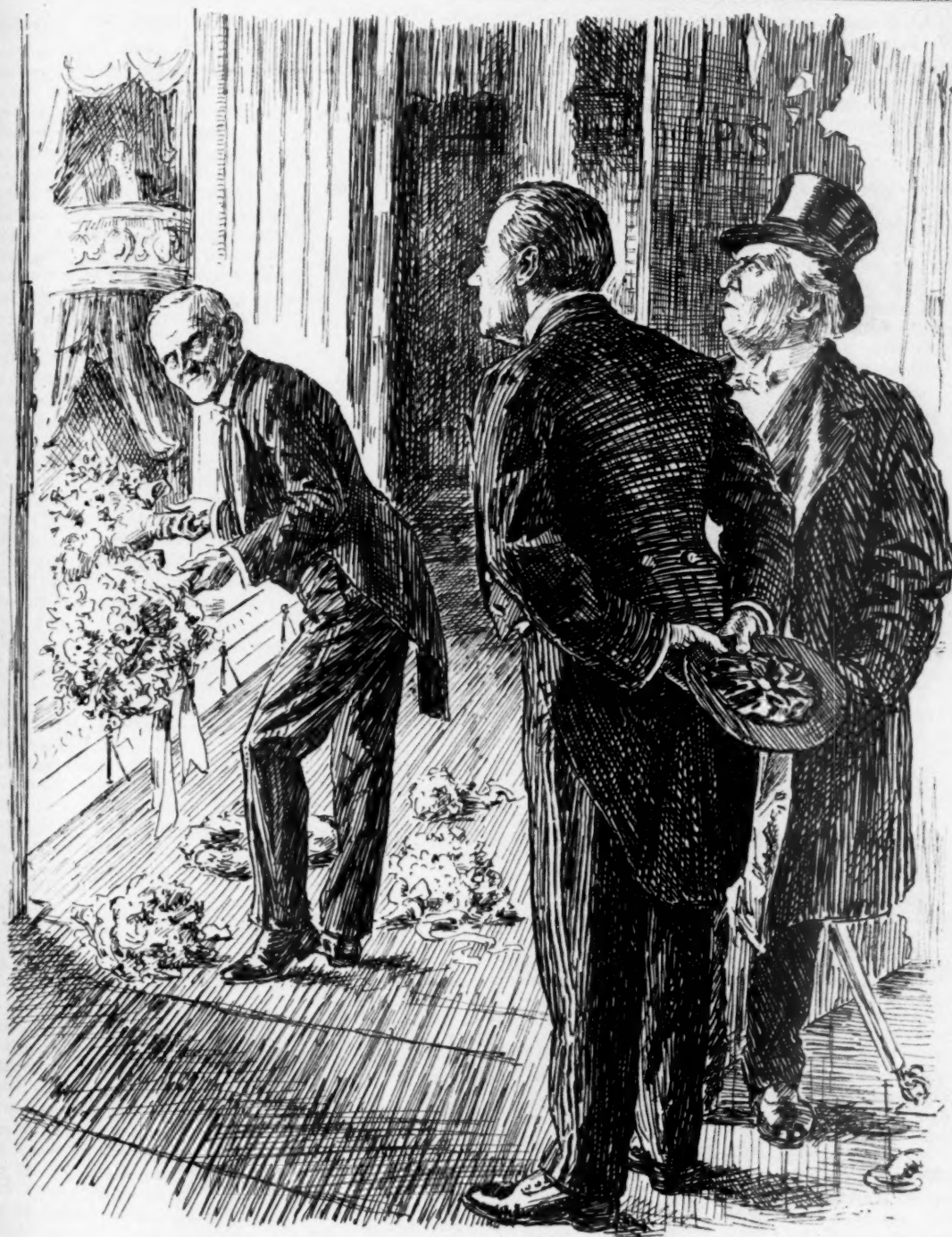
"CAVERN BEAUTIES."

The roof is crowded with statistics of purest
white."—*Ceylon Paper*.

THE CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER
should note this place for his next
holiday.

From a *feuilleton* :—

"He was afraid of the love that had come
against his heart."—*Daily Paper*.
Another freak-hero.



THE COLLABORATORS.

(First Night of the Budget.)

MR. ASQUITH. "MY IDEAS."

MR. BALDWIN. "MY MONEY."

MR. SNOWDEN. "BUT MY BOUQUETS."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Tuesday, April 29th.—The prospect of hearing Mr. SNOWDEN reveal the secrets of the first Labour Budget produced a large attendance of the Commons, and also caused several of the Peers (who do not resume work for another week) to take a busman's holiday.

Question-time did not furnish much to distract attention from the matter in hand. An appeal to the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE to abate the nuisance caused by oil from passing vessels reaching our shores met with little sympathy. Mr. WEBB evidently thought the complaint was exaggerated, and did not respond to Col. CUTHBERT JAMES's suggestion that he should try bathing on the East Coast and see the results for himself.

A propos, I suppose, of Mr. SNOWDEN's recent article on the Housing question in an American newspaper, Mr. ORMSBY-GORE elicited from Mr. CLYNES that under the present régime Ministers were permitted to write for the Press, but that the further question whether their journalistic pronouncements would be held to bind the Government as a whole would depend upon what they said. Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN's attempt to explore the effect of these *dicta* upon the doctrine of Cabinet responsibility was—mercifully perhaps for Mr. CLYNES—cut short by the SPEAKER.

Whatever indiscretions Mr. SNOWDEN may have permitted himself in other directions he had carefully preserved the secrets of the Exchequer; and, though the usual crop of Budget-forecasts has appeared in the Press, not one of them, as it turned out, was officially inspired.

When the CHANCELLOR rose at five minutes to four no one outside the Government could say with certainty whether the fanatic or the financier in his duplex personality would come out on top, whether his instrument would be the big drum or the humdrum. For a moment, indeed, when he remarked that it was on this day fifteen years ago that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE introduced his famous "henroost-robbing" Budget, I had visions that we might be in for another of the same kind and that presently we might see a procession

of wealthy Members, unable to bear the strain of listening to Mr. SNOWDEN's predatory periods, marching mournfully



MR. SNODGRASS TAKES OFF HIS COAT.

"WILL YE GIE US A GENERAL ELECTION NOO?"

MR. KIRKWOOD.

out of the House, amid the triumphant plaudits of the Clyde-side chorus.

The outcome, as all the world now knows, was—"very otherwise." Mr.

SNOWDEN was as moderate in substance as he was admirable in manner. There was not a word about the Capital Levy; and the GOVERNOR OF THE BANK OF ENGLAND could not have insisted more strongly than he upon the paramount importance of preserving the national credit.

There were no new imposts; better still, no increases in old ones (the victims of super-tax breathed again); on the contrary, substantial remissions of the duties on sugar, tea, coffee and entertainments, a slight reduction in telephone-rates and complete abolition (this was a surprise) of the Inhabited House Duty, which in one form or another has been with us since the Napoleonic Wars.

As the CHANCELLOR emptied out these successive boons from his ample cornucopia, enthusiasm grew on the Labour and Liberal Benches—rather more, perhaps, on the latter than the former. Even the ranks of Toryism could not forbear to cheer—until Mr. SNOWDEN administered a cold douche by the announcement that the Government intended to repeal the McKENNA duties, and would not stir a finger, unless compelled by the House, to carry out the Preference proposals of the Imperial Conference.

These were, in Sir ROBERT HORNE's opinion, the only blots upon an otherwise excellent Budget, which any of Mr. SNOWDEN's predecessors might have propounded, though they could not, as he gracefully admitted, have done so with greater clarity.

Mr. ASQUITH's compliments to Mr. SNOWDEN were equally sincere and were not marred by any false modesty, for, after loudly declaring that "This is a Free Trade Budget," he went on to observe that "we are getting back to the halcyon days when I was Chancellor of the Exchequer." For the moment he seemed to have quite forgotten Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's recent fulminations against Labour.

As regards the effect of the Budget upon the political situation, the fact that Mr. SNOWDEN's summary of his proposals was cast in the form of an election-poster did not escape the alert intelligence of Mr. DAVID KIRKWOOD.

Hence his challenge to the Opposition, "Will ye



DROPPING THE MASCOT.

The New Chauffeur (Mr. SNOWDEN). "THE FIRST THING I SHALL DO IS TO SCRAP THAT EXCRESCENCE. IT OFFENDS MY TASTE."

The Old Chauffeur (Sir R. HORNE). "WELL, IF YOU TAKE MY TIP YOU WON'T, FOR THE CAR HAS NEVER RUN PROPERLY WITHOUT IT."

gie us a General Election now?" to which, I fancy, the answer will be in the negative.

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To this varied indictment, delivered with great spirit, it fell to the COLONIAL SECRETARY to reply. In this the Government were fortunate, for, next to the PRIME MINISTER, Mr. THOMAS is their best debater, and quite understands how to make the high-sounding phrase and the humorous allusion take the place of argument. He denied that the Tory Party had any monopoly of Imperial feeling, and declared that of thirty-two resolutions passed by the Conference the Government had already carried out twenty-eight.

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THE SYSTEM OF CREDIT.

I AM willing to accept the custom, so prevalent in our national and daily life, of giving and receiving credit. I do however protest against the evils it has brought in its wake. I refer to the receipt of bills marked by such unsightly phrases as "A cheque will oblige" or "An early settlement is requested;" and I am told that there are even more objectionable forms of request than these.

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Lady (in course of round trip in the Mediterranean). "It's too bad, Mr. Purser, THAT I GOT SO LITTLE SUN IN MY CABIN. I PARTICULARLY CHOSE IT ON THE PLAN AT THE AGENT'S BECAUSE IT FACED DUE SOUTH."

THE LAMMAS FAIR.

WEE John, wi' a penny in every hand,
Came in to the Lammas fair;
Sure he's the boy that would understand

Full well how to spend them there!

A ride an' a swing an' a ginger bun
An' a ha'porth o' yellow man;
But the pennies he lost them one by one
Or ever the fair began.

He watched while the rickety swings
flew high

An' his wee mouth quivered grim;
"Twas hard when the hobbies capered by
Wi' never a horse for him.

The tears were blindin' him, poor wee
man,

But he'd never ha' let them fall

If it hadn't a-been for Mary Ann
Magee at the sweetie stall.

"Och och," she said in her kindly way,
"Now what will the matter be?
Sure that's no face for a Lammas Day,
An' what is money?" said she.

She filled his pockets wi' cake an' tart
An' his kerchief wi' yellow man;
For a wean still gets to a woman's
heart,

An' did since the world began.

"The constable called the post a 'bollard,'
which puzzled the Court.
['Bollard' is a nautical term, meaning a
morning post.]"—*Evening Paper*.

All the same, Reginald, you would not
be right in referring to our Die-hard
contemporary as *The Bollard*.

THE FOILS OF FATE.

[NOTE.—The following story was awarded first prize in the annual competition of the Literary Art Correspondence Schools, Booster University, Hullabaloo, Pa., U.S.A. It is based on an intimate study of all the leading American magazines, and in the opinion of the judges represents the finest specimen of high pressure, 100 per cent., concentrated American Fiction ever.]

On the first floor of his Fifth-Avenue sandstone bijou mausoleum, in a Louis XIV. bed, surrounded by six Gainsboroughs, four First Folios of SHAKESPEARE, three eighteenth-century Mauritius postage-stamps and two pairs of pants worn by DARIUS at the battle of Marathon, lay John Bonehead, President of the U.S.A. Fruit Gum Corporation. He was dying. The recent fall, his sixty-third, was to be his last. Covered from head to heel in splints, ferro-concrete and tungsten-steel casing he awaited his end. He would never fall again. He was a broken man. He was through, down, out.

Lifting the steel girder which supported his left arm, John Bonehead pressed the bell.

"Say, Jacob," he said to his quiet servant, "kindly step outside and find me an orphan."

Moments passed, silent save for the sounds of the Elevated Railway, three thousand automobiles in the street and a steam-hammer on an adjacent building. Then the door opened and entered a small prim girl, dressed in tortoiseshell.

"Say, are you Mr. Bonehead?" she started.

"You've said it, my dear," the old president smiled; "come right in." He waved a girder hospitably to a chair. She sat.

"Well, my dear," he sighed, "I'm going to quit. In a few shakes the Angel of Death'll be flapping around this ten-thousand-dollar bed of mine with his sable wings, and I——"

"Aw, nuts, Mr. Bonehead," shivered the girl.

The dying man shook his head sadly.

"Listen," he opened suddenly; "how'd you like to be the two-million-dollar heiress of ole John Bonehead with six thousand Fruit Gum Preferred—hey? How'd you like it?"

"Well, as a proposition——"

"See, press that bell, will you?"

Half-an-hour later, in the presence of the Attorney-General, was signed the last will and testament of John Bonehead, Rotarian, widower, gifting the whole of his property to one Maisie Ray Beamer, orphan, spinster.

Three months crawled. The old pre-

sident, bandaged, splinted, cased and concreted, still lingered patiently listening for the rush of the sable wings. None came, not even a flap. Then one morning burst into the sick chamber a tall bronzed youth, carrying a brown-paper parcel. Nodding pleasantly to Maisie, he crossed and warmly gripped the president's right girder.

"Hello, Dad!" he heartied; "welcome home the prodigal."

"The what?" echoed the old president.

"The prodigal." Then, anxiously—"Say, you sure know me? I'm your son Booker, lil wayward Booker."

"What!" rattled the president—"you my son? Prove it, Sir, prove it."

"Aw, can that stuff—see," calmed Booker, untying his parcel. "Look at here."

He handed a large iron plate carrying a polished spike of eight inches length. The old man took it gingerly, shakily, and read:—

KEEP OFF THE GRASS. IF YOU WANT TO ROAM JOIN THE NAVY.

"That's me, Dad," proudly tapping the raised letters. "I took that from Central Park when I was eight. I wanted to go on that grass, but as I couldn't—"

"I've got you," chuckled John B. "Gee! and me thinking you dead these twelve years past. Say, Book, just take this lil girl downstairs for a piece. Ole John Bonehead's gotter figure this out."



"AND LAID HER REVERENTLY ON THE DRESSING-TABLE."

"Sure," consented Booker, arming Maisie through.

Another three months crept. In the fourth Old John Bonehead breathed his last. Booker, hearing, walked straight into Maisie's boudoir and stood. She was roasting pea-nuts.

"Say, Maisie," he husked, "it's through. There's nothing more to it. I'm quitting. I—my appetite's not what it was."

"Oh, Book!" thrilled Maisie, her soul shining through her face.

"You see," hurried Booker, down-casting before her gaze, "I must sea-



"IT'S YOURS," HE GARGLED."

fare again. Give me a ship, a long, long ship with—"

"Oh, Book!" gulped Maisie, "I'd give you anything."

Booker flushed. Rising proudly, he faced Maisie, heaving.

"Stop!" he commanded; "that can never be. Henceforth our ways diverge—I, a poor seafarer, and you a rich society leader." His voice broke. "But perhaps some day, when the setting sun—"

"Oh, Book!" swallowed Maisie, folding herself over the fire-guard, "don't, do not!"

For answer he stooped, gathered her up and laid her reverently on the dressing-table. Then he went out.

Three days later were earthed the remains of John Bonehead, President of the Fruit Gum Corporation, the man whose name had been in every mouth for half-a-century. Booker stayed for the ceremony. Afterwards, when the will was read in the great dining-room, he slipped to his room to pack. Suddenly an excited attorney burst in.

"Say, Book," he gasped, "they've found a new will. Ole John Bonehead's property—"

With choking fingers Booker leaped at his throat.

"What's that about ole John Bonehead's property?" he snarled.

"It's yours—all of it!"

Over the man's crumpled body Booker fired from the room into his boudoir. Taking out a packet of pea-nuts he sat

down to roast. In a few moments Maisie entered.

"Well, Book," she sighed, "it's through. There's no more to it. I'm quitting. I—my appetite's not what it was."

"Oh, Maisie!" whispered Booker, his soul shining through his face.

"You see," speeded Maisie, avoiding his ardent gaze, "I must go down to the store again. Give me a slip, a long, long slip with—"

At that moment another attorney burst up. Maisie rose and gripped him by the throat.

"What's that about ole John Bonehead's property?" she hissed.

"It's yours," he gargled; "we've found another will."

"Aw, gee," stifled Booker through a cushion. He rose and followed Maisie into her boudoir.

So as each fresh will was discovered did the luckless orphans chase around one after the other. Neither would wed for the other's wealth. When they thought they had exhausted the fresh wills, an attorney stove in the library wall and found still another. After that another attorney smashed in the roof and lit on one more yet.

And now, when the violet shadows of evening creep along Broadway and the cattle come winding homewards down Fifth Avenue, if you should pass a certain bijou sandstone mausoleum, where grinding derricks shriek and strain under heaped chunks of blasted masonry, you may see seated, silent, hand-clutched neath the ruins, two



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LOVE AMONG THE RUINS.

orphans, boy and girl, watching, waiting. Back of the ruins, smoothing with his long dry wrinkled fingers each fresh will as it slides from the shining shovels of listless labourers, sits a hard-faced cold-eyed attorney, unsympathetic, soulless, systematic as a steam grain-sifter out Middle West.

OUR GOLFING BIRDS.

["A member of the Knott End Golf Club, Lancashire, drove a ball into a crowd of rooks, one of which picked up the ball in its beak and flew away."

The golfer dropped another ball, but on arrival at the green found his first ball close to the pin, where it had apparently been dropped by the bird."—*Daily Paper*.]

THE incident recorded above adds yet another to the growing list of remarkable achievements of our British Birds on the golf links.

The Golfing Rook is of course fairly well known in certain districts, but the prowess of the Putting Peewit, the Scratch Sparrow-hawk, the Deep-faced Tomtit, the Speckled Plus-Four Chaffinch and the Dimpled Ballpecker should not be overlooked.

It was one of the last-named species which, it will be recalled, practically settled the Middlecombe and District Championship a few years ago. One of the players had put his ball into the rough beside the eighteenth green and was preparing to dig it out in the usual fashion with a niblick when a Dimpled Ballpecker appeared on the scene. This intelligent creature took in the whole situation at a glance. Perching himself on a vertical piece of rough, he waited until the player drew back his club, then, swooping down on the ball at the precise moment of impact, he took it in his beak, flew straight over the green and dropped the ball in the hole. The thing was done so quickly, the whole movement was timed so perfectly, that it was impossible to say that the player had not propelled both bird and ball with his club.

Another bird whose methods are less obvious than those of the Golfing Rook is the Speckled Plus-Four Chaffinch. This bird concentrates on blind holes. It hovers over the green, and, if it sees that your approach shot is a trifle too hard, it flies across the path of the ball and stops it dead—as near the pin as it can manage, of course.

In the case of both these feathered friends it will be seen that the bird exposes itself to considerable personal danger—a claim which cannot be made for the Golfing Rook. Indeed, golfing ornithologists are beginning to recognise that the Golfing Rook is really a long handicap bird, and for my own part I feel that its cult has been a little overdone of late.

The whole subject of Golfing Birds is of extraordinary interest, and one of the most remarkable features of their success at the game is that they never seem to practise. One authority on the subject created rather a storm a year or so ago by announcing that he had seen a brace of Putting Peewits practis-

ing at daybreak at Littleton-on-Sands. It was subsequently proved, however, that what he had taken to be a golf-ball was really a piece of cake which had been discarded by a passing sea-gull.

There seems every reason to suppose that the organised employment of birds is a likely development of the game in the near future. Rigid training would be necessary in the case of certain species (as, for instance, the treacherous Deep-faced Tomtit, which delights in picking your ball off the edge of the green and depositing it in the nearest bunker); but it is believed that any slight difficulties of this sort could be overcome. In the meantime the Golf Committee of the Ornithological Association, which has the whole matter under review, will be grateful if golfers will continue to give publicity, through the medium of the Press, to any notable achievements on the part of their feathered colleagues.

WOODCRAFT.

"COME down for the week-end," they said. "You need not do anything at all. You needn't even play tennis. You can lie on the lawn under the trees and read a book or look at the violets and daffodils."

I had my suspicions, but I went.

They live amongst trees. Almost from the first moment I perceived that they were people who did not understand the proper uses of a tree.

"What is all that over there?" I asked, pointing to a little corner of the spinney which came right up to the lawn. There were two trestles in a clearing and a quantity of mutilated logs.

The man's eyes glistened. In his spare time he is an eminent classical scholar.

"That is where I tinker about," he said. "Carpentering, you know. Did you notice that rough table outside the drawing-room window?"

"Oh, yes," I said. I had been wondering for some time why it had been left there.

"That's just a rough outdoor-table I made myself," he explained. "And I made this rough outdoor crib for the baby too."

I looked at the baby. It seemed to be meditating.

A little later I sat down on a rough garden seat that he had made. Apparently the planks had not been sufficiently planed.

"That's just a rough garden seat," he began.

"I know it is," I replied rather shortly, rising in haste. I did not mind so much about the baby. After all, it was not my child.

On the following afternoon I made my preparations to lie down on the lawn. It was warm. It was also Sunday afternoon, a period which from childhood I have been taught to believe should be given over to rest. I had just chosen a tree of some kind with a number of small bright leaves on it to lie under when the man came out.

"Do you mind helping me to carry this ladder down the drive?" he said; "I don't want to disturb the gardener."

I had half lain down. I got wholly up.

"I cut down about twenty trees below the place where you were sitting when I came here last year," he said. "You noticed the lovely view across to the hills on the other side?"

"I should have in a moment," I said.

We propped the ladder up against a beech-tree. He said it was a beech-tree, anyway. It was quite a pleasant-looking thing.

"I must have this fellow down," he murmured, looking upwards. "I want to tie a rope on to that branch there, so that we can pull it down when we've sawn it through."

I liked that "we."

He went and got a saw. He also went and got a woodman's axe, a long lethal thing, larger than the one KING ALFRED wears on his great statue at Wantage. He fastened a handle on to the most dangerous-looking end of the saw and told me to take hold of it. We sawed together for some time. We had to lie down to do it. He always seemed to be pulling the thing when I was pulling it too. My best days as a wood-sawyer have for some time been passed.

"I think I shall do a little hacking now," he said after a time, and took several tremendous blows with the woodman's axe. A large chip hit me just over the right eye.

"We're getting on a bit now," he said.

"We are," I replied. "Is there much blood on the forehead?"

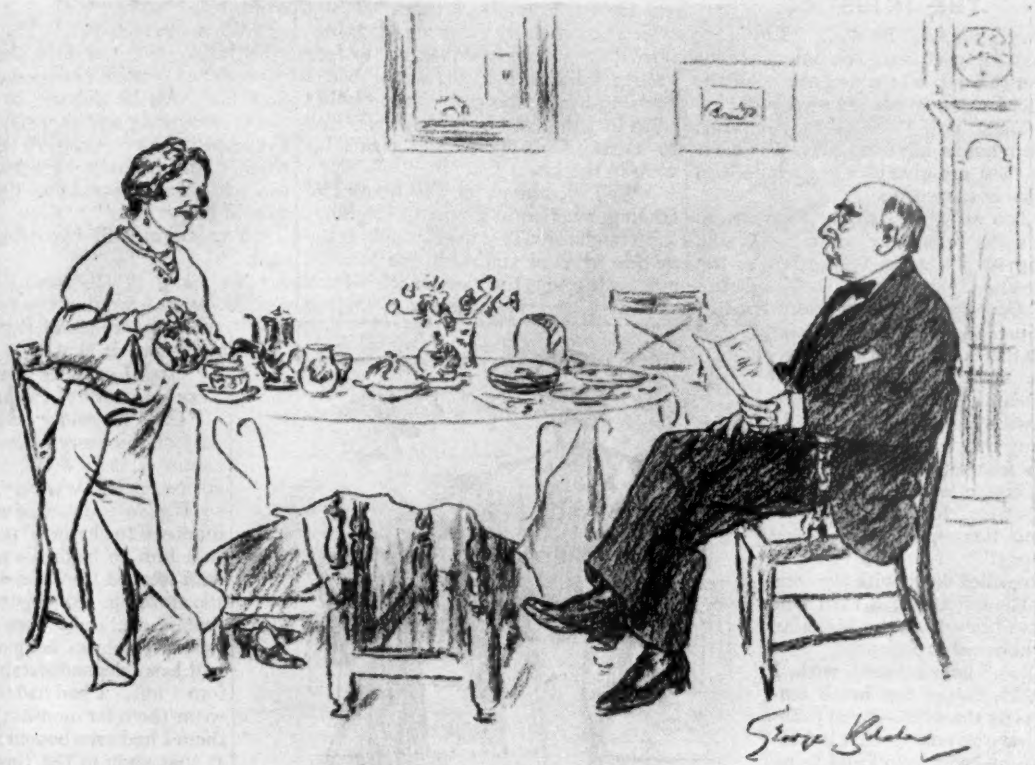
Then we sawed some more. First we sawed on one side and then on the other.

"We want a lever now," he told me. "Two levers, I think. I'll go and get the iron one, if you don't mind hacking down this piece of wood to make another."

As a wooden lever-maker I have never yet come into my own, but I did my best. The afternoon wore on. . . . The gardener and the gardener's son came out of their cottage and lent a hand for love. We all took our coats off, and our temples shone.

"We might give her a pull now," said the man.

Three of us laid hold of the rope and



The Mayor. "I'VE GOT A LETTER ASKING ME TO INAUGURATE THE NEW GOLF CLUB."

The Mayoress. "HOW NICE! ISN'T THAT WHAT THEY CALL 'CUTTING THE FIRST SOD'?"

one hammered at the lever. I was on the rope. I had a bad stance.

"Get a sway on her," cried the gardener. "Now!"

"We got a sway. Then we got another one. . . . The rope broke. I suppose I was getting more sway on her than the others. At any rate I fell down and they laughed a good deal.

We spliced the rope and went on hewing and sawing and hammering the levers in. Then we swayed again.

"She's cracking now," said the gardener.

"Wait a minute," said the man. "I'm sure my wife would like to see her come down."

I noticed that we all spoke of the tree as "her" now, though each of us had called it "it" at the beginning. Season-ticket-holders, I observe, get into the same way of speaking about the morning train. Probably it was this "her" which reminded the fellow that he had a wife at all. When she came out an idea was started that the baby would like to see the tree fall too. The baby came out and the nurse, and then a housemaid as well. After that they fetched the cook. We began to get a sway again. Everybody was very much

excited. I had the tail-end of the rope. We pulled. The man acted as coach to the team. There was a tremendous snap. I went head-over-heels backwards. I rolled down a little slope. The ground was littered with underwreck and dead leaves. A stump caught me hard in the middle of the back. I looked up. The tree was still there. My mouth was full of mast. The rope had broken again. The baby's clear joyous laugh rose above that of all the others.

We mended the rope once more and went on sawing and hewing. The tree listed over, the boughs slightly entangled with those of the others.

"She'll come now," said the gardener, "if we get a good sway on her."

I voted myself into the position of coach this time. "Sway!" I cried. "Now-then-once-more-all-together—sway!" She came. She came with a tremendous crash. She lay with all her branches right across the drive. I had not chosen my position as coach quite accurately, for some twigs caught me in the face and my cap was switched rather hastily off. But I joined in the cheering and began to limp towards the house. It was long past time for tea.

"Just a moment," said the man; "we've only got to saw her across in two or three places so as to clear a passage for cars."

"Oh, of course," I cried gaily; "I had quite forgotten that."

My hands were badly abraded by the rope and my hair was decorated with leaves. One of my stockings had come down—but there was still room for a lot more sawdust in my eyes.

We lay down on the gravel and got to work again.

"What are you going to do with this tree?" I inquired when we had finished.

"Oh, I shall just knock up a rough bookcase out of it," said the scholar.

"An out-door one?" I asked. It was the only thing I could think of to say.

But I knew what to put in my thank letter. "I don't know when I have had such a jolly Sunday afternoon," I wrote, "as the one I spent idling under your trees." EVOH.

From a correspondence-column:—

"As a constant reader of the —, I have got rather stout the last two years, and I would like to be thin and slender, like my other sisters."—*Weekly Paper.*

Probably a case of over-indulgence in serials.

THE INJUSTICE.

"It's no use," he said. "Life's too tricky for anything; too difficult. You never can tell where you are. All the same, I mean to get my own back."

"What now?" I asked, for when such remarks fall from these particular lips they are always the prelude to a recital of adventure.

"Too silly," he said. "I went to Paris the other day for a week and, being very tired of telling lies to the Customs-House officers both at Calais and Boulogne, and even more tired of buying damp cigars in that shop with the casual if not absolutely rude attendants opposite the Café de la Paix, I supplied myself with sufficient Coronas both for my own needs and those of such friends as I might meet. Also cigarettes for pretty ladies. 'This time,' I said, 'there shall be no nonsense. I'll declare and pay.'"

He settled down with the comfortable solidity of a man who fancies himself as the historian of whimsical experiences.

"You," he continued, with, I thought, rather too much emphasis on the word—"you probably have no notion what it feels like to make up your mind to be honest. I assure you that all the way across the Channel I was in a glow of virtue. It's a very curious and attractive feeling. You should try it."

"Go on with the story," I said.

"It's part of the story," he replied. "The glow is almost the hero of the story. I had it all the way across and it did as much as anything to keep me from being ill. I recommend it before any of those things with funny names which make you feel so stupid afterwards. 'Honesty is the best pal at sea.' Is that good?"

"No," I said.

"For an impromptu, not bad?" he asked plaintively.

"Get on with the story," I said.

"Very well," he resumed. "All the way across I was thinking about the fun of the new experience of declaring. Not that I'd never declared before; but I'd never declared all. This time I was going to lay every cigar on the table. I was so excited about it that I even hoped the *douane* fellow would charge me a lot. It would be amusing to pay a lot—especially with the exchange so high. Happy, happy days, probably never to return!

"I had," he continued after an interval for sighs, "one of those kit-bags which you pack by throwing the things into it from any distance up to four yards; I had a hold-all, and I had a dressing-bag. The rest of my clothes were in a big portmanteau, registered to Paris. The cigars and cigarettes were in the kit-bag."

"Well, you know all the horrors of landing, whether in France or England; the wretched crush at the gangways; the man in front of you with one piece of pointed luggage, the woman behind you with another; the difficulty of finding

"Yes, yes," I said, "that's all right. Well, what happened?"

"What happened?" he repeated. "Nothing. For the first time in my experience the man never asked me the question. All he did was to point at the dressing-bag and say, 'Open that.' I opened it; he rummaged, shut it up, chalked its lid, chalked the kit-bag and the hold-all and passed on. I was never so sold in my life."

"You might still have declared," I said.

"No, hang it all, surely not," he replied. "You wouldn't have me give

such a poor idea of British commonsense as that?"

"No," I replied, "I wouldn't. Very interesting. Thank you."

"Oh," he said, "that's only part of the story. There's the cream of it to come. When I got to Paris it was very late and so I gave the key of my portmanteau to the hotel porter and told him to have the portmanteau fetched from the station in the morning. Among the things that it contained were a dozen pairs of wash-leather gloves that had been cleaned afresh just before I left. I had had them and worn them for months; some of them I had even bought in Paris, at that shop in the Rue Auber, on a previous visit. But because they were so clean they were also, to the mind of the *Gare du Nord douanier*, new; and the hotel-porter had to pay twelve francs duty before he could get them away."

"So now," he concluded, "you see the reason of my attitude when I say that I have given up honesty again and reverted to type. At Calais they wouldn't give me the chance to be straight with them; in Paris they robbed me. I am but a poor frail human being, but I have got to get those twelve francs back." E. V. L.



Animal Dealer. "Yes, MUM, I KNOWS THE SORT O' DORG YOU MEANS, AN' I AIN'T GOT ONE AT PRESENT; BUT, BLESS YER 'EART, IF YER KNOWS ANYONE 'OO 'AS, I 'LL SOON GET IT FOR YER."

and preserving that most foolish of all redundant things, a landing ticket; and then the disgusting scrimmage at the door of the Customs-house rooms and the free fight to get near your porter at the counter. I haven't been to Wembley yet, but I hope there's an exhibit there showing how the simple act of entering another country can be made decent and orderly."

"There isn't," I said. "I've been. In spite of the rain I have already Wembled widely."

"Anyway," he resumed, "I got to the counter at last and, my keys in my hand, waited for the great moment when I was to be candour's self, truth incarnate, veracity—er—er—"

The Housing Question Again.

"Wanted, Sleeping Partner, small Dachshund kennel."—*Advt. in Morning Paper.*

"The motor charabanc season has begun again, and now even the quietest of our country toads is not exempt from the incursion of these monstrous juggernauts."—*Local Paper.* He would find it much safer to stay under the harrow.

"New gravel should be added to the paths of the flower garden. Use the roller frequently until the surface is solid again. Where there is room for a bed of these, the effect is splendid."—*Gardening Paper.*

A pleasing variety is obtained by adding one or two lawn-mowers.



Absent-minded Angler. "HAVE YOU GOT A FUSEE, DUNCAN? I CAN'T GET MY PIPE TO LIGHT."

Gillie. "YE 'LL BE WANTIN' MAIR THAN A FUSEE IF YE FILL YER PIPE WI' WURBUNS."

APPLE-TREE.

"APPLE-TREE, Apple-Tree, why do you blow
With a blossom of pink, with a blossom of snow?"

"To match the flower faces,
Young man, the sweet graces
Of three pretty ladies, it well may befall,
Whose fame do be loud 'long o' apples an' all.

"Oh, EVE had a brow white as bloom upon tree,
An' a cheek that was pink as a petal to see;
But they tell 'ee in chapel
She tasted an apple
An' so lost an orchard; but don't 'ee be 'fraid;
'Tis the one time an apple meant scathe to a maid.

"To the loveliest lady a-top of a hill
A boy gave an apple (as still the boys will);
So her sisters got jealous
As tabbies, folk tell us,
Along o' that apple; but don't 'ee e'er doubt;
'Tis the one time an apple caused maids to fall out.

"Oh, maid Atalanta was fair an' was fleet,
Like breeze through the blossoms fled on her white
feet,

But, just when a-winning,
An apple fell spinning,
She looked—a lad passed her—but keep a good face,
'Tis the one time an apple lost lady a race."

"Apple-Tree, Apple-Tree, thanking you kind,
I'll store what you tell in the still of my mind,
A thing to remember
Come russet September.

With moral as clear as a moral can be:—
Your apple-flower ladies liked apples, all three,
So an apple-flower maid may be won, great or small,
By a lad with the luck and an apple an' all!"

AN APPROVED PATTERN.

[An American observer declares that, as a matter of fact, the average bee only makes half-a-dozen flights a day of about fifteen minutes each.]

LET me announce my instant reformation!

No more, with lips derisively upcurled,
I'll turn a deaf ear to the exhortation
To go for guidance to the insect world;
Rather I'll say its methods suit me nicely,
Its course is one with which I quite agree,
Now Science has explained to me precisely
How doth the busy bee.

Time was I would have scorned to imitate him,
On his reputed path I would not go,
And even quoting Dr. WATTS verbatim
Could not produce in me an answering glow;
I would not, with a never-ceasing movement,
Improve each hour (though it was very clear
The hours were often open to improvement
When England's spring was here).

No longer from my Mary's views diverging
When she outlines for me the way to thrive,
Henceforward I shall need but little urging
To make my own the standards of the hive;
In fact, with no reluctance whatever
I'll emulate the bee with eager zest,
In ninety daily minutes of endeavour
With intervals for rest.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

WHENEVER I meet Sir OLIVER LODGE driving his scientific-theological tandem and he offers me a lift I always take it. I don't think we get anywhere particular in the end; but we do enjoy ourselves on the way. And Sir OLIVER is so impartially benevolent to his cattle—a notoriously difficult though increasingly popular couple—that it is an education in itself to watch him handle the ribbons. His latest evolutionary studies, entitled *Making of Man* (HODDER AND STROUGHTON), start with a survey of Matter, Ether, Life and Mind, and end with a parallel between our physical relations to the sun and our psychical relations to God. Between these polar chapters are seven others, most of which have appeared or are appearing in *The New York Times*. The second chapter (which is highly ingenious and convincing) attributes all our difficulties in this world to the inertia of matter and the perilous disabilities of free-will. The third treats of the "Coming of Man," setting aside the unsolved question of the actual beginnings of life. The fourth deals with man's development, the fifth with his destiny—a high one, in Sir OLIVER's estimation, even here. The sixth harks back to the problems of the second, and seeks to prove that, given the passive reaction of matter to our efforts and the unavoidable drawbacks of our finally ennobling liberty of soul, this is "the best of all possible worlds." The seventh is an attractive plea for the right love of the world; and the eighth sees man from the stage of the Old Adam to the status of a son of God. Very little evidence from "the other side" is adduced for any of Sir OLIVER's solutions; and this adds not a little to their outstanding credibility. His manner is hardly equal to the lofty matter of his last two chapters; but one sentence of his final parable, "the fires that we light on our hearths are but the historical remnants of past sunshine," has a ring of *Religio Medici*.

MR. STEPHEN MCKENNA'S *To-morrow and To-morrow* (BUTTERWORTH) fulfils two functions. It brings to a close the adventures of the principal characters of his seven last novels and it records what I take to be his own views of conditions in post-War England. As regards the success of the first aim, I am not the best of judges, for I only "joined up" with *The Education of Eric Lane*. But I am now quite willing to believe the *Sonia* trilogy to have been all its admirers said it was, for the final activities of *Sonia* and *O'Rane* are among the most masterly developments of the present volume. The chief interest of this, however,

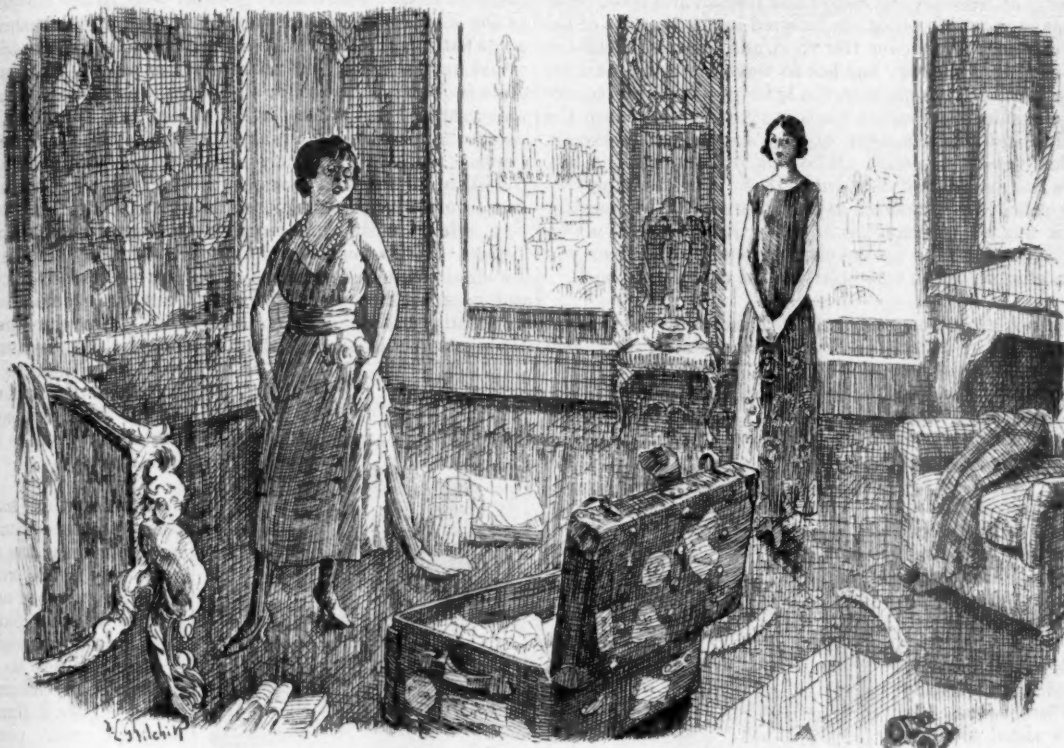
is the career of its narrator, *George Oakleigh*, who when the story opens on Armistice Day has been eight months married to *Lady Barbara Neave*. *Oakleigh* and *O'Rane* (who was blinded by the War), try to organise a sane and effective resistance to the "peace to end peace." In this they are backed by *Oakleigh's Uncle Bertrand*, a fine old Liberal of the MAZZINI-GLADSTONE school, and a legacy of twenty million pounds left unconditionally to *O'Rane*. The two great catastrophes of the book are the death of *Uncle Bertrand* and *O'Rane's* repudiation of his inheritance, a repudiation which means a sudden end to the doles he has been handing out to salve unemployment. "I want everyone to give and everyone to feel it" is his explanation of the devastating gesture; and his murder, during a brief but hideous spell of rioting, brings the tale to an end. Old faces reappear in the course of it. *Ivy Gaymer* runs away from her dissolute husband, *Eric Lane* refuses to elope with *Lady Barbara* and dies in California. But the chief lure of the book for me was its clever adaptation of the tenets of Liberalism to the ends of a good story and the service of current problems. This was so well done that it left me marvelling why its able contriver had not plumbed earlier and to more effect these deeper reaches of his talent.



Vandergilt. "NOW JUST LOOK AT THAT. FINE, ISN'T IT?"
Admiring Visitor. "BY GEORGE!"
Vandergilt. "No, BY JOHN."

For Mr. C. E. MONTAGUE (and he would have it so for us) every place is *The Right Place* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), for he brings to it acute perceptions, the widest sympathies and stored knowledge. He has emphatically, as we say, an eye for country; not merely the eye of tourist but of geologist, geographer, cartographer, mountaineer and soldier, to say nothing of philosopher and instructed citizen. This is a book written in that exquisitely finished manner to which *Fiery Particles* and *Disenchantment* have accustomed us. Occasionally

the thought occurs that perhaps it is just a very little overfinished, but I think that is only because hasty writing and uncritical hurried reading have diminished our standards. Here is a journalist who has the skill to make, and the luck to be allowed and encouraged to make, literature of his daily work, and by no means are sanity and fulness of matter sacrificed to the claims of form for form's sake. Mr. MONTAGUE's sub-title is *A Book of Pleasures*. That most certainly it is; the pleasures of an accomplished holiday-maker, of a "plain-working man" relaxing from labour, as distinguished from a mere "aromatist"—his happy term for those who make a business of perpetual holiday-making, sniffing after pleasures and planning escape from ever-threatening boredom. And he gives us more than a hint of his formula. I think that I shall never again be



The New Lady. "TELL ME, MISS FFOELLIOTT—'OW DO YOU LIKE THIS FROCK?"

Her Companion. "A LITTLE DÉMODÉ, IS IT NOT?"

The New Lady. "PER'APS. BUT WOT'S IT MATTER SO LONG AS IT'S FASHIONABLE?"

bored by a train journey up and down England after his survey of its structure and history (a survey stopping far short of the formality of a lecture yet for all that packed full of sound matter), which are bit by bit unfolded in these charming, informative and stimulating papers. Mr. MONTAGUE is a "Little Englander" in the very finest sense, and to all lovers of England and of the craft of the pen I most heartily commend them.

"*Madame Decupis* was making out the weekly bills," with shrewd comments on the various occupants of her hotel—the *Hôtel d'Espérance* at Cap d'Or. That strikes me as a bright and ingenious way of opening a novel. *Three Rooms* (CASSELL) is, in fact, an eminently capable piece of work, turned out by the experienced hand of Mr. WARWICK DEEPING. He uses a good deal of old material, it is true, but he contrives to give it just that little twist here and there that makes it appear almost new. *Max Rubinstein*, for example, up to a certain point is the typical wealthy Jew of fiction who has always hitherto managed to get his way in the world by paying handsomely. We know he will try to buy *Fifine* and cage her in his luxurious villa, and we know equally well that he will find her little fist unexpectedly hard, and probably go home in his automobile nursing a swollen eye and a spirit of revenge. But for all that *Max* is never quite the wooden dummy so many novelists would have made him. He is human now and then, even likeable. And so too with *Fifine* herself, and her mother, *Mrs. Sheldrake*. The worldly woman, growing old and desperately afraid of the oncoming years, burdened with the care of a growing daughter and hampered at every

turn for lack of money—we have had her in fiction staying at various Continental hotels ever since we can remember; but Mr. DEEPING has observation and has added one or two little points that reconcile us to meeting her again. And there is a touch of originality in *Byron Byrne*, who begins as a rather ridiculous valetudinarian and finishes by finding salvation in buying a cottage and going in for gardening and house decoration. Incidentally he wins the prize. For *Fifine* clearly had the domestic mind, and had achieved independence by a course of work as housemaid, followed by six months in the kitchen. A creditable and well-managed novel, ending on a pleasantly homely note.

All those who like old, quiet and pleasant things, and among them lovers of Sussex in particular, will rejoice in Mr. A. HADRIAN ALLCROFT's *Downland Pathways* (METHUEN). The author is endowed with the rare and precious gift of charm. He perceives not only the facts of antiquity but their infinite and romantic suggestion of life, which is past indeed, but which is mysteriously not dead. Moreover, as Mr. E. V. LUCAS remarks in a preface, "the continually astonishing thing about Mr. ALLCROFT is that he knows so much. Mr. ALLCROFT writes as though he had lived for a year or so in a house, or (like the friend he speaks of) in a windmill, every few yards along the whole range." Sussex, somewhat to the alarm of Sussex folk, is in danger of becoming a fashionable county. But Mr. ALLCROFT takes you clean away from everything that he calls "progress"—and rightly abhors—into green and secret places, remote from tarred highroads and the tourist, and then back and back into the leisurely centuries, into the ghostly

company of Norman and Saxon and Roman and those other ancient men whose ashes are interred in the barrows of the high downs. Even over the vivid and crowded Brighton of to-day Mr. ALLCROFT has but to wave his wand, and the stucco terraces give place to the little grey and red square village beside the shallow harbour, the old church on the hillside, and the cottages of the Juggs, or fishermen, huddled beneath the cliff. Who but Mr. ALLCROFT, again, knows the magic spell of Bignor Hill? Upon leaving that lonely relic, Mr. ALLCROFT says of the road, "Of necessity that is our way, because it is old." And he adds nobly, "To-day we take the road of the Legions." And there you have a glimpse of the very spirit of this enchanting book.

It is not altogether my fault if I feel that Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS, in *Cheat-the-Boys* (HEINEMANN), has also slightly cheated me. What I look for and want from Mr. PHILLPOTTS in these days is a tale of mystery and murder like *The Red Redmaynes*; in this romance I have to content myself with talk of suicide. Hence my complaint, but having registered it I can add with truth that this story is as cleverly constructed and told as any Mr. PHILLPOTTS has written about the natives of Devon. As the years go by some of us may find increasing difficulty in believing altogether in these natives, for, whatever their station in life, they are apt to talk too wisely and philosophically. But the heroine of this tale, who got her nickname of *Cheat-the-Boys* from a cider-apple which looks lovely and is sharp to the taste, is a complex character ably drawn. As a contrast to her we are given another young woman, *Betsy Neck*, whose loyalty and devotion put the efforts of ordinary every-day folk to shame. Mr. PHILLPOTTS seems to me to suffer from an affliction from which most of us are free. He does too many things too well. I am, however, still hoping that in his next book he will give me a chance to unravel another intricate problem, for those are the tales which he writes best of all, and in my opinion better than any of our living mystery-mongers.

The allusion in the odd title of Mr. JACK KAHANE's *Love's Wild Geese* (GRANT RICHARDS) escapes me. Can it be that he refers to the rather queer women he has invented? There is the beautiful fastidious Parisian *grande dame*, *Hélène*, who is married to a most resourcefully unfaithful fellow-countryman, and lives a completely virginal life for eighteen years, to fall into love at first sight of *John Millburn*, a youngish, worthy, if somewhat pernickety solicitor from Manchester. There is her unlikely friend, *Paule*, who, after borrowing ten thousand francs to get her young lover

out of a scrape, immediately goes off with *Hélène's* husband to the Riviera, where they are inconveniently snapshotted while bathing (I should have thought the experienced *Adrien* would have avoided that rather obvious snag). And finally there is *Isabel*, the solicitor's old love, who makes her leap-year proposal just when *John* is in the worst throes of his passion for *Hélène*. I couldn't believe in either *Hélène* or *Paule*. *Isabel*, very lightly sketched in, seems more alive and likely. *John*, who has nobly surrendered a great inheritance from a French aunt rather than lose his British citizenship, refuses with equal nobility to share *Hélène's* ample fortune. *Hélène* can't understand this manly scruple (in the circumstances I think he might have stretched a point) and goes back to her *Adrien*. I am quite sure *Isabel* will really suit *John* much better, and I imagine that's how matters will arrange themselves. I think the author

has it in him to do better than this, and will do it. The writing is sound and he does not lack ideas.

Ghosts who make their presence known by odour only are not quite new to the world of fiction, but they need greater care in handling than any other kind if they are not to be ridiculous. *Woodsmoke* (COLLINS), Mr. F. BRETT YOUNG's new novel, is concerned with a smell of "nigger" which haunts two wretched people in bed at night and, if they happen to stay up late, intrudes itself on the notice of their friends. *Dingaan*, the ghost, was a very decent Zulu, who took up haunting in order to drive them into discovering that he had been faithful unto death, and projected his smell

into CLARIDGE's while his skeleton lay in the Bush in German East Africa; but Mr. YOUNG has not quite succeeded in making him fit the picture, and as a ghost he is, to me at least, rather more funny than impressive. The story is of a safari in German East, and how *Jim Antrim* and *Jack Rawley* and his wife *Janet*, cut off from their kind by disease and German malevolence, fared in circumstances that were trying enough without the added complication of *Rawley's* dipsomaniac habits. Of course, being by Mr. YOUNG, the descriptions of the country and of the incidents of the safari are very sound. I am not so well pleased with his characters, for *Jim* scarcely comes alive and *Janet* is a little conventional. Perhaps the fact that I have for some time put Mr. YOUNG very high indeed among English novelists has made me a little exigent.

"A horse attached to a float took fright at the week-end, and dashing off at top speed, plunged through the window of the premises of Messrs. — Brothers."—*Local Paper*.

The nervous creature doesn't seem to have acquired the week-end habit.



Typist. "YOU'RE NOT LOOKING WELL THIS MORNING, MR. SMITHERS. GOT A COLD?"

Mr. Smithers. "OH, NO. I WENT TO A FANCY-DRESS CARNIVAL LAST NIGHT AS A PHOTOGRAPH NEGATIVE. I'M AFRAID I DID IT TOO THOROUGHLY. YOU'VE NO IDEA OF THE TROUBLE I'VE HAD GETTING THE BRUNSWICK BLACK OFF THE WHITES OF MY EYES."

CHARIVARIA.

THE fourth centenary of the introduction of cocoa into England will be celebrated later in the year. Meanwhile we are determined to carry on just as if we hadn't been promised this occasion for revelry.

To judge by the wintry weather conditions during the first few days of May anybody would have thought it was August.

A Sydney man is so insensitive to pain that he will allow people to drive nails into him. People are asking what a man like that is doing outside politics.

It is stated that steam laundries do not kill germs. If we may argue from its effect upon our linen the operation must at least make the average germ feel dreadfully giddy.

The Scottish Home Rule Bill came up for a Second Reading on Friday last. As we already have Scottish Rule in England there seems no reason why Scotland shouldn't risk it as well.

MR. JOSEPH BELARD, of Quebec, who celebrated his hundred-and-seventh birthday last week, recommends hard work and regular hours as the best recipe for a long life. There is always a catch somewhere.

In their campaign against earwigs, Portland, U.S.A., may import an English fly to assist in the offensive. Our own view is that they should send two, so that they might be company for one another.

The United States Army has decided to substitute the vacuum cleaner for the currycomb in the grooming of mules. If we know anything about army mules we must assume that their permission has been first obtained.

Vienna is experimenting with movable lamp-posts. If the idea is successful, it is intended to apply it to railway porters.

Two men charged at the Old Bailey have been sent to prison for taking part in bogus burglaries. It is this sort of thing that makes it so difficult for the real burglar to make a living. People grow suspicious of him.

In the Willesden Police Court it was stated that a man was so afraid of his wife that he went to work. A pretty bad case.

A man in the Ulster High Court the other day admitted that he couldn't remember his wife's maiden name. A businesslike man always makes a note of his wife's maiden name every time he marries.

The Peterborough police are searching for a man who sold a tin of water to some motorists as petrol. To keep on the right side of the law he should have sold it as whisky.

The Bill for the Protection of Birds proposes to prohibit the use of birdlime for the capture of wild birds. It is doubtful whether it will be made applicable to the snaring of haggis in Scotland.

A peculiarly bright red bird has been observed by a naturalist at Dover during

twice as long as ours. This would make their winter about twenty-three months long.

A critic, talking of a recent musical play, says that the leading actress did her best with very little material. About a yard and a half?

It is denied that several prominent Society women have already engaged messenger boys to reserve places in the queue for the next revolting murder trial. They prefer to do their own fighting with hatpins.

The statement that CAPABLANCA is acting as adviser to the Cuban rebels has caused great dissatisfaction. Already four revolutions have had to be postponed while he was thinking out the next move.

A scientist said not long ago that we think exactly as we dress. We've suspected this ourselves ever since a certain author told us that he thought out most of his books in his bath.

SIR EVAN OWEN WILLIAMS thinks that the concrete buildings at Wembley will last two hundred years. Yes, but will they last until the Exhibition is finally complete?

A race of savages with blue skins has been discovered in Africa. Apparently ours is not the only country where cricket is played in May.

Another Impending Apology.

From a parish magazine:—

"The accompaniments by Mr. — on the organ were, singularly, effective and pleasing."

"We hear from Denver that a terrible earthquake passed in the occidental Indies."

French Paper.

The West Indians are so susceptible.

In a letter to the editor of a Sunday newspaper a correspondent asks:—

"Can any of your readers inform me correctly as to the old superstition of crowds—viz. (i.) that of one or a number crossing your path or of flying towards you; (ii.) the saying (Somerset?) that runs somewhat in this fashion:—

One for sorrow,
Two for happiness,
Three for marriage,
Four for a birth."

We are afraid we cannot give very much information on the subject of superstitions about crowds coming at you or across you; but we have an idea that a more probable reading of the last line would be "Four for a death."



THE BIRTH OF A FASHION.

the last few weeks. We are glad to be able to announce that the British Fascisti have the matter in hand.

A California Court has decided that a man has a perfect right to walk in the middle of the road. In Britain, however, pedestrians are advised to confine their accidents to the right of the roadway.

For half-a-crown visitors may dig for real gold nuggets at the British Empire Exhibition. One Scotsman who has already spent twelve-and-sixpence has wired home for more money.

A contemporary mentions that expert picture-forgers are at work in London. This is only natural as very few persons would engage an amateur for such work.

MR. W. L. GEORGE says that Neolithic man did not know how to kiss. But then there were no cinemas in those days.

In a lecture a professor recently remarked that the seasons on Mars are

SPRING-TIME.

A BITTER gust of wind and a squall of rain drove me to take the first shelter I could find.

The calendar called it May.

"Phenomenial the strides this wire-less has been making," said the man leaning against the bar; "simply phenomenal."

I agreed.

"I bin taking a walk to-day among the birds an' the trees, same as I always do spring-time when I get a few hours off. And p'raps you wouldn't hardly guess where?"

"Kew," I hazarded.

I sometimes look at a morning-paper which attempts to legislate for the processes of Nature in Kew Gardens, however reluctant the Spring, and I judged that this man was probably a newspaper reader.

"*Next Sunday*," announces my journal, "*will be Pyrus japonica day at Kew*," or "*Next week will be Gromwell week in Kew Gardens*."

And I imagine that they might do the same thing for the birds as for the flowers:—

"*Next Sunday will be Dartford Warbler day at Kew*."

Or even more dictatorially:—

"BIRD-SONG PROGRAMME.

*Kew Gardens . . (Next Monday onwards)
The White-throat.*"

But no, it was not Kew Gardens.

"Epping Forest," I suggested.

"No, none of them places. Sahf Kensington."

"South Kensington?"

"Nach'ral Hist'ry Museum."

"But you can go there," I objected, "at any time of the year."

"Could do," he admitted. "But I only goes there spring-time meself. You see I was brought up in the country when I was a boy, but I'm a proper Londoner now. I don't hold with slopping about in the wet, messing your boots up and all that—"rabbit" buses and suchlike. But I was a rare one for bird's-nesting when I was a kid, an' I can't keep away from the birds in Sahf Kensington when Spring comes. And it isn't only birds an' eggs, if you understand me. It's all the bits of trees and that they put along with 'em. Gorse and the may flowering, and kingcups and beech-leaves and all them kind o' things. Does you good to look at, according to my idear."

"They are done very well," I conceded.

"And all those nests hid away in the middle of 'em, as natural as life."

"You can see the same thing on the cinema, of course, nowadays," I pointed

out, "and you get the advantage of the movement there."

"Ah, but you don't get no colour in them," he rejoined, shaking his head, "and no sooner there but what they're gone again."

"There's always that difficulty," I could not help remarking, "about a bird."

"Not at Sahf Kensington," said the votary. "Believe me or believe me not, if you were to put me down in the country now, and I was to see the birds flying about from tree to tree like, I wouldn't hardly know one from the other. But you put a bird from Sahf Kensington front of me, and I'll lay you I know that bird's name as well as my own. Now you wouldn't think to look at me, meeting me just casual like, that I was the kind of man as could tell you what a phalleyrope was?"

Want of practice in applying this particular criterion caused me to hesitate for a moment.

"Nor a dotterel nor a grasshopper warbler," he went on earnestly. "Nor a nettle-creeper; nor a twite."

I examined him more closely.

"No," I said, "I don't believe I should."

"You can't stump me on those birds," he cried triumphantly. "Warblers and finches and buntings and plovers and lapwings—I know the whole lot."

"And the eggs as well?"

"Ah, now you're asking!" he said. "I wouldn't say I could swear to them every time. And there's too many of those young birds in the nests at Sahf Kensington. I don't see much sense in stuffing a lot o' young birds with no feathers on. I'd sooner have only eggs, I would."

"You don't keep any birds at home, do you?" I asked. "In cages, I mean."

"Nah what's the use of keeping a bird in a cage? I like to see them on their nests, I do, sitting about in bushes like and coming out of holes of trees."

"You were saying something just now," I reminded him, "about wire-less. Where does that come in?"

"Well, it's only an idear of mine," he said; "but you've seen in the papers maybe about them broadcasting the nightingale?"

"I believe I have," I said.

"Well, what's to prevent them getting records like of all these birds and broadcasting them?"

"At South Kensington?" I asked.

"Yes, in the Museum. Make it a bit livelier like if you could hear the beggars as well as see 'em. Wouldn't it now? You could pretty near fancy you was walking out in the woods, then, spring-time."

"A bit noisy indoors," I ventured. "There'd be gulls and starlings and jays and green woodpeckers, you know."

"Cheerful," he said, "according to my idear. I thought of writing to them about it sometimes, but I didn't hardly like to. And they might put some seats in as well. Like in the Park, you know, or Kensington Gardens. Anybody'd pay a bit to come in then, and be glad to."

"It's not a bad notion," I admitted. "I'm sure you'd come, anyhow."

"Pretty near any day, I should," he said, "springtime."

INDIAN EVENING.

THE sky's face changes;

A gossamer mist

Curtains the ranges;

The shadows list

Eastwards; the wind awakes and the sun's red arrows desist.

The long noon blazing

He wrought his will;

Languishing, lazing,

Stricken and still

The land lay and the waters; the heat-horse danced on the hill.

Now the sweet minute,

Now the release—

Deliverance in it,

Comfort and peace,

The promise that man shall be solaced, his torments a while shall cease.

A hum on the highways

Of voices awake;

In forest byways,

By river and lake

The birds stirring to song, the creatures a-cry in the brake;

And the fetters of duty

Are loosed for a space

Of coolness and beauty,

An instant of grace

Ere the night-time, airless and angry, takes all in its hot embrace.

Whoso knoweth

That hour between

When the red day goeth

And eve is queen—

Doth he not know it the fairest of all the hours that have been?

An hour of prison

The gods remit,

When the breeze is risen

And shadows fit

Through a land that is decked in loveliness, carven and coloured and lit.

An hour of playtime,

An hour of leave

'Twixt night and daytime—

Reward, reprieve;

The sorceress hour at twilight, the heavenly hour of eve. H.B.



THE INDIGENTS ABROAD ; OR, WHERE THE "RHEINGOLD" GOES TO.

[Italy is reported to be teeming with plutocratic German tourists, all doing themselves very well.]



A "BUSMAN'S HOLIDAY" AT WEMBLEY.

First Miner. "WHY, WHERE'ST THA BIN ALL DAAY, GEORDIE. HAST ENJOYED THASELF?"

Second Miner. "AAY, AH HAVE THAT AN' ALL. BIN OOP AN' DOWN PIT SHAAFT FOWERTY TIMES."

SIMPLE BUT EFFECTIVE.

Mildmay Middleton had been interested in her from the first. From the moment when she took the seat facing his by the door he had been struck by her distinguished bearing. Not that she had the cold aloof manner popularly associated with the aristocracy. She was vivacious enough as she talked with the young man who was seeing her off. But there was a distinction about her, an *il ne savait quoi*. Mildmay dearly loved the holders of hereditary titles; the idea of them, that is, for he did not know many.

The lady and her friend talked on, and Mildmay could not help overhearing. Presently she took up a weekly illustrated paper which lay on the seat beside her.

"My portrait's in here this week," she said, and showed it to him.

"Very jolly," he said.

That was all. The train steamed out of the terminus.

"She must be someone moving in the great world. I was right, then," thought Mildmay. He was almost unbearably interested after that.

They got into conversation over the exact amount of open window which she would prefer. She was very charming. He lent her his magazine. She did not lend him her paper.

"She does not wish me to see who she is from the portrait," he thought.

The floods beside the line were a fruitful source of conversation.

"It is trying for the farmers," she said. No doubt her father, or possibly her husband, owned thousands of acres.

Mildmay was very, very happy.

At the first stop he jumped nimbly out, ran to the bookstall and bought a copy of her paper. He looked hastily through it. It was a ladies' paper, and, apart from some photographs of dogs and

the advertisements, there was only one portrait in it—the Countess of Bilberry. It did not seem to be a very good likeness, but evening dress and the family jewels no doubt made a difference. He stuffed the paper inside his coat, so as not to expose his curiosity, and hastened back to the carriage. He was entranced.

At the next stop he found the Countess looking, as he thought, a little wistfully at the tea-truck.

"Will you allow me to bring you some tea?" he asked with great deference.

"Rather. Thanks awfully," said the Countess.

She was extraordinarily natural and unaffected. She ate two bath buns, and a very unwholesome-looking piece of cake with great gusto, and drank two cups of tea.

"What lovely boxes of chocolates!" she said just as the train was starting.

Mildmay hastily bought one and presented it to her.

"You are kind," she said.

They talked of many things and many places. Some of her ideas surprised him. She adored Cliftonville and Scarborough. A change from ancestral halls, he presumed.

Presently she opened her bag, showed signs of disappointment and looked up.

"You haven't a cigarette, I suppose?" she asked.

He plunged his hand into his pocket.

"I'm awfully sorry I've only gaspers," he said.

He felt bitterly annoyed with himself.

"That'll be quite all right," she said.

"I buy them for myself sometimes. Would you think me terribly rude if I took two? I shan't have time to get any when I change at Templecombe."

"Do take the packet," he said. "Yes, really. I don't want them."

She took it with the most gracious of smiles.

"You are kind," she said again.

At Salisbury a boy offered papers and magazines. It turned out that she simply loved *The Twinkler* and *The Oblong* and *Dash's Magazine* and *Replies* and *Bonnes Bouches*.

He bought them all for her. After all, was she not a Countess, and had he not always stood up for the old aristocracy? One must have the courage of one's opinions. And she enjoyed it all so prettily, just as if she were not accustomed to have everything she could possibly want lavished upon her.

As they neared Templecombe she leaned forward and said, "My portrait's in this week's *Boudoir*," and handed him the paper.

This was indeed a compliment. He felt his own copy crackling inside his coat. He tried to look unconscious.

"There are three of me," she said.

The train was slowing down, and he had only time to glance at the portrait of the Countess of Bilberry.

"Very good," he said, as he handed back the paper and jumped up to get her suit-case from the rack. As he lifted it down he wondered vaguely what she meant by "Three of me." He had only seen one. But there was no time to inquire. He found her a porter.

"Good-bye," she said, giving him her most bewitching smile. "I'm glad I met you. You have been kind." She grasped him warmly by the hand.

"The porter probably knows who she is," thought Mildmay, with a warm glow at his heart, as he stood there hat in hand.

At that moment a girl came running up and greeted his fellow-traveller, and the two walked away up the platform together.



First Suburban Lady. "I'VE JUST BEEN TO THE ROYAL ACADEMY."

Second Lady. "DON'T YOU FIND IT VERY TIRING?"

First Lady. "OH, I ONLY LOOK AT THE MEN I WANT TO SEE."

Second Lady. "BUT HOW CAN YOU BE SURE OF THEIR ALL BEING THERE ON THE SAME DAY?"

Mildmay stepped back into the carriage. He felt as if someone was reciting, "What have I done for you, England, my England?" Unbuttoning his coat he took out his copy of *The Boudoir* and turned once more to the picture of the Countess. He noted that she was the second daughter of Lord Hoxton. He was a little surprised to see also that she had been married three times. Then he remembered that his companion had said, "There are three of me."

He turned the pages in a flutter till he came to an advertisement of Bézique et Cie, Court Milliners, of New Bond Street. There were three photographs of young ladies in very becoming hats; or rather three photographs of the same young lady. And it was,

beyond a shadow of doubt, the young lady who had sat opposite to him, on whom he had lavished tea, cigarettes, papers . . .

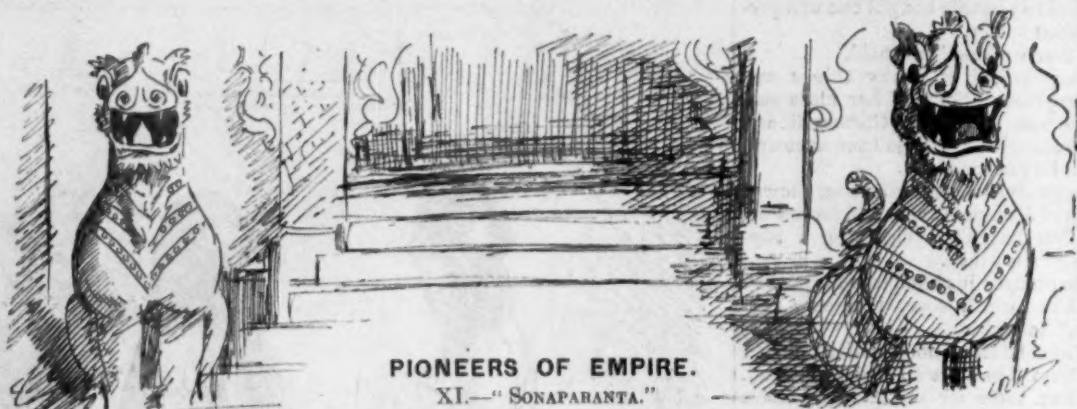
He leaned back, feeling a little giddy. Then he looked again at the advertisement.

"Simple but effective," he muttered, reading the legend beneath the top picture.

The train was moving out of the station now. As the carriage passed a pile of baggage, he heard a voice he seemed to recognise.

"The sweetest little man, my dear!" it was saying. "He'd have given me his boots if I'd asked for them."

"Effective," all right," muttered Mildmay, "but I don't know so much about 'simple.'"



PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XI.—“SONAPARANTA.”

Mr. Lovable had for some time been blowing A on the fourth hole of his flute, the mouthpiece of which was made of the leaf of a toddy palm. Otherwise it was a trumpet-like instrument sheathed apparently with tinsel work and inlaid glass. He was blowing in order that Mr. Brown, sitting inside a circular gilded cage, might tune his cylindrical drums, a rather complicated process, for the centre of every drum-face was daubed with a round patch of boiled rice paste and wood-ash, and the tone of every drum depended upon the precise thickening of this mixture, applied by Mr. Brown with his thumb and forefinger. Mr. Gold meanwhile, with an expression of far-away melancholy, was tapping the eighteen gongs of his *Kyi-waing*. The cymbals had been entrusted to Mr. Ponderer. Mr. Iron had the big drum, which was suspended from the belly of a red-and-golden dragon.

When the orchestra was ready, Mr. Golden Goggles danced. He was followed by Miss Dearest, and then Mr. Handsome obliged. Mr. Handsome is one of the most popular dancers in Burma, and nobody can be surprised at that. He executed a very complicated *pas seul*, passing from gloom to a sort of gnome-like triumph, which may have represented courting, but may, on the other hand, have represented something quite different. Afterwards an ensemble was given which permitted us to see Miss Dearest, Miss Million Diamonds, Miss Cave, Miss Love, Miss Coconut Grove and Miss Jungle Dawn dancing, in the guise of boys, the *Oh-see-pwe*. They wore muslin coats wired into a kind of tail at the back, and pink silk skirts twisted up for the occasion like those that Mr. Handsome wore.

In the meantime Mr. Handsome himself and Mr. Golden Goggles pranced perpetually round them; beating, Mr. Golden Goggles, the cymbals and Mr. Handsome the drum. The ladies sang rather in the manner of an elementary

school chanting a hymn, but Mr. Handsome and Mr. Golden Goggles merely gave wild shouts and encouraging smiles. As Mr. Handsome, however, beat his drum not only with the hand but also with the elbow, the knee and the toe, and frequently tuned it by redaubing the paste in the centre, it was no mean performance. No mean performance, in fact, to sing and dance at all upon an open-air stage, very lightly clad, with a chill north-western

which has fallen from the *coiffure* of Miss Jungle Dawn.

When the *Oh-see-pwe* was over, Mr. Very Showy of the Coliseum and Wembley, with a little assistance from Mr. Diamond and Mr. Gold, gave a short demonstration of the game of cane-ball. This is the national pastime of Burma and is better than the pastimes of England, because there is no base ulterior motive in the shape of wickets or goals. It is played for sheer artistry's sake, and the things that Mr. Very Showy can do with a couple of cane balls by using his feet, his knees, his neck and his head, but never touching them with his hands, might well make our professional footballers gasp with surprise. But then Mr. Very Showy doesn't wear boots, and that no doubt helps a lot. He was one of the spectators of the Cup-tie Final, and I gather was rather saddened by the materialistic creed of the West, which subordinates art to arithmetic. But he too smiled, even when the north-west wind blew his cane balls out of control. For the Burmese perpetually smile.

They are a simple childlike folk in many ways, and have customs which I cannot sufficiently admire. Burma may be called the star turn of Wembley, and besides the hundreds of bells which tinkle from the pagoda-like teak tops of its pavilion there are great brazen gongs at the gates and on the lawn. When the Burmese have finished saying their prayers they strike a gong loudly with a staghorn to tell the world what they have done. There are few things more pleasant than to beat a really loud gong, and I cannot imagine a device that would make Western church-going more popular. In Burma they take holidays on all their holy days, which is also a good plan, because they have a large number of holy days. And though they enjoy carving teak to an extent which to the Western mind borders on the superfluous, they have a pretty passion for



MR. VERY SHOWY.

wind raging through the wide avenues of Wembley and lifting the stage carpet so that it had to be pegged down by the brown American-toed shoes which Mr. Lovable and Mr. Ponderer wear when the spirit of the East gives way to that of the West. Grey with cold the ladies still smiled and danced, and the dandelions which they had added to the artificial flowers in their hair were strewn upon the stage. With a romantic impulse the Illustrator picked one up and placed it in his button-hole. Not everyone can boast of a dandelion



MR. PONDERER.

MISS JUNGLE DAWN.

MISS COCONUT GROVE.

bright colours and flowers, and an objection, which I am disposed to share, to burrowing about in the bowels of the earth for metals. The mining in Burma has to be done by Chinese.

These things and many more we learnt from the gentleman who sometimes neglects his proper duty of writing poems for *Punch* in order to help in the administration of Burmese affairs, and is indeed largely responsible for the immense collection of wealth in minerals, in jewels and wood and silk which you see when you have passed through the teak porticoes and walked into Burma between the two tremendous leogryphs which guard the doors. Colossal animals they are, and, if the red tongue of the one is blunted while that of the other is sharp, it is because, the Burmese say, the second is a female leogryph. Simple in commercial affairs, the Burmese understand zoology.

Encyclopædias say that the principal exports of Burma are rice and oil, but nobody who has seen the Burma pavilion at Wembley is going to take a remark like that seriously. The principal exports of Burma are bells and jewels and teak, and teak and bells.

The Illustrator was so charmed with the bronze of Burma that he bought a bell capable, he said, of rousing a whole block of flats to breakfast with one stroke, and would even have liked to go away with a Karen drum weighing about a couple of hundredweight and carved round the sides and edges with elephants and frogs. But happily the price was prohibitive, and he was tempted to come and look at rubies and green jade instead. Green jade comes from Burma and not from China, a fact which may surprise some people, but not me, for I always know that

when any commodity is associated by popular tradition with any particular place it always comes from somewhere else. As with Stilton, so with jade.

But green jade, I suppose, is little accounted of in a country where the jade is also mauve and black and red, and there are beryls and amethysts and rubies and amber and garnets, and gold in all the rivers and pearls in the sea. The exact price of the Burmese pavilion at Wembley, with all its fixings, including the rooms panelled with laurel-wood and mahogany, and the two elephants, which are now staying at the Zoo, is to be quoted shortly for the benefit of American millionaires on the look out for a rough shooting-shack in the Rockies. But Miss Dearest, Miss Million Diamonds, Miss Cave, Miss Love, Miss Coconut Grove and Miss Jungle Dawn have decided to return to Burma again.

EVON.

THE CALL OF SPRING.

WHEN Spring has come to bower and bole

In all her fresh attire,
And housewives, conscious of their coal,
Think twice about a fire,
That is the time when poets feel—
They say—a stab of sudden zeal
Which drives them with a joyful squeal
To strike the instant lyre.

They tell you that they're up at dawn,
Eager to hail the sun;
They sing the sweets of lea and lawn,
The flowers one by one;
They stick in animals and trees;
They also warble of the breeze,
Which rhymes unerringly with bees;
And there, the thing is done.

That poets (some I count as friends)
Will tell the truth, or may,
I grant you, and their output lends
Colour to what they say;
They might apparently be backed
To be thus vernally attacked;
On me alone it seems to act
Quite in another way.

Like them I feel the stirring sap
Within me and am glad;
I also feel inclined to clap
My hands and leap like mad;
Only to see the young year doff
Her old drab garments starts me off,
Unluckily, to dreams of golf,
And out I go, begad.

Well, let the vernal feshet spout,
The early warbler sing;
I only sometimes feel a doubt—
One of those doubts that cling—
Whether these pure industrious flights
Are really fanned by Spring's delights,
Or bottled off on Winter nights
And cellared till the Spring.

DUM-DUM.

HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME LOOKS.

WHAT future generations will think of some of our present-day women novelists it would be unwise, and perhaps unkind, to prophesy, but it is certain that at the door of those gifted ladies will be laid the flagrant injustice now being meted out to that group of men on whom Nature has inflicted straight noses, wavy hair, clear complexions and those other attributes that go to make up good looks.

Until a few years back the handsome man had the world at his feet. He was the hero of every romance, every drama, and palmists promised him to every female client.

But our women novelists have changed all that. For some reason or other—perhaps the War—they have smashed their old idols, which were generally

Greek in outline, and have substituted the ju-jus with which the prudent West African native scares away evil spirits. Nowadays in our romances the only possible hero is one possessing a rugged face, by which is meant, I gather, one that has been caught in some machinery, and handed back with many features in the wrong places. And the owner of such a face, it is alleged, can love with an intensity, a passion and a fury that is simply impossible to a man whose face is in drawing.

The effect has been that handsome men are now at a dreadful discount. Advertisers in matrimonial papers describe themselves proudly as "considered homely." A Rugby footballer, returning from a game where his face has been considerably trodden on, runs a risk of being kidnapped by love-sick maidens. In a ball-room the man with Tarzan lineaments has to allot his dances on a time schedule, while the Adonises slink round in the hope that some myopic spinster may take pity on them. And a handsome bridegroom at the altar convinces the spectators that the bride is mercenary.

Worse than that, the man possessing good looks is *ipso facto* suspect and is considered capable of all crimes, from baby-farming to posting letters in the wrong receptacle at the local post-office.

Only the other day, in a novel, I came across this: "One glance at his false handsome face revealed to Enid that life-long misery awaited Anastasia if she wed this man."

Now is it not hopelessly unfair to place "false" and "handsome" in constant juxtaposition?

In this case it was a certain Rupert Budgeon who filled the rôle of villain, and I have to admit that in many respects he was not exactly nice. He did hurl his grand-aunt from the roof-garden of Harridge's to the street below and then calmly proceed to claim the insurance money in the Life Insurance Department, next door to the Cretonnes and Plumbers' Sundries on Floor 17. Some other foibles of his, such as forging cheques and miscounting his strokes in a bunker, no decent man would openly approve of.

Yet, though I hold no brief for Rupert and don't care much for his ways, I am forced to ask, Is it not true that he did these things, not on account of his good looks, but in spite of them?

Let us be just before we are ungenerous. Must it be assumed that because a man can look at himself in his shaving-glass in the morning without a shudder he is in the line of succession of NERO, CRIPPEN, *et al.*? No, it must not and it shall not.

Besides—and this is a strong point—

look at the inspired efforts of our gifted artists in the illustrated advertisements. See the young man who decided to get out of the rut and make good by signing the coupon that very day and is now a managing director with a four-figure salary. How handsome he is! That other fellow, the husband who hurries home and announces to his wife, "Duckie, I've bought you the loveliest enamelled dustbin at Fidler and Dilnot's for—you'll never guess—seven-and-eleven-three"—have you ever seen a more Apollo-like frontage than his? And the man who has purchased on the instalment plan the forty-four volumes, with fumed oak book-case, of the *Commercial Encyclopædia*, and is depicted reading steadily through them in order to become a better citizen, a better husband and a better income-tax payer—his face is far from uncomely. Not at all bad, in fact. And so on with everything, from pipes to pyjamas, the man that is doing the right thing is in the good-looking class, whilst the men with spots before their eyes or the lassitude-merchants possess faces which arouse in the spectator a passionate urge to throw things at them.

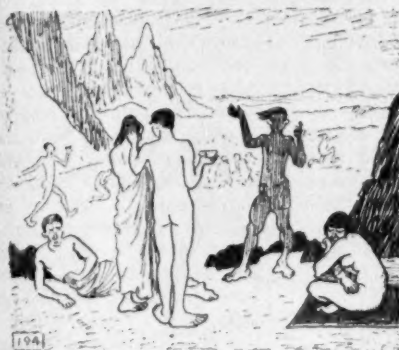
That proves—doesn't it?—that the artists of vision harbour no unkindly feelings towards the fellow on whom good looks have been inflicted, and are disposed to treat him as a man and a brother.

Again, the Stage is on the side of the good-looking men. Can anyone conceive of OWEN NARES or HENRY AINLEY being cast for the part of the villain? Or, if either of them were, would it not be the case only up to Act III., where, amid the dripping of tears and the gnashing of chocolates in the auditorium, it would be disclosed that the seeming villain, A., had chivalrously taken on himself the burden of the real villain's (B.'s) crime, for the sake of a woman that A. and/or B. loved, or because A.'s father had been saved from ruin and disgrace in the dear dead past when B.'s father had pawned the family gramophone with one hundred-and-seventy-four records to meet a stumer cheque which A.'s father had uttered? I'm afraid I've not made myself frightfully clear, but you gather the idea. The good-looking man who is alleged to be the villain is really a hero when you come to know him properly.

In spite of all this evidence in favour of handsome men, the general tendency is to regard them as vain, selfish, treacherous and what not.

To lady novelists in general, and Miss D.-LL and Miss H.-LL in particular, I make a heart-to-heart appeal for fair play on behalf of a class to which unhappily I belong.

ROYAL ACADEMY—FIRST DEPRESSIONS.



PRIMEVAL WEDDING. Left: BEST MAN.
Right: WORST WOMAN.



"MOVE OVER A BIT—THE SOFA LEG'S
GIVING WAY."



"WE HAVE A STRONG LINE
OF CHOCOLATE-BOX POR-
TRAITS IN THIS STYLE."



THE COCHIN-CHINA CHARGER.



"HOW MUCH BETTER TO PAINT ONE'S
OWN PORTRAIT THAN TO LET
AUGUSTUS DO IT."



Visitor to the Academy (after looking at
"The Wine-Pressers"). "THAT SETTLES
IT. I SHALL STICK TO WHISKY."



ENTERPRISING SUITOR TRIES THE
EFFECT OF A BEAUTIFULLY-CUT PAIR OF
TROUSERS ON THE OBDUKATE PENELOPE.



"MY BIRD, I THINK."



"COME ON, BOYS! WE'LL GET A HUMANE
SOCIETY'S MEDAL FOR THIS."



PORTRAITS ARE PLENTIFUL AND UP TO THE USUAL STANDARD.

WHAT TOMMY SAW AT BRIGHTON.

II.—THE WICKED PIER.

THE richer Romans, if I remember right, were fond of thrusting little piers into the sea in front of their holiday villas at Baie, Capri and elsewhere. At about the same time the morals of the Emperors took a turn for the worse and the Roman Empire decayed.

There are those who might draw a sinister comparison when they see for the first time the monstrous pleasure-piers of Brighton thrust out so arrogantly into the pure stream of Ocean. But George and I were not among them. Indeed, the piers of Brighton are her glory. It is the sea which is the blot. Who would suppose that that grey and dingy fluid which lops about the West Pier is the same that washes the shores of Cornwall and Palermo, and is described by many poets as blue? It is not necessary, however, to look at the sea. There are corners in the band-house where a man may sit with his face towards the town and think himself in Camberwell again.

Except, of course, for the moral tone. George insisted that we should spend our first afternoon on the pier for the sake of the moral tone. He called it "doing the penny-in-the-slot machines;" but I gathered that the penny-in-the-slots were somehow mysteriously connected with the moral tone.

At the end of the pier there is a vast quadrangular theatre, hung like a fairy mushroom o'er the sea. About it there blew without ceasing a frightful east wind, and I longed for the genial frowst of Kensington. But the whole of Kensington has not so many penny-in-the-slots as are set about this theatre. We changed all our money into coppers and thoroughly enjoyed ourselves for about an hour. In theory the penny-in-the-slots are provided for the young; in practice, however, few modern children have either the money or the leisure for a real slot-orgy such as George and I indulged in. A number of children followed us about and extracted wistfully a vicarious pleasure from our excesses.

My favourites are those machines by which my money is returned. And I turned with joy to my old friend the "Guess-Your-Weight" Machine. Once more I guessed my weight to a pound, and heard once more the joyful clatter

of the returning penny and knew that I had won. Is there a sound on earth more exquisite than this? Here is the one sensation that never stales. It is the one moment when I feel that I am greater than a machine; that Man is important; that I am an important man and capable of greatness. After all, I have pitted my wits against a Robot, staked all upon my brains, and here is my capital returned to me intact. Practically, it is making money. To put in a penny and receive a penny in exchange—many are the financiers,

some invisible but irresistible magnet, begins to move stealthily across the water to destruction—an awful thing to see. But by frantically turning a nautical little wheel outside it is possible to steer the ship through bridges of inconceivable narrowness into a safe harbour, when the penny is returned. I reckon that in my time I have made a substantial sum of money out of these machines. I seldom fail to save that little ship. It calls up qualities in a man which every man *knows* that he possesses, but never in real life has

any chance to display—coolness, quickness, nautical aptitude, and a clear notion of the distinction between right and left. I made sevenpence out of the ship. George, I was happy to see, invariably steered the ship to ruin.

Time after time my penny clattered back. I do not as a rule invest much capital in the "Test Your Strength" machines; but to encourage George, who was growing a little moody, I took him on at the Grip-Gauge, with disastrous results. The strongest possible grip is 600, and the average grips of different trades and professions are noted above the machine:—

Farmers	470
Bankers	300
Lawyers	325
Boilermakers . .	430
Moulders	470
Paperhangers . .	325
Stenographers . .	300
Travelling Men .	400
Telegraphers . .	290
Dentists	360

and so on.

George gripped first, grew very red in the face, and registered 400, the grip of a Travelling Man. I then seized the handle, and—to this day I know not why—the needle

shot round the dial, past Paperhangers and Boilermakers, past Plumbers and Moulders, and rested at 595. I was the strongest man in the world.

George said I had not gripped fair. I gave him a penny and told him to grip as I had. He went red in the face again and reached 285—a little lower than the Telegraphers.

I cannot think of anything that I have enjoyed so much.

When I had made about five shillings George took me into a small room called "Joyland." It was entirely full of penny-in-the-slot machines, but of a different character. They were like large cameras, with little windows of



"IS YOUR SON STRICTLY HONEST?"

"OH, YES, SIR. BUT OF COURSE HE REALISES THAT BUSINESS IS BUSINESS."

after all, who would be glad if they had done as much at the ending of the day.

I pocketed my penny and studied once more the lists printed over the dial, showing the average weight of healthy men, women and children of various heights. And I turned away, as usual, with a certain sense of humiliation, for weight is not my strong point, and I find that I work out at a woman of 5 feet 7.

However, the next few slots restored my pride; for I won heavily. The most delicious machine of all is that which has a little ship floating in real water, and when the penny is inserted the ship is released and, drawn by



PEDANTIC OLD GENTLEMAN WHO DISAPPROVES OF ORGAN-GRINDERS IS AT PAINS TO KEEP OUT OF STEP WITH THE MUSIC.

glass, through which the pleasure-seeker was invited to look. Over them were written such legends as "The Lifeograph—Montmartre—And Very Nice Too"—"What the Butler Saw"—"The Harem Girls at Play"—"Why Mary Blew Out the Light"—and "What Tommy Saw in Paris (for adults only)." One or two were even marked with the awful warning—"For Men Only."

A young adult left the last-named machine as we entered and slunk away, not meeting our eyes.

One felt that yet another Brighton boy had stood face to face with Sin.

"Come on," said George. "We'd better see the whole of Brighton while we're about it."

George took "The Harem Girls at Play" and I took "What Tommy Saw in Paris."

I put in a penny and peered into the secret box. There was a clatter and a great light shone within. . . .

If one is going to be wicked it is as well to be wicked in an old-fashioned style. Tommy went to Paris, I judged, in about the year 1890. And what he saw there was an exceedingly Victorian young lady of English and suburban birth, holding a bicycle more up-to-date than herself. One foot was on the pedal, and, clothed in an open-work

black silk stocking, one saw her ankle immodestly exposed. Her hat was small and circular and plentifully adorned with feathers. Her hair was arranged in the style of long ago—a "bun" behind and a kind of wedding-cake before.

This vision passed with a click, too soon, too soon. It was succeeded by the same young lady sitting in an apple-tree and dangling from a bough a single foot, on which was no shoe but only a stocking. Next I saw her lying well wrapped up upon a stony beach (doubtless one of the shores of the Seine), and at a little distance a man with a very large moustache and an open umbrella. Again, sitting upon a stool, with one foot quite naked, in a hip-bath. Again, in walking-dress, but upside-down. Again, fondling a cat and wearing an expression of innocence which nothing in the picture belied. Again, sitting in a boat and in a daring Victorian blouse, the hair falling about her ample shoulders. The other pictures I forget.

I know not what Tommy did when he saw these shocking sights, but I am afraid I laughed aloud. I then went and had a peep at George's Harem Girls, who were, it seemed, three daughters of Norwood pillow-fighting on a staircase in the costume of 1860. We laughed so much that a man came in

and looked at What the Butler Saw. This machine, however, was apparently broken. And when the man had kicked it and shaken it for some time he looked angrily at us and went out, using bad words. For if it is rapture to put in a penny and receive a penny back, to put in a penny and receive nothing at all is the blackest misery.

We walked back to the Cosmopolite, passing on our way a cluster of respectable old ladies and gentlemen huddled round the Band-house. I thought again of all that legend of pleasure and wickedness which hangs over Brighton, of all those muffled hurrying motorists who passed us on the Brighton Road. Where were they?

"George," I said, "this is all very well; but what does Tommy see at Brighton?"

"You wait," said George darkly.

A. P. H.

From an Indian tobaccoist's pamphlet:—

"Do you imagine the time when every part of the world will be overpopulated. Driven by hunger man will prey upon man. Cannibalism will be the order of the day. The races whose blood is well saturated with nicotine will be shunned by the cannibals, for nicotine turns the flesh bitter and distasteful." There may be contingent advantages even in possessing "a smoker's heart."

SILENCE FIRST.

THE vocal chords, the larynx, the tongue—how wonderful they are! What perfection of mechanism! You may read about them in physiological works, with diagrams—marvellous! But how often it is wiser not to say anything at all. How much less complicated this life would be if we were all dumb.

"SAFETY FIRST."—You see those words on all the buses. But being run over is nothing compared with the calamities that may follow upon the spoken word. "SILENCE FIRST"—that is a public warning which might really be useful.

I'm not thinking at the moment of those dangerous chance allusions—made too often for want of something to say—to mutual friends whom one has seen lunching or dancing too intimately with other people's property. I simply mean the peril of uttering any word whatever. The other day, for example, I lost an important train solely through mentioning Jamaica to one of those men with an encroaching confidential manner and a sparkling eye, in whom every syllable they hear touches a spring of reminiscence that cannot gush itself out under five minutes and more likely ten—men therefore in whose presence, unless one has boundless time, it is literally not safe to say anything: that is, if one is incapable of brusque discourtesy.

SILENCE FIRST.—I am thinking of the risks that those of us who are tempted to conversation are always running in a world containing so many men who have travelled and can tell you how superior to England other countries can be in this and that detail; so many men who know distinguished people; so many men who have travelled and know distinguished people as well.

I am thinking also of the risks which these men themselves can run; I am thinking of the times when muteness were best even with them. Which brings me (at last) to the point.

We were talking about the Rodeo which is to be one of the summer attractions at Wembley, and, after the usual friendly correction as to pronunciation which accompanies all such talk—"My dear fellow, I'm awfully

sorry to appear so superior, but really you mustn't say Ro-di-o. That's all wrong."

"What do you mean? Why not Ro-di-o?"

"Merely because it's wrong, that's all. You say 'Ro-day-o.'"

"But you don't say 'Ro-may-o and Juliet;' or perhaps you do?" And so on.

Well, after that interlude was over some one chanced to mention that a few of the rough-riders had already reached this country in advance of the others. "Among them," he said, "Bud Derringer."

"Bud Derringer!" exclaimed Major Swinger, who has been in America and does not often forget sooner or later to

whose tact and tolerance are something fierce: the smile of one who is more democratic even than democracy.

"I wish you'd introduce me to Bud Derringer," said Featherby, who had been listening. "I'm interested in every kind of horsemanship, as you know, and I should like a talk with him about one or two things for a chapter in a book I'm writing."

"Nothing easier," said the Major, "if you know how he's to be found."

"Well," said Featherby, "I happen to know that just at the moment he's at Wembley. He's advising about the stables, I'm told."

"Splendid!" said the Major. "Let's go out and find him. I wanted an excuse to see the place, even if it is

little else than empty rooms and packing-cases, as I'm told."

Having nothing better to do, I went with them.

"You'll like Bud," said the Major in the car. "A rough diamond, of course, but one of the best. And what a seat! We often used to go out together when he was rounding up the stock. In fact it was while we were riding together that I got to know him so well. And you know there's a lot more in a cowboy than you'd expect. Quite deep stuff sometimes. By George! but he'll be glad to see me. When they meet a Britisher they really like, they never forget."

And so we came to Wembley.

"Mr. Derringer's in the Stadium," said an attendant. "He's very busy, but if you'll give me your names I'll take them to him."

"Take him this," said the Major, and he scribbled on the back of his visiting-card a word or two of welcome in the vernacular of the Wild and Woolly West. "Put it there!" he wrote. "They like that sort of thing," he explained to us. "Bud'll rise to that. Probably he hasn't heard anything so cordial since he landed."

We waited; and in a few minutes a wiry, bowlegged, powerful-looking man came out, twisting the Major's card in his fingers and now and then looking at it.

"That's Bud Derringer," said the Major, advancing to meet him.

"Are you Major Swinger?" the great man asked. "Sorry, but I can't seem to place you."

Once more, the veil.

E. V. L.



Golfer (as Colonel Blunderbore passes). "NEW MEMBER, ISN'T HE?" Caddie. "YESSIR. 'E SWORE 'ISSELF IN YESTERDAY."

mention it. "Why, I know Bud. A most charming fellow. I met him in Texas. A bit of a rough diamond, but charming. And ride! You've never seen such riding. The others'll have to be pretty good if Bud doesn't beat them to a frazzle. Good old Buddy, fancy meeting him again!"

He smiled the triumphant smile which belongs to a cosmopolitan who has visited ranches and met cowboys and is now in the company of drab Londoners who have done nothing of the kind.

"I wonder where he is staying," the Major continued. "It would be great fun to meet old Bud again. What times we used to have! Night after night. We were inseparable. I must say I like a good fellow when I see one, and when I was over there I think I pleased them, being, as someone said, more democratic than themselves."

He smiled again—the smile of one



THE COSTER CULT.

"GOOD HEAVENS, GEORGE! WHAT ON EARTH— YOU'RE NEVER GOING OUT LIKE THAT?"

"IT'S ALL RIGHT, OLD THING. I'M ONLY TRYING TO LIVE UP TO THAT 'HOXTON' SCARF OF YOURS."

ALL IN ONE AFTERNOON.

(The Experiences of a Conscientious and Ubiquitous Musical Critic.)

VERONALI'S VIOLIN CONCERTO.

Mr. Annibale Glumboso, who gave a violin recital at the Einstein Hall on Friday afternoon last, brought forward Veronali's Concerto Calmante, which has not been heard in London before. Veronali, it may be observed, is the protagonist of the new Sedative School, which is the outcome of the reaction against the inflammatory tendencies of modern music, and as such deserves respectful attention. There are three movements, the first of which, marked *Allegro sonnifero*, is perhaps more remarkable for placidity than strength; the second, a *Scherzo sonnaccioso*, without revealing any special originality, breathes a spirit of drowsy contentment which is not without charm. The *Finale*, which is headed *Con sopore profondo*, justified its title by the effect produced on the audience, and in the *Coda*, alternatively described as a *Letargia encephalitica*, the influence of the music was doubtless responsible for the absence of any applause. Mr. Glumboso is clearly an able musician, with

considerable command of that narcotic *bravura* which his compatriots describe as *cloralismo*. We were unfortunately unable to hear any of the other pieces in the programme, in which it is possible that the soloist might have produced a more favourable impression.

THE BONZOLINE TRIO.

This excellent combination introduced as the chief item in a long programme a new Trio by Bobolinsky. Unfortunately, owing to the concurrence of other engagements on the same afternoon, we were only able to hear the last movement. Bobolinsky is a good starter but a bad finisher, and the performance at the Mongolian Hall on Friday afternoon, though spirited and accurate, only served to emphasize this defect. It is, however, right to say that, if we had only been able to hear the first two movements, we might have recorded a more favourable verdict.

MISS CAPELLO D'ORO.

At the Wigmore Hall on Friday afternoon Miss Capello d'Oro sang an interesting programme of BACH, BAFI, MOZART, Mustacchi, Parruccone and modern English and American song-writers. Miss Capello d'Oro excels in the delicacy of her *capigliatura*,

which was admirably shown in the Italian songs, but is less well suited to the robust style of Isidore Truefitt and Jonathan B. Cowlick. Miss Capello d'Oro is somewhat too prodigal of facial gesture, and her voice needs careful overhauling by a good teacher, who would eliminate the obvious imperfections of intonation, breathing, phrasing and attack which at present detract from the success of her interpretations. We were only able to hear four out of the thirty-five songs set down, owing to the insistent demand for encores.

THE GLORIOSO QUARTET.

The concert given by this excellent Quartet at the Euterpian Hall on Friday afternoon was not over till 5.30 P.M., which fortunately enabled us to hear the last two of Pontifex's Seven Idylls. They are ideal—if the quasi-pun may be allowed—for strings, and serve admirably to show off the fine tone of the "Gloriosi." But, though well written for the instruments, these Idylls (or at least the last two) are somewhat tenuous in their musical fibre. One could wish for a little more *approfondissement, enchevêtrement*—more, in fine, of the sublimity which, as LONGINUS remarks, is the reverberation of magnanimity.



Scene.—THE FAMILY LISTENING-IN TO "FAUST."

Small Girl. "YOU'LL LET ME HAVE THE EAR-CAPS WHEN THE DEVIL COMES ON, WON'T YOU?"

NEW TIPS ON TAXATION.

GEORGE WILLASTON, like a good many other people nowadays, takes a great interest in taxation. He is an enthusiast for improving it, and about the time when he has at last managed to meet his half-yearly income-tax demand (Final Notice) his brain is always very active with alternative schemes. He was greatly struck the other day by the announcement that the Belgian Government had started a new system of "telegrams *de luxe*" for the announcement of births, marriages, the transmission of congratulations, and so on. The proud (or dutiful) sender pays a little more and gets his message delivered on a specially handsome form. In the Belgian case the surplus charges go to charity, but Willaston's idea, when he suggested borrowing it for this country, was the relief of taxation.

"But it wouldn't yield very much," I objected.

"Ah," said Willaston, "but Belgium has only tackled the fringe of the subject. What we want is an ascending scale of benefits and charges in proportion. Scale A, special form, but no

flourishes; Scale B, special form with ornamental squiggles in red and gold; Scale C, special form with squiggles and delivered by a messenger in special uniform; Scale D, postmaster himself turns out to deliver it, with low bows and hat-raising. And so on—Scale R (*cuvée réservée* and price accordingly), the P.M.G. has to climb into Court dress and carry out the job in person. (Only applicable to Metropolitan area.) A kind of self-levied Ostentation Tax, you see—brings in pots of money. You know what some people are when they start trying to go one better than their neighbours . . . What's more, I don't see why the same principle shouldn't be applied to increasing the revenue from income tax."

"There's no ostentation about income tax," I objected.

"But it might be fostered," he pointed out. "Three months late, ordinary receipt, complete with that exasperating advertisement of motor-cars on the back; two months late, receipt on art paper (with no motor-car advertisement); one month late, illuminated certificate suitable for framing. Pay on the nail, on January 1st and July 1st, and you might have a special call of thanks

from the collector, with full liberty to detain him for ten minutes while you explained just exactly what you thought about taxes in general and his in particular. Pay in advance and you might have the privilege of keeping a District Inspector of Taxes waiting on the mat with his hat in his hand. Forgo your allowances and the Treasury sends down a first-class clerk to grovel for you! And so on up the scale. Very impressive for the neighbours and very relieving to the feelings—what?"

"There might be something in it," I agreed.

There would be in Willaston's case. I can see him saving up for years for a call from the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER himself. It would be a *mauvais quart d'heure* for the CHANCELLOR.

A PUNCH SHOW.

The attention of our readers is invited to an exhibition of Mr. LEWIS BAUMER's work in colour and black-and-white, which is now being held at the galleries of The Fine Art Society, 148, New Bond Street. It includes a large number of originals of his *Punch* drawings.



THE LONG VIEW.

JOHN BULL (to the PRESIDENT OF THE IRISH FREE STATE). "I DON'T SAY THIS IS THE BEST FENCE I'VE EVER SAT ON; BUT, IF YOU HOPE ONE DAY TO DISPENSE WITH IT ALTOGETHER, I SHOULDN'T RAISE TOO MUCH TROUBLE ABOUT IT NOW."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 5th.—The Irish Boundary question is again on the carpet, to the manifest disquietude of the COLONIAL SECRETARY. Viscount CURZON artlessly inquired whether the Minister agreed with Mr. LLOYD GEORGE's interpretation of Article XII. of the Treaty. "It is not our duty to interpret Article XII.; it is our duty to give effect to it," was Mr. THOMAS's oracular reply.

Invited to elucidate the Government's attitude towards the practice of holding political meetings on Sundays, the PRIME MINISTER was careful to avoid committing himself. In this he was so successful that Mr. THURLE begged for an assurance that there was no intention of imposing upon England "the dreadful Scottish Sabbath;" while Mr. PRINGLE concluded that Mr. MACDONALD's recent statement to the Free Church Council—"he would like to see a state of society where every man and woman preferred the old Scottish Sunday to the modern French one"—was "purely academic."

According to the intelligent anticipations of the Press, Mr. BALDWIN was this afternoon to throw down a direct challenge to the Government over the McKENNA duties. But when the time came the LEADER OF THE OPPOSITION disappointed his more fiery followers by merely asking the usual colourless question about the course of business.

Mr. CLYNES, who had come down prepared to pick up Mr. BALDWIN's gage, was also a little nonplussed by this unexpectedly tame development. There followed a brief dialogue, slightly reminiscent of the opening scene of *Romeo and Juliet*;

Mr. CLYNES as Abraham starting with, "Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?" and Mr. BALDWIN as Sampson at first contenting himself with "No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir; but I bite my thumb, Sir," and ultimately, spurred on by his supporters, rapping out, "Draw, if you be men!"

By his handling of the episode Mr. CLYNES did something to rehabilitate his leadership. No one will underrate the difficulty of maintaining in office a Government dependent for existence upon the continual exploitation of the mutual hate of its two powerful enemies. Last week, over the Proportional Re-

presentation Bill, it suited the Government to support the Conservatives and, through the mouth of Mr. HENDERSON, to "dare" the Liberals to turn them out. This afternoon the situation was reversed. The Liberals were taken back into favour; and on Mr. SIMON's Evictions Bill the Government meekly consented to the reinsertion of a provision which with Conservative help they had thrown out in Committee.

Tuesday, May 6th.—The Lords returned from their prolonged holidays

The SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY admitted that the Stationery Office had recently published, "durably bound in buckram," the judgments delivered by Lord Chancellor BIRKENHEAD, but pointed out that the order was given in 1921, and that he had no intention of publishing a similar volume of the present LORD CHANCELLOR's judicial pronouncements. But why should not Lord HALDANE be a man in buckram too?

Every year the same attempts to reduce, or further reduce, the tea and sugar duties are made by the outs and resisted by the ins. This year the old speeches were made (with slightly increased emphasis, owing to the recent Imperial Conference) by Sir H. P. CROFT, Sir W. MITCHELL-THOMSON and others, and were resisted by Mr. SNOWDEN with a vigour occasionally almost amounting to ferocity. Not even Mr. BECKER's pathetic plea for an abolition of the cocoa-duty, on the ground that cheaper cinemas would be no good without cheaper chocolate, could soften the heart of this inexorable Chancellor.

Wednesday, May 7th.—Describing the administration of the Emir ABDULLAH as "tyrannical, extravagant, inefficient and generally unpopular," Lord RAGLAN asked whether the Government were trying to reconcile the people of Palestine to "Zionist tyranny" by the spectacle of a worse tyranny on the other side of Jordan. Lord ARNOLD, while admitting that the condition of Transjordan was not all that might be desired, entirely denied Lord RAGLAN's theory. There was no tyranny, Zionist or other, in Palestine; and the Government had not diverged in any way from the policy of their predecessors, which was to treat with absolute impartial-

ity both Arab and Jew.

The Commons were provided with a useful sidelight on Socialism in office when Mr. HARDIE asked the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE to call a conference of iron and steel manufacturers with the view of bringing their plant up to date. One would rather have expected Mr. WEBB to jump at the chance of teaching these "captains of industry" their business. But no. He quenched "Comrade" HARDIE's enthusiasm with a decidedly cold douche, and, when Mr. HOPE pointed out the absurdity of calling upon manufacturers to improve their plants when the Gov-



THE BRAVOS.

(A Reminiscence of *Romeo and Juliet*.)

Sampson (Mr. BALDWIN). "DRAW, IF YOU BE A MAN."

Abraham (Mr. CLYNES). "CERTAINLY. WHY DIDN'T YOU SAY SO BEFORE?"

like giants refreshed and, in the course of a sitting lasting nearly ten minutes, passed or advanced six or seven Bills.

Arising out of Mr. SNOWDEN's newspaper article on the Housing question, an announcement fraught with infinite possibilities was made by Mr. CLYNES. In reply to Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN he stated that the Government accept responsibility for Ministers' statements on questions of policy "regardless of the form in which the statements are made." If so, the PRIME MINISTER had better provide himself with a large blue pencil, and revise his colleagues' effusions before they go to press.

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After this it was rather amusing to find Mr. WEBB charging Sir JOHN MARRIOTT, who had started a debate on the alarming growth in the expenditure on public assistance, with "early-Victorianism." On this subject, at any rate, he himself is a neo-Georgian, for, while admitting that the growth was "striking," he declined to view it as a misfortune. In his opinion even "overlapping"—Sir JOHN had quoted the case of a man who was receiving assistance from six public authorities—was not necessarily bad for the community, though it might be demoralising to the individual. The speech reconciled me as a taxpayer to its author's presence at the Board of Trade. He might have been at the Exchequer.

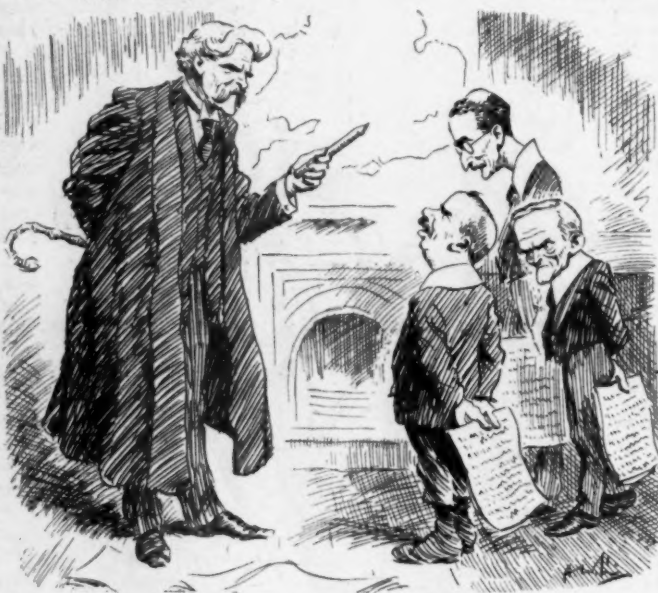
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The Headmaster. "NOW LOOK HERE, YOU BOYS, IF I AM TO BE RESPONSIBLE FOR WHAT YOU PUT IN YOUR HOME LETTERS I SHALL HAVE TO BLUE-PENCIL THEM FIRST."

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THE PEOPLE'S FAG.

ANOTHER CHANCE FOR FREE TRADE.

To the Editor of "Punch."

DEAR SIR,—On behalf of my organisation may I draw your attention to a grave and illogical blot in Mr. SNOWDEN'S "Free Trade" Budget? He professes to have cleansed our system of "Protection," but there is still one prosperous industry which he has left alone. He discards the duty on imported motor-cars, but he retains the duty of 12s. 7d. per lb. on imported "manufactured" cigarettes, behind which the manufacturers of certain well-known British brands, which I

need not particularise, have shamefully erected a flourishing business.

Now, Sir, it may be too late to kill this industry entirely, but by removing the cigarette duty very suddenly it should be possible to throw a substantial number of Englishmen out of employment. There are in the London Telephone Buff Book the names of one hundred and thirty-seven cigarette manufacturers. There are only four cigarette importers. With a little care these figures might easily be reversed. Consider the price of the cheapest—the simple comfort of the toiling masses. The People's Smoke should cost them less. And there is no doubt that, were this duty removed, a similar article could be produced abroad at a price within the reach of those of our

countrymen who were thrown upon the dole; who would besides have more time for smoking.

There was in this land of ours a single town, the town of Coventry, which made no contribution to the Army of No Occupation—a town which looked for all the world like some busy American community—a town where men were induced by tyrants to work at regular hours for regular wages, and might not stand about the streets all day. This town, with an uncanny instinct, Mr. SNOWDEN discovered and delivered; a greater *Godiva*, he took the tax away and gave the people leisure. "Clothed on with chastity" and with Free Trade, which is next to chastity, he took the tax away

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We are surprised that this reform has not appeared in any manifesto of the Liberal Party. Sir JOHN SIMON at least should be able to make great play in the country with the cry of "The People's Flag," or even "The Children's Cigarette-Card."*

There is one other grave omission in the Budget. We have watched with growing anxiety the upward tendency of our trade with the Dominions, who are at the moment by far and away our best customers. This must be stopped. The Government's abandonment of the new Imperial Preference proposals is a step in the right direction; but we would go further. The Dominions still enjoy a few small preferences, and we propose that these should be taken away and given to the unfortunate Russians, who have been constantly irritated by unkind words from Englishmen and through no fault of their own have ruined what trade they had. Take tea. Ninety per cent. of our tea comes from within the Empire and pays a lower rate of duty; it would be a graceful gesture to put the higher duty on the ninety per cent. and let the ten per cent. come in free. We are convinced that there are ways and methods of annoying the Dominions which have not yet been explored; and in the course of time we may hope to goad them into withdrawing the substantial preferences which they give to us. We shall then compete with foreign countries in our Imperial markets on fairer terms, which will be a great satisfaction. And whatever the result may be we shall always be sure of a little barter and exchange with our Russian friends, while the fact that they dislike us will lend a welcome interest to the trade.

But these of course are only half-measures. We are faced with the fact that the entire world can now produce

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Off to the South, for that 's
The quarter where he finds the air
Alive with flies and gnats.

Where sits the Sphinx and dreams and thinks
Of bygone realms and kings,
The swallow swoops and swallows troops
Of sting-y wing-y things.

He sees amid the rushes hid
The lean flamingoes spy
On miles and miles of crocodiles
And hippopotami.

And there he stays until the days
Of Summer call him home,
When he sets forth and sallies North
To England (*via* Rome).

It is absurd so small a bird
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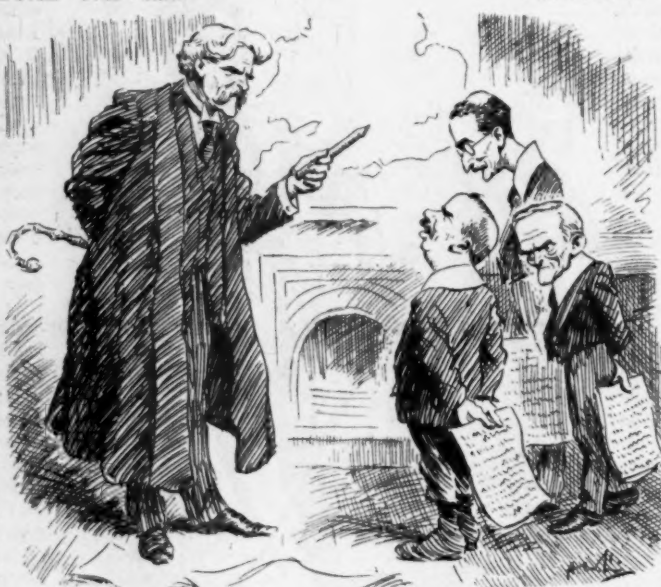
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THE SEVENTH HOLE.

APART from me the course was de-



"A LEAN BROWN HAND CAME OUT OF THE HOLE AND REMOVED THE BALL FROM UNDER MY VERY EYES."

served. I was trying out a new ball with uncommon success—a No. 2 Elusive, I believe—and I approached the seventh tee with unwonted confidence. The seventh green at Ashton-and-Lea is guarded by an old mossy Roman road and is invisible from the tee because of the ancient oaks which love to grow on each side of the road.

In my opinion the Romans could not have built it in a more unfortunate place. Its surface belies their vaunted skill, for it is very boggy and covered with green hummocks. It is a good place for a snipe, but it is not adapted to middle-aged golfers. The committee have provided a receptacle there for abandoned scoring-cards.

Fully determined not to press, I gripped my mashie firmly, focussed my eye on the ball, dismissed the Romans and all their works from my mind, and took the swing. My efforts, however, were unavailing. The ball, badly topped, bounced gaily over the turf and, as though it were achieving Paradise, leaped through the fence into the fatal road. Happily my chagrin was mitigated by the knowledge that there was no need to search the morass, for I could see the ball quite plainly on one of the green hummocks.

I picked up my clubs, crossed the stile and, much to my astonishment, found that my ball had completely disappeared. It was nowhere to be seen.

Then, while I was standing there somewhat bewildered, it trickled into view again out of a large rabbit-hole in the side of the road. I stooped to recover it, but before I could do so a lean brown hand came out of the hole and removed the ball from under my very eyes. Without hesitation I thrust my arm up the hole, gripped something warm, and dragged a little man out into the open. He was about two feet high and had a pointed grey beard. He wore a leather jerkin, Lincoln-green tights and red shoes. After a brief struggle he made no attempt to escape, and stood there returning my gaze somewhat defiantly.

"So this is where they go to, is it?" I cried indignantly. "It is *you* who are responsible. It is *you* who steals our golf-balls!"

"Not all of them, not all of them," he answered deprecatingly.

"Not all of them, indeed! How many do you

expect to take, I wonder? You know that they do not belong to you. You are nothing more or less than a common thief." Although he was as brown as a berry he blushed at this. He soon recovered his composure, however.

"I am not a thief," he said at length, with some attempt at dignity. "I am a collector."

"I fail to see the difference," I answered coldly. "Besides, you are trespassing."

"That is rather funny—telling me that I am trespassing, and at my time of life."

"How old are you?"

"Two or three," he answered.

"Two or three!" I repeated scornfully, regarding the network of fine wrinkles about his little grey eyes.

"I mean two or three thousand," was the calm reply.

"Then you are old enough to know better."

"Are you on the committee?"

"No, I am not on the committee."

"Then why worry?" he said persuasively, and offered me a gold coin with CAESAR'S head on it.

"How dare you?" I cried indignantly.

"Turn out your pockets this instant!" For a moment he hesitated, but seeing I was determined he reluctantly obeyed me and revealed my No. 2 Elusive with a Green Spot Irresponsible. "Now," I said, "go back into your wretched hole and bring out your collection."

"And if I refuse?"

"I shall report you to the committee."

"That would be dreadful," he answered, grinning.

"Not only that; I shall inform the Fairy Queen of your disgraceful conduct," I continued, taking a venture into the unknown. At these words his demeanour changed immediately and he became visibly uneasy.

"Surely you would not do that," he pleaded nervously. "I will show you my collection." After a little delay and several journeys he had set before me the strangest assortment of golf-balls ever gathered together in one place. There were balls of all periods—Dunlops, Referendums, Wyandots, balls of gutta-percha, wood, ivory and even of stone. Some were inscribed with Greek, Roman or Celtic characters.



"HE SET BEFORE ME THE STRANGEST ASSORTMENT OF GOLF-BALLS EVER GATHERED TOGETHER IN ONE PLACE."

One little bronze ball was provided with tiny scythes at the poles, such as chariots have, presumably for play in the rough.



First Diner. "Wha' was that tried trip me up?"

Second Diner. "ONLY railway lines. BUT IT'S ALL RIGHT—NO TRAINS ON SUNDAYS."

First Diner. "YES—BUT FANCY LEAVIN' 'EM LYING ABOUT! BEASTLY CARELESS, I CALL IT."

"They are not so bad, are they?" he asked wistfully.

"I have a good mind to confiscate them all," I answered. But he looked so crestfallen that I began to feel sorry for him. I saw that he had taken but one of each variety, and I felt it would be difficult to return them to their rightful owners. "However," I continued, "I will let you off this time; but if it occurs again you will know what to expect."

"Oh, thank you, thank you!" he cried.

"Not at all," I said.

"And you will not inform the Fairy Queen?"

"Of course not," I answered. As a matter of fact I did not know her address. I had begun to like the little fellow, and before I left I presented him with my No. 2 Elusive, as I was quite entitled to do. He did not appear to possess one.

"One good turn deserves another," he called after me. "You will never lose a ball again at this hole."

The next time I played the seventh

my ball, as usual, proceeded by the shortest route into the Roman road, and I could not find it anywhere. "My elfin friend does not keep his word," I



"My ELFIN FRIEND DOES NOT KEEP HIS WORD," I SAID TO MYSELF; BUT I WAS MISTAKEN."

said to myself; but I was mistaken. When I came to the green my ball was lying snugly in the hole. My opponent was greatly astonished, and said so. Since then I have holed out

in one every time at the seventh. The rabbit-hole is untenanted and I cannot find my unwelcome helper. I am unable in fairness to enter a competition, and besides it is very expensive.

Agricultural Depression.

"Most of the men in the village are now employed in one way or another, some working at drains or cleaning ditches, or doing odd jobs on the farms."—*Scots Paper.*

The Mathematics of P.R.

"Constituencies would return not more than three nor less than seven members."—*Morning Paper.*

"It has been foretold for many months that 1925 would be the most brilliant season since the war."

—*Evening Paper.*

No doubt Wembley will be in full swing by then.

"Space and Time are not independent, but form together a four dimensional continuum, heterogeneous, relative and possibly finite."—*Educational Paper.*

After this lucid explanation it should be easy to calculate how far it is from St. Paul's to next Christmas.

HOT WATER.

"Marion," I said at breakfast, "without in any way wishing to carp, or even to cark, at your domestic arrangements, why in the name of Heaven is the bath-water never hot in the mornings?"

"Because the fire has not been alight all night," said Marion curtly. "Next, please."

"Oh! Well, it's very annoying."

"My dear man, what can you expect? If you want hot baths why on earth don't you have them at a reasonable time?"

"And what are you pleased to consider a reasonable time?" I asked with dignity.

"Ten P.M.," said Marion.

At ten P.M. that night I had a very tepid bath.

"It's your own fault," said Marion in reply to my remonstrances, which, unlike the water, were extremely heated. "Cook let the fire out after lunch. We were dining at the Club. If you want a bath you must say so beforehand when we're dining out."

The next day I took no chances.

"Marion," I said carefully at lunch, "at ten P.M. this evening I intend to lave myself in artificially heated water."

"I know," said Marion excitedly. "You want a hot bath. Do I get anything for guessing it right?"

"You don't. But I do, I hope."

"You?" she said disappointedly. "What?"

"A hot bath," I replied hastily, and retired in good order.

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"Yes, I'm beginning to get the drift of it," said Marion, when I had finished telling her about it. "You mean the water wasn't hot, don't you?"

"And why not?" I demanded excitedly. "I warned you at lunch. I told Cook myself as well, to be on the safe side. And still it wasn't hot. Why not?"

"It is funny, isn't it?" said Marion thoughtfully.

"Funny? Your sense of humour is singularly perverted. I wonder if I could brighten up your evenings with a few custard pies. Tar's pretty good too when it's fallen into backwards. Ha, ha!"

"He's being sarcastic," Marion confided to her hairbrush. "You can always tell, because his nose crinkles and he clucks. Well, I suppose it must be the flues. I always did say that Cook never cleans them properly."

"I will clean the flues myself tomorrow," I said grimly.

"You are keen on getting clean all of a sudden," said Marion admiringly.

"I wonder if you can be sickening for anything."

I did clean the flues. It is an uninteresting job, also a dirty and a laborious one. I further took the opportunity of telling Cook that I wanted a particularly hot bath that night.

I had to go out to a meeting in the evening and did not get home till nearly eleven. At exactly five minutes past that hour I stepped mournfully into the most tepid bath I have ever had.

"M'm!" said Marion thoughtfully a quarter-of-an-hour later. "I was afraid something like this would happen. But I wasn't sure you wanted a bath so late—at least not *absolutely* sure; and it seemed a pity to waste all that lovely hot water."

"You mean?" I prompted sternly.

"Oh, yes, I had it myself. Did you have a good meeting, darling?"

The next night I took no chances. At two o'clock in the afternoon I locked the bathroom door; and from that hour I personally stoked the kitchen fire till the flames flowed half-way up the chimney. When Cook objected I gave her the rest of the day off.

At ten I went triumphantly upstairs to my hot bath. At five minutes past ten the boiler burst.

I am still waiting for a hot bath.

AT THE OPERA.

"THE RING" (COVENT GARDEN).

It is, of course, possible to understand the attitude of those who make protest and say, "Better fifty years of Europe—in its present state, with POINCARÉ in the Ruhr and no sign of material reparations coming our way—than a cycle of *The Ring* performed in London with a German conductor and with German singers singing in the German tongue." But I think it perhaps more reasonable to regard this visit as a kind of moral reparation contributed by artists who faithfully carry on the traditions of what was best in the Germany of two generations ago. Whether this intelligent thought was in the minds of the audience on the first night I cannot say, but it was a generous welcome that they gave to Herr BRUNO WALTER when he stepped into his place to conduct the British orchestra through the British National Anthem.

As this is the thirty-fifth performance of the *Ring* cycle at Covent Garden (I own that I have not assisted at all of them) it is not easy to find any very new thing to say about it. Singers and orchestras come and go, but WAGNER (like his interminable *Wotan*) keeps on for ever. Yet there was novelty in the *Loge* of Herr WALTER KIRCHHOFF. To a beautiful voice of almost Southern quality

he added a very lively charm of gesture and movement—a feature not commonly allowed for in Wagnerian drama, where any deviation from the static is rigidly discouraged.

For the rest there was little break from tradition, except in the matter of scenery and mechanical effects. Those responsible were no doubt well-advised not to attempt to realise some of the puerilities and frank impossibilities of WAGNER's stage directions. But the slab of skylight that was produced as a substitute for the rainbow bridge to Walhalla was not very effective; and a steady stream of racing clouds did not compensate us for the loss of the ethereal joy-ride of those intrepid horsewomen, the *Walkür* Lancers.

And one had to sacrifice some of the old fun. I think, for instance, that *Alberich* omitted to turn himself into a toad; if he did it, it escaped me. And I understand from a friend who occupied my seat at the performance of *Siegfried* that the *Waldvogel*, after singing rather sharp, excused itself from visible flight. I regret this, for the stuffed bird of the old days, that flopped across the stage upside down, was an unforgettable delight.

It is some time, I believe, since any of the *Walküre* appeared on solid earth with a horse, which perhaps is as well. I still recall my disillusionment as a boy at Munich, when a stoutish *Brunnhilde*, disregarding WAGNER's express instruction to "fling herself upon her charger and ride stormily into the pyre" (or words to that intent), walked off, dragging her old white horse at the end of a halter.

The river scene in *Das Rheingold* was admirably designed; and so were the massed rocks of the upper and under worlds. But the rocks in the last Act of *Die Walküre* were too intricate and fussy, and would have made the worst possible terrain for cavalry exercise. Perhaps this feeling may have occurred to the dismounted infantry; anyhow, with the exception of *Brunnhilde*, always a beautiful and stately figure, the sisters *Walkür* did not seem very happy, being rather huddled in their dispositions.

The old smoke-screen, which might have revived painful memories of the War, gave place to a dull grey curtain, easier to work, no doubt, but less suggestive of magic; nor was there enough magic in the scene that suddenly burst upon *Siegmond* and *Sieglinde* through the opened door—a plain woodland scene, with no particular sign in it of Spring, though Spring is of the very essence of the symbol.

The British orchestra, very skilfully handled, carried off the chief honours. Of the men singers who stood out above the high level of general excellence I must name Herr WALTER KIRCHHOFF



Well-informed Native. "AVE YEW BEEN UP TO THE EXHIBITION YET, JARGE?"

Jarge. "No, TOM; I DON'T KNOW 'OW TO GET THERE."

Well-informed Native. "I UNDERSTANDS YEW JUST GOES TO THAT THERE WEMBLEY AN' THEN ANYONE WILL TELL 'E WHERE 'TIS."

as *Loge*, HERR FRIEDRICH SCHORR as *Wotan*, HERR ALBERT REISS as *Mime*, HERR JACQUES UELUS as *Siegmond*, and HERR EDUARD HABICH as *Alberich*. Of the women, MME. GERTRUD KAPPELSANG nobly as *Brunnhilde*, and MME. GÖTA LUNGBERG made a very gracious *Sieglinde*. Her quiet movements and her silences were as expressive as her singing. And I venture to compliment her on being able to sleep in the immediate neighbourhood of all that noise that *Siegmond* and others made in the Second Act of *Die Walküre*. This, of course, is a gift demanded of several

Wagnerian characters. *Hunding*, for instance, had to sleep right through the incestuous duet of *Siegmond* and *Sieglinde*, and *Brunnhilde* never stirred all through the tedious delay of *Siegfried's* preliminary raptures. But *Hunding* was on the other side of a closed door, and he had been doped; while upon the eyes of *Brunnhilde* a divine spell had been laid. *Sieglinde's* was a case of pure physical exhaustion. This made it the greater marvel that she should have started singing again so quickly at the call of her cue.

I end with a word of thanks to the

Syndicate for their Souvenir, which includes a brief outline of the works of WAGNER and STRAUSS that are being performed this season. But my gratitude is tempered by my abhorrence of the fantastic arrangement which they have adopted. Not only are STRAUSS and WAGNER mixed up at haphazard, but the *Ring* cycle is all out of shape, the last item being placed first. See how they run (I give the exact order of the Souvenir): *Ariadne auf Naxos*; *Götterdämmerung*; *Das Rheingold*; *Der Rosenkavalier*; *Salome*; *Siegfried*; *Die Walküre*. O. S.

AT THE PLAY.

"THIS MARRIAGE" (COMEDY).

MR. ELIOT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS' comedy is in essence a series of conversations on marriage, that perennially assailed but persistently robust institution; not uninteresting conversations, because the subject happens to be of universal interest, and our author has, if not anything very new to say—can there be anything very new to say?—at least a sort of savage candour in the saying of it very plain and loud. Candour, on balance, is to the good, though, on the one hand, many worthy people can make a good case against it, and, on the other, sniggerers when exposed to it will always snigger in the wrong place.

The First Act is a conversation between *Vera Farington* and *Christopher Maitland*, who has just proposed. *Vera*, a rather engaging young person and of the most modern—she never calls her dear old dull father anything but *James*, not, by the way, that that's very advanced now-a-days—first makes sure that *Chris* really understands what he is letting himself in for, seeing that in her experience three-quarters of her girl-friends catch their men when they are only half responsible for their actions. This matter being settled, she suggests that, as marriage is a jolly difficult business, much too casually entered into by most contracting parties, it would be as well for them to outline and discuss some of the difficulties beforehand—forewarned being forearmed.

So they draw up, perhaps with more ceremony than the wisdom of them warrants, ten commandments for the married, of which the two that go deepest are, "You shall tell the other everything that matters," and "You shall not lie except for the other's sake." Clearly anyone, especially an "idealist," like *Chris*, could drive a coach-and-four through these. And the others are not any more coachproof.

The second conversation takes place four years later in the flat of a beautiful young woman of uncertain social position but apparently, to judge from her clothes and her furniture, considerable wealth. I gather she was not supposed to be technically a lady of easy virtue, but merely one prone to occasional serious affairs, in which she is accustomed to get what she wants and to want a good deal. The conversation is

between this very positive young animal and the irresolute *Chris*. He has had, he explains, enough of marriage, which is a tedious affair—though, mind you, he still loves his wife, but no longer in that way, you understand; still, she is a dear and extraordinarily good to him, and the last thing he could think of would be to do anything wrong. "But what's wrong and what's right?" asks *Yvonne*. "Aren't we perhaps on a false tack? Mayn't it very well be that dulness and monotony are wrong, ad-

other, "that's so that she will have to read his letters for him"—which suggests that the ingenuity of the atropine device was a little too obvious to be of real service. The blow falls on a not altogether unprepared *Vera*—not unprepared in general and in theory, that is. She pulls herself together instead of making an old-fashioned scene. She must not be selfish. *Chris*, long moody and restless, has been happier of late. It must be this new woman. Well, let her continue her good work. And so

she sends him out to his alleged dinner at the club, pretending that she has accidentally burnt one of his letters unopened, not forgetting to see that his throat is well wrapped up, and leaving due instructions that his hot milk shall be left for him in a thermos in the hall. Could wisely tact any farther go?

The fourth conversation is substantially between *Vera* and *Yvonne*. *Yvonne* thinks *Vera's* opening, "You are my husband's mistress," a little bald, and resents it; but is softened into quiet attention by *Vera's* proceeding to outline a proposition for the loan of her husband on terms. *Yvonne* must be good to him and faithful while she continues to live with him. *Yvonne* declares herself overcome by such sportsmanship—I think it was meant to be real sportsmanship, not rather long-headed diplomacy calculating that, if *Chris* were no longer forbidden fruit, he would be no longer so desirable—and in return proposes to surrender the seduced husband to his wife. A door bangs. *Chris*! Quick, behind the curtain! He shall be manoeuvred out of the room. But not he. Full of the confession he has prepared and the good resolutions he has made, he insists on pouring it all out immediately, writing and reading a

letter of renunciation, all in full hearing of the lady behind the arras. An embarrassing situation when she discloses herself, wrings the injured wife's hand, lectures the erring husband and leaves them to a reconciliation which *Chris* thinks to be complete and permanent, and *Vera*, with a colder or more modern eye, takes for granted will be but the first of many. Fancy portrait of the ideal wife for the unregenerate male!

Miss CATHLEEN NESBITT's handling of *Vera* was, I thought, exceedingly well managed. An odd girl, you felt, but distinctly possible. And you could see the suffering behind the elaborately-



"P'raps yer doesn't know why chickens comes out o' eggs. Well, I'll tell yer. It's 'cos they're afraid they'll be boiled if they don't."

venture and passion right?" This to our friend *Chris* in his peculiar condition of mind seems naturally a most illuminating idea, and after one or two preliminary casts the angler lands her fish.

The Third Act brings us a little action. It is three weeks later. *Yvonne* calls at her lover's house—this is against orders, but *Mrs. Maitland* is away—and leaves a very indiscreetly worded note for him. *Mrs. Maitland* returns suddenly from the country, and *Chris* from his oculist, who has ordered atropine to be at once dropped into his eyes. "Ah!" the whisperers whisper to each



Wife (to husband who has complained of feeling ill). "BUT, DARLING, I THINK YOU ARE VERY IMAGINATIVE. HOW DO YOU KNOW YOU'RE AS BAD AS YOU THINK?"

Husband. "NO MISTAKE ABOUT IT, MY DEAR. I'M ACTING ON INSIDE INFORMATION."

assumed detachment. A clever piece of work.

Miss TALLULAH BANKHEAD's *Yvonne* wasn't so clear to me. I imagine the character wasn't quite so clear to the author. I don't think that *Yvonne*, who was so resolutely selfish in Act II., would have so easily yielded to her rival in Act IV. And she was difficult to place. Well, the author might justly retort, many women are. A capable performance all the same.

I can't quite tell whether that competent actor, Mr. HERBERT MARSHALL, is allowing himself to get just a little stale and stereotyped, or whether our standardised system of casting leaves him no choice to be other than the charming person with the hesitating and rather worried air which has gone down so well before. A none too easy part to play, this of *Christopher Maitland*, because he was, frankly, such an ass. Certainly Mr. MARSHALL had the skill to make him a plausible ass—as no doubt his creator intended.

Miss AUBRIOL LEE gave an excellent little sketch of a vulgar good-hearted friend of *Yvonne's* who does her best, but in vain, to keep that resolute vam-

pire in check. Mr. TOM REYNOLDS was a most believable butler, and Mr. BROMLEY DAVENPORT an adequately amiable old father.

The reception was distinctly favourable and many amusing lines won their tribute of a laugh. There was some misplaced laughter, of course, unavoidable in the circumstances.

As a student of fashion I feel I must record the latest device in the way of assertive headresses for theatregoers to take the place of the Spanish comb. It is an erection of feathers spread peacock-wise, through which (when still) the stage may be seen as through a veil darkly.

T.

LYRA MISANTHROPICA.

In love or liking 'tis unmeet
To cry one's praises in the street;
'Tis safer to commemorate
People who cause one's "gall to grate."
The task, I own, I've tried before,
But still the numbers swell and soar—
People who at the breakfast-table
Explain why marks are still unstable,
Or want to make you understand
The meaning of a ductless gland;

People chockful of tedious lore on
The proper treatment of the "moron";
People who think far more of "phobias"
Than artists do of DELLA ROBBIAS;
People ferociously agog
To brighten up the Decalogue
With various glosses and additions
Framed upon Freudian inhibitions;
People who seriously protest
The wordless drama is the best;
People who valiantly eschew
Old clichés and exploit the new,
Working at every turn to death
Their latest verbal Shibboleth.
Lastly I'd pillory in the dock
The valetudinarian croak
Who steeps, insidious germs to foil,
Himself in eucalyptus oil,
Diffusing wheresoe'er he goes
Odours that to the normal nose
Are calculated to suggest
The disinfection of a pest
Rather than Araby the Blest.

"The endless camel-tracks over which caravanserais have ambled from the beginning of time."—*Evening Paper*.

As the visitor to Paris observed when he couldn't find his hotel, "Where has my caravanserai ambled?"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

IN *The Pipers of the Market Place* (BUTTERWORTH) Patient Griselda comes into her own again after, as I should imagine, an unprecedented spell of disfavour. Handsomely disguised as *Malvina Braby*, a strapping beauty from the Staffordshire ironfields, with her marquis dwindled to a sprig of Hertfordshire gentility who has married and deserted her, she lives with her small boy *Stephen* in a two-roomed cottage on the edge of a cornfield. He means to be a market-gardener, and Covent Garden, the Covent Garden of 1850, is the goal of his dreams. The authoress, "RICHARD DEHAN," has a really entertaining little hero in *Stephen*. But unluckily she has set her heart on bringing *Griselda* to her full pitch of wisely perfection; and this, as I daresay you remember in *Boccaccio*, involves a certain amount of discomfort to her offspring. Just as *Stephen* is getting into honeycombed smocks, his father returns—a swaggering sot ruined by a Chancery suit. *Malvina* receives him with the meekness of her kind; and *Stephen*, save for a brief jaunt to London, has a very bad time of it indeed. Finally a lost will turns up and the drunkard is reinstated in his family acres; but, as these were amassed in the slave-trade, *Malvina*, deviating, I am afraid, from the strict *Griselda* canon of compliance, will have nothing to do with them. *Stephen* is offered a place with a great rose-grower. But just as he, his mother and a new baby set out for London, *Malvina* remembers that she has vowed to keep a lamp burning in the cottage against her husband's homecoming. So she turns back, accompanied, to the ruin of all his hopes, by *Stephen*; and this, I regret to say, is the end of the story. Its London chapters, a string of merry, kindly, sentimental adventures, I found very pleasant. And any sequel which allows *Stephen* (in a top-hat) to grow the roses and import the bananas of his dreams will find at least one appreciative and grateful reader.

MR. H. G. WELLS's fantastic invention of a subject race of dwellers underground working for the tyrant intellectuals has given the title to Mr. JAMES WELSH's new novel, *The Morlocks* (JENKINS), the scene of which is set in a Scottish mining district. The new *Morlocks*, however, are not, as one might guess, the miners themselves, but a secret society of revolutionaries in all the Trade Unions working for a catastrophic change of social system through the general strike and highly organised sabotage. This, I need hardly say, is not the author's suggested remedy for the evils of our time. The *Morlocks* go down fighting against police and soldiery in the districts where the revolutionary stroke has been prematurely attempted. There is in fact only a very small minority of extremists and the movement is foredoomed. This however is by no means the whole of the author's text. You can't, he says in effect, expect contented men if you cram them into stone hutchies and then

think and write of them as a race almost exclusively engaged in betting, whippet-racing and the purchase of fur-coats and pianos. They happen also to do a difficult job of work under the shadow of a more than ordinarily unpleasant death, and though I expect the miners themselves don't quite look at the matter through the sensitive eyes of their advocate, who has been one of themselves, yet comfortable surface-dwellers at least ought, it is suggested, not to forget this salient fact of the situation. Mr. WELSH has not an easy pen and his conversations are apt to creak a little, but he has something to say, and so sincere a determination to say it, and to say it fairly, that one can readily forgive defects of style. The picture of the miner *Jamie Morrison* and his wife and daughter, who gave shelter and friendship to the hero, is a charming piece of work, and the catastrophe of the burning mine and the last stand of the *Morlocks* are described with spirit.

The delightful books of KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN are read all over the world, in every language; and perhaps the most

charming of them all is her autobiography, *My Garden of Memory* (HODDER AND STOUGHTON), in which the reader's pleasure is only marred by the sad reflection that she will write no more. For Mrs. WIGGIN (who by her second marriage became Mrs. RIGGS) died last year, after a long life of beneficent and inspiring achievement. Her reminiscences are indeed a garden, a sunny pleasure, inhabited by all sorts of jolly people. Mrs. RIGGS is (confessedly) oblivious of dates, but I gather that before the age of nine or ten



Mother (with children's page of daily paper). "SHALL I READ YOU ABOUT JUNGLO AND JINGLO, DARLING?"

Small Daughter. "No, FANKS. ISN'T THERE ANYFING IN THE NEWS ABOUT WHAT'S BEING WORN?"

this bright child had read the Bible, SHAKESPEARE, SCOTT, THACKERAY and (above all) DICKENS, whose works she "more eagerly devoured than all the rest." And then little Miss KATE actually met and conversed with CHARLES DICKENS himself. She sat beside him in the train, and at DICKENS's request told the distinguished author exactly which were "the very long dull parts" in his books which she was in the habit of skipping; and the great man gravely made a note of them in his pocket-book. I think it is not fanciful to trace in her quick sympathy, in her kindly humour, even in her gift for reading aloud her own works, an affinity with her hero. Like DICKENS, KATE DOUGLAS WIGGIN attained an instant popularity. The plucky New England country girl, who, alone in the cosmopolitan slums of New York conducted the first Kindergarten school opened in that city, became the beloved authoress in two continents. Her books were written in the intervals of all sorts of strenuous educational work; and their success never spoiled her. Otherwise she would hardly have cherished as her favourite document the letter addressed to her by an eminent physician, in which he wrote, "It is no mere conventional compliment, dear Madam, when I assure you that wherever I go I find you the favourite author of the feeble-minded." In the fresh and fragrant demesne of her *Garden of Memory* she will make many a friend whom she can never know.



Wife. "COME ON 'OME, 'ARRY, AN' DON'T MAKE A BLOOMIN' WEMBLEY O' YERSELF."

In *Patrick Branwell Brontë* (PHILPOT) Miss ALICE LAW proposes not only to modify the accepted view of her hero's character, but to prove his rumoured claim to have written *Wuthering Heights*. The second objective more or less necessitates the first. If BRANWELL was the sot, liar and wastrel of the GASKELL-REID-SHORTER-ROBINSON-SINCLAIR legend, there is no need to take his pretensions (if he ever proclaimed them) very seriously. If, on the other hand, he was a comparatively sober, credible and effective person, something may be said for the "preposterous" theory. No new evidence has come to light since Mr. SHORTER gave the assertion its damnable adjective; and Miss LAW trusts entirely to her own sense of EMILY BRONTË's unfitness and her brother's aptitude, certain notable similarities between BRANWELL's ideas and diction and those of the novel, and a re-advancement of the arguments and testimony of two of the unfortunate lad's contemporaries and friends, Mr. LEYLAND and Mr. GRUNDY. On EMILY's capacities I need not enlarge here. The extent of BRANWELL's talent can be more or less gauged from his inept poems and his (with one exception) unprepossessing letters. As regards the internal evidence of *Wuthering Heights*, it is sufficiently obvious that *Heathcliff's* ravings are largely BRANWELL's; but this has been accounted for quite satisfactorily on the supposition of EMILY's authorship. As for his other vestiges, it must be remembered that the family, as was natural from their concentrated isolation, had a way of pooling their fancies. Thus the theme of her brother's poem, "I see a corpse upon the waters lie," has a vivid parallel in CHARLOTTE's *Gilbert*. But no one suggests that BRANWELL wrote *Gilbert*, though it was certainly once bruited in Yorkshire that he wrote *Shirley*. Miss LAW has evidently

a genuine kindness for her subject; but I do not think her monograph has rendered him much service. Her re-handling of the diffident LEYLAND and the untrustworthy GRUNDY is partisan; and her attempt to tarnish CHARLOTTE that BRANWELL may shine the brighter is a piece of bad tactics and an almost unforgivable injustice.

If you want to learn something about the realities of Japanese life, as distinct from the flowery land of fiction and the tourist, I cannot recommend you anything better than the novels of Mr. JOHN PARIS, the latest of which is called *Sayonara* (COLLINS). Mr. PARIS avoids prettiness as it were the plague and dwells, perhaps too exclusively, on the dingy and unpicturesque side of his subject. But he has most certainly succeeded with some of his characters; if not with *Dick Aylmer* himself, then with his colleagues in the Mission, and especially with the whimsical little Bishop and his mother, and *Kato Gintaro*, the first convert. *Kato* is the cream of the collection without doubt, and not alone for the unexpectedness of his remarkable English. He stands for the representative of modern Japan, the Europeanised specimen, as against *Mikami*—the type of the ancient feudal retainer—whose Christianity was founded on fidelity to a plighted word. It must be admitted that here, at all events, our respectful homage goes to the old school rather than the new. But it is *Kato* who leads the young and fervent missionary into strange paths, until at length he persuades him into marriage with a Japanese girl, partly in order to save her from a life of shame and partly from a vague hope that only by this means can the East and West ever begin to understand one another. It is clear from the first that the experiment is doomed to turn out tragically, and it does.

But the end finds *Dick* in the hands of old *Captain Baxter*, skipper of the *Seisho Maru*, with a prospect of learning a new form of mission work, *vid* the post of ship's cook. We have every confidence that "*Bibleman*" *Baxter* will teach him a modicum of common sense.

Mr. DION CLAYTON CALTHROP, like the late *Deacon Brodie*, was "allus a light hand with the bones." Prettier and more dexterous juggling with the fantasies and humours, the troubles even, of the life of every day, than Mr. CALTHROP presents in *Rose-Coloured Spectacles* (MILLS AND BOON), you shall hardly find. But is it fair to call this gay and brilliant collection by a title which suggests unreality? I prefer to think that Mr. CALTHROP, beholding the world with his natural vision, perceives what is really there. In the charming little story of "*Whynot John*" the boy justly observes that "grown-up people seem to talk such a lot about things that don't matter, like bills, and the cook, and speeches out of the paper, so one has to think about the other thing so's not to waste the day..." Mr. CALTHROP thinks about the "other thing," like the boy's friend, Mr. *Whynot John*, who "was always dressed in blue, and he has a butterfly in his button-hole, and there's always music." Indeed, Mr. *Whynot John* in the story was one of those quaint, delightful, unaccountable beings whom some children create for themselves, and who become their constant invisible companions—creatures Mr. CALTHROP knew all about long before the solemn psychologists (with some perturbation) discovered them. Mr. CALTHROP is Mr. *Whynot John* to the great good-natured public which pretends it has grown up, but still retains its belief in fairies. On its behalf I take the liberty of protesting against the horrid practice of marring the narrative with subtitles inserted in the text.

No one could be better equipped to write *My Native Devon* (MACMILLAN) than the Hon. JOHN W. FORTESCUE. He is a keen sportsman, and whether he is describing a hunt in North Devon (a country beset with difficulties for horses and hounds) or telling us about a day's rough shooting he has the knack of taking us afield with him. Hunting, shooting and cricket find a place in these pages, but the book derives its main value from the light it throws upon the social conditions of a past age. I like especially the chapter "*In Quarantine*," which deals with several well-bred, mischievous, spirited boys, who may have been proud of their lineage but never thought of presuming upon it. Although the majority of these sketches are told in the form of fiction, I think we may take it that the fiction is founded solidly upon fact. And without doubt they prove that with the passing of certain social conditions we lose at least some of the friendliness and trust which existed between the rich and the poor. Not a trace of patronage is to be found in Mr. FORTESCUE's sketches, but abundant

evidence of kindness and good fellowship is there for anyone not blinded by prejudice to see. A most charming and informative collection, which closes with an amusing account of the North Devon Yeomanry and a warm tribute to the gallant Devonshire Regiment.

I cannot remember reading a novel which exceeded Miss I. A. R. WYLIE's *Ancient Fires* (CASSELL) in the accumulation of sheer horrors. Though she stages a murder and murder trial in England and touches on the War, in which her hero suffered injuries to an arm, afterwards intensified to the point of amputation by a ferocious Election mob, she has reserved yet more harrowing moments for the latter part of the story, which takes place in the Central American State of Quetzalango. Here she brings together her heroine, *Lisbeth*, and the wonderful and abominable *General John Smith, V.C.*, and finally her hero, *Sir Euan Fitzroy*;

and what they do not, between them, endure, inflict or watch someone else suffer (the tale ends up with a very nasty if convenient volcanic eruption) would be scarcely worth mentioning. Readers who find *Fore's Book of Martyrs* something more than a pleasant stimulant to the imagination might be well advised to leave *Ancient Fires* unread. I am all the sorrier to say so since, in spite of the fact that on the last page she seems to have forgotten the place of residence assigned to her hero and heroine on the ninth, Miss WYLIE has written her story extremely well. It is really interesting, really romantic, really moving—much too moving at times—and *John Smith's* career and personality are not only possible but even probable as she, with *Sir Euan* as her mouthpiece, exhibits them; and that is saying a great deal.



BOXING LESSONS BY CORRESPONDENCE.

"HULLO, CHARLIE, WHAT'S UP?"

"GOT KNOCKED OUT IN THE SECOND LESSON, AND I'M TAKING THE COUNT."

The scene of *The Midlander* (HEINEMANN) is laid in the West, but not "very West," of America. It is a tale of two brothers, sons of well-to-do parents. *Dan Oliphant* was spontaneous and unthrift; *Harlan* never began to give himself away. At the outset of his career *Dan* hung a millstone round his neck by marrying a New York girl who detested the Western town to which she was transplanted, and regarded the *Oliphants'* friends as almost barbarous; and, although *Dan*, with all his projects for "boosting" his native place, was more than a little tiresome, I still think that as a wife she was too heavy a burden for any man. *Harlan*, while *Dan* was engaged in mighty plans at which nearly everyone laughed, was sitting tight and watching every move on the board. Of *Harlan* I cannot help believing that I was at first given a wrong impression. Even his grandmother, an exceedingly shrewd old lady, did not understand his "deep pride," and where she failed it is no wonder that I did not succeed. Anyhow he turned out to be less obnoxious than I imagined, and as a contrast to *Dan* he is complete. Mr. BOOTH TARKINGTON gives us a clear picture of an American town in the making, and has written a story which is neither frantically exciting nor in the least dull.

CHARIVARIA.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE wants to unsheathe the liberating sword of HAMPDEN, CROMWELL and GLADSTONE. It looks as though he is contemplating a haircut at last. * *

The closing of Waterloo Bridge is regarded in some quarters as the end of an unhappy chapter in Anglo-French relations. * *

An American visitor to the British Empire Exhibition has stated his intention of visiting all the side shows, including London. * *

A young Dutch giant who arrived in London last week is said to be so tall that he can light his cigars from street lamps. Our street lamps are notoriously so ill-designed that ordinary cigar-smokers are put to the inconvenience of swarming up them for this purpose. * *

A Scottish delegate to the Postal Workers' Conference at Torquay stated that the custom of giving Christmas-boxes to postmen was absolutely unknown in Scotland. We are surprised. * *

It was suggested by some of the postal workers at Torquay that a museum of postal antiquities should be formed. We confess that we immediately thought of something very brilliant to say about pens, but it seems a shame to take the money. * *

According to a news item a Texas farmer who went fishing so scared the fish that they scurried from the stream and climbed up a tree. We prefer that sort of story to that sort of face. * *

MR. LUDOVIC MANN has discovered a wave within the body of the earth which moves once in every eight thousand years. Upon reading this it is said that CAPABLANCA, the chess champion, broke down and wept bitterly. * *

A weekly paper mentions a man who recently stated that he had never attended an inquest. What strange lives some men lead! * *

Burglars broke into the Fleet Street

offices of a newspaper last week. We should like to know who has been spreading this rumour about journalists having money. * *

The Paris dress experts move the waist-line so often that it is no wonder women complain that they can never find things where they last put them. * *

We read that during the flight of a golf-ball on a Northern links it killed a sparrow, swerved, crashed through a bathroom window and came to rest in the bath. American papers please copy. * *

An American who had been charged in New York with burglary was at the Middlesex Sessions sent to penal servitude for committing a similar offence

we were under the impression that if he had had his choice he wouldn't have been born at all. * *

A fox which entered a Surrey golf club-house was killed by the caretaker. On some links, of course, golfers wear red coats on purpose to scare foxes away. * *

A rare terrapin has been missed from the Zoo. In our opinion it should have been guarded with particular care just now, when there are so many hungry Americans in London. * *

"Synthetic wood alcohol can now be manufactured from natural gas, chlorine and lime," says a scientific journal. The really straightforward bootlegger, however, will continue to flavour his mixture with genuine Scotch. * *

MR. G. B. SHAW declared recently that there is no more contented man in England than himself. This relieves us of a load of anxiety. * *

The normal person breathes twenty times a minute. Possibly this is why so many of these small two-seaters split up the sides. * *

Some priceless china belonging to the Earl of DUDLEY is shortly coming under the hammer. The EARL has our sympathy. Our parlour-maid does quite enough in the same line

with her bare hands. * *

MR. SIMP, the artist, says that a picture, to be remembered, ought to irritate you by its perpetual challenge. Many boxers are like this. * *

We understand that the latest stringent Prohibition regulation in America compels bootleggers to print the names of the ingredients of their liquor on the label. * *

The Guardian asks what WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR would have thought of wireless. As we are a respectable paper, we can't tell you, but you might guess. * *

"The advantage of modern motor traffic in London is completely nullified by the obstructive horse. Motorists find their motors useless and are driven underground."—Daily Paper. More often the fate of the unhappy pedestrian.



THE MANNEQUIN CRAZE EXTENDS TO FISHMONGERY.

in London. It is disgraceful that American cracksmen should expect to open up business in this country while so many of our own burglars are out of work. * *

A tomtit has built its nest in a pillar-box at Catteral, near Garstang. Now at last we can get on with the summer. * *

An East London woman told the magistrate last week that because her landlady poured a cup of tea over her she concluded that she was unfriendly. Feminine intuition again. * *

Scientists have discovered a new gas which gives off no smell but results in an agonizing death. Isn't civilisation wonderful? * *

Dean INGE says that if he had his choice he would put back the date of his birth forty or fifty years. Hitherto

LEFT HANDS ACROSS THE CHANNEL.

Just as in England, so—and this is curious—
In France that runs a different traffic code
Whereby her Jehus, whose *élan* is furious,
Are made to keep the right side of the road,
A sudden movement to the left, or sinister,
Upsets the cart of yet one more Prime Minister.

I have not always held with you, POINCARÉ;
I sniffed at your excursions in the Ruhr;
Your rule of "*Si vis pacem, bellum para*"—
Its fiscal virtues struck me as obscure;
But, oh! I give my bosom leave to ache
For pity of the painful toss you take.

You were a patriot, out for France's glory;
Ever of other lands you loved her best;
Had England reared you, you'd have been a Tory
And made Imperial Preference your quest;
Yet with your whiskers France has wiped the floor
Because she feared her food would cost her more.

She loved you dearly when your Army routed
The Hun in peace-time—"Bon!" she cried; "*très bon!*"

Deliriously she loved the way you flouted
Her old Allies with your unyielding "*Non!*"
But, like our Mr. BALDWIN, you must fall
Because she loved her tummy most of all.

And yet I see from this apparent evil
Much good for our democracies "emerge";
I see the Entente, thanks to your upheaval,
More cordial still (if possible) resurge;
I hear two nations' hearts together beat
With mutual hate of dearer things to eat.

Another's lips, not yours, will chat at Chequers—
Whose (as we go to Press) I cannot say;
But, though he's one of those same Conference-
wreckers,

With the old cry, "I'm there, and there I stay,"
Naught can unstick two peoples firmly glued
All through a common fear of costlier food. O. S.

IN THE NEWS.

THE MILLIONAIRE.

THE fact is that millionaires are really very much like ordinary human beings, but it would be fatal in the journalist's opinion to admit this. The first thing he learns is that there is no human interest in human beings as such; it is only after becoming famous or notorious in some way that one's humanity is discovered to be a matter of absorbing interest.

For instance, I eat cold sausage. "Really?" you say, yawning, if you say anything. Perhaps you yourself eat them; the possibility leaves me equally cold. As cold-sausage-eaters we have no chance of publicity; but, if we were also murderers or millionaires, the bright young men of the Press would be censured by their editors if they failed to mention our weakness for cold sausage in their accounts of us. "The murderer was especially fond of cold sausage;" "Mr. Asa Q. Sassafaras, the millionaire Waffle King, is in the habit of eating a cold sausage every morning." Then the public thrills.

It is presumed to have an insatiable appetite for news of this description:—

"Mr. Nosmo King, the Near-Beer multi-millionaire, and

his family have arrived at the Savile Hotel from Attaville, Wis. They intend spending a fortnight in London before proceeding to Paris, and will return here for the Season. 'I'm just crazy about your old City,' remarked Miss Kiki King. 'Yesterday I went to peek at St. Paul's. We sure have nothing quite like it in Attaville.'

Sooner or later we shall hear of Miss Kiki King again. She will be engaged or married, and I am ready to wager that she will choose her father's chauffeur. If I win my bet I am afraid I shall be disappointed in Mr. King, of whose strength and ruthlessness in business I have heard a great deal. I want him to be the first millionaire who will dare to flout the Press of the world by giving his immediate consent to his daughter's marriage with his chauffeur.

Hitherto the hallowed ritual has been studiously observed. The news of Miss Gloria's elopement and the letter she left for her father is flashed across oceans and continents by pale-faced operators wearing green eye-shades, and metal expanding bracelets round their shirt-sleeves. The next day they announce that Miss Gloria has been found in a one-roomed apartment in the Bronx, peeling onions for her husband's evening meal. "Yes, my father forbade me ever to see my husband again after he caught him holding my hand; but, though I have married out of my own class, I have married the man I love."

A few days later we learn that Miss Gloria's father has refused to see her again. "I have no daughter!" Then comes the manly visit of the chauffeur to his father-in-law, followed by her father's to Gloria. Little boys and girls who have acquired only recently the daily paper habit wonder breathlessly what is going to happen. Inevitably follow forgiveness, tears, universal joy and the installation of the chauffeur in his father-in-law's business. "I realise that my daughter has chosen a Man!"

Mr. Nosmo King may surprise me by immediately welcoming his chauffeur as a son-in-law, but I expect nothing new when he tells us the story of his early struggles. This is the pabulum which the journalist keeps for little magazines of the intimate kind which have made the modern suburban home what it is:—

Take the case of Mr. Lincoln O. Berkeley, the Over-shoe (we should say Golosh) Magnate. He rose, it seems, every morning, winter and summer, at four o'clock. He chopped wood for various neighbours, fetched water and was generally useful within a radius of five miles. After a mouthful of clam-chowder he trudged to the village school and returned to repeat some of the morning's tasks. With the money thus gained he bought an Encyclopedia on the instalment plan. From the age of twelve to sixteen he hired himself to a farmer, paying for correspondence courses with his meagre wages. During this entire period he lived on butter-milk and corn-cobs. Then, carrying a grip containing his Encyclopedia and a tooth-brush, he sought the city and began to starve. The day before he had arranged to commit suicide an old man slipped in front of him on the sidewalk. Remarking, "I trust, Sir, that you have sustained no serious injury," Mr. Berkeley assisted the man to his feet. He was, of course, a millionaire, and took young Berkeley into his business. The rest was plain sailing.

This is the stuff that does the young ones good; it confirms them in their optimism. I am sure that it meets with the approval of miserly farmers and the proprietors of correspondence courses; and I advise all boys who are under twelve years of age to lose no time in following Mr. Berkeley's example.

Is there no hope for us others, who know from sad experience that aged gentlemen are remarkably steady on their feet? I think so; we can always become chauffeurs.



THE RIVALS.

MASTER HERBERT ASQUITH. "HE HATES ME MORE THAN HE HATES YOU."

MASTER STANLEY BALDWIN. "BET YOU HE HATES ME MOST."

MASTER ASQUITH. "I'LL FIGHT YOU FOR IT OUTSIDE."



Lawyer. "WELL, TO DEFEND YOU I SHALL WANT MONEY. HAVE YOU ANY?"
 Client. "OH, YUS—PLENTY."
 Lawyer. "SPLENDID. NOW, WHAT DO THEY ACCUSE YOU OF STEALING?"
 Client. "OH—MONEY."

MEN OF THE MINUTE.

MR. GROCK.

"A living gesture of undaunted perseverance."

By THE EARL OF BLAZONHEAD.

UNLIKE most of those who have been the subject of the sketches which I have hitherto attempted, Mr. Grock as yet has filled no place in the fiercely irradiated arenas of politics or the law. Born somewhere in France on April 1, 1872 (an *annus mirabilis* which furnished history with at least one other remarkable personality), this consummately equipped and passionately sincere exponent of fundamental truth is consequently to-day in his fifty-second year. Neither a public-school nor any ancient foundation in our two great Universities, those twin nurseries of so much forensic and political eminence, can claim the honour of his education. He was not ambitious for, nor did he seek election to, a scholarship at Wadham or Merton or even Balliol; nor did it fall to his lot to grace the Presidential Chair of the Oxford Union Society, though there will be few dissentients

from the opinion that, had he sought distinction along any such well-trodden avenues, his career would have been attended by success not less pre-eminent than that of others ungifted with his particular attributes of balance and initiative. But he decided that his own special and individual qualities would find more congenially independent and wider scope beneath another kind of limelight and on a less commonplace stage.

SHAKESPEARE AND THE MUSICAL CLOWNS.

His selection of the method best adapted to his sensitive and peculiar gifts need cause little surprise to those who, like myself, have made a study of the application of particular ambitions and abilities to a general purpose. By his immortal conception of the character of *Feste* SHAKESPEARE has indicated in *Twelfth Night* his recognition of the potentialities of musical clowning as an influence upon the philosophy of his age. And from the time when the destinies of Rome were directed by an

Imperial violinist with a marked though unappreciated sense of humour, whose wayward genius succeeded in firing the homes if not the hearts of his unresponsive subjects, right down to the nineteenth-century triumphs of PAGANINI—whose "one-string theory" found a later if less Mephistophelian exponent in "The White-eyed Kafir"—the profession of a musical clown has been followed in history by a succession of illustrious individuals. Moreover, during my tenure of the Attorney-Generalship I had the honour of discussing the contrapuntal composition of international agreements with the greatest of modern pianists, whose views on the question of *chevelure* are scarcely endorsed by Mr. Grock, but whose subtly-Gilbertian humour ultimately led him to the Presidential throne of Poland. The subject of the present observations, however, bases his claim to fame, unlike his prototypes, upon his mastery, not of one, but of a variety of instruments, always excluding that which has served to win access into the *penetralia* of Cabinets (real or shadow) for

persons perhaps of equal eminence but inferior versatility—the human voice.

AN EXAMPLE TO MILLIONS.

The task which he early set himself—the austere severity of which is now but too apparent in the weary pallor of his face and the depilation of his massive head—was to secure and consolidate by the exercise of his magnetic talents a mutual understanding between Great Britain and his native country; and of his tireless energies toward this end millions of men and women in both France and England have been the appreciative and applauding witnesses.

In order that the catalogue of his successful activities may be made less tedious than that of the allies (I refer to those who invaded Troy), it may briefly be summarized by stating that over the past five years or so he has abundantly achieved his object.

Having by strenuous diligence and the most arduous application mastered the initial difficulties of the clown's profession, this shapely boy became at length a power in Paris, where his enlightening and sagacious influence in 1919 was a dominant factor in harmonizing the counsels of the Allied statesmen there assembled in conclave.

AN UNFORTUNATE INCIDENT.

Evening after evening during those anxious and laborious days I myself drew from him both fortitude and inspiration; and it is an open secret that it was only owing to an unfortunate experience of the instability of the furniture at Versailles and of the unsubstantial nature of the glass panelling against which he happened momentarily to have leant, that his portrait finds no place among those of the Elder Statesmen of Europe immortalised by Sir WILLIAM ORPEN in his pictorial record of the Peace Council assembled in the *Galerie des Glaces*.

But it is in London that the man has attained to his fullest stature and to the securing of emoluments which would not be disdained by a Leader either on the Film or in the Forum. Statesmen, orators, Privy Councillors, and even those, such as ex-Lord Chancellors, who combine in one person this trinity of distinctions, sit nightly at his feet, forsaking for the purpose the sedate portals of the Chancellery Club and the classic precincts of Cheerio's; and he has succeeded in wringing even from the members of a *blasé* and unimaginative House of Lords tributes of popularity scarcely inferior to those accorded to the DOLLY SISTERS.

Not that Fortune has left him altogether scatheless. Deprived, by one of those inscrutable decrees of Providence to which we must all submit, of the



The Man. "RATHER SMART OF THAT WAITER. I DON'T SUPPOSE I'VE DINED HERE MORE THAN TWICE BEFORE, BUT HE KNEW ME."

services and assistance of a devoted partner, he rises superior to the buffets of Fate and continues to exhibit the resilient courage and the undaunted self-reliance that are characteristic of his mercurial nation, and which might well provide an example to some among our own enfeebled and superseded politicians, untinged as it is by the fatuous idealism so rightly deprecated by the most prescient of our legislators.

NOT A "MEEK MAN."

Brilliant, impetuous, sometimes a little too sure of himself, and almost childlike in his impulses, he belongs to no party of surrender; he is no "meek man," but a philosopher who insists on a self-confident and inflexible grappling with difficulties as they occur. The supreme clown of his time, he is without a peer—or indeed a peerage. I have myself, both while in and out of

office, enjoyed for several years an association with him of which at the time he may possibly have been unaware, though it was as close as the limitations of theatrical architecture would permit, and unbroken by any cloud save that produced by an unimpeachable tobacco. From constant and unwearying observation, therefore, I am in a position unhesitatingly to assert that, apart from the ungracious world of politics, hardly anyone in our generation has made progress so swiftly and so deservedly as Mr. Grock, with regard to whom it may fairly be claimed, if and so long as his interest remains centred in the great work to which he has set his hand, that there are hardly any limits to the ambitions which he may legitimately

(Continued on page 18, col. 6.)

NEXT WEEK, MR. JACK JONES.

[I don't think so.—ED.]

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XII.—BEYOND THE MOUNTAINS.

A dull roar and a girlish scream of mingled terror and delight. Another dull roar and another scream.

The appetite of mankind for pleasure is high in inexhaustible.

Were it not so, I imagine that, having been flung down incredible slopes, so that the stomach rises to the region of the heart, and dashed up similar slopes again, clinging tightly to the rail of a trolley-car; having been whirled round and round giddy corners at a terrific speed and pulled up with suddenness in a chair attached to a crank; having butted and barged about in little electric motor-cars that refuse to obey the steering-wheel, a quiet citizen would be disposed to cry out, "No, no; let there be a limit. I am no mere blind voluptuary. If I need more dissipation I can get it by hanging on to the strap of my Underground carriage or reeling to and fro on the top of my motor-bus. I will not go upon the Witching Waves nor the Giant Caterpillar this afternoon."

But in the Wembley Amusement Park there is little sign of such continence.

We stood for some time and watched the expectant queue going in and the hilarious mob coming out of a distraction on the outside of which was written:—

*"Ashes to Ashes
And Dust to Dust,
If the Squirrels don't get you,
Over the Falls must."*

"What happens in there?" I asked one of the revenants.

"Shoves you up a narrow passage in the dark," he said, "and slams you into a little thing like a lift, and the bottom comes out and lands you slap on your back on a lot of green canvas, and bumps you down with your legs in the air, and all the ones as 'as been down stands at the bottom laughing at you. Fine show that is."

No doubt, if the Underground Railway understood its business that is the way that people would arrive every morning at the Bank or Chancery Lane.

But they have no *flair* for amusing the public on the Underground.

It was now raining heavily and a few yards further on we found another allurement called, so far as I can remember, the Magic Mill.

"Is that much fun?" I asked a survivor.

"Rare," he said, with a happy smile. "You go into one of them punts, and they take you round through the water, and there's a sort of a wheel splashes you all over. Ain't you going on?"

"No, I don't think I shall," I said, looking at the drops on his hat. "I am roystering in a quiet way all the time as it is. You see, there is a huge hole in my umbrella. I suppose, however," I said, turning to the Illustrator, "that we ought to take a turn on the greatest switchback railway in the world."

"No," he said, "no. I do not think the Flag calls us there. But I'll tell you what I'll do. We'll go and Break up the Happy Home."

Hardly anyone was Breaking up the Happy Home, but a large congregation assembled to see us do it.

"We had a Archdeacon here yesterday," said the man in charge.

Fired by emulation, the Illustrator took two shillingsworth.

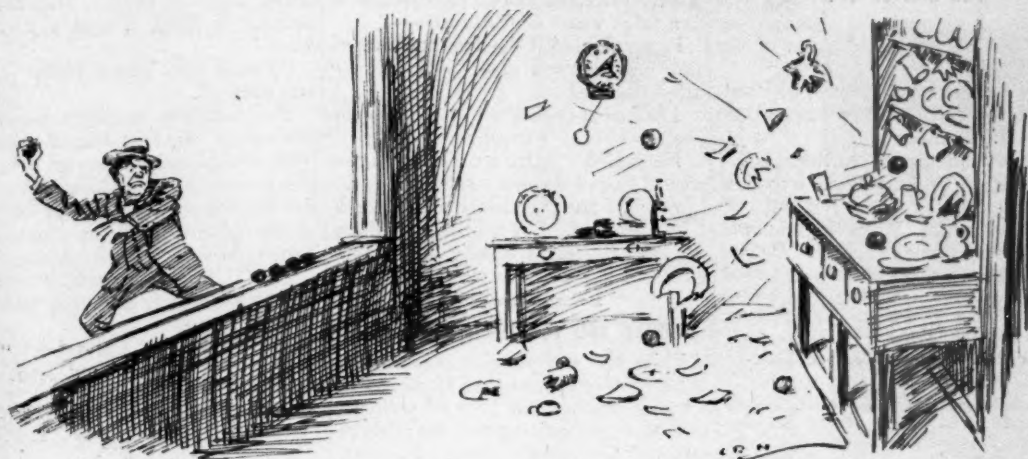
"It's rather funny," I pointed out,

"that they don't seem to have any coconut-shies in this part of the Empire, although there are lots of coconuts in West Africa and in Burma. I used to hit rather a long coconut, I remember, when I was a boy."

However, I managed to get the Illus-



THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.



DON'T GROUSE AT YOUR COOK. RELIEVE YOUR FEELINGS AT WEMBLEY.

trator's character written on a piece of paper for me by a dark gentleman in flowing robes, hailing probably from one of the mandated portions of Africa. This only cost me sixpence, and, considering that the soothsayer had nothing but the correct initials to work upon, it may be considered cheap at the price.

"Tender and kind-hearted," said the oracle, "is your disposition. You are considered good company, as you have pleasant manners, are seldom blunt-spoken. You make many friends, and many events in life will come about by association among other people. You have good talents, and if they are actively engaged they would bring you in a good percentage. You have sufficient abilities to enable you to fill a responsibility.

Lucky Day, Saturday:
Best Days, 8th, 17th, 24th
of each month."

"The twenty-fourth of this month," I pointed out to him, "will be Empire Day. Isn't that an extraordinary coincidence?"

A few minutes later, turning a corner, we came suddenly upon the Palace of Beauty.

There they all were inside, like leopards at the Zoo, or like fishes in the Aquarium—HELEN OF TROY, CLEOPATRA, Scheherazade, DANTE'S BEATRICE, NELL GWYNNE and the rest, down to Miss 1924. Owing to the glass, of course, one could only irritate them, one could not give them buns.

"It seems to me," I said to the Illustrator, "that there ought to be a guide. I'm perfectly certain that lots of the people who come here don't know who all these ladies were. In the first of these cases, gentlemen, we

have the notorious HELEN OF TROY, responsible for the breaking-up of the happy home of MENELAUS of Sparta. She made many friends, and many events in life came about by association among other people. Launched a thousand ships, her face did, and sacked the topmost towers of Ilium. Passing on to the next, we find CLEOPATRA, for whom the Roman patrician, MARK ANTONY, counted the world well lost.



TUTANKH-AMEN'S TOMB.

She was considered good company, as she had pleasant manners and was seldom blunt-spoken. Having melted a pearl in vinegar, she was defeated on the Witching Waves at Actium. ELIZABETH WOODVILLE, first of our own British beauties in this collection, was the wife of EDWARD THE FOURTH, known as the Merchant King—which

once more reminds us that next Saturday will be Empire Day, when a massed band six hundred strong—"

"Scheherazade," interrupted the Illustrator, "has been smiling at me."

As we were about to leave, we were asked to fill in a kind of voting paper, putting the ten beauties of the world in the order of our preference. I filled in mine chronologically, for I always think it politer to pay respect to the old. But the Illustrator said he would have to go round again, and, taking out his watch, he stood for several minutes in front of each showcase in turn.

"What on earth have you been doing?" I asked when he returned.

"I find that if you stare at them solemnly and long enough," he said, "they're bound to turn away their heads. It's the power of the masculine eye. I've timed every one of them now, and I'm putting them down in the order of longest endurance."

"Who won?"

"Miss 1924 would have," he said, "but she sneezed."

"Let's go out and find some other rollicking side-show," I suggested. "I believe there's a live mermaid somewhere or other who dives into a salmon-pool."

We were diverted from this spectacle, however, by seeing an eager crowd gathering at the gate of a low building with white walls. I read the placard on it.

"Is your craving for jollity still unappeased?" I asked.

"It is," replied the Illustrator.

"Come along, then," I said.

We entered TUTANKH-AMEN'S Tomb.
EVOE.

THE CASTLE COW.

WHEN I entered the dining-room Peggy was sitting on the arm of her father's chair.

"He's a dear," she crooned, "but, oh! so pig-headed. What is 850,000 lire in English money?"

"I can't do mental arithmetic," I said, "but it's probably quite a modest sum in sterling."

"There!" cried Peggy in triumph. "I knew it must be a bargain. Do you ever see *The Italian Mail*? A friend of Mum's sends it to her. Listen to this:—

FOR SALE.

BEAUTIFUL MEDIEVAL CASTLE NEAR FLORENCE.

28 rooms, large loggia on the street. Extensive grounds. Two garages, one by gate near tram-line. Stables, large farmhouse (a Swiss cow also goes with the property). Beautifully and completely furnished in the style of the building itself. Price: Lire 850,000. Furnished. 750,000 unfurnished.

There's a picture of it and it looks simply ripping. Battlements with in-and-out bits—"

"Machicolated," I said. "It certainly sounds attractive. There is probably an arrangement for pouring molten lead on unwelcome callers and perhaps even an *oubliette*. Medieval builders were very good at providing little conveniences of that sort. I'm not so sure about the furniture. It may be beautiful, and I don't suppose DANTE'S BEATRICE would have found any fault with it. They weren't so finicking in those days."

"What do you mean?" said Peggy bluntly.

I waved my hand. "A velvet canopy for your bed but no tooth-glass."

"I expect they've put in a tooth-glass by now. But, anyhow, I don't care. I want Daddy to buy it."

"I would, my dear," said her father earnestly, "if it wasn't for the Swiss cow. I was reading about them only the other day. They are trained to fight, and the most ferocious are crowned queens. How do I know that this one isn't a queen? In any case she is an exile and probably home-sick and irritable in consequence."

"They only fight each other," said Peggy.

"Well," said her father, "we will assume that she is of a pacific nature, though I doubt it. Indeed I am inclined to suspect that her present owner's chief concern is to get rid of her, and that he is giving the castle away with her as a bonus or bribe. Still, for the sake of the argument we will presume that she is a pattern of meekness. What then? Have I, have you, Peggy, or your dear mother, ever felt the faintest wish to

keep a cow? The milkman calls twice a day. If he should go on strike there is a thick white stuff in tins—"

Peggy glanced at the clock and jumped up. "Bother! I shall be late," she cried, and fled.

I looked at her father. "Will that be the end of it?" I inquired.

He smiled. "Oh, no. But I have a second line of defence—the tram-line."

"Still, I like the cow touch," I said. "It's unusual. I'm thinking of selling my deer forest. I wonder if it would go better if I threw in the canary?"

"SORRY YOU'VE BEEN TROUBLED."

Philip was not peculiar in his dislike of being rung up and then dismissed as a wrong number, but he was, perhaps, unusual in recognising that the mistake was not the caller's fault. So that, when he took off the receiver and a voice said hopefully, "Is that Miss Shaw?" his explanation was as courteous as could be.

"Oh!" said the voice regretfully. "Isn't that 3575?"

"Yes; but I'm afraid there isn't any Miss Shaw here," he insisted.

"Oh!" The owner of the voice seemed flustered and there was a moment's silence. "Oh! I'm so sorry. It was 3573 I wanted."

"Not at all," said Philip, and hung up the receiver.

But there was something about the voice, or about the day, or about Philip—or quite possibly about all three—that made him wish that the conversation could have been prolonged. There was a softness in the voice, a kind of hesitant charm, he reflected, as, half an hour later, he found himself regarding the telephone with unusual interest.

After all, why not? His fingers touched the receiver, and "Number, please" was sounding in his ear before he realised that some answer was necessary.

"3573," he said doubtfully. And then, inevitably, "Is that Miss Shaw?"

"Yes."

"I wonder," pursued Philip pleasantly, "if you could give me the number of the lady who rang you up just now?"

"How do you know anyone rang me up?" came the reply in a surprised tone.

"She rang me up by mistake," Philip answered fluently, "and, as I've invented a little system which prevents such things, I thought she might like to hear of it."

"A what?"

"A system. A new kind of phonetics. I'm offering it to the Post Office very shortly. If you could let me have her number?"

"Well, the sooner you give it them the better, I should think. Miss Tyndall's number is 3040, if that's what you want."

"Thank you," said Philip politely, and rang off.

The next few moments seemed encouraging. Having diligently rung up 3040, Philip was lengthy in his apologies that he had not been given 4030. But his regrets were nothing compared to the astonishment he expressed at hearing Miss Tyndall's voice again.

"But," he stammered, "surely it was you who rang me up by mistake a little while ago?"

"Was it?" said the voice. "How very funny!" And a pleasant little laugh reached his ears.

"I say, isn't that extraordinary? I don't think that kind of thing can be just chance, do you? I mean, here we are, miles away probably, and never seen each other, and then connected up like this twice within an hour. Don't you think—?"

He hesitated artistically.

"Are you still there?" came the voice encouragingly.

"Yes; but—"

"Oh, I thought they'd cut us off, perhaps."

"No; but I suddenly thought perhaps you wouldn't like me to say what I was going to say."

"I wonder. It's difficult to tell, isn't it?"

"Don't you think we ought to—celebrate it somehow? It sounds awful cheek, I know, but—one gets so lonely, doesn't one? I was just thinking of going down to Soho for dinner. Gardino's. You know it, I expect."

"Oh, yes; I like Gardino's."

"Do you think—perhaps? At eight?"

The voice quoted, surprisingly:—

"Perhaps it may turn out a song, Perhaps turn out a sermon."

The couplet was followed by a click and silence.

"On the whole," reflected Philip, taking up his hat, "it's worth trying."

Miss Tyndall hung up the receiver with a smile and sought out her brother.

"I'm going to have a birthday treat, after all," she said, "in spite of your old work upsetting everything. I'm going out to dinner."

"Good. I'm so glad," he answered, looking up from a pile of papers. "It'd be a shame to have to stay in on your sixtieth birthday. Good luck!"

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"Many prominent men . . . became absorbed in the idea, and now there are thousands of people . . . who believe firmly that the only way to end war is to abolish it."

Monthly Magazine.

ROYAL ACADEMY—SECOND DEPRESSIONS.



OLYMPIC GAMES. BOTTICELLI GIRLS v. GOAT. THE START.
(See STARTER IN BACKGROUND.)



Gentleman on left (to artist). "NEARLY FINISHED, MR. MUNNINGS?"

His Friend. "SH-SH! IT'S NOT MR. MUNNINGS!"



The Child. "A MOST UNPLEASANT WORLD! WHY WAS I BORN?"



NIGHT ON THE PIAZZA AT VENICE. SAD FLIGHT OF
BRITISH TOURISTS CROWDED OUT BY GERMANS.



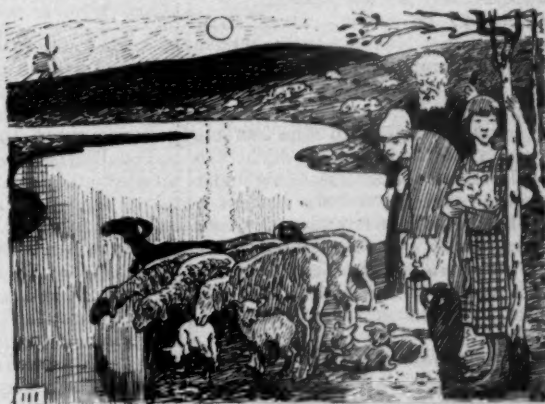
"WE ARE ENJOYING OURSELVES, AREN'T WE, MUMMY? BETTER THAN THOSE SOLEMN PEOPLE OVER AT NUMBER 138."



"AREN'T WE BEHAVING NICELY, MOTHER? NOT LIKE THOSE ROWDY PEOPLE OVER AT NUMBER 126."



PROFESSOR CHIRON CONDUCTING HIS CLASS IN DEEP-BREATHING EXERCISES.



Father of Bo-Peep (to Mother). "HAVE THEY ALL COME HOME?"
Mother of Bo-Peep. "YES; BUT SOME OF THEM SEEM TO HAVE LEFT THEIR TAILS BEHIND THEM."

BYPATHS OF DALLIANCE.

A MEETING of the leading blossoms of the country was called at the Horticultural Hall to discuss the proposal of *The Times* that the blue primrose of the Himalayas (*P. Winterti*) should be propagated in England.

Mr. A. G. GARDINER ("Omega of the Mowing-machine"), who is always on the side of the angels and is conversant with the language of flowers, was in the Chair.

Before the proceedings opened the Chairman read a number of letters from well-known people.

Lord ROSEBERRY wrote saying that any attempt to supersede the yellow primrose with a blue would be resisted by himself. The only association that a primrose should have with that colour was the Blue Riband of the Turf, which he personally hoped again to capture. (Loud cheers.) It had given him great pleasure to celebrate his birthday a few days ago by winning the Thousand Guineas, and that was an augury. (Renewed cheers.)

The Clerk of the Weather wrote to say that it was true that he had been putting up a very bad Spring—(Groans)—but he would urge this point in his favour, that the rain had been very good for the primroses. They had never been so fine and never had so proved their right to be untampered with. (Cheers.)

A letter was read from Lord CURZON, as head of the Primrose League, saying that the "favourite flower" that he and his fellow-politicians owed allegiance to was and must continue to be yellow. The party was true blue, but their emblem was the yellow flower of April 19th, which their revered hero expressed a liking for in salad.

A letter was read from Miss JEKYLL, in which she said that no doubt the *P. Winterti* was of decorative use under certain conditions, and she had for a long time grown a few; but it would be a melancholy day for England if it took the place of the yellow primrose in the woods. Her own Munstead wild garden should never encourage such an interloper.

Mr. GORDON WORDSWORTH wrote that he was sure that his grandfather would have disapproved of the innovation. It was a point of faith with him, as with Mr. BELL, that primroses should be yellow. (Cheers.) All rhythm would

go—not that that mattered much today—(Laughter)—if the famous lines ran, or rather stumbled:—

"A primrose by the river's brim
A blue primrose was to him."

A letter was read from an Australian visitor saying that if the yellow primroses gave way to blue ones it would break her heart. Nothing had ever given her such pleasure as the sight of the English copses this Spring; they were like a mirror of the starry skies; and how she could ever tear herself away from England she did not know. Blue primroses would never look like the starry skies.



Old Burglar. "DON'T TROUBLE TO RECKON 'OW MUCH WE'VE PINCHED, BILL. IT 'LL BE IN THE PAPERS IN THE MORNING."

A letter was read from Dr. BRIDGES, the Poet Laureate, saying that if the yellow primrose was banished from the English country-side he should remain permanently in America. (Sensation.)

The Bluebell said that *The Times* proposition was probably more distasteful to him—and not only distasteful but grossly unfair—than to any other flowers present. As it was, the primrose that they all knew and, he would add, admired and honoured—(Cheers)—paved the way for his own advent. First the primrose, with its very attractive yellow—(Renewed cheers)—in the copices and hedgerows, and then, as the yellow wave receded, the arrival of himself to flood the woods with blue. (Loud applause.) The contrast was one of the most charming things in Nature; foreign-

ers came from the most distant parts of the world to see it. But what kind of an effect would there be if the primrose also were blue? There would be no contrast at all—nothing but monotony; and his own position would be one of considerable peril, because people would be tired. He wished to utter his protest with all the intensity at his command. (Cheers.)

The Forget-me-not said that he could see no necessity for any new blue flowers.

The Wallflower said that its own experience was that to trifle and experiment with the natural colour of a flower was a mistake. Its own proper hue was amber or yellow ochre.

Yet florists had monkeyed with it until they had forced purple and red into its petals. Gardeners of debased taste might like this, but he, the speaker, loathed it. (Loud cheers.)

The Speedwell said that it saw no call for another blue flower.

The Periwinkle said that there was no necessity for another blue flower so long as *The Times* permitted himself to continue. If people would look at him more they would find that he could do for them much that a blue primrose would; but he had never had the attention he deserved. Possibly he suffered through sharing the same name as a common form of shell-fish eaten with a pin. (Cries of "Shame.")

The Cowslip said that it saw no great enormity in substituting blue for yellow primroses.

The Dog Violet said that there were sufficient blue flowers in the woods.

The Primrose, who was very imperfectly heard in the reporters' gallery, was understood to say that she much preferred to remain yellow.

In summing up the debate the Chairman said that the consensus of opinion was hostile to *The Times* revolutionary proposition, and that the decision would be forwarded to the proper quarter. (Loud cheers.)

After singing "The Yellow Flag" the gathering dispersed. E. V. L.

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"The list of eminent men enrolled in that service cannot be numbered; for it is innumerable."—Lord BIRKENHEAD in "The Sunday Times."

"Plumber Puppies, Parents registered K.C.,
Advt. in Provincial Paper."

This confirms the theory that plumbers are born and not made.



Small Girl (noticing park seat-attendant clipping tickets). "Look, MUMMY—THERE'S A CONDUCTOR THAT'S LOST HIS BUS."

A JUMPY EXPERIENCE.

It was a Sunday evening and I was urging an unwilling bicycle along a Hampshire road. Approaching an unknown village I dismounted, for I am a nervous rider, and one never knows what insoluble traffic problem might be presented by cross streets even in a small town on a Sunday; and as I wheeled my bicycle through the main street I noticed a little chapel devoid of architectural interest, bearing an inscription over its portals which woke dim recollections in my mind of something I had read or heard long ago about a peculiar sect in America, whose religious exercises took the form of leaping or prancing in a state of pious fervour. For on a tablet on the façade were the words—

JUMPERS MISSION HALL.

Extreme and unusual expressions of religion have always had an interest for me, and as I looked at the chapel I thought what a wonderful thing it was that an obscure sect in America should have succeeded in finding converts and making a foot-hold in a little Hampshire village. I reflected on the extraordinary persistence of certain human

instincts. Here was a survival of the pagan religious dance, taking one back to the childhood of the race. In imagination I could hear the monotonous thud of goat-skin drums and see the swarthy naked figures swirling in the dust of a sun-scorched Babylonian market-place.

My interest, though keen, was of course purely academic. I had no intention of being converted to this ritual.

The sound of many voices singing came to me from the open door of the little chapel. It seemed quite an ordinary and familiar tune. As I drew nearer I could hear the words and was surprised that they were well known to me from my infancy. I looked in and saw the hall filled with a crowd of people whose appearance seemed in no way different from that of the congregation to be seen in most chapels. There was a pastor or minister in a small pulpit facing the door, and a young woman of modest appearance was playing a harmonium. Not a soul was jumping, not one. It was heart-breaking.

I waited till the hymn was finished, with some faint hope of still witnessing an orgy of religious fervour; but no. The pastor offered prayer. I thought I discerned a gleam of fanaticism in his

expression, and therefore stayed on, still hoping. The prayer seemed interminable, but my spirits again rose when I heard the shuffling of feet among the hearers. But it came to nothing. I had no luck. A few minutes later the singing re-opened—it was the Doxology—and then a few little boys and girls came out, the forerunners of the dispersing worshippers.

I pushed on up the street, carrying with me a sense of failure.

About a hundred yards farther along I accepted defeat utterly, for I came to

JUMPERS POST OFFICE.

If you doubt this tragic narrative, I refer you to the Ordnance Survey of Hampshire, Christchurch district.

A Poor Audience.

"The first independent Chair of 'Sport Hygiene' has been established at Berlin University, the lectured being Dr. Mallwitz." *Evening Paper.*

"Is it not possible in our schools of all classes to teach something of the meaning of loyalty and Empire to the younger generation?—PRO REGEM ET PATRIAM." *Letter in Daily Paper.*

Certainly, and what about a little Latin too?

WHAT TOMMY SAW AT BRIGHTON.

III.—THE BIT.

AFTER our visit to the West Pier George said that we must go back to the Cosmopole and dance at the Tea Dancing.

In London I have never felt an irresistible temptation to dance at tea-time. At Brighton, however, it seemed the natural and inevitable thing to do. Such is the effect of a bracing sea-air.

"But who do we dance with?" I said. "They used to have dancing-partners at the Cosmopole," said George. "Anyhow, there's always a bit or two about?"

"A what?"

"A bit, old boy. A piece of goods—a charmer."

"Do I understand you to mean a young lady, George?"

"Not quite, old man; but something like it."

"Is a 'bit' the same thing as a vamp?" I inquired. I am always fascinated by technical terms.

"More or less," said George; "but not as dangerous—a kind of grass-snake. Quite respectable," he added.

"Then how, George," I pursued, as we entered the Winter Garden, "shall we get to know one?"

"Don't talk shop, old boy," said George, and sat down suddenly.

The Tea Dancing is served, or done, in a kind of greenhouse or winter garden. It has a glass roof, gay decorations, shaded pink lights, palms, tropical daffodils, green pillars and lattice-work up which, one feels, wistaria or grape-fruit ought to grow.

George had promised me that at the Cosmopole I should see the flighty but exciting Londoners who flock to Brighton weekly. On the way down he had murmured the names of several peers and distinguished men, and an equal number of actresses, all of whom, I gathered, had been staying at the Cosmopole during his last visit. Lord Leather, for example, who was generally seen with Patience Parr. I looked about me with interest.

I saw two family parties with a row of daughters and three small boys in Eton collars. I saw several grey-haired men and sober women of advanced years. I saw several young couples, all obviously citizens of Brighton. I saw several comely young ladies, but all these were already members of a couple. On our right, it is true, by a strange chance, sat two young ladies

who seemed to be unattached, the only two in the room. I saw no peers.

It is generally alleged that the Cosmopole is monopolised by the members of one profession or religion. This I judged to be untrue. On the contrary, it seemed to me that every creed, class, colour and race were fairly represented.

"Which is Lord Leather, George?" I asked.

"Don't see him here to-day, old chap," said he shortly.

Trim waitresses served tea, and the youth of Brighton scraped and slid upon the polished arena before us, goaded on by the noise of a saxophone groaning like a sick sheep. George pointed out

and consequently listened. "Don't see much for us, old man, do you?"

"Not much, George," I whispered back. "The only person here that I should like to dance with is our waitress."

George looked shocked; it is difficult to see why.

"What d'you think of these two?" said George, and nodded backwards at the ladies on our right.

"Not much," I whispered nervously. One of the young ladies was dark and one fair. The latter had golden hair and blue eyes, and as a matter of fact I thought her exceedingly beautiful. But I was not going to tell George.

"You can't be too particular, old boy," said he a little too loudly. "You know what your dancing's like."

"I do," I said; "but they don't."

"Very well," said George; "you ask 'em, old boy."

"I haven't finished my tea yet," I said, terrified. "Supposing they're offended, George?"

"If they're offended," said George easily, "they'll say so."

"What fun!" I murmured.

"One sometimes gets a snub," said George loftily, "but not often. Not at Brighton."

"I don't propose to be snubbed often, George. Certainly not at Brighton."

"Go on," said George; "you ask the fair one." I knew George wouldn't like her.

"I'm quite happy watching," I said.

"Well——" said George, rising suddenly. I don't know how it was done, but ten seconds later he and the dark woman were revolving dreamily under the greenhouse roof. I put her halfway between a bit and a vamp.

The other, I judged, was a more refined character, though equally a child of gaiety. But even a single snub, I felt, would throw a shadow over my week-end. Besides, I have not George's address. I sat where I was and lit a cigarette. The fair girl sat alone on the next sofa. George and the demi-vamp danced superbly.

But "Courage!" I said at last. "Did I not come to Brighton to see life?" After all, a Brighton snub would be an experience, and by all accounts a rare one.

I rose and approached the girl. I said feebly, "Don't you dance?"

She smiled sweetly. Her eyes were extraordinarily blue.

"No," she said.

"Oh!" I replied.

I sank on to a chair, staggered. That one so fair and fluffy and engaging



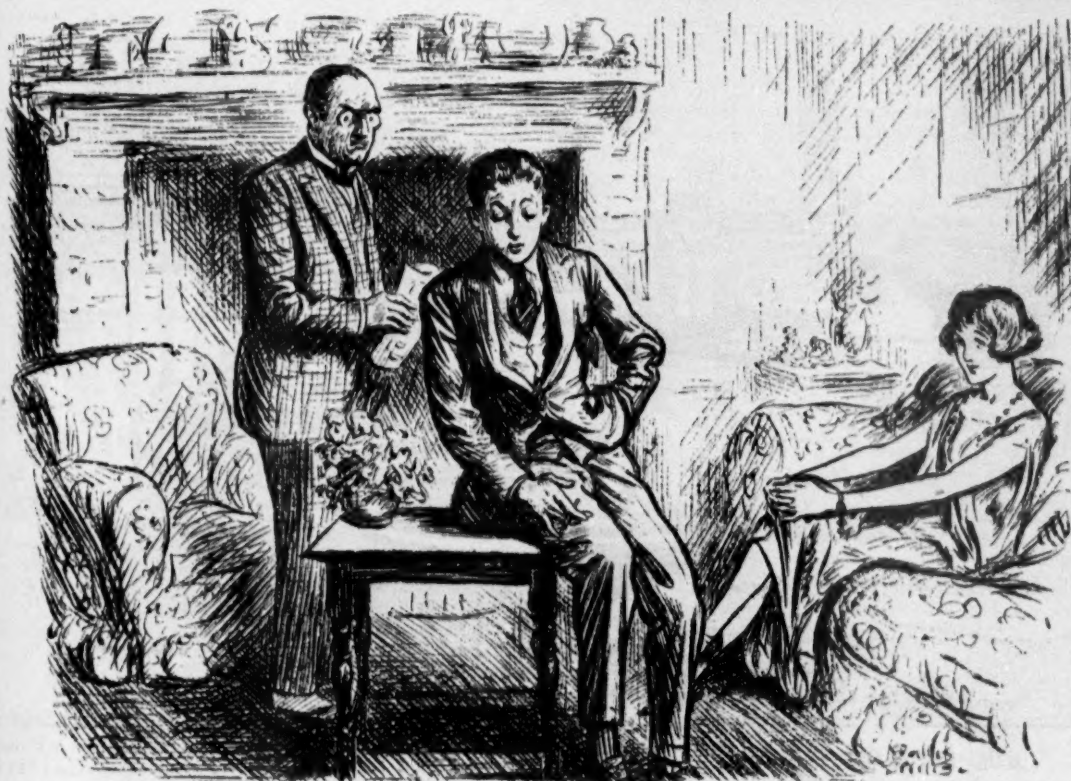
A RARE VERACITY.

Young Curate (concluding his fishing story). "AND IT WAS AS LONG AS—ER—NO—I MUST NOT SAY AS LONG AS MY LITTLE FINGER, BECAUSE MY LITTLE FINGER IS RATHER A LONG ONE."

to me the Professor of Dancing, who was easily the saddest-looking man in the room. It is his duty to pluck in turn the wall-flowers from the walls and wear them like a rose. I watched him pluck a lady of some fifty summers and substantial frame. She opened like a rose and rapturously swayed away in his arms, observed of all observers, but oblivious and happy. George made a caustic comment; but for my part I do not see why the old should not make fools of themselves as well as the young—or better. To-day, after all, is the Age of Age. Let the old things have their fling, I say.

On the other hand, it seemed unjust that there should be no Dancing Professeuse for the lonely male.

George leaned over and whispered heavily behind his hand, so that every-one could see he didn't want to be heard,



Son (to father, who has been using parental authority with his daughter). "PERSONALLY, I DISAGREE ENTIRELY WITH ANGELA. SHE OUGHT TO MAKE ALLOWANCES FOR YOU. WE SHALL PROBABLY BE JUST AS GREAT A NUISANCE TO OUR KIDS."

should be incapable of the Fox-Trot in the twentieth century was incredible. However, it was not a snub; it was a mere statement, kindly made. And I summoned all my powers to continue the conversation.

"It's very cold," I said.

"Yes, it's a bitter wind."

"Do you live in Brighton?"

"We live at Putney. We're staying at Hove."

I breathed again. One can always talk to a Londoner.

"Have you been to any theatres lately?" I said.

"I never go to the theatre."

"Oh!" I said again, and loosened my collar a little.

"Not keen on the Drama?" I ventured brightly.

"I've given up the World," she said.

"I beg your pardon?" The band was playing a noisy cacophonous one-step. I thought I had not heard her right.

"I've given up the World," she said louder, fixing her blue eyes seriously on mine.

"Oh!" I said for the third time, and pinched myself. "Quite," I added vaguely.

"That's why I don't dance," she explained. "I used to love dancing, but I found I couldn't combine it with the Good Life."

I now felt that I knew where I was.

"Oh, come," I said, "there's nothing wrong in dancing. You get to know people, and so on—"

"But not in the best way," she said earnestly. "You can't say that it enriches your spiritual life in any way."

"No," I admitted—"no, I suppose not;" and I glanced at George and the demi-vamp.

"I met a Christian negro once," she went on, "on a steamer; and he was so shocked to see the white men and women embracing each other like—like that"—she also glanced at George—"that it opened my eyes. So I gave up the World," she said simply. "I expect you're laughing at me."

"Certainly not." Nor was I. "But why—?" I began feebly.

"Why do I come to a place like this?" she said sadly. "I'm trying to save my friend as well."

"Heavens!" I thought; "George had put his foot in it again."

Poor girl! how fortunate that it was I who had approached her and not

George—George with his brutal man-of-the-world manner. George, as like as not, *would* have laughed at her. But then, she would not have told George. He has not my gift of establishing sympathy.

At that moment a very handsome man moved towards us through the tables.

"Ah, here's my friend," said the girl, her eyes brightening.

The man looked sourly at me and said heartily, "Well, Belle, shall we trip a measure?"

The girl nodded, looked at me, put her hand on my arm and whispered, "Forgive me. But from something I overheard your friend say I fancied you didn't dance much. Good-bye." And she added kindly, "I like you."

They whirled away among the dancers. I returned to my table, where I was joined by George in the course of an hour or so.

"Know who that was?" he said. "Belle Heather, I hear. She's in *Say When* / you know. Best dancer in London. Why didn't you dance, old man?"

"I don't dance with 'bits,'" I said aloofly.

A. P. H.



Bargee. "If ANYTHINK 'APPENS TO THAT THERE BRIDGE, I KNOW I SHALL GET THE BLAME FOR IT."

HAND AND HEAD

(Showing the advantage that "Labour" has over the Brain-worker).

SOME of the hardships of the lot of the literary toiler will at once become apparent if we imagine, let us say, the coal-miner struggling under the same conditions.

To begin with, we will picture the coal-miner labouring (without settled hours) on piece-work, and, instead of being remunerated at the end of each week, waiting for payment (as the scribe does) until such time as his output may be actually consumed by the public. What would the miner have to say to that?

Then again, do you suppose he would just shrug his shoulders if the dust and slate were ruthlessly sifted by a partial hand from the tons he had produced, payment being made merely for the large lumps remaining? Yet it is no uncommon experience for the writer who counts upon an article to provide a new hat for his wife to find on publication that everything except the very best points have been struck out by a fiend with a blue pencil so that the mutilated composition will barely fetch the price of a new tie.

And would the miner smile patiently and keep on pegging away if his kitchen cobbles were rejected in the summer as not being topical?

I imagine that something of the bitter-

ness of a playwright's life would come home to him if there were a Censorship of Coals. We will suppose that the miner, without receiving a half-penny, has been working ceaselessly for six months at a vein. He shows the result to the Censor, and the following scene (which will have a familiar ring to many dramatists) then ensues:—

Censor. Two guineas.

Miner (forking out). What's this for?

Censor. For telling you whether I approve of your coal or not.

Miner. And do you approve of it?

Censor. I do not.

Miner (with a slight note of petulance). Well, what's wrong with my coal?

Censor. I am not obliged to give any reasons for my decisions. Your coal is condemned.

Miner. Then I shall appeal.

Censor. You speak as if you had the rights of a murderer. There is no appeal from my decision.

In addition writers suffer from amateur competition in a way that has never been experienced by trade unionists. The poor writing slave finds his space encroached upon by an ever-increasing mob of Society notoriety, stage-celebrities and criminals. His brilliant little articles are frequently squeezed out by a Countess's "Why My Daughter is a Great Actress," or by the effusion of a low comedian who is, if anything, duller in print than on the stage.

It is nothing unusual for a Sunday journalist, after anticipating the £14s.7d. he hoped to receive for his psychological analysis of the Wembley Girl, to find that his space has been absorbed by the highly-paid memoirs of some gal-bird financier.

What would the dockers think if a cinema-star, whether for advertisement or pay, did a member out of a job of unloading lard? What would the railwaymen think if the Directors thought fit to popularise the Flying Scotsman by employing, at a huge salary, a prize-fighter or somebody nearly convicted of murder to take the place of the usual trade-union fireman?

Or rather what would Messrs. BEVIN and BROMLEY think for them?

Commercial Candour.

From a tailor's circular:—

"Artistry in tailoring is confined to the West-End; its very nadir is reached in this House."

"M. Poincaré was still in the Meuse when the news of his supporters' defeat arrived."
Daily Paper.

To keep himself cool, no doubt, during the political crisis.

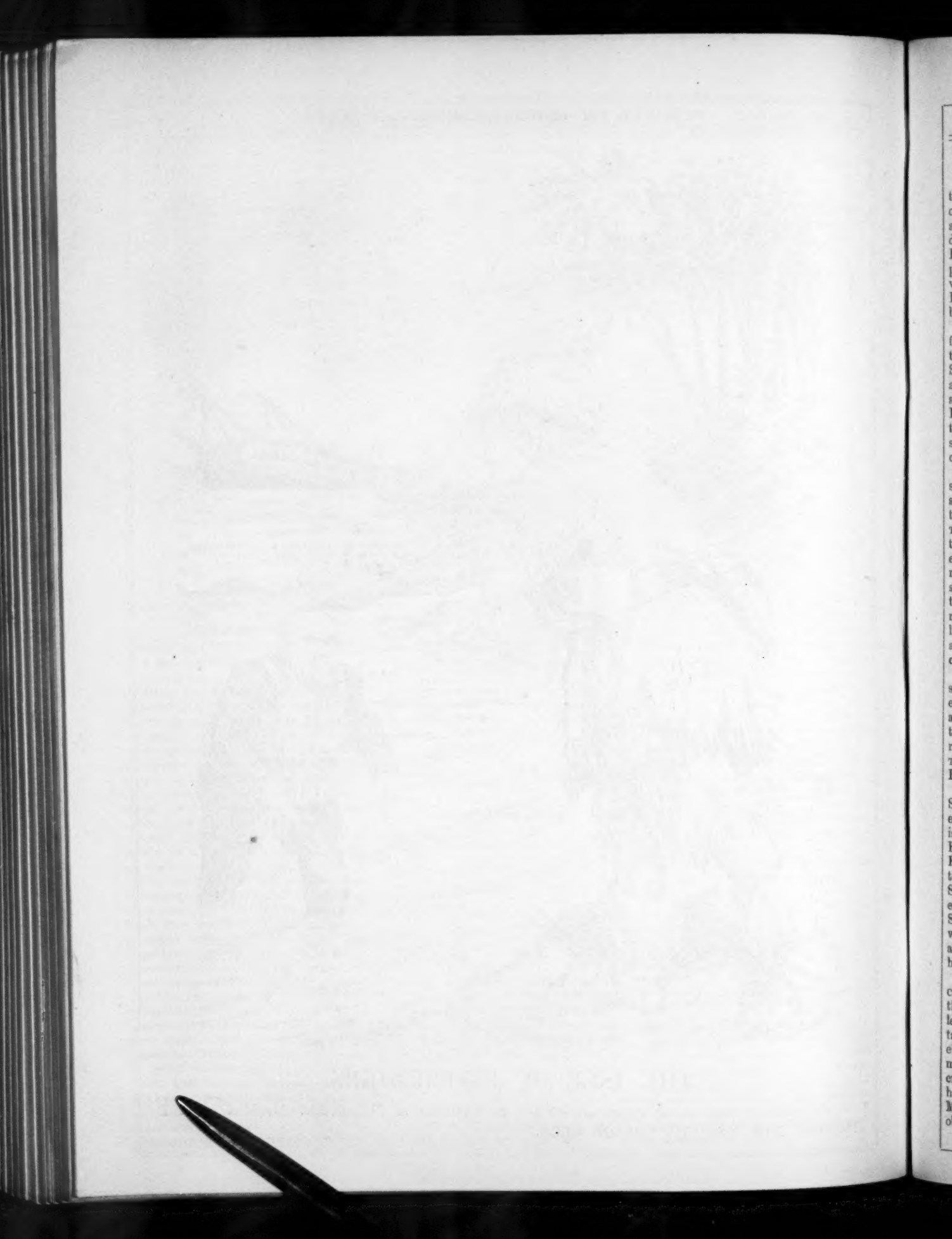
From a recent novel:—

"Owen was in heroic mood, full of vaguely dashing schemes, regarding the world as his oyster and burning to get at it sword in hand." We never use this instrument for getting at our oysters.



THE ISLE OF EX-PREMIERS.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE (to M. POINCARÉ). "THIS IS INDEED A PLEASURE! (*Aside*) I SHAN'T PROPOSE HIM FOR THE CRUSOE CLUB."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 12th.—Unfortunately the SPEAKER felt obliged to rule out of order Sir WILLIAM DAVISON's inquiry about the continuous campaign of abuse directed against H.M. Ministers by the Bolshevik rulers in Moscow and its probable effect upon the negotiations with the Soviet delegates in London. Possibly he feared that the reply would be unfit for publication.

The House was interested to hear from the SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY that France has paid her war-debt—to Spain. But, when Colonel ASHLEY asked what was being done about her war-debt to Great Britain, Mr. GRAHAM said that was a "much larger issue," which he must not discuss.

A complaint that wireless sets at Windsor had been subjected to "serious oscillation" caused the POSTMASTER-GENERAL to observe that this sort of trouble was generally due to "the misuse of reaction" by persons possessing valve-sets. His further statement that persistent reactionaries might have their licences cancelled has, I am assured, no political significance.

The remaining Budget Resolutions were passed. An eleventh-hour attempt to abolish the entertainment-tax by the great twin-brethren of "variety," Sir WALTER DE FRECE and Sir ALFRED BUTT, was unsuccessful.

Tuesday, May 13th.—The SPEAKER made a brief reference to the Clydeside Socialists' attack upon him last Friday, and claimed that the House should support his decisions "at the time when they are given." Mr. SNOWDEN, on behalf of the Government, expressed complete confidence in the SPEAKER's impartiality, and Mr. BALDWIN, for the Opposition, was sure that all sections of the House would be with him. Mr. KIRKWOOD said nothing.

It was unfortunate that Mr. GILCHRIST THOMPSON should have selected this particular afternoon for asking leave to introduce his "Access to Mountains" Bill. The result was that his eloquent arguments in favour of the measure were punctuated by constant cries of "Agreed" by Members who had assembled for the debate on the McKENNA Duties, and were anxious to obtain rapid access to SNOWDEN.

Studiously mild was the wording of

Mr. BALDWIN's motion regarding the inexpediency of removing, "in the midst of the present distresses," the duties "by which much employment has been preserved," and almost milder was the speech with which he supported it. The hardest thing he had to say was that the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER, as sometimes happened to "a first-class brain," had done an extraordinarily stupid thing; and the most notable was his appeal to the ex-manual workers in the Ministerial ranks not to give a vote without reflecting on the effect that it might have on the employment of their comrades in the

free trade," and declined to vote for a proposal that might throw his constituents on the dole; by General SEELY, who, as a still convinced Free Trader, compared the action of the Government to that of the gardener who should take a hot-house plant straight out into the frost; and by Mr. AUSTEN CHAMBERLAIN, who trounced the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER in a manner that roused Mr. GRAHAM to protest that no one who knew Mr. SNOWDEN would accuse him of callousness. There were only about thirty absentees from the division—Mr. PURCELL being one of them—and, though a handful of Liberals voted with the Conservatives, the Government had a majority of 65, the figures being: For the motion, 252; against, 317.

Wednesday, May 14th.—Thanks to LORD LAMINGTON, the Peers enjoyed debates on two widely different themes. First he inquired about the present condition of Persia, and was informed that recently it had greatly improved. It was rather sporting of Lord PARMOOR as a Labour man to be so pleased about it, seeing that the improvement appears to be mainly due to the Commander-in-Chief's having established a military autocracy.

Lord LAMINGTON's next topic—the prevalence of street accidents in London—aroused an even wider interest. Lord NEWTON seized the opportunity to enter a further plea for the "Walk on the Left" movement, and incidentally remarked that Viscount CURZON ought to be put in gaol. Lord BANBURY described how he had been nearly knocked down at Hyde Park Corner, not by a fine lady upon a white horse, but by a vulgar taxicab. An even more poignant experience was that of the Marquess CURZON, who after a street accident was mistaken by the kindly motorist who picked him up for his scorching namesake in the Commons.

Lord DE LA WARR, who replied for the Government, is very young; and some of his elders seemed to think that he showed the callousness of youth when he declared that the victims of London's Juggernaut usually had no one to blame but themselves. As his view was supported, however, by Lord HALDANE, as inveterate a pedestrian as Felix, no doubt there is something in it.

In further explanation of the communication addressed by the Foreign



CHEAP ENTERTAINMENT

(A Variety Turn).

SIR WALTER DE FRECE AND SIR ALFRED BUTT.

workshops. Being determined, for tactical reasons, that the motion should be treated as a Vote of Censure, Mr. SNOWDEN would have been hard put to it to lash himself into the requisite fury but for the exaggerated claims of some of the agitators outside. These he fell upon and tore to pieces, to the great satisfaction of himself and his supporters.

Not till near the end of a speech that had lasted over an hour did he come to what Mr. BALDWIN had put forward as the crucial question—the effect that the abolition of the duties was likely to have upon employment—and then he treated it very lightly.

Remarkable speeches were delivered by Mr. PURCELL, the Labour Member for Coventry, who scoffed at "academic

Office to the occupants of Chesham House, the PRIME MINISTER made a nice distinction between property undoubtedly belonging to the late Tsarist Government and property alleged to have so belonged. It is the former that the Government have suggested should be handed over to the representatives of the Soviet Government; not the latter, whose destination must be settled by the Law Courts. Meanwhile the negotiations with the Soviet delegation are being conducted with the same leisureliness and secrecy as prevailed under the old diplomacy and no statement can be made until there is "something of substance" to announce. But the PRIME MINISTER declined to admit Colonel GREYTON's inference that no progress of substance had yet been made.

While quite willing to set up a Committee to inquire into the desirability of Devolution generally, the Government are not prepared to give a further day for the discussion of Mr. BUCHANAN's abortive Government of Scotland Bill. Mr. NEIL MACLEAN was shocked at the reply. Did the PRIME MINISTER really mean that the Scots Home Rulers would have to try their luck in the ballot again next year? "That is so," said Mr. MACDONALD.

A proposal to increase the Government guarantee to the Wembley Exhibition from one hundred thousand pounds to six hundred thousand pounds naturally led to a good deal of criticism. Most of it was friendly; but Mr. DARBISHIRE, in moving to reduce the Vote, displayed a violent hostility to exhibitions in general and Wembley in particular, which Mr. JOHNSTON, who seconded the Amendment, hastened to repudiate on behalf of the Labour Party. Mr. JOHNSTON's object was to draw attention to the profiteering of the hotel-keepers, and to suggest that the Government should defeat their rapacity by mooring a couple of dozen big ships in the Thames and letting the berths at cheap rates. Mr. HARDIE contended that there was profiteering inside the Exhibition as well as outside, and gave a picturesque description of the Wembley sandwich—two slices of bread about the thickness of paper *plus* "the photograph of a piece of ham." Mr. THOMAS promised that the Government would do

all in their power to put an end to abuses, and declared his unbounded faith in the financial success of the Exhibition. "Not a copper of the six hundred thousand would be wanted." On the strength of this assurance the House passed the Vote.

Thursday, May 15th.—So far as I, being a layman, could gather from Lord DARLING's exhaustive and ingenious explanation of his Criminal Responsibility

ally Lord DARLING allowed it to be rejected without a division.

The Soviet Government has apparently repudiated all the paper-money issued by it last year. Sir F. HALL, always the little optimist, inquired if steps would be taken to protect the interests of British holders. Even he, I imagine, was hardly surprised by Mr. PONSOMBY's reply that the Government have no power to ensure that Soviet or any other foreign currency should be redeemed at its face-value.

On the Home Office Vote Mrs. WINTRINGHAM urged an increase in the number of factory inspectors, each of whom is at present supposed to look after more than a thousand factories. She was strongly supported by Mr. G. LOCKER-LAMPSON, the late Under-Secretary, who said the Factory Acts were in a hopeless state of confusion, and by Mr. BRIDGEMAN, who commended the Bill that he had prepared while Home Secretary to the tender mercies of his successor.

Mr. HENDERSON was faced with a more ticklish question when Mr. HAYES called upon him to redeem one of his pre-Election pledges and reinstate the police strikers. There was some Liberal and even a little Unionist support for the proposal; but the HOME SECRETARY, to the loudly-expressed disgust of the Ministerial back-benchers, declined to grant immediate reinstatement, on the ground that police strikes were not like industrial disputes, and that those who downed truncheons could not expect the same treatment as those who merely downed tools.

Friday, May 16th.—Drafted, unofficially, by the SOLICITOR-GENERAL and given a blessing by the SECRETARY FOR MINES, the Nationalisation of Mines Bill might almost be described as a Government measure. As such it encountered the lively criticism of Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, who subjected its details to merciless ridicule, and declared that it would set up a gigantic trust in the interests, not of the community but of the miners. All but a handful of the Liberals present joined the Conservatives, *pro hac vice*, in the Lobby, with the result that "the Red Dragon," as Mr. LLOYD GEORGE had dubbed it, received its *quietus* by a majority of 96.



THE MIGRANTS?

Mr. STANLEY BALDWIN. "IF ALL THESE SWALLOWS DON'T MAKE A SUMMER, AT LEAST THEY INDICATE A SEASONABLE CHANGE."

MR. LENG-STURROCK, GENERAL SEELY, CAPTAIN F. GUEST, COLONEL JOHN WARD.

Bill, it was intended to reconcile legal and medical theories by enabling juries in certain cases to return the verdict of "Not Guilty on the ground of insanity," instead of "Guilty but insane." But his learned juniors among the Peers saw much more in it than that, and did not like what they saw. From Lord SUMNER onwards they riddled the Bill with such destructive criticism—declaring that its adoption would tend to the further bewilderment of juries and open a door through which many undoubted criminals would escape—that eventu-

BABBLE OF BABYLON.

(By our Fleet Street Flâneur.)

THE problem that is exercising so many fertile brains in the kitchens of our great hotels and restaurants just now is, of course, that of feeding the multitudes of divers nations whom the lure of Wembley is drawing, or expected to draw, from every corner of the globe. It is not so much a matter of quantity, though naturally that is not inconsiderable, but the advisability is appreciated of providing our guests with viands resembling as far as possible those to which they are accustomed at home, in order to minimise the consequences of a too-sudden change of diet.

The publicity recently given by the Press to the importation, for the benefit of American visitors, of a number of live terrapin and a quantity of buffalo-steaks may have created an impression that U.S.A. is in the position of "most-favoured nation" in this respect. That such is far from being the case, however, I have satisfied myself by personal inquiry in the culinary regions of that typical caravanserai, the Fritz.

There in his sanctum that most erudite and accomplished of *cordons bleus*, Mr. Grosventre, assured me of his readiness to meet the demands of any race on earth at a moment's notice. By way of example he mentioned that only that morning at breakfast his seal-blubber cookery had been warmly commended by an Esquimaux family. He expressed a pardonable pride too in having succeeded in pleasing a Carib epicure with a dish of cockatoo stewed in coconut-milk, and in hearing his special preparation of haunch of goat pronounced by a gourmet from New Guinea to be hardly distinguishable from cold boiled missionary.

With our own gastronomes always quick to adopt new ideas from abroad, Wembley seems likely to leave lasting traces on the British menu.

We who are doing our bit in the Brighter London campaign little realise that we may thereby be exercising a powerful if subtle influence on the internal politics of other countries, even swaying the fates of foreign dynasties. Yet, from what I have been told, I have very little doubt that the attractions of this village of ours are directly responsible for the present crisis in Ruritania.

The story, which a little migratory bird, lately returned from the Near East, whispered to me the other night, is that the supposed plot of the Republicans, under Jugularitch, to bring about a bloodless revolution, depose King Basil and banish him with an adequate pension, was in reality engineered by no less a person than the young monarch himself.

Those who have only met His Ruritanian Majesty on his rare official visits may not have been aware of the strong predilection for English ways that has long been patent to the privileged few who have penetrated the *incognito* under

which he has so often sojourned in our midst; but none who, like myself, have made shrewd guesses at the real identity of the dashing "Count Czambucko," who has from time to time thrown himself so wholeheartedly into the life of the West End, will not be surprised if eventually he should elect to avail himself permanently of Great Britain's reputation as an asylum for dethroned rulers.

I sometimes wonder if there is a busier Man-about-Town, in the fullest sense of that term, than my brother *flâneur*, "Frankie" Gilbert, the—as for all his manifold activities and interests I am sure he would prefer to be called—novelist.

The night before last I sat next to him at the inaugural dinner of the Pep Club, and, though he had to dash away immediately after the soup in order to be in time to respond to the toast of his health at the annual banquet of the Best-Sellers' Society, he found time to summarise for me his doings for that day as a fair sample of his diurnal programme.

Rising at dawn, according to his wont, he dictated to

his stenographer a few short stories that had come to him in the form of dreams as, he tells me, they seldom fail to do. This accomplished, he donned a bathing costume, mounted his chestnut hack, Phœbus, barebacked, cantered him to the Park, swam him two or three times across the Serpentine, galloped him briskly round the Row, and so home to breakfast, during which meal he dictated a couple of articles that had occurred to him in the course of his morning's exercise.

Ten o'clock found him, in his capacity of sartorial expert, in Savile Row, where a conference

of Master Tailors awaited his judgment on a proposed modification of the lapels of this season's lounge-suit. The remainder of the morning was filled by his reception of a deputation of magazine editors at his Club and his lecture on fox-hunting at Harridge's Stores.

After a bite of lunch at the Savelay, where he had to give an opinion—an adverse one, by the way—on a dance thought likely to supersede the "Blues," he rushed in his 90 h.p. car to Henlands for some stunting in his private aeroplane; for he assures me his ideas never flow so freely as when he is looping the loop or doing a spinning nose-dive.

At five sharp he was back at the Linoleum Hall for his debate with Miss Electra Badchild on "Should Novels be Naughty?"—a contest in which he took the negative view and won on points.

His two dinner engagements I have already indicated. After these he was due to broadcast some cantos of one of his famous social satires in leonine hexameters. Then, he said with a sigh, he would be free for a good hard spell of rapid dictating before turning in for a brief but inspiring slumber.

A strenuous daily life with, I fancy, the single regret that it is not possible to be sure of dictating satisfactorily in one's sleep.



Wife (to very careful driver). "IT'S BAD ENOUGH HAVING THE DOGS BARK BEHIND US, GEORGE, BUT I THINK IT'S THE LIMIT WHEN THEY GET IN FRONT AND BARK BACK AT US."



The Native. "AY, SIR, THEY'VE ALLUS BEEN PURE CHESHIRE IN THIS VILLAGE RIGHT BACK AS FUR AS OI CAN MOIND, 'CEPTIN' YOUNG JOE DUDDLE THEER, WHOSE MOTHER SHE COOM FRA WIGAN. BUT YOUNG JOE 'E BE THE OANLY 'ARF-CASTE IN THE PLA-AGE."

A GLASGOW MINSTREL.

Is it not hard that I must date my ditty
(I, who to Arcady would fain have flown)
From this suspect—nay, most notorious—city,
Realm of Unrest, Red Revolution's throne?
Though by the Clyde I have my habitation,
Yet MARX is not for me the first of seers;
I have no talent for vituperation,
No scheme to smash suppressive atmospheres.*

Believe me, oh, believe me, I've no mission
To bring the British nation on the dole;
I have no flair for riot and sedition;
I rather like policemen on the whole.
And, more than this, I know a lot of others,
My neighbours, toilers with the hand or pen,
Who are not Comrades (any more than brothers),
But simply very decent working-men.

And then the Clyde! To Diehards as they shiver
"The Clyde" connotes a loud ill-mannered school,
But I would charm them chanting of a river
Where Naiads laugh by many a sunny pool—
The Clyde before she reaches towns and troubles
(Lock-outs proclaimed, strike-notices put in),
Where, past her snowy orchards, rainbow bubbles
Dance from the foam and flash of Cora Linn.

W. K. H.

* It was the boast of a Clydeside M.P. that he would "smash the atmosphere" of the House.

HOLDERS OF THE ROAD.

In shaggy shapes, untouched of comb,
We haul our varnished tubs,
Conveying safely out and home
The governess and cubs;
Though engine-power our pace derides
And leaves us in the dust,
By the black sweat upon our sides
Ours is a sacred trust.

Though burnished pole-chains flash no more
Nor lead-bars lift and swing
Where high-bred teams at porch and door
The trampled gravel fling,
With shoulders thrusting to our load
And collar-bells a-chime,
Our humbler hoofs still hold the road
Against the march of Time.

W. H. O.

Judicial Candour.

"His Honour said he could not overlook the fact that there had been fourteen convictions for drunkenness, assaults, etc. His own opinion of prisoner was naturally brutal, and became worse when under liquor."—*New Zealand Paper.*

"We should suggest to the towering young Vakil of Lucknow not to make a dash in politics. He has already made a hash which cannot be whitewashed."—*Indian Paper.*

This must be the sort of dish that, as SHAKESPEARE says in *Twelfth Night*, one would "taste with distempered appetite"?

In Memoriam.

E. NESBIT.

["Neminem tristem fecit."—*Old Latin epitaph.*]

"E. NESBIT"—what unclouded joys
That name, familiar on the cover
Of twenty books for girls and boys,
Recalls to every story-lover!

You flattered both the old and young
In your exhilarating pages,
Enhancing with a golden tongue
All that is charming in all ages.

How we adored *The Would-be-Goods*
And drank delight in brimming
beakers
Exploring likely neighbourhoods
For treasure with *The Treasure-Seekers*!

Would that your *Bastables* could be
Indefinitely duplicated,
So rare, in life, it is to see
High spirits with good manners
mated.

Later you spread, each Christmas time,
Your magic mat for every comer,
And bore us smoothly to the clime
Of Wonderland and endless summer.

With you in elfin halls we drained
Nectar from jewelled fairy flagons,
Most amiably entertained
By friendly Phoenixes and Dragons.

You waved your wand, and swift up-
sprang
Enchanted castles, magic cities;
You were a poetess, and sang
Delectable fantastic ditties.

* * * * *
You pass, but only from the ken
Of scientists and statisticians,
To join HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN,
The Prince of all the good Magicians.

So, for the joyance that you gave,
Inspired by love, not code or system,
Punch lays his laurel on your grave,
Quod neminem fecisti tristem.

THE CELEBRITY.

A RATHER sad thing has just happened to Habberley, the poet, a man who has always been sensitive to the precise value of fame. He is not, for instance, like JAMES II. As DRYDEN tells us in his great ode, when JAMES II. heard of his brother's last illness:—

"Half unarrayed he ran to his relief
So hasty and so artless was his grief;
Approaching Greatness met him with her
charms
Of power and future state,
But looked so ghastly in a brother's fate,
He shook her from his arms."

Habberley never in any circumstances shakes advancing greatness from his arms. And it is for this rea-

son largely, I think, that he has devised a system of beginning, instead of ending, his lines with punctuation marks. Thus—

"the spring has asked our pardon
for what she did of wrong
the tulips in the garden
are flaming all day long
: all things must live (god wot) i too forgive . . ."

which is the second poem, if you remember, in the collection entitled *I Should Worry* (1921) and the eighth and last in *I'll Tell the World* (1922). In *Combings* (1923) it immediately precedes that exquisite piece beginning:—

"destiny
and the rolling of years
? that tea-cup poised in the air
and laughter
and tears
: the light has touched your hair your
hand
ah god if these
! but you would not understand
you have forgot
no sugar please
yes
! just a spot . . ."

in which the same tendency is revealed. Nor need we cavil, I think, at the practice of spelling the name of the Deity with a small "g," when the same reticence is shown by the poet in the use of the word "i."

Criticism of his work has a more immediate and remarkable effect upon Habberley than upon any other writer I ever met, and that is saying a good deal. A word of praise transports him to the seventh heaven; the slightest touch of disapproval plunges him into the depths of gloom. I shall never forget his outburst of rage when *The Spectator*, I think it was, found fault with his rather original use of the semicolon, or his delight when *The New Statesman* declared that he had sounded a new note in song, a tribute all the more remarkable because Habberley's political views are of a somewhat reactionary kind.

But it is the delicate flattery of the photograph that pleases Habberley most. How often you must have seen in the illustrated weekly Press, and in most of the morning papers—

"The author of *Combings* writing at his favourite desk."

As a matter of fact Habberley nearly always writes lying on the floor.

Or, "Mr. Habberley, the poet, seeks inspiration in his garden."

Whereas in very truth Mr. Habberley's inspiration invariably comes to him while he is smoking a pipe in a hot bath.

There are, of course, photographs and photographs. Photographic fame comes fairly easily to murderers, to those who have just written a book or those who have invented a new machine, and

genius competes in the papers with mere notoriety, with recent additions to the Zoological Gardens and even at times with the larger vegetable growths. To be photographed on account of some particular achievement in fact is in these days a trifling affair.

There is then a secondary stage. This is to have one's photograph published constantly, either with a correct or an incorrect name underneath it, as the photograph of a well-known man. This too has often happened to Habberley. I do not think that even on the day when he appeared as the Secretary of the Amalgamated Steel Nut and Crank Makers Association he was seriously annoyed. It was obvious that he existed somewhere in a portrait-gallery of famous men, and only one of those clerical errors, to which all journalists are liable, had caused the confusion.

But there is yet a third stage in photographic fame, the highest and the hardest to reach. This is when one's mere presence on the steps of a building or casual appearance in the streets provokes the prowling camera-fiend. Such tribute is reserved in the main for Royalty, for Cabinet Ministers, for cinematograph stars, and for those whose faces are so familiar that they have already become a household want. For all his talent one could not yet quite put Habberley in this list.

It was therefore with a genuine thrill of joy that he heard a friend accost him last week with the words:—

"Hullo, Habberley! I saw a snapshot of you walking through Trafalgar Square, this morning."

"Oh?" said Habberley, pretending to a faint derisory amusement which he was very far from feeling. "What paper was that in?"

He was told. Needless to say he made a very swift excursion to the nearest bookstall. What was his chagrin to find on the back page of the—but why be too precise in so painful a matter?—a photograph with the following words inscribed beneath it:—

"Mr. JAN VAN ALBERT, the Dutch giant, snapshotted in Trafalgar Square yesterday close to an ordinary man."

Habberley was the ordinary man.

Another Impending Apology.

— CITY COUNCIL.

MENTAL HOSPITAL DIETARY.

Lord Mayor's Allowance Increased."

Headlines in Provincial Paper.

"If you take the Advice to Beginners by a well-known exponent of Lawn Tennis in the —, you will soon be able to hold your own with them on the Courts."

Add. in Scots Paper.

A rather discouraging prospect.



WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

XXIII.—JONATHAN JO.

Jonathan Jo
Has a mouth like an "O"
And a wheelbarrow full of surprises;
If you ask for a bat
Or for something like that,
He has got it whatever the size is.

If you're wanting a ball
It's no trouble at all;
Why, the more that you ask for the
merrier—
Like a hoop and a top,
And a watch that won't stop,
And some sweets and an Aberdeen
terrier.

Jonathan Jo
Has a mouth like an "O,"
But this is what makes him so
funny:
If you give him a smile
Only once in a while,
Then he never expects any money!
A. A. M.



AT THE PLAY.

"TONI" (SHAFTESBURY).

I THOUGHT at first we were going to have a little coherence imported into the libretto of this farcical musical comedy by Messrs. DOUGLAS FURBER and HARRY GRAHAM. We certainly began by plunging into the thick of a plot.

Into the palatial establishment of *Cironniers*, with its army of mannequins and assistants and no business whatever, there enter (1) the leader of the People's party in Mettopolachia, *Von Koomps*, a gloomy unwashed fanatic; (2) the leader of the Middle-class party, *Tscharkeff*, a Russian bourgeois on the make; (3) the discarded mistress of *Prince Paul*, leader of the aristocratic party; (4) the *Princess Stefanie*, reigning sovereign of Mettopolachia, who has come over to invite (5) *Anthony Prince*, otherwise *Toni*, junior partner of *Cironniers*, to go back and stand by her against the various intriguers in her distracted little principality. Here indeed are threads to be unravelled and unravelled. But we don't let them worry us. *Toni* refuses to be serious about anything or anybody—even about the *Princess*, who throws herself daintily enough at his head. We just move off for more song and dance to an hotel on the Mettopolachian frontier, where a conference of the party leaders, angling for the Englishman's support, is interpolated to keep up the appearance of coherent design; thence to the ante-room of the *Princess's* palace, where the Blue-and-claret Hussars welcome *Toni*, their new Colonel, by making him drink a prodigious Mettopolachian cocktail to each of his predecessors, in order that Mr. BUCHANAN may be diverting in a song and dance entitled "Blotto." Just before the curtain a perfunctory kiss, offered by the *Princess* and accepted by the *Colonel*, indicates that all the difficulties of the State are at an end.

The dialogue was a good deal above the musical comedy average, and nice silly jokes like, "But even a worm turns, *Toni*," "I don't see why it should, it's the same all round," are dotted about. Mr. HIRSCH's music, rather nimble and spirited than sensuous or "catchy," prevented one from critically estimating the quality of Mr. DOUGLAS FURBER's "lyrics." They seemed quite up to standard sample.

The audience was in a mood of enor-

mous good-will towards Mr. JACK BUCHANAN for coming back from America, and certainly his delightful dancing, his deft strokes of mimicry, his pleasant voice, with its not unpleasant Transatlantic flavour, his resource in providing engaging variations on a simple theme, deserved the applause they won. And when we applaud our musical-comedy heroes we don't merely clap, we roar over them as the 'Spurs are



GENTLE SPRING WITH "JUNE" AT ITS HEELS

Toni MR. JACK BUCHANAN.
Princess Stefanie "JUNE."

roared over when they kick the winning goal on their own ground.

"JUNE," the *Princess*, had nothing much to do but look very wistful and adorable (over her shoulder) and to dance a few thistledown steps. There is an art certainly in her trick of casual under-emphasis. Miss VERONICA BRADY (*Camille, couturière*) delighted her warm-hearted partisans by just being her genial self, her part making no pretence of being in any way connected with the alleged plot.

Mr. CHARLES STONE put up a quite excellent performance as the egregious

revolutionary, his burlesque dancing being especially attractive. I was sorry for *Prince Paul*, who had to be very solemn and villainous about affairs of State in a White Hussar's uniform; but someone has to do this kind of thing and the lot fell upon Mr. FRED GROVES. Mr. DOUGLAS FURBER, having, no doubt, written his own part of *Tscharkeff*, with his diverting distortion of the most extravagant English slang, spread himself on it to our entertainment. Everybody worked hard, especially the little grey-and-blue ladies—the assistants—in the First Act, who must have been in excellent condition. They surely used up all possible ways of waggling the human leg to music, and proved that St. VIRTUS is still the authentic patron of this form of comedy. T.

ART FOR THE PEOPLE.

MY DEAR PETER,—It certainly is rather inexplicable that, in selecting distinguished artists to carry out their travel poster campaign, the great railway groups should have passed you over, especially since you say your wife considers that your pictures compare favourably with those of Mr. AUGUSTUS JOHN. I wish I could do more than merely share your indignation, but, beyond being on nodding terms with our local station-master, I have practically no influence in railway circles. I do not even possess a Home Rail which I could threaten to sell by way of protest.

But there is no reason why you should be out of this very excellent "Art for the People" movement, even though you do have to start in a small way and without newspaper recognition. Get going, my dear Peter, in your own neighbourhood. Come to grips with life through the medium of local industry. Be the friend of the small trader and the suburban professional man—a far nobler aim than endeavouring simply to stagger the critics of Burlington House and Bond Street. Think of the popular glory which Sir JOHN MILLAIS achieved by becoming joyously associated with our daily ablutions.

Save in the plain, matter-of-fact, uninspired poster, the pleasant articles of everyday commerce have been much neglected. The sausage, the crumpet, the joint of meat, for examples, rarely appear on the walls of the Royal Academy. I have often thought that the calm mystery, the mottled beauty



"Who is this rather wonderful person Lady Tremayne is welcoming so effusively?"

"Oh, that's Pepita—Johnstein's model, you know."

"Gracious! Lady Tremayne is getting on in the world!"

and the sleek significance of the raw sausage is insufficiently appreciated by the artist with a message. Is not the suburban tradesman, too, as picturesque a subject as the haymaker, the waggoner and the ancient mariner in patched trousers? You could paint beautiful little pictures of shopkeepers and the things they sell, helping us to understand and appreciate them as we have never done before.

The fashion-plate that mocks us from the tailor's window stands badly in need of being humanised. At present, in the face of that terrifying perfection, we are depressed rather than inspired. We are not elated by the incomparable appearance of "Spofkins' Seven Guinea Suits" when worn by god-like young men whose lives apparently call for no greater exertion than that of lighting a cigarette at the foot of a marble staircase, or leaning negligently upon a gold-mounted walking-stick. We want to see how an ordinary person looks in them when applying for an overdraft or running after a tram.

You could captivate the public, and probably benefit the tailor, by making these ladies and gentlemen of the fashion-plate do a little natural work. You might even fit some of them into intriguing problem pictures. Figure the effect of a finely-imagined domestic scene upon a possible customer. "My word," he would say to himself, "the fellow in that picture makes a pretty good show. Easy to see he's master in his own house. Believe I could look like that in one of those suits. I'll get one before I talk to Angelina about that new wall-paper."

How easily, again, might your painter's skill eliminate the distrust and horror that hang about the dentist's ante-chamber. Affecting pictures of the dentist playing with his little fair-haired daughter, reading aloud to his old mother, or taking the collection on Sundays, would reveal him to us in a new and sunnier light and make us yearn to get into his kindly presence and murmur "Ah!" and "Glug-glug," in response to his cheery prattle. Or, if such revelations of his unsuspected

humanity were not sufficient, an attractive fresco, illustrating the delightful things one may expect to dream about under the influence of gas, would keep many a timid patient from bolting at the last moment.

I look forward to seeing you brighten the suburb by some such exercise of your gifts.

Your sincere

PANTAGRUEL.

No Novelty.

Notice in a "wireless" shop:—

"STERLING BABY
LOUDSPEAKER."

"C. Dixon is a medium right-handed bowler who can make the ball swim into the batsman."—*Sporting Paper*.

A very useful accomplishment on these wet wickets.

"The large beams have broken near the centre of the floor at No. 10, Downing Street. The accident is attributed to the recent visit of the Glasgow Orpheus Choir."—*Daily Paper*.

It will be remembered that:—

"Orpheus with his lute made trees
Bow themselves at his command."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

SHORTLY after his wife's death CARLYLE writes of her letters, "they equal and surpass whatever of best I know to exist, in that kind." And in defence of the *coterie-sprache* or family dialect which he fears may make her half-sheets rough going for outsiders, he incidentally mentions her outstanding quality—that noble whimsical economy, half-spiritual, half-intellectual, which sets itself to make the most of sad or insignificant things, which is "ready [as he puts it] to pick up every diamond-spark out of the common floor-dust." In this light, a light partly suggested by Mr. LEONARD HUXLEY's preface, I have just read his admirably edited *Jane Welsh Carlyle: Letters to Her Family, 1839—1863* (MURRAY). Over a couple of hundred letters, two addressed to her uncle, JOHN WELSH, and the rest to her cousins HELEN and JEANNIE, have at last been surrendered

for publication by JEANNIE's only daughter, JEANNIE, or "BABBIE," was Mrs. CARLYLE's closest confidant. She had lived for months at a time at Cheyne Row, and her gentle shrewd understanding of domestic and intimate affairs is postulated on every page addressed to her. She hears all about Miss GERALDINE JEWSEY's first novel: "If she will run about the streets naked it is not I who am her keeper." She hears all about Lady ASHBURTON; and this all is not so much as the GERALDINES of biography have credited. She hears about CARLYLE's *Snark*-like relegation of meal-times; of the white hat and knapsack with which he tramps battlefields; of his returning "as bilious as he went" from one of these expeditions to a new buff-and-red chintz drawing-room. She hears about MAZZINI and about GAMBARDILLA, whose portrait of Mrs. CARLYLE is one of the best of an interesting gallery. And she hears, but seldom enough, her aunt's cry for "calm" and "to be left in peace with my sadness." When JEANNIE marries, HELEN gets the lion's share of letters; among them that characteristic little piece of sensibility about the lost "Nero" which ends, "I wish I had never set up a dog."

EDITH AYRTON ZANGWILL, in *The Call* (ALLEN AND UNWIN), has set herself to reproduce the atmosphere and essential history of the Suffrage movement in those hectic years immediately preceding the War. She brings obvious qualifications to the task, personal association with active thinkers and workers in that unhappy and now scarce credible struggle, a gift for narrative, a faculty of apt characterisation and the seasoning gifts of humour and fair-mindedness. *Ursula Winfield*, her heroine, is something of a paragon, an original and brilliant investigator, with her private laboratory in her step-father's house in Lowndes Square, and a beauty withal. Love takes her off her feet

as if she were the merest unintellectual; but gradually she is drawn into the circle of the militants and has the supreme courage to put her cause before her love and to face the ultimate trials of prison and the dreaded hunger-and-thirst strike. Then comes the War to overshadow all lesser tragedies and quarrels and incidentally to enable *Ursula* and her soldier lover to live the more happily ever after for the estrangements which conflicting views temporarily brought about. A wholesome book to read for both suffragists and anti's; though perhaps a little depressing in that the hopes of the one party, fulfilled, have been so little like the dream, and the fears of the other have proved so fantastically baseless; while there are many things which both sides would be glad to forget and which it is not so well that they should forget. The story of *Ursula's* long struggle to get her invention to counter the liquid-fire menace even considered is, one supposes, only a thinly disguised version of the AYRTON gas fan, and rings true, though it may easily

be discounted as a partial account. An interesting story; slightly but not unpleasantly overshadowed by its thesis.

I like these essays by "THE LONDONER," now reprinted under the general title *Day In and Day Out* (CASSELL). They are slender enough; within the narrow limits of a small book lie packed no fewer than seventy separate discourses; and their range is over the widest possible field. Our essayist takes any topic of the day for his own. He has, you may be sure, something to say about it that would not occur to you; from his store of various knowledge he digs up

something new and strange, whether he is writing of caddis-worms or of old armour or of the great W. G. GRACE. And he has been doing this steadily for some seventeen years, in the columns of a popular evening paper, contriving somehow to remain always fresh and instructive, and never permitting his language to degenerate into that sort of journalistic jargon which he takes occasion to reprehend in his essays on the allied subjects of nose-bags and food-control. In an eloquent foreword Mr. J. C. SQUIRE speaks warmly of this modern HAZLITT of the daily press. Future historians, I suspect, will also have something to say of him. They will discover, as many of his admirers have already discovered, that he is Mr. OSWALD BARRON; and possibly they will use his urbane elegance, his sensitive but unaffected humanity, as sticks wherewith to chastise the decadent journalist of their own century. Personally I find it remarkable that any writer should contrive to be at once witty and informative in so short a space; and you might think it even more remarkable that so many modern readers should be found capable of keeping their attention focussed on any single subject for nearly a whole column of print. Read the book, and find out how "THE LONDONER" tempts them to do it.



"TAKEN AT THE FLOOD."

Nervous Artist (who has been fortifying himself). "SCUSE ME, OL' MAN. GOT TO GO 'N SHEE A DEAN AN' CHAPTER 'BOUT A DESIGN FOR A STAINED-GLASS WINDOW. DEAR OL' BOYS!"



George B. Shaw

First Lady. "WHERE'S YER 'USBAND BIN THESE LAST DAYS, MRS. GREEN?"

Mrs. Green. "OH, AIN'T YER 'EARD? 'E'S BIN DOIN' NOTHINK FOR MONTHS, AN' NOW THE FLEECE 'AVE RUN 'IM IN FOR FRAGRANCY."

I believe it was HENRY JAMES who said that he always felt in reading D'ANNUNZIO that the gas was leaking somewhere behind the purple curtains. Well, a parallel impression—say, the presence of one of those unpleasant-smelling funguses in an otherwise attractive wood—is the chief thing I find myself retaining of Mr. E. TEMPLE THURSTON's *May Eve* (HUTCHINSON). Superficially it is a stagey book; and its staginess is highly derivative. I doubt if it could have existed but for MAETERLINCK and YEATS. But it is its differentiating atmosphere—the fumes given off by its unengaging treatment of a very delicate problem—which does it the greater disservice. The story itself is simple enough. In an out-of-the-way Irish village dwell three middle-aged cronies—a professor, a doctor and a parish priest. Their sentimental unity and intellectual diversity

are cleverly shown in their confabulations over *Boona*, the professor's daughter, who proposes to become a nun. A reiterated admission that she is "afraid of life" is apparently her sole claim to this vocation, but she is allowed to depart and make trial of it, while the professor remains behind with his *Lepidoptera*. On her return to say good-bye she assists at the frustrated wooing of a female Emperor moth which her father has hatched and imprisoned in a gauze cage. This spectacle, reinforced by a paternal lecture, the mysterious piping of a wandering tinker and the timely intervention of Christopher Casson, a personable young scientist from Dublin, induce her to change her mind; and in the haunted span between May eve and May morning she resolves to stay in the world. This, I think you will feel, is all for the best. But I put it to Mr. THURSTON, who

is not as a rule the author to disappoint me, that it is neither ethically nor artistically worth while to train heavy biological guns against such a thing of straw as a negative attraction to the cloister.

My Cricket Memories (HEINEMANN) comes at an opportune moment and is a delightful book for cricketers both young and old to read. Mr. J. B. HOBBS is afflicted by no false modesty; and when he has played a good innings he quite frankly says so. But over and over again he expresses his gratitude to those who encouraged and befriended him during his early struggles; and his admiration for that greatest of all giants of our national game, W. G., is profound and sincere. Reading these pages I get the impression not only of a great cricketer, but also of a man with a true sense of values, in whom success will never induce a swelling of the head. Mr. HOBBS offers us a lot of interesting matter about tours to Australia and South Africa, but he never descends to gossip. In these days, when the captaincy of the

England XI. has again to be decided, I cannot refrain from quoting his opinion. "I know," he says, "that I speak for 90 per cent. of cricketers, by whom I mean both players and public, when I say that Mr. Fender is a finer and more inspiring captain than any man now playing." Well, that's that; but in speaking for 90 per cent. of the public Mr. HOBBS is more than usually daring. Apart from a few misprints I have found only one error which requires correcting. Reference is made to J. W. MARSH, who "made 160 in the 'Varsity match, a record individual score."

Mr. MARSH's initials are J. F., and his score was 172 not out, beating by one a magnificent innings by the late Mr. R. E. FOSTER. A small matter, perhaps, but if records must be given it is just as well that they should be accurate.

One of the principal characters in Mr. VERE HUTCHINSON'S *Great Waters* (JONATHAN CAPE) was unfortunately a lunatic. I have a strong suspicion that two others were also insane, and that even the hero, who relates the story, was subject to aberrations of the intellect. All four were pirates of the most bloodthirsty eighteenth-century breed—worse, if possible, than SAWKINS, TEACH and BLACKBEARD; each and all drank hugely; and not one of them thought twice of killing anybody who happened to be in the way. The mad pirate captain, variously known as "Jacob-of-the-Sword," "Jacob-of-the-Red-Hand," and "Jacob-with-the-Mouth-of-Fire," thought he had been converted by the Rev. JOHN WESLEY and charged by that divine with the sacred mission of slaying Spaniards and taking possession of their wealth. Suffering under this rather dangerous delusion, he kidnapped *Peter Comfort*, his son, in order to educate the lad to the same amiable profession. Despite some passing qualms of conscience, *Peter* imbrued himself in blood with zest. In the course of capturing a Spanish town, *Mr. Comfort* had

the misfortune to murder the father of the lady with whom, in the very article of the fatal deed, he fell in love. He did not know whom he slew; the lady knew not who was the murderer; and, still in ignorance, they married each other. When the deadly secret was revealed, naturally there were domestic difficulties. However, by dint of a little more judicious slaughter, these were satisfactorily solved, and all was well. Although the narrative is marred by the incredibly violent behaviour of all concerned, it is conceived in a spirit of romantic fantasy which deserves a better interpretation.

As a successor to *Nordenholt's Millicen* I have found *Almighty Gold* (CONSTABLE) a little disappointing. In the first book Mr. J. J. CONNINGTON had an original idea, which he worked out with ability and restraint; here his theme lacks novelty. *Johnnie Roden*, when a youth, inherited enough money to make him think and act as if there was no end to it. But the end soon came; the girl to whom he

was engaged threw him over, and he was left hopeless and almost penniless. Then he went into partnership with "a splendid rogue," *Frank Trevithick*, and by means of illegal banking and other devices proceeded to rebuild his fortune. In this unholy alliance *Trevithick* was the dominating figure. He had a genius for advertisement and for inspiring confidence in people who wanted to get rich quick, and in a very short time the partnership, from a financial point of view, was colossally successful. Not until *Trevithick*, at first scornful of all women, was caught in the toils

of *Lady Le Venner* (she was the enterprising lady who had thrown over *Johnnie*) and became her lover did the bottom begin to fall out of their vast fortune. Then crisis followed crisis, until at last the crash came. *Le Venner*, described as "a polished werewolf," had his revenge for his wife's unfaithfulness; *Trevithick* shot himself, and *Johnnie* (always less decisive) was sentenced to five years' penal servitude. A curious but not altogether successful study of human nature under the strain of a passion for wealth.

In *Songs of Field and Farm* (G. BELL AND SONS) Captain DOUGLAS ENGLISH has collected a number of poems, of which the great majority have appeared in *Punch*. Those who have followed his work do not need to be told of his extensive and peculiar knowledge of the history and habits and hearts of animals, nor of his power to convey this knowledge in verse of a most unusual quality.

Ecclesiastical Erudition.

"ARCHEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY AT PETERBOROUGH.

The slab was submitted to an antiquarian expert, who suggests that the carving represents one of the twelve Apostles, possibly St. Mark."—*Daily Paper*.

Or perhaps one of the four Evangelists, possibly St. THOMAS.



Talkative Barber. "I SEE SOME OF THE WIRELESS EXPERTS BELIEVE SOMEONE FROM ANOTHER PLANET IS TRYING TO COMMUNICATE WITH US."
Suffering Client. "SOME BARBER, I EXPECT."

CHARIVARIA.

An official of the Post Office draws attention to the fact that weather reports may be obtained over the telephone. This should be the very thing for any man who hasn't had the worst in him brought out by golf.

"Wonderful spectacles at Wembley," says a headline. Those tortoiseshell-rimmed ones, no doubt.

Out of seventeen million motor-cars in the world, fourteen million are in America. That makes us feel a little more kindly towards COLUMBUS.

We think we have discovered the real reason for the lengthening of skirts. It is to prevent the waistline from falling below the hem.

After the various newspaper reports of freaks it is rather cheering to read that last week a hen belonging to a Hampshire farmer laid an egg just about the size and shape of an egg.

We also hear for a positive fact that a Tooting cat has resolutely refused to mother any stray weasels, chickens, puppies or hedgehogs for the benefit of the cheaper Press, and is bringing up a family consisting entirely of kittens.

A contemporary gossip-writer reminds us that being born at sea is not an uncommon experience. Still it is as well not to make a practice of it.

The latest development in broadcasting in Pennsylvania is the transmission of the rattle of the rattlesnake. Some sad day we shall be listening-in to the low cooing sounds of the haggis calling its young.

A *Morning Post* writer thinks it time for women to reveal their ears. It seems that ears are among the few secrets that women can keep.

Two American engineers claim to have discovered a method calculated to silence motor engines. Perhaps they got the idea from Mr. SNOWDEN, who has an invention for silencing the whole of the British motor industry.

A recent interview states that when visiting Mexico Mrs. C. CAMERON walked right into the thick of a revolution. Travellers are requested to keep to the left of revolutions in Mexico.

A man charged in a London police-court with assault admitted striking a man, but said that he didn't hear the

blow struck. It seems that the acoustics of his victim's body were bad.

The breeding of silkworms is being encouraged by the Spanish Government. They make such docile little pets for Dictators.

A man will go a long way to save his face, says a weekly paper. Yet we can spare some sympathy for the man who absent-mindedly leaves his in the luggage-rack.

With reference to the Access to Mountains Bill, now before the House



WHEN THE TAILORING FIRM COMMISSIONED THE ARTIST TO DO A DRAWING OF A "MORNING COAT AND VEST" I HARDLY THINK THAT THEY CAN HAVE INTENDED HIM TO TAKE IT SO LITERALLY.

of Commons, we understand that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE will oppose the measure on the ground that he holds the oratorical copyright in mountain tops and sunsets, and also the provincial rights of the daylight ends of tunnels.

"I do not claim to be able to announce any formula that will guarantee the peace of the world," says President COOLIDGE. It is said that Mr. LLOYD GEORGE knew of this all the time.

A woman told the Thames police-court magistrate that her husband had not given her a black eye for nearly a year. This seems to confirm the pessimistic view that sentiment is dying out in this country.

"Dead men tell no tales," observed

the bored man from Texas as he shot his loquacious fellow-clubman in the midst of his seventh repetition of the story of how he holed-out in one.

The public has been asked to avoid country lanes when the nightingale is being broadcast. If this request is in accordance with the bird's own expressed wish, we can only assume that publicity is making it a little uppish.

Germans who wish to drill privately can now buy gramophone records which will ring out the words of command. We ourselves can imagine no jollier way of spending a summer evening than to loll in a deck-chair on the lawn and have the sergeant-major turned on.

The report is denied that Greece is to lend the famous statue of Hermes by PRAXITELES to the United States. It is felt that, as the figure is holding the infant Dionysus, it would be distasteful to a Prohibition country.

When Waterloo Bridge is opened to foot-passengers only, it will be the one safe place for pedestrians in London.

M. ROBERT B. TRISTRAM COFFIN, in *The North American Review*, says that no one but a saint deserves to live beside a Devon lane. Since the introduction of charabancs, no one but a saint can.

It is reported that the new Tube carriages are to be fitted with spring seats. Most Londoners will be glad of the information. They might have travelled on the Tubes for fifty years and never found out for themselves.

We take this the earliest opportunity of denying the cruel rumour that, in order to save railway fare, intending Scotsmen are now arranging to be born in England.

The Rev. H. R. L. SHEPPARD, in his recent book, gives a good deal of advice on how to begin sermons. Personally we think he's attacking the trouble at the wrong end.

"The question must arise: Is this gilding of the lily desirable, or even justifiable?" *Ladies' Paper*.

We have no authority for it, not even SHAKESPEARE'S.

"The smaller local authorities assert that owing to poverty they will be unable to build under Mr. Wheatley's scheme, even if they receive the full subsidy of £999 9s 9d per house for 40 years."—*Glasgow Paper*.

We only wish we were a smaller local authority.

THIS PERSONAL TOUCH.

I HAVE been asked to write an article (not, I am thankful to say, for this paper) with a strongly personal note. I resent this. It seems to me that in the daily and weekly Press there are too many of these passionate outpourings of the soul. It seems to me that one's main preoccupation should be with the subject of the article. If one is writing, for instance, about the decimal system, one should stick to the decimal system, only allowing references to one's politics, dress and taste in wine to creep in incidentally by a sort of undercurrent.

Nowadays that is not what editors seem to want. How different it was in the good old times! You would open a paper and read simply something of this kind:—

PERISTYLES

These graceful and amusing little creatures...

And as likely as not there would be no signature, perhaps not even any initials at the end. The whole article would be about peristyles and peristyles alone.

How terribly our manners have changed!

In these days the Editor begins by inserting a preliminary announcement to prepare the public, not for peristyles, but for becoming acquainted with the man who is going to write about them. Thus—

AN AMAZING ARTICLE ON PERISTYLES

By A. J. BELWETHER,

The famous Bi-Metallist and Man of the World, will appear in the

NEXT ISSUE
of the

LEPIDOPTERIST'S REVIEW.

After which follows a short account of the family connections of the Belwethers, a photograph of the country house occupied by a collateral branch, together with the principal *bons mots* made by Mr. A. J. Belwether's great-uncle to the PRINCE REGENT. All of which is repeated again under the title

POINTS ABOUT PERISTYLES

together with an intimation that the article was specially written for readers of *The Lepidopterist's Review*, and suggesting that it was only because he loved the readers of *The Lepidopterist's Review* so much that Mr. A. J. Belwether permitted himself to break a life-long silence and burst into print at all.

And when one finally comes to the article, or as much of it as can be found amongst the photographs of the Belwether family, it probably begins—

"As I was leaving the club after an excellent lunch..."

and it is not until the very end that you find anything about peristyles at all. In fact it would be simpler if Mr. Belwether said, "And now, if you really want to know anything about peristyles and not about me, look it all up in *The Encyclopædia Britannica*, where there is far more than you or I will ever be likely to want to read."

I think this is all wrong. It seems to me that it is insulting to the readers of *The Lepidopterist's Review*. It suggests that they have no friends. When they feel lonely they have to be introduced by the Editor to somebody like Mr. Belwether to talk to them about his personal affairs. It is a poor subterfuge to pretend that they are interested in peristyles or that the Editor wants them to be.

I wouldn't say that one article ought not to differ from another in point of language and outlook, but I think that this difference ought to make itself felt more gradually. The personality of Mr. Belwether should steal into the hearts of his readers through his grace of diction and because of the wise things he has to say. We do not want him sitting on the table or banging the furniture about. After all, he may not be a very nice man. But what does it matter whether he is a nice man or not, if he is going to tell us something about peristyles?

There must, after all, be a limit. If not, we shall wake up some morning and be confronted with the following announcement:—

Read this Month's Issue of the

A.B.C.; or,

LONDON TRAIN DIRECTORY.

Every article has been written with a strongly individual and personal note, which will specially appeal to London's large circle of train-users.

The following experts have contributed...

And then we should all miss our trains.

The fact is that there are too many personalities in London; the place teems with them. It is very difficult to avoid them. Why should editors go out of their way to create new ones and thrust them into our homes without asking whether we like it or not?

Personally I hate to have them butting in:

I have seen a page of a daily paper with as many as five totally new personalities on it. I felt that they were all having breakfast with me, and I like having breakfast alone. My usual menu is—

But no, I forgot.

In order to register as strongly as possible my disapproval of this personality craze I have asked the Editor

not to print anything underneath this article, but to allow it to stand entirely on its own merits. There shall be one place at least where I have liberty to blush unsigned.

WITH BRUSH AND BRILLIANTINE.

Following the time-honoured example of a trade contemporary (says *Weekly Haircuts*) we have this year sent a representative to Burlington House to study its works of art from the point of view of the profession we represent.

What impresses me chiefly (he writes) about the Royal Academy is that so few of the studios of our portrait painters appear to be equipped with brush and comb and a bottle of brilliantine.

Sir N. Orpington's one-and-a-quarter-length portrait of the young Earl of Umpshire is in many respects an excellent canvas, the d.b. vest being a masterly piece of work. But I venture to suggest to this great artist that it is a pity to spoil a masterpiece for the sake of sixpennyworth of pomade, and that in painting a portrait it is just as well to make up one's mind on which side the sitter's hair is parted.

On the other hand, I have nothing but praise for the portrait of Mr. Anthony Stango. Little wonder that requests are made daily of the attendants for the address of the artist whom Mr. Stango entrusts with his face-massage. That this gentleman suffers so extensively from baldness cannot fairly be attributed to the painter. But the malady is not of a kind that is hopeless. On careful examination through a magnifying-glass I observed that many of the follicles are still alive; and I would venture to suggest that Mr. Stango should procure a bottle of "Thrillo, the Perfect Hair-Raiser," which is advertised on another page. Thrillo should be rubbed into the scalp with the knuckles. So admirable is this preparation that it might even be effective if rubbed into the canvas itself.

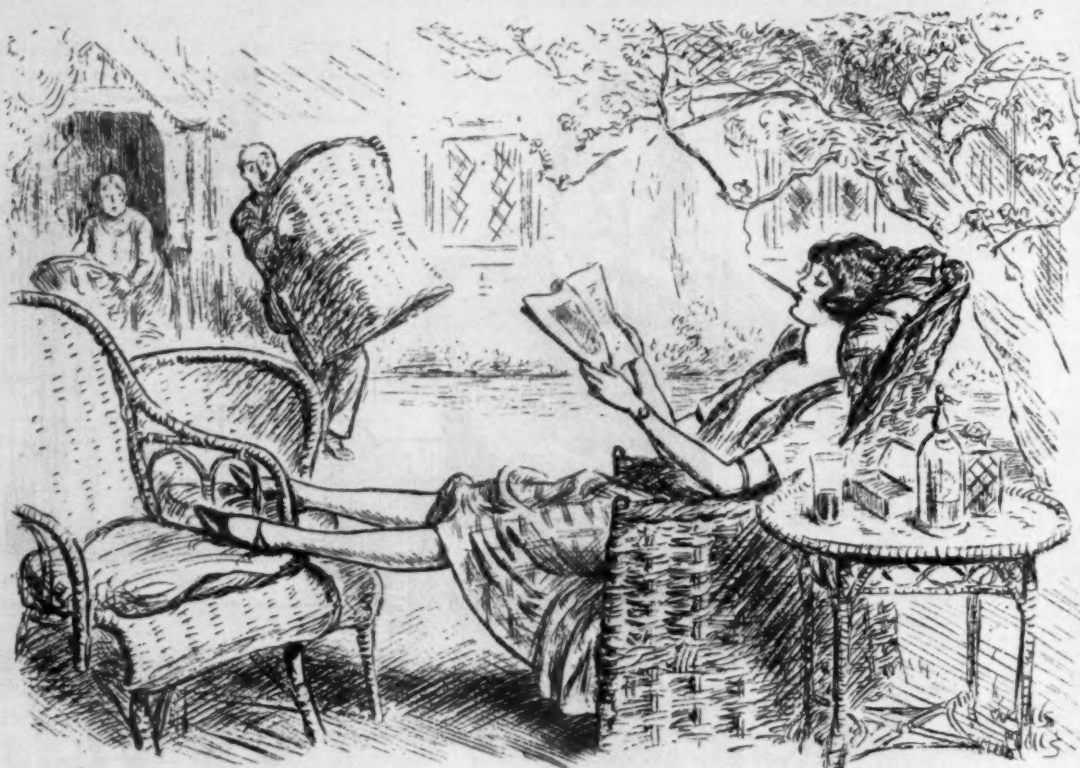
In the presentation portrait of the High Sheriff of Bluffington the moustache is appalling. Half of it is of the butterfly type and half of it walrusian, giving a very imperfect balance to the face.

More than one good painting in the exhibition has been spoiled by a *toupe* that has side-slipped, or nervous scissor-work over the ears, or the unsightly trail of the safety-razor. And, while the undulating locks of Miss Penelope Pink's "Nymphs off the Coast of Spain" are a very fine piece of hairdressing indeed, I doubt whether any known method of permanent waving could so completely withstand the buffeting of the Atlantic breakers.



THE TRAFFIC PERIL.

ANCIENT ROMAN GEES (to MINISTER OF TRANSPORT). "WE SAVED OUR CAPITOL, MR. GOSLING. WE TRUST YOU WILL BE WORTHY OF YOUR NAME AND SAVE YOUR METROPOLIS."



WHITEWASHING MISS 1924.

ONE HEARS SO MUCH NOWADAYS OF THE SELFISHNESS AND DISRESPECT SHOWN BY THE YOUNG WOMAN OF TO-DAY TOWARDS HER ELDERS. HOW DO WE KNOW WHAT GENTLE THOUGHTS OF FILIAL PIETY ARE RUNNING IN THAT DEAR LITTLE HEAD?

ON SPEAKING ITALIAN.

(Hints for use during the Royal visit.)

You all know, I am sure, the gentleman who casually claims an intimate acquaintance with seven languages, and have experienced that nasty feeling of inferiority in his presence from which I am about to release you. Your feeling is no better founded than your astonishment, upon landing at Calais, to find urchins of five or six years old chattering fluent French. For the superior gentleman is nearly always a fraud. I have myself played his game when I was quite sure that my *vis-à-vis* knew nothing but English. And this is how it is played.

Let us say that the language you claim to know is Italian. When speaking to a fellow-countryman, intersperse your remarks with references to Italian cities, men and buildings, in the vernacular. The effect is amazing. There is a perfectly true story about an American lady who was being shown round Florence by an English friend. She remarked, "These Italian hill towns are all very much alike. I visited one a week ago very similar to this, but

the guide called it 'Firenze.'" That will show you what can be done. RAFFAELE is a new discovery to thousands who would smile familiarly at the name of RAPHAEL.

When conversing with a native the method is slightly different, but hardly more difficult. There is a certain technique of attitude required to face a volcano erupting foreign matter in large quantities. Show no fear when his face, convulsed with fury, advances to within one inch of your own; nor allow any expression of relief to appear when, by a supple movement from the hips, he withdraws it to five yards and beams upon you like the sun in his strength. Maintain an air of sympathetic, serious and vibrating interest. Allow the head to nod slowly three times per second; slightly crease the forehead; pout the lips and fix the eyes upon the second button of your friend's waistcoat. Confine your verbiage to the following limits:—

(1) *Magari*.—This word is possibly derived from the Greek *μακάριος*, and its primitive significance is "Lucky Dog." The Greek Government, if this derivation is correct, should certainly deliver a stern ultimatum demanding an in-

demnity for its murder. For it has come to mean anything whatever. It is a philosophic particle giving vocal expression to a shrug of the shoulders (male) or a toss of the head (female). As an interruption it is perfect, because it does not interrupt. It merely gives the orator the pleasant certainty that you are still there.

(2) *Insomma*.—This is a master-word, though, alas! its use is restricted because it is only suitable for a pause in the other's address; and this rarely occurs until it is time to leave. But it never fails of its effect, and the speaker himself will use it so frequently that if you know its meaning you can almost persuade yourself that you *do* understand what he is saying. As he uses it, it means "to put the matter in a nutshell," and he will proceed to fit nutshell into nutshell like a Chinese box-puzzle. As you use it, it means "I absolutely agree with you and we may sum up the whole matter as you have so ably put it," or "as you are about to put it so ably." The attitude for the ejaculation of *insomma* should be that of a Jew swearing he is not making a profit on the article he is selling.

With these two words you may worthily sustain any conversation; but if ambition is not yet satisfied here are one or two accessories.

Ma.—This is not the hero's dying appeal to his mother, but a word indicating a surprised, though on the whole credulous, interest. Sir WALTER RALEIGH in the MILLAIS picture is certainly about to say "*Ma*" to the sailor.

Accidenti.—A word to avert wrath or to express sympathy in misfortune. Very useful on the golf-links, especially when playing foursomes. Having missed a two-inch putt for the match, you turn with a brilliant smile to your partner, and with a gesture expressive of proud submission to the decrees of Fate exclaim, "*Accidenti*." He realises at once that Providence has played you a dirty trick and his raised niblick returns to rest or is diverted on to a caddie.

Peccato is another word of much the same significance, but implying the jocular acceptance of slightly more personal responsibility. No Italian ever admits that he is in the wrong. But when he trumps his partner's ace he will occasionally allow that the devil has distracted his intelligence, and the word which describes this process is *peccato*.

Now you can speak Italian. But be careful to discover whether your *vis-à-vis* is talking his own language or yours. They are frequently indistinguishable, but Italian English is rather more anapestic in sound than Italian Italian. Failure to differentiate may mean a "cavalleresque incident" (in plain English, a duel), for nothing so flagellates the human soul as the failure to make its utterances in a foreign tongue understood. Thus you will see tall Englishmen speaking slowly and loudly to Italian porters, Americans tromboning on a more than usually piercing note to the same, and Frenchmen elevating their arms to Heaven in despair that the Almighty has created men fools enough not to understand words so obviously comprehensible. But you, my reader, armed with this mine of wisdom, will pass serenely through the land, the admired of your countrymen and the confidant of the natives.

Condescension.

From an article on "Wonderful Wembley" by Lord ROTHERMERE:—

"It is quite a mistake to suppose that the exhibition is too far out. I found it could be reached by taxi in twenty minutes, and I am told that the journey can be done by rail from Baker Street and other points in ten minutes."

Daily Paper.

Does Lord BEAVERBROOK know this?



"MY DEAR BASIL, WHAT ARE YOU ROARING AT?"

"DUNNO—COULDN'T HEAR IT. BUT JUDGING FROM THE APPLAUSE IT MUST HAVE BEEN DEVILISH FUNNY."

THE CUB.

We walked upon a baby fox
A-basking in the meadow;
He jumped like any Jack-in-Box
And vanished ere you'd said "Oh!"
The prettiest of little thieves
And coated like October leaves.

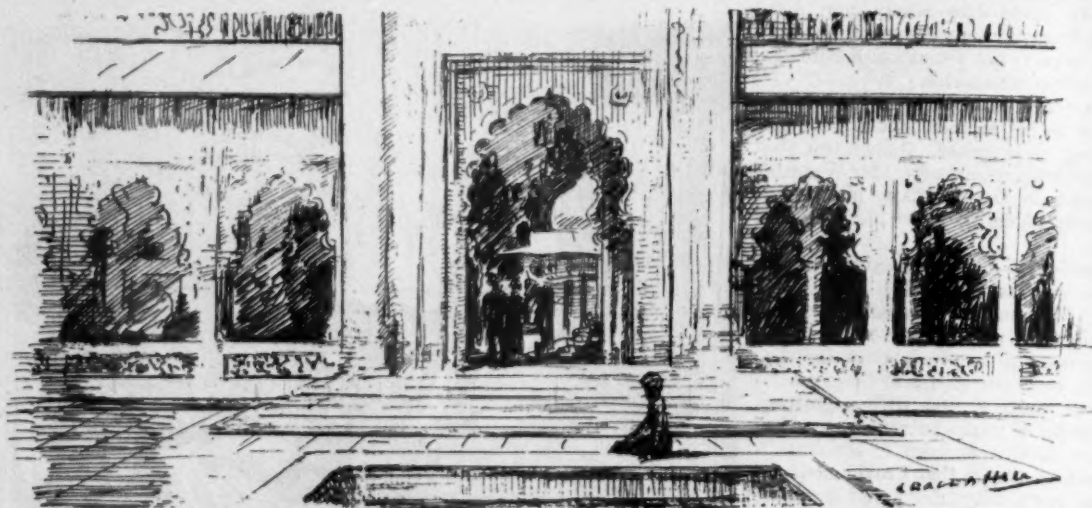
A shadow in the morning's prime,
To ground his quick pads bore him,
Milk-tooth and youth and summer-time,
His troubles all before him;
You said, "But all his pleasures too,
For he'll have both, like me and you."

Yes, after all, it must be fun
On starlit quests to prowling light,
Keep ambush by a jack-hare's run,
Go rabbiting by owl-light,
And live as long as foxes may,
A pirate and a protégé.

E'en on some January eve,
When he's got home (uneaten),
He'll like to chuckle in his sleeve
At foes his wits have beaten—
Two whips, a huntsman, horses, hounds,
That yearly cost five thousand pounds.
We walked upon a baby fox
A-basking in the meadow;
He jumped like any Jack-in-Box,
And vanished ere you'd said "Oh!"
We wished him, as to earth he popped,
Pluck and good luck when earths are stopped.

"The Unemployment Committee are compiling an insular register of persons likely to desire unemployment at the end of the summer season."—*Manx Paper*.

Hence the expression, "Happy Man be his dole!"



PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XIII.—INDIA.

If the Government of India had asked me to run through their catalogue of exhibits for Wembley (they did not) I should have examined the considerable volume without any traces of excitement until I came to the last page, where it says—

LIFE PICTURES FROM SOUTH INDIA

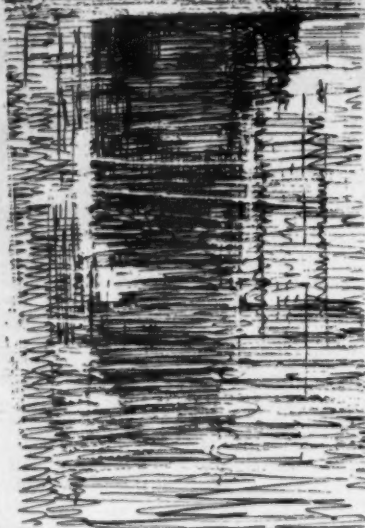
The Parlakimedi Show
Dramatic Performance
Snake Charming
Music and Dance
Juggling and Sword

A FREE SHOW.

"Ah!" I should have cried at that, "now you are talking indeed. Take my advice and give us a little more of that kind of thing. Never mind if you have to crowd out some of the embroideries and brocade and lacquer work and ivory and silver and brass. Very beautiful, I know. But have you ever seen my Aunt Caroline's drawing-room? I assure you that the model bullock-carriage of a Maharanee that we lent to the C.M.S. Bazaar in 1895—"

And, if the Government of India had replied in their somewhat stuffy way that it was impossible to relieve or mitigate the flood of Indian handiwork at Wembley without offending one or other of the great Provinces, I should turn to the earlier part of the volume, about seventy pages or so, dealing with the railways of India and the geological survey.

"Go a little easier," I should tell them, "on all this stuff. Don't let me deter you from exhibiting the model of the railway saloon used by King Edward VII. during his tour in India



WHERE EVERY PROSPECT PLEASES.

as Prince of Wales in 1876, because people will want to compare that with the one used by the PRINCE OF WALES in 1921, which I notice was panelled with salamander asbestos millboard panels, painted white and relieved with polished teak mouldings. But is it really necessary to show that model of the bogey covered goods-wagon on the Darjeeling-Himalayan Railway?

"Then as to geology. We all love geology. By all means exhibit the piece of quartz felspar rock with graphite inclusion from Anuradhapura; but what about all this highly phosphatic mica peridotite from Jogitand? and the piroclitic bauxite from Bihar? I have relations in India in almost all the services and I know how seriously you all take these things out there. But I can assure you from my own personal knowledge that the popular interest in piroclitic

bauxite amongst ordinary Englishmen has never been at a lower ebb than it is to-day.

"So cut it out if you possibly can, and give us instead a life-size working replica of a tiger-shoot on elephants, with a background of Indian jungle and Indian sky. Have you seen British Guiana, where they have a live bush-rat and live wild turkeys and wild indigenous natives and a large live negro with a beatific smile sifting gravel for diamonds all day to the rhythm of some mysterious tune of his own? Or consider Hong Kong, where you may sit at tables inlaid with mother-of-pearl and have tea brought to you by real Chinamen, without milk or sugar or handles to the cups—tea that no doubt is caravan-borne all the way to Wembley from the wilds of the Kensington depot.

"Let us have more Indian snake-charmers and fakirs, and men doing the mango trick. Let us have a *pukka suttee* and a car of Juggernaut, and a model of tiffin on a lonely station in the hills, with *punkah* coolies pulling *punkahs*.

"And above all things, if you can manage it, show us one or two stuffed agitators. You know what I mean; those non-co-operating wallahs."

As it turned out, however, the Government of India preferred to go on its own methodical way, piling *bazar* upon *bazar*, and adding olivine basalt to conglomeratic sandstone, thereby making, I think, a serious error. They must dree their own weird.

Nevertheless there is near India a live mongoose. It is usually attached to a brick and attended by a patriarch wearing a crimson turban. There is always a knot of admiring spectators round this mongoose, and they are divided into two classes: the one which



HAPPY DAYS IN THE JUNGLE.

has either been to India or else to the Zoo or else read *Rikki Tikki Tavi*, and keeps saying, "That is a mongoose," and even strokes the animal; the other sterner and more critical section which is willing to admit that it is a live animal, but inclined to be sceptical about any animal's having such a ridiculously improbable name as a mongoose. The mongoose itself wears a worried kind of look and cannot understand why nobody takes it to a dāk bungalow. And when you have passed through the spacious white Court of India, with its domes and minarets and central tank, there is, amongst the multitudinous bazaars, one hot corner at least. This is when you find yourself suddenly confronted by the glaring eyes of all the jungle beasts of prey together, some of them having just killed antelopes or black buck, and resting their paws or fixing their teeth in red sealing-wax blood.

Conspicuously in the midst is the first pig that was stuck by H.R.H. the PRINCE OF WALES in 1921. And part of the spear is still sticking in it. How it is that no souvenir-hunter from overseas has plucked this out and carried it off, I cannot say.

There is also a bear which has not,

I think, been stuffed in a characteristic jungle attitude, like the other beasts. I say this because, though it stands in a natural upright position, it has a pair of field-glasses slung round one shoulder and is carrying a wooden tray for whisky and soda in its front paws. I have asked several old *shikharis* about this, and even the most imaginative of them agree that Indian bears in their natural condition never co-operate to this extent.

It is just this part of the Indian Pavilion at Wembley that I should have advised the Government of India to turn into a really popular place of amusement. A moving elephant, either alive or mechanical, carrying a howdah, should have been provided, and air-guns charged with darts given to the spectators, who thus from a reasonable range might have experienced some of the thrills and glamour of the East.

It would have been impossible, of course, to present the successful marksmen with their trophies, because they have only been loaned to the Exhibition. But some such prize as a model of the Taj Mahal or a bamboo whatnot could have been offered instead. This, together with an efficient service of bullock-waggons and palanquins, to make

the tour of the remoter Provinces, would have put a little more life into India and been worth any quantity of mica peridotite.

There may be a million separate exhibits in the Indian Pavilion at Wembley, or there may be a million and a half, I cannot say. I was obliged to stop counting them myself because I found I had reckoned a brass ash-tray twice over, and this threw me all out. Nevertheless this pavilion has rendered one great service to mankind. Several indefatigable globe-trotters, who have been boring their relations for years by explaining to them souvenirs of Oriental travel after lunch, have now taken prussic acid and died. What else could you expect? What is the use of Uncle Christopher's pointing to a carpet and saying to Tommy, "Nice thing this prayer carpet. I picked it up in Travancore," when Tommy merely replies, "Are you sure, Uncle Christopher, that that is so? For I remember that in the Wembley Exhibition that pattern of prayer carpet occurs in Tonk"? (*Uncle Christopher gives a gurgling cry.*)

There is another charm about India which makes it extremely attractive to the Wembleyite. It is so cool there.

EVOR.

WHAT TOMMY SAW AT BRIGHTON.

IV.—THE ROAD TO RUIN.

LIFE is very full at Brighton. But there are still moments in the day when no dancing is done at all. The Tea Dancings at the Cosmopole Hotel, the Superb Hotel, the Large Hotel, Sherry's, Monkey's and the People's Dreamland all end about six o'clock. Between that and dinner-time there is practically nothing to do. Many of the guests are content to sit in the lounge and make remarks about each other. But this is a low pursuit, and the better part repair to the American Bar and drink gin.

I know nothing that so suggests solidity and the permanence of our institutions as a good Cocktail Bar.

This bar, a massive piece of furniture, was in itself a promise of decorum, like the Table of the House of Commons. It had in front of it a substantial breast-rail, which those who practise at it may hold and be secure of their position. Near the floor there is another round rail, by which additional confidence is given to the feet. When an Englishman has one hand on the breast-rail and one foot on the foot-guard it takes a great deal to move him.

Behind the bar stood two figures in white robes, sleek, immaculate, deliberate, knowing all things, incapable of error. Before the bar stood a single man in full evening dress, clinging to the breast-rail with a yellow drink before him. About the room sat little groups of people, talking contentedly in hushed tones, and in arm-chairs like those in the smoking-rooms of liners, immovable by any storm. The room had such an atmosphere of order and peace that one could not credit the existence of Bolshevism, of industrial unrest or war. Here were men and women at one with another, sure of their destiny and the rightness of existence, having a common bond of sympathy and a common standard of orderly indulgence and excess. One thought no longer of the House of Commons.

On the bar stood a little trayful of appetising delicacies, designed to make the dinner of the guests endurable—olives and bits of cinnamon, crisp flaked potatoes, horse-radish, nutmeg, and the fins of cuttle-fish, fried.

I approached the bar and ate several "chips" in quick succession. It is one of the few weaknesses of an otherwise fine character that I cannot resist any sort of food that is offered to me at the wrong time. The man in evening dress looked at us without comment, drained his glass and pushed it across the bar to one of the white-robed acolytes beyond.

"The same," he said shortly.

Doubtless one of the Brighton peers of whom I had heard so much.

The acolyte took a bottle of gin, a bottle of old brandy and a bottle of curaçoa (dry), and from each of these he poured two drops into a silver cocktail shaker. He took the egg of a hen, boiled it and deftly peeled off the shell.



Farmer. "HOW DID YE COME BY THAT BLACK EYE, JARGE?"
Jarge. "OLE COW HAD A WAY O' FLICKIN' ME FACE WIT' HER TAIL, SO I TIED A BRICK ONTO IT."

He mashed the egg-shell into small pieces with a pestle and mortar and threw them into the shaker. The yolk of the egg he beat with an egg-beater and threw away. He poured a tumblerful of milk into the spirits, dropped in a sprig of thyme, added two drops of orange bitters, stirred the mixture clockwise with an arrowroot, shook the whole in a religious manner, and poured two thimblefuls into a glass with a false bottom. He took a small cherry-stick, such as ladies use to clean their nails, transfixed with it an African betel-nut, stuck it in the glass, sprinkled the surface with nutmeg and ground celery, and the appetiser was ready.

"What drink's that, George?" I said, hoping, I confess, that the peer would give the answer and begin a conversation.

"Looks like an *Angel's Kiss*," said George knowingly.

"*Parson's Ruin*," said the acolyte, without a smile.

The peer looked at us without comment. He drank a little P.R., nibbled a potato-chip, lit a cigarette, placed one hand on the breast-rail and one foot on the foot-guard, and gazed at his image in the looking-glass opposite, as one profoundly doubtful of his future.

"What 'll you have, old man?" said George.

I studied the pretty card on which was printed a list of the things which men might drink at that hour. There were, besides "*Fancy Drinks*," twenty-seven "*Before Meals Cocktails*," and nineteen "*After Meals Digesters*."

They included:—

BEFORE MEALS
COCKTAILS.
Johnson's Special.
Bronx.
Club.
Martini.
Clover Club.
Parson's Ruin.
Angel's Kiss.
Engine's Whistle.
Mary Pickford.
Devil's Delight.
Prairie Moon.
Elephant Eye.
Queen's Comfort.
Bamboo.

AFTER MEALS
DIGESTERS.
Stinger.
Port and Starboard.
Benedictine.
Maiden's Prayer.
Swiss As.
Egg Nog.
Sherry Cobbler.
Pink Fizz.
Bishop's Own.
Cow's Ear.
Whisky Egg.
Egg Milk.
Milk Egg.
Orphan's End.

"I'll have a Guards' Cocktail," I said at last, with an air.

The man in evening dress looked at me without comment.

"Sorry, Sir, don't serve 'em," said the acolyte.

"Then I'll have a glass of water, please," I said, and ate another chip.

The acolyte pushed a jug at me and took away the chips.

"I'll have a Devil's Delight," said George hastily, in a desperate attempt to recover our good name.

The peer drained his glass and pushed it across the bar.

"The same," he said shortly.

We took our drinks, sat down quietly at one of the tables and tried to listen to the subdued conversations.

"Well, all I can say is," said a man's voice loudly at last, summing up a discussion, "you won't see me on the pier with all this bronchitis about."



Muriel (on shingly beach). "I DON'T LIKE THIS PLACE AS WELL AS WHERE WE WERE LAST YEAR, MUMMY. THEY DON'T MINCE IT ENOUGH."

"Which is Lord Leather, George?" I said.

"Don't see him, old boy."

I wondered if Lord Leather was the man in evening dress. This gentleman fascinated me. So aloof, so immaculate, so placid and independent, and yet in some indefinable way so sad, he stood there speechless, communing with himself and with himself alone, paying no attention to any one of the men and women about him, save when at intervals he pushed his glass across the bar and said, quite shortly, "The same."

Mysterious, aristocratic, inscrutable he stood there, drinking cocktail after cocktail, and all without the smallest sign of hilarity, conviviality or even satisfaction. There was something tragic in that silent, lonely, methodical course of appetising. It would have been more decent, I felt, if the man were drunk.

I am a regular reader of our subversive revolutionary Press and I thought I knew the signs. The conviction grew upon me that he was a peer.

Yet I did not despise him. On the contrary I seemed to feel that somewhere in him was a kindred spirit—or perhaps an ex-kindred spirit; and I longed to comfort him.

"George," I said, "I'm going to talk to that fellow. He wants cheering up."

I rose, my glass of water still in my hand, and slapped the man in evening dress a smart slap on the back.

I have seen the men of our Dominions, I have seen the sons of America do this to perfect strangers in cocktail bars many a time, and always with success. They follow up the action, as a rule, with the formula, "Boys! have you heard the famous story of the Muskegon professor?" and so on. And forthwith all is smiles, good-fellowship and general well-being.

I did this. I said "Boys!" (I addressed him in the plural, to make him feel that he was one of us) "have you heard the famous story of the Colonel and the monkey?" and I told him, without waiting for a reply, the funniest story I knew.

The man in evening dress, who had winced perceptibly when slapped on the back, heard me through with his eyes on his glass, smiled faintly at the end, said, "That's a good one. Very funny," drained his glass and walked out.

Quite polite; but to my trained eye it was clear enough that he had never heard a thing so far from funny in his life. I had driven him away.

A man entirely without humour, I concluded—a peer, a peer in business, and driven to drink by financial misfortune principally attributable to his lack of sensibility.

Another man had approached the bar during my story, laughed very heartily and ordered an *Engine's Whistle*.

"Who is that fellow?" I said to him.

"Don't you know Jake Turbot?" said he. "Why, you'll see that story of yours in *The Brighton Bulletin* on Monday. Jake writes those comic pieces in the *Watch Me* column. Old Jake? Why, he's the funniest man in Brighton!"

A. P. H.

Distressing Scene on Golf Links.

"Another runaway win was scored by Mrs. —. She literally trampled on her opponent."—*Daily Paper*.

"S— . . . hung on the statue with one arm and flung taunts, sneers, and insulting remarks . . . with the other."—*Weekly Paper*.
He must have been an army signaller.

"Mary — was fined £6 for having less than half a glass of poteon."—*Irish Paper*.

"In future," said MARY, "no half-measures for me!"

From a broadcasting programme:—

"Songs of Surrey Nightingales (with notes by E. Kay Robinson), relayed from Surrey."—*Evening Paper*.

With all respect to that charming writer, we should have thought that the notes of the nightingale were good enough.

THE NATURE LOVERS.

Bearing on the first attempt to broadcast the singing of a nightingale.

THE man, his wife and their two children were walking home through the woods. Behind them the sun was setting in a blaze of ever-changing colours, but the man and his wife were talking and did not notice it. They were talking about the fare to Margate and the cost of having their house painted.

The two children kept looking round at the glorious sunset, and as twilight was approaching they trod softly for fear of disturbing the fairies.

Suddenly, from a tree not a stone's-throw from their path came a clear melodious trilling. In presence of the sweetest singer of the woods the voices of other birds were stilled. Even a gamekeeper paused in his stride, marvelling.

"What bird is that, father?" asked one of the children in a low voice.

"I didn't hear it," grunted their father, for he had no idea what bird it was.

The children lagged behind, peering up amongst the branches for a glimpse of the bird whose voice was so beautiful.

"For heaven's sake, don't keep dawdling about, you two!" called their mother irritably. "Do you think the bus will wait all night for you?"

With still lingering steps the children moved on again. The man and his wife went on talking about holidays and paint and other things that mattered.

It was the evening of the following day.

In the little front room of the house which needed painting the man sat juggling with wires and knobs and screws and crystals—his wireless set.

"It's past their bedtime," said his wife, looking anxiously at the two children, who sat obediently silent, phones gripped over their tiny ears.

"Sssh . . . sssh . . .," said the man. "I think it's coming through now. They're just switching us over to Ringhammer Woods."

For five minutes or more the four remained motionless. Then one of the children began drumming impatiently with his fingers.

"Quiet! quiet!" whispered the man sharply. "Didn't you hear that—the nightingale's just started."

With eyes closed and imaginations fleeing, the man and his wife listened enraptured to a thin little squeaking that trickled tinnily into their ears.

"Listen! Isn't that wonderful?" breathed the man.

His wife nodded, looking to see that the children were listening too.

"It's not so pretty as that bird we heard in the woods last night," said the little girl disappointedly.

"Don't contradict your father," her mother reproved. "It is very beautiful indeed."

The little girl began to cry, her brother fell off his chair and they were both sent up to bed in disgrace.

In Ringhammer Woods a nightingale was startled by somebody who tripped over a microphone wire down in the wood below. He ceased his song and fluttered swiftly away from the hearing of man.

In the little front room of the house which needed painting the man laid down his head-phones.

"I wish I could get those children to take a little more interest in nature," he grumbled.

"They don't understand yet," said his wife, going on with her sewing.

TO PHILOMEL.

(A variation on the above theme).

AVAUNT, ye poets, with your strain

Of Philomel as one forlorn,

Pressing, in her "eternal pain,"

Her tawny breast against the thorn;

No more from Heliconian founts

We gain the natural history that

counts.

The plea of melancholy can

No longer safely be essayed

Now that unconquerable man

Applies his science to her aid,

And stimulates her by the mellow

Persuasive accents of the violoncello.

Linked henceforth with life's busy hum

By valves and waves and "magna

vox,"

The nightingale will soon become

Familiar as our hens and cocks,

And nightly edify each urban

Community from Darlington to Durban.

From loneliness at last set free

The prima donna of the wood

Blesses MARCONI for 'tis he—

Not MATTHEW ARNOLD, KEATS or

HOOD—

Who lets the universe applaud her,

Along with CHALIAPINE and HARRY

LAUDER.

Our Authoritative Press.

"For Europe this remarkable change in French politics may, or may not, have important consequences."—*Daily Paper.*

"In a New Zealand egg-laying competition an Indian runner duck team of three laid the wonderful aggregate of 900 eggs in 51 days, constituting a world's record."—*Daily Paper.*

An effort should surely be made to procure the attendance of this team at Wembley.

AN INLAND REVENUE RIDDLE.

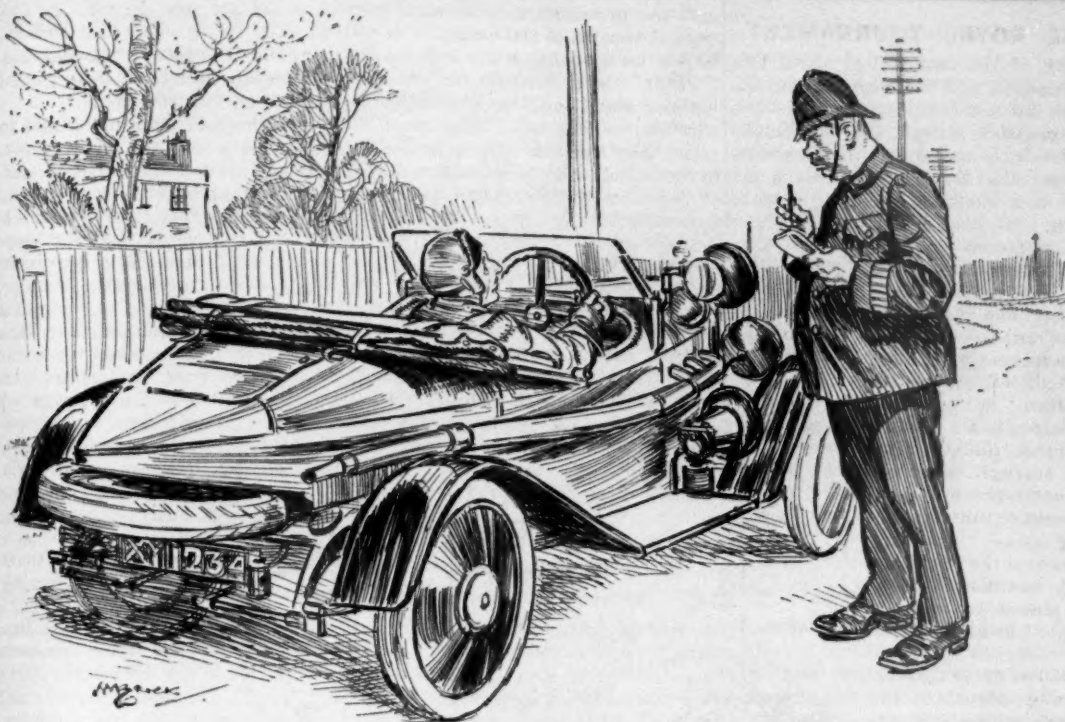
ALTHOUGH reasonably patriotic, I had made up my mind to live abroad. The savings of toilsome years would produce a small but pleasant income. Such an income would look quite handsome in a land where the currency had so heavily slumped.

Was it not clear that I could escape the rigours of the English summer and the insensate demands of the Income-Tax people by going abroad at once? It seemed so. But I am a cautious man. I felt no doubt whatever that I could find a better climate; but should I be exempt from income-tax? So I got a copy of the Inland Revenue Instructions on the subject, found the paragraph dealing with residents abroad, and read as follows:—

"No allowance, deduction, reduction of rate, or relief shall be given so as to reduce the amount of the income-tax payable by an individual below an amount which bears the same proportion to the amount which would be payable by him by way of tax if the tax were chargeable on his total income from all sources, including income which is not subject to income-tax charged in the United Kingdom, as the amount of the income subject to income-tax so charged bears to the amount of his total income from all sources."

I read it quite brightly and briskly the first time; then more slowly and thoughtfully. I read it seven times in all. Then I took a pencil and flavoured it to taste with commas and semi-colons; but it became no clearer. I parsed it; I analysed it; I translated it into fair French and very dubious Spanish; but still there was no light.

I rang for my landlady and read the thing to her. Irrelevantly she said she would make me "a nice cup of strong tea," and suggested that I should go to bed. I drank the tea and went to bed. I dreamed of a small town near Avignon, and that Mr. PHILIP SNOWDEN stood in the market-place crying out, "And no relief shall be given." Yet in the morning I came to it again rather hopefully. I am considered to have quite a nice light baritone bath voice. So I balanced the Instructions on the taps (H & C) and sang the paragraph to a Gregorian chant. I flatter myself that my phrasing was of the happiest, but it remained a song without words so far as any meaning was concerned. With despair I realised that I could never know what my financial position would be as a resident abroad. I must face the English summer and the half-yearly instalments. I am going to live in a boarding establishment at Margate, run by the widow of an Income-Tax Assessor. Very likely I shall marry her. She must know some wonderful things.



Policeman (producing note-book). "NAME, PLEASE."

Motorist. "ALOYSIUS—ALASTAIR—CYPRIAN—"

Policeman (putting book away). "WELL, DON'T LET ME CATCH YOU AGAIN."

THE EXPERT WHO COULD TELL WITHOUT LOOKING.

It was Harley Street, and the Great Man himself was bending over me.

My own doctor had sent me there as an "interesting case." This, I shrewdly suspected, without prejudice to his right to make me a small charge on his own account for having invested my apparently trifling ailment with such a gratifying atmosphere of distinction.

For what seemed like half-an-hour (it was really sixty seconds) the Great Man glared at me. I began to feel convinced that I had committed some heinous offence against the rules of healthy living and was going to be made to pay the penalty. I wondered how much funerals cost nowadays.

Suddenly he frightened me almost out of my skin by speaking.

"Your case is deeply interesting," he said. "Curiously enough, I have only met two others like it during over thirty years' practice. Stranger still, both these came to me within a day or two of each other, about twelve months ago. Most remarkable coincidence of all, perhaps, each left a widow and seven children. I think you said you have seven yourself, didn't you?"

He paused impressively. I coughed but didn't attempt to answer his question. Somehow I don't think he really meant me to.

"Now doubtless you imagine," he continued, "that I am going to carve you up or fill you to the brim with pills and potions. Completely mistaken, my dear Sir. Completely, I assure you."

He paused again, washing his hands with invisible soap. His eyes shone, apparently in joyous anticipation of some devilry even more fascinating than dissection.

"Ninety per cent. of digestive troubles," he resumed, "are now known to be due merely to bad teeth. Clear away the teeth and you clear away the indigestion."

Once more he paused, beamed expansively, and wagged a fat forefinger at me with elephantine waggishness.

"To cure your complaint," he continued unctuously, "I shall have to pass you on to the dental specialist next door; a little expensive perhaps, but easily the best man in Europe. You can never hope to enjoy normal health again until every tooth in your head has been extracted."

It was at this point that I grasped my plates and reverently bared my totally toothless gums.

BOUNDARY PROBLEMS.

It is curious that two boundary problems should have broken out about the same time: the problem of the boundary of the universe involved in EINSTEIN's theory of crooked space, and the problem of the boundary of Northern Ireland due to the intrinsic curvature of the politician.

The newspapers show an increasing tendency towards mistaking the latter problem for the former.

However that may be, it will be generally agreed that it would be conducive to world peace to refer the former problem for final settlement to Sir JAMES CRAIG and President COSGRAVE, and the latter to EINSTEIN and Professor EDDINGTON.

From the Palace of Beauty (Wembley) programme:—

"Mary Queen of Scots. Born 1542. Executed by Elizabeth at Holyrood in 1587."

Was Mr. "Jimmie" BROWN, Lord High Commissioner for Scotland, aware of this?

THE ROYAL TOURNAMENT.

ONE of the best things about this Tournament was something which the public did not hear, and that was the apt, graceful, earnest and exquisitely tactful little speech of Mr. STEPHEN WALSH, the Secretary of State for War, at a luncheon gathering a little before. He paid a tribute to the Services as sincere and eloquent as any patriot could wish, but without saying anything that could offend any but the most quarrelsome pacifists.

Would it not be a good "gesture," by the way, and helpful to Mr. WALSH and other peace-lovers who succeed him, to change the title of his department to the "Army" Office simply? We all realise that the Navy is a pretty useful and necessary possession, war or no war; and one wonders if the same is not more true of the Army than is generally admitted. In political speeches it is always assumed that all expenditure on the Fighting Services is either "wasteful" or "unproductive;" but is it either? When one sees the Royal Tournament and thinks of it not as a warlike demonstration but as a small sample of the physique, intelligence, general education and character-training which the Fighting Departments are imparting to many thousands, it is permissible to wonder whether these Departments do not do as much good for the breed, habits, hygiene, mental development and social welfare of the race as the Ministry of Education, the Ministry of Health, the Ministry of Labour and the Home Office all put together. Few of us wish to be back in the infantry, but most of us would be better men if we were. We should certainly shave more regularly, have better digestions and fewer doctor's bills; while I fancy a man costs less in the Army in the long run than he does if he is unemployed. And is it not a good thing for the State that there should be these large bodies of men who make no attempt to grow rich, take no part in politics, have no "publicity," are not afraid of horses

and are protected for the most part from the snares of matrimony? It will be an awful thing when everyone is "useful"; and, though we may do without war, I hope we shall never do without the Services. They must remain, like the best monastic Orders, in our midst, to be a national museum of the sterner virtues and the gymnastic arts.



HEAVY GAS ATTACK ON THE BAND.

I do not know if any such thoughts were in the mind of Mr. WALSH as he took the salutes in the Royal Box. If so, there was only one episode that may have jarred them, the rather unnecessary shooting of some well-conducted savages in the bush. Not that the white

man did not pay his toll; for the sulphurous fumes which rose after the explosion of the Navy's "powder-charge" at the stockade must have gassed the greater part of the band.

For the rest, I am not afraid to use again the word "art." So long as he sticks to his own departments (and does not, for example, plunge into the drama), the performing sailor or soldier is a real artist, and the best and the most popular turns are neither the patriotic nor the warlike, but those which please and satisfy, considered as works of art. And these are ninety per cent. of the whole. No one thinks of the shining guns which "O" Battery (Rocket Troop) of the R.H.A. so marvelously manœuvre in the Musical Drive as real guns, any more than one thinks of "Throwing the Hammer" as a belligerent gesture. The Musical Ride (done this year by the 13th/18th Hussars) is the supreme thing in ballets, and never wearies (but it should have "good" music, I feel, rather than "Don't we have Fun?"

and so on). Major-General Lord RUTVEN revealed the interesting fact that the Tournament only began to pay when this event was instituted in 1882. Yet, talking of "the useful," it appears that there are those who question its place in the show because "it is not under modern conditions a practicable evolution of war." No doubt, as the "mechanicalising" of the Army proceeds, these critics will expect a Musical Drive of steam rollers drawing 20-inch guns. I liked, by the way, the two splendid drummers-horses, who stood motionless throughout the proceedings, one pawing the ground, one foaming at the mouth, like understudies aching for a chance.

Where again is the Beauty Chorus that could watch without envy the Physical Training Display of the Combined Services, unsurpassable for uniformity, agility, leg-control and a certain austere grace? It becomes a question whether our *impresarios* and chorus-girls should not be attached to the Services for a course of instruction in choreography.



THE MONUMENTAL DRUMS OF THE 13/18 HUSSARS
LEND MORAL SUPPORT TO THE MUSICAL RIDE.

The Black. "AT LEAST I CAN PAW THE GROUND."
The Piebald. "AND I CAN FOAM AT THE MOUTH."



THE OVERLAND ROUTE.

MAD MONTAGU MAKES A BAD START FOR LONDON AND LOOKS LIKE OVERSTAYING HIS LEAVE.

Equally artistic and technically an interesting novelty was the Drill Display by a hundred-and-sixty recruits of the Guards' Depot at Caterham, designed to illustrate the new method of recruit-training. None of the performers had had more than three months' training, but they had all the precision and thrilling fire of veteran Guardsmen. I could not detect a blemish, even in the notoriously ticklish business of fixing bayonets. Surely for this turn the band should play that excellent tune, "The Wooden Soldiers"! And, since it is generally considered necessary to include a little comic relief in the show (not always with success), may one suggest that it would be amusing, another year, if we were allowed to see the same number of recruits doing squad drill at an earlier stage? Military drill is as funny done wrong as it is fine done right.

The Field-Gun Competition was again very exciting and popular; so was the tandem-jumping of the R.A.S.C. and the trick-riding of the 13th/18th Hussars; but (the only pebble I venture to throw at the show) I fancy the rest of the audience enjoyed the thrill of horses jumping over men as little as I did, though very likely the performers would reply that this is in fact the safest thing they do.

"Hearts of Oak," the Grand Naval Pageant, is painstaking, picturesque, rich in colour and much enjoyed by the young; but the dramatic part of the programme is never quite so successful as it promises. It is only fair to say, however, that the sailors and soldiers acted with a will, sang, shouted and

hornpiped "convincingly," as the dramatic critics say, though they were strangely uncertain what to do with their hands so soon as they put on the uniforms of their ancestors.

For comedy there is nothing to touch the removal of Roderick Dubh's body

in it, attached to it a team of heavy draught-horses, and triumphantly entered the arena, the crew rowing vigorously in the air. Once inside the arena, however, the heavy draught-horses, disliking either the Captain or the band, declined to go another step. And, after a great deal of fruitless persuasion, both he and his crew were compelled to dismount from the boat and push it (and the heavy draught-horses) to London. A common piece of leave-breaking after all.

A fine show, as usual, and very worthy. In the last four years it has realised forty-two thousand pounds for Service Charities, not to mention twenty-five thousand pounds for the State by way of Entertainment Tax. ("Shame!") There are still ten days more of it. Please go. A. P. H.



"SLOPS" IN THE MODE.
CLOCHE HATS AND KERCHIEFS.

last year; but the episode of Mad Montagu was unintentionally amusing. Captain Montagu (a sad wag, I fear), being at Portsmouth, applied for leave to go to London, but was told that he might "go no further than his barge could take him." A stickler for the letter of the law, he therefore mounted an enormous boat on wheels, placed himself and a gallant crew of oarsmen

A Doubtful Tenure.

"Mr. Ramsay MacDonald calmly pursues his course as though he had a freehold lease of the Premiership."—*Indian Paper*.

"The Sub-Committee charged with preparing a report on a fixed Easter meets again this month. . . . A good many replies and suggestions have been received. The Society of Confucius, in Peking, for example, has expressed itself (favourably) on the subject."

Headway (League of Nations Journal).

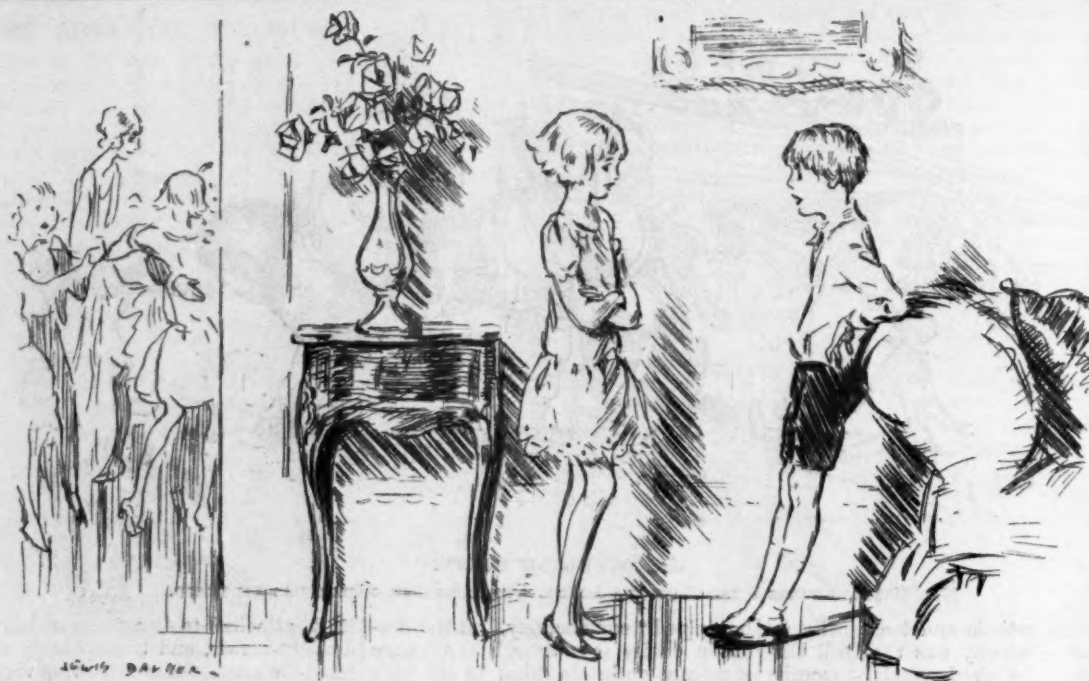
Very encouraging.

A propos of the production of *Boito's Nero*, begun more than sixty years ago:

"No author has yet taken such infinitesimal pains to perfect the production of a work."

Daily Paper.

An apology seems due to the composer's ghost.



Small Boy. "I WENT TO THE ZOO YESTERDAY, AND NOW THERE'S TO-NIGHT, AND NEXT SATURDAY I'M GOING TO WEMBLEY. THEY SAID IT WAS GOING TO BE THE MOST BRILLIANT SEASON SINCE THE WAR, AND SO FAR IT JOLLY WELL LOOKS LIKE IT."

TO THE DUCKS OF ST. JAMES'S.

THESE be your pleasant places, these your bowers,
This many and many a day;
Here, floating light as silver-petalled flowers,
Long since your forbears lay,
While through the iron hoops along the Mall
CHARLES smote the painted ball.

You know, you on the ruffling waves who ride,
That by your grace alone
The solemn blundering pelican may abide
Upon his ledge of stone,
And the pert dabchicks wrangle on the green
Frontiers of your demesne.

Do some remote traditions of your kind,
Some legends far and faint,
People the vague perspectives of your mind
With lingering figures quaint,
Plumed and bewigged and ribboned squires and
dames,
Gay ghosts of old St. James'?

Some ancestor of yours was swimming nigh
When from a blushful tree
One SAMUEL PEPYS, as he was passing by,
Snatched apples two or three,
And peered around in fear and tried to stuff
His spoils into his cuff.

And, when a dark-browed saunterer paused to fling
The corn-grains fast and thick,
Your forbears knew their sovereign lord the KING
And, knowing the kingly trick,
Rejoiced and dipped their heads and gabbled loud—
A perfect Whitehall crowd!

But not of pilfering PEPYS or laughing CHARLES
You reck as I look down
And listen to the dabchicks' angry parles
Along the shallows brown
And mark your arrogant bearing and admire
Your many-hued attire.

You waste no thoughts on the irrelevant past;
One purpose you pursue
With anxious nods and quacks and, swimming fast,
You seek the ripples blue
Where in a bobbing archipelago
Lie spread the crumbs I throw. D. M. S.

In a Good Cause.

The Royal United Kingdom Beneficent Association provides Annuities for poor gentlefolk who are over forty years of age and unable by reason of bodily infirmity to earn their own living. Those who benefit by this charity are for the most part widows and orphaned daughters of professional men. Since its foundation some sixty years ago the Association has distributed considerably more than a million pounds.

The value of the Annuities, originally fifteen pounds, has by successive stages advanced to twenty-six pounds. In order to make the final increase apply to all beneficiaries an appeal for forty thousand pounds was made last year. The generosity of the public has furnished more than half this amount; and Mr. Punch begs his readers to help in raising the balance of the sum needed. He asks them to come to the aid of the poor of their own class, whose suffering, too commonly overlooked, is often even more piteous than that of those who are born to poverty.

Gifts should be addressed to the Secretary, H. P. HUSSEY, Esq., The Royal United Kingdom Beneficent Association, 7, Arundel Street, Strand, W.C. 2.



A LAND OF PROMISE.

FIRST WORKMAN (*employed*). "THEY PROMISED ME A HOUSE; BUT THERE DON'T SEEM TO BE ENOUGH BRICKS, OR MEN TO LAY 'EM."

SECOND WORKMAN (*unemployed*). "THEY PROMISED ME WORK, AND I'M WILLIN' TO MAKE BRICKS OR LAY 'EM; BUT I CAN'T GET A JOB."

BOTH (*together*). "AND THEY CALL THEMSELVES A 'LABOUR' GOVERNMENT."

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

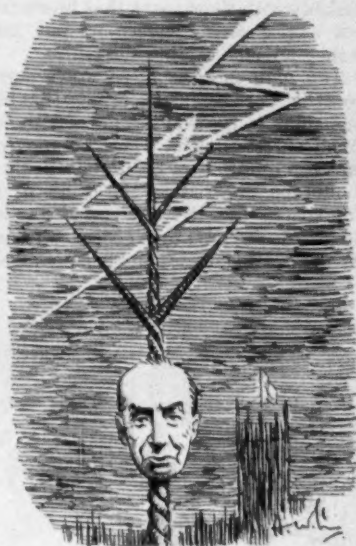
Monday, May 19th.—The PRIME MINISTER informed Sir WILLIAM DAVISON that the powers of the Soviet Delegation now in London are derived from the President of the People's Commissaries of the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics. That should surely have been enough to satisfy any reasonable man; but I fear that on this subject Sir WILLIAM is not reasonable. He and his friends proceeded to put so many questions regarding the alleged propagandist tendencies of this highly-accredited delegation that the SPEAKER had to intervene.

Inside the House of Commons, as well as outside, the air was charged with electricity this afternoon; and so much of it was attracted to the devoted head of Mr. WILLY GRAHAM, in charge of the Pre-War Pensions Bill Resolution, that, efficient conductor as he is, he was unable to dissipate it all. In vain he pleaded that only lack of time and money prevented the Government from bringing in a really generous and comprehensive Bill.

Members in all quarters refused to take the will for the deed. Sir J. REMNANT, the champion of the "Force," denounced the proposals as "niggardly." Sir L. WORTHINGTON-EVANS demanded the withdrawal of the Resolution and the introduction of a better one, and, to the dismay of the Government, was supported by Sir JOHN SIMON (Liberal) and Mr. BAKER (Labour).

The attack was driven home by Sir JOHN DAVIDSON, who indulges in the unpleasant hobby of collecting politicians' unredeemed pledges, and held up for contempt as a particularly glaring specimen the Government Resolution. Mr. HAYER, the ex-policeman, attractively disguised in a brown suit with a red carnation in his button-hole, took up his truncheon on behalf of his former colleagues. Mr. JOHN ROBERTSON, a Junior Whip, essayed to keep the bridge against this massed attack, but proved a somewhat petulant *Horatius*, and made the most violent speech that Lord WINTERTON (an authority) had ever heard delivered from the Treasury Bench.

Tuesday, May 20th.—The Lords, who have never been sympathetic towards that democratic vehicle, the



THE LIGHTNING CONDUCTOR.

MR. W. GRAHAM.

tramcar, lent a ready ear to Lord DENMAN when he pleaded, on behalf of the patients in the Royal Waterloo Hos-

pital, against a proposal of the London County Council to extend its tramway system past the doors of that institution.

Lord NEWTON seized the opportunity to withdraw his recent remarks about Viscount CURZON—not that he has changed his opinions in regard to furious driving, but because he finds that the noble Jehu's case is still *sub judice*.

His reference to the accused as "a courageous and energetic member of the Party to which I belong" might, I think, have been followed up by a reminder that the motto of that Party is "*Festina lente*."

In commending the Prevention of Eviction Bill, brought from the Commons, the Lord CHANCELLOR said that the floor of the other place was strewn with the corpses of slain Bills dealing with the same problem, whose urgency was attested by the fact that twenty thousand eviction orders were made last year. Lord CAVE thought Lord HALDANE might have added that only two thousand odd were carried out, but did not oppose the Second Reading.

When Captain BRASS asked the PRESIDENT OF THE BOARD OF TRADE how many commercial representatives were employed abroad by his department, and whether it was part of their duties "to help the individual trader," it was clever of Mr. WEBB to read the reply to

a previous question dealing with exports to the Argentine. The result was to put the House into a good humour and make it ready to accept without too captious examination the right answer when it came. In this Mr. WEBB drew a subtle distinction between finding markets for manufacturers, which was not the duty of the Government, and helping them to find markets for themselves, which was.

In the opinion of most Members the chief defect in Mr. SHAW's Unemployment Insurance (No. 2) Bill appeared to be that it provided for the insurance of children from fourteen to sixteen years and thereby, it was argued, would insure their being sent out to work at the earliest opportunity in order to qualify for the dole. Dr. MACNAMARA was especially vigorous in his de-



Disinterested Onlooker. "I DON'T DOUBT THAT GENTLEMAN MEANS WELL IN OFFERING YOU THOSE SWEETS—BUT THINK OF THE AFTER-EFFECTS AND DON'T YOU EAT 'EM."

MR. T. SHAW (Minister of Labour).

DR. MACNAMARA.

nunciation of this clause. In what was perhaps the best speech of his life, he chafed the Ministers who, after all their pre-Election talk, had been driven back on that policy of doles described by Mr. MACDONALD (out of office) as "a tempting expedient for short-sighted and irresponsible politicians."

Lord THOMSON's defence of the Government for rejecting the BURNEY airship scheme and putting forward one of their own was very well reasoned, but did not silence criticism. The Duke of ATHOLL, remembering that a few years ago he had dissipated some thousands of his own good pounds in aerial experiments, thought the Government would have been wiser to let Commander BURNEY "hold the baby" in its early stages. Lord CHELMSFORD said the Admiralty was keenly interested in airships and was conducting "most amicable conversations" with the Air Ministry on the question of their control; but he doubted whether they could take the place of cruisers as "the eyes of the Fleet." There is apt to be "an indefinable haze in the middle distance" which may prevent effective observation from the air, even when from below visibility appears to be excellent. Some such haze had possibly found its way into the atmosphere of the Upper House, and accounted for the divergency of the views expressed.

The House of Commons also took an aerial flight, and gave a Second Reading to the Auxiliary Air Force Bill. The debate displayed Mr. LEACH in a new light. His native pacifism has been "subdued to what it works in, like the dyer's hand," and, though he still regards the whole business of defence as "a wicked waste of national substance," he is not blind to facts and is determined to make the Air Force as efficient as possible.

Sir S. HOARE dwelt on the importance of popularising aviation, and Colonel MOORE-BRABAZON made the practical suggestion that every effort should be made to induce the youth of this country to abandon the much more dangerous pastime of motor-cycling, "usually with a girl sitting behind," and persuade them to do their joy-riding in an aeroplane with "the same supercargo."

In a rather thin House Sir J. SHIRLEY BENN moved in the Commons for a Select Committee to inquire into the possibilities of developing our export trade. The *clou* of the debate was the appearance of Mr. SIDNEY WEBB as a professional optimist. Just as the depression of 1909 had been followed by the prosperity of 1913, so, he suggested, our present discontents might in 1926 be turned into joy. The earlier

cloud of gloom lifted almost visibly from the shoulders of Members, who listened with rapt attention. But it fell again heavily when Mr. WEBB turned round amiably with the remark that he would not advise any Member to put his money on such a probability.

Thursday, May 22nd.—I don't suppose that Lord BURNHAM foresaw that he was going to provide the Peers with so much entertainment when he moved that the question of St. Paul's Bridge should be referred to the Fine Arts Committee recently set up by the Government. His own speech was, as usual, straightforward and businesslike.



"FOR DEFENSIVE PURPOSES ONLY."
MR. W. LEACH.

But its greatest merit was in furnishing Lord BALFOUR with a text for a sort of Romanis lecture, in which he not only pontificated—the verb seems legitimate in this connection—on the rival claims of æsthetics and utilitarianism, but discovered a surprising acquaintance with engineering problems and the difficulties of London traffic. And that was not all, for after Lord PARMOOR had indicated the Government's sympathy with the motion Lord CURZON stepped in with an almost lyrical appreciation of the beauty of the Thames, and an impassioned appeal that no new bridge should be built unless it harmonised with the dome of St. Paul's.

In the Commons the HOME SECRETARY's statement, that for the purpose of regulating traffic at night the police

were supplied with white gloves, did not give complete satisfaction. Complaint was made that stations were "issued" with only one pair of these gloves—"which is very upsetting to the force," while Viscount CURZON, who would never willingly drive over even the humblest constable, put in a plea for white overalls. If conspicuousness be the object, why not white boots?

Members were a little depressed by Mr. CLYNES' statement that only one week could be spared for the Whitsuntide recess. But they quickly resumed their cheerfulness when Mr. SHAW rose to defend the Vote for his department. Not a whit dismayed by the knowledge that the Unionists meant to move a diminution in his salary, and that in the absence of the Liberal "oxen" at their Brighton conference it might quite possibly be carried, the MINISTER OF LABOUR carried the war into the enemy's country; boldly asserting that our industrial troubles were mainly due to the "blundering incompetence" of the late Government, and that not until the new PRIME MINISTER "made a declaration" had things taken a turn for the better.

Then he drew a rose-coloured picture of all that the Government had done to provide work, and proudly pointed out that there were nearly a quarter of a million fewer unemployed than when they came into office.

Dr. MACNAMARA unkindly interjected that last year the "seasonal" reduction was two hundred and eighty thousand; and Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS asserted that the Government had merely carried out the plans of their predecessors and had not produced a single "rabbit" of their own.

Mr. MASTERMAN was scarcely less bitter in his denunciation of "the Government of broken promises," and if the division had been taken at the dinner-hour Mr. SHAW's salary would almost certainly have been docked. But Miss BONDFIELD ably asserted her feminine privilege of talking as long as she liked; and her speech and a debate on a private Bill staved off the dangerous moment until the arrival of "the Brighton express," bringing with it enough Liberals to help the Government to defeat the closure by a majority of 34. The Vote was accordingly adjourned, and for the present Mr. SHAW's salary is intact.

"—Soaps stand still."—*Trade Paper.*
Just the kind we want in our bath.

"Pianos from 10 gns. generally in stock, suitable beginners."—*Advt. in Provincial Paper.*
Then they would be no use to the girl next door, who is willing enough, but far from able.



Garrulous Passenger. "OH, CAPTAIN, I'VE CROSSED THE ATLANTIC DOZENS OF TIMES IN ALL KINDS OF WEATHER AND NEVER REMEMBER FEELING SO ILL. I WONDER WHAT'S THE CAUSE?"

Captain. "BAD MEMORY."

BROWSINGS IN BOOKLAND.

(A Study in Benevolence: with acknowledgments to "The British Weekly.")

I HAVE been taking a preliminary canter through an early copy of *Waffle-headed Wullie*, by Mr. Donald Blurt, which Mr. Margeworth will shortly publish. It is a most able and impressive study of a "moron," and all the more impressive because Mr. Blurt in his Preface disavows any intention to "edify" his readers or truckle to sentimentality; his aim being simply "to effect a synthesis of objectivity, subjectivity and relativity as sensed by an honest observer." It must be admitted that Mr. Blurt has gone far, some people may think too far, in his conscientious efforts to realise his intention. He does not minimise the disquieting problems suggested by the increasing numbers of "morons" in our midst, and his method of dealing with them may seem too drastic for some readers. Still, as I have said, it is, or at any rate appears to be, a remarkable book. I confess, however, to being somewhat puzzled by a sentence in Mr. Blurt's

Preface, where he observes, "We want less frowst and more Proust in modern fiction." What is "Proust"? I cannot find the word in the *N. E. D.*, but in the *English Dialect Dictionary* there is a quotation from WAUGH, the Lancashire author, in which he speaks of something having "prowst my inside up," which seems to indicate upheaval. And no doubt there are occasions when we need stimulants rather than sedatives.

I must confess that I have been more pained than pleased to read the plea for "the revival of Bludyer" in a recent issue of *The Skittish Weekly*. It is quite possible to regret the excesses of some modern authors and to admit that their panegyrics of paganism, if translated into action, might exercise a disintegrating effect on the fabric of social life. But it is easy to exaggerate the influence of these caracolings, and I for one am firmly convinced that the use of the bludgeon or the tomahawk is to be deprecated. Rather should we adopt the methods of a sweet reasonableness in dealing with these offenders, especially when they are first offenders.

Let us in conclusion never forget that the most frolicsome lambkin may and often does (subject to the demands of the meat market) develop into the staidest of sheep.

The romance by the brilliant Roumanian authoress, Countess Corcescu, which aroused intense interest during its serial issue in the pages of the *Sanctum*, has now been published in book form by Messrs. Dodder and Fodder. The Countess holds the balance between Roundheads and Cavaliers with a marvellously judicial hand, and it may be safely averred that, if she has not surpassed SILAS HOCKING, she has, at any rate, eclipsed Sir WALTER SCOTT. *Belinda of Basing* is replete with purple patches, alternating with passages of reverberating eloquence and strokes of pathos which bear the unmistakable sign-manual of genius. Miss DELL must look to her laurels.

"He was very mild-mannered, and once reproved a colleague for saying 'Dawn.'"

Daily Paper.

It is a nice question whether "Morning" would have been in better taste.

A CALEDONIAN IN EXTREMIS.

YEARS ago, when my brother and I drifted about the grey streets of Aberdeen with young curious eyes and bare red knees, Peter McPhee—by courtesy, Uncle Peter—was the Alexander of our world.

He used to come often enough to our



"HE WOULD COME STRIDING DOWN THE STREET."

house, and his visits thrilled us with speechless hero-worship.

Uncle Peter was a great man. He was even greater than our father, and in those days fathers were something. We were not then come to the age of the clay-feet parent.

He had fought the Boers, we knew, and singed OOM PAUL's beard. There was no ocean he had not triumphantly traversed, no desert he had not splendidly crossed. The lion hid from him, the tiger cowered at his approach, the mad elephant was yet sane enough to avoid him; and not even his own broad chest might hold all his medals.

And moreover he took the eye. Big and tall, with a fiery beard like a burning haystack and a laugh that shook the roofs, he would come striding down the street that led to our house like the hero of a hundred sagas. That he would have overset any horse-and-cart in his way was too obvious to be debatable.

We used to have a queer sort of meal about half-past six called a high tea. He would sit, surrounded by us all,

eating prodigiously and pounding the table as he talked.

And when afterwards he lit his amazing pipe, stretched his great legs to the fire and said, "I don't think ye've hear-r rd of the black lion that Fair-r-r-guson and I stumbled upon last autumn near the Thir-r-rd Catar-r-ract—" well, then—but there are no words for that. . . .

Last week I met him in the Strand and found him sadly changed.

He hardly knew me, but there was no mistaking him, and we turned into Totti's for lunch.

He was no more the gigantic hero of the old days, and disillusion stirred within me. But it was more than the mere disillusion of years that moved me. The face of Uncle Peter was thin and haggard, and his eyes were those of a coursed rabbit.

And then at lunch it was pitiable. The old Gargantua was the new ascetic—or was it dyspeptic? If it were not indigestion there was indeed something wrong. A little fish, some dry toast, some fruit and water—tap-water. And he rejected my proffered case, saying, a



"HIS EYES WERE THOSE OF A COURSED RABBIT."

little wearily, that he no longer smoked. Yet the absurdly handsome tip that he gave the waiter belied the notion that he had become mean.

As we came out he told me that he was living at the other side of London and would catch a train at Charing Cross. Would I come with him?

I stepped off the kerb to cross over,

and then he caught my arm. I was puzzled. There was no traffic to speak of, and the nearest taxi was fifty yards away. But he waited until it was gone.

Time and again I started, only to be restrained by that nervous clutching hand.

We came at last to his little house in a quiet neighbourhood. There he lived with his housekeeper, a stern Scots-woman who had looked after him for more than ten years and treated him like a younger brother.

I managed to speak to her while Uncle Peter was in another room. I expressed my anxiety regarding his health, and suggested that he must be much older than I had always believed.

"He's no so old," she said—"barely sixty. And as for his health, it's grand. He'll make a hundred with care. At least so they told him," she added after a pause, "when he sank all his money in an annuity last year."

REUNION OR PROFIT?

I LOOKED at the two paper packets lying on the table and again I looked at *The Times'* front page.

I recalled the family with the Thermos. Uncle Joe in the white flannel trousers with blue lines, the brown-and-white shoes and the field-glasses over his shoulder, who always comes late and says it was the fault of the car—in fact who never fails to mention the car somehow—and who is so effusively welcomed by his niece and her husband.

"Are you sure you're comfortable, uncle?" says the niece.

"Quite all right, thank you."

And then, a little later, "Ready for some tea, uncle?"

"If there's nothing stronger I think I could do with a cup. I was up rather late last night playing bridge."

And then I thought of the two women who meet so seldom and have so much to talk about and who talk so loudly.

"What do you think Annie's done now?"

"What."

"She's forced Fred to take a house at Melton Mowbray."

"No."

"Yes. They're to hunt all the winter and breed West Highland terriers all the summer. But it won't last, of course. It never does. It's a marvel how Fred stands it."

"Poor old Fred!"

"Yes, poor old Fred! But he's only himself to blame. He should put his foot down."

"Foot? He hasn't got one. And that reminds me. You remember that

Miss Splay who used to go to Scotland every year? Well, she's opened a milliner's shop off Hanover Square. It's called Noisette."

"Yes, I've seen it. Is Noisette Miss Splay?"

"Yes. I bought a hat there yesterday. Not at all dear. She has some lovely things. Would you go with me to-morrow?"

"No, I daren't. As a matter of fact I've given up new clothes. Tell me some more about Fred and Annie."

"I suppose you heard that all the servants left on the same night?"

I looked at the two paper packets lying on the table.

And then I thought of the solicitous ones—the married pair.

"Are you sure you're not in a draught, dear?"

"No, I don't feel one."

"Haden't you better put on your overcoat? It's silly to run risks."

"Very well, then, perhaps I will. Shall I blow up your cushion a little more?"

That was of course an air-cushion. But there are the two women, a mother and daughter, who bring ordinary stuffed cushions with them, and you know how much room such articles can take up. Narrow seats too—indeed I have heard angry people call them scandalously inadequate seats. I forget what the statutory allowance of sitting-room is—eighteen inches, I believe, in the omnibuses—but people can be such encroachers, can't they?

I looked at the two paper packets lying on the table, and again I glanced at *The Times*.

And the Felixes, I thought, those who keep on walking and are always going to see if there might be something more interesting somewhere else and then coming back because there isn't. Their sorrow for the inconvenience caused by passing and repassing so often is no compensation for their restlessness.

And the two friends, also women, who always get the names wrong.

"Where is She?" one asks.

"There, in the first row. Number three from the end."

"Which end?"

"The far end."

"The one in yellow?"

"No, that's Number five from the end. Number three."

"Oh, the one turning round to the man behind?"



The Rector (recently returned from a voyage round the world). "REALLY, JENKINS, THIS WON'T DO AT ALL. IT'S POSITIVELY DREADFUL!"
Old Reprobate. "WELL, SIR, I CAN'T AFFORD TO TRAVEL ROUND THE WORLD, SO MUST MAKE WORLD TRAVEL ROUND ME."

"No, that's Number four. She's the one next to that one."

"Nonsense, my dear; that isn't Her. That's Miss Something-or-other who's so like Her."

And the family who take it in turns to come and always have chocolates (which they call "chookies") and always regret that Dot isn't here to-day, because she would have loved it so. They would be all right but for their habit of standing up just when it is most

important that they should be sitting down.

I looked at the two paper packets lying on the table. Again I turned their seductive pages, weighing them in my hands like gold-dust.

"Shall I," I asked myself, "run the risk of sitting in the midst of all those people again, or shall I answer Box N. 849, who wants two seats for the whole meeting, centre court, and will give any price in reason?" E. V. L.

ROLLING STONE.

I AIN'T a-goin' to sign in this ship, sonny,
 Nor sail in 'er no more;
 I'm goin' to mosey round an' spend my money
 An' 'ave my run ashore . . .
 An' then look for a ship that 's bound somewheres
 as I've never been afore.

It ain't as I've got anythink agin 'er
 Of any sort or kind,
 It ain't as I 'aven't 'ad as good times in 'er
 As any I can mind,
 It ain't as I 'aven't 'ad as good shipmates as a man
 'ud wish to find.

It's just that I'm fed up with things an' places
 An' all the blessed show,
 An' what I want 's a fresh lot o' chaps' faces
 An' a ship as I don't know,
 An' different grub an' a strange berth to lie in an'
 somewheres else to go.

I've allus been that way since I was a nipper
 An' 'ooked it off to sea,
 Or I daresay by now I'd 'a' been a skipper
 Or mate at least maybe,
 But if I could I wouldn't do no different (which
 I couldn't, bein' me!).

An' I ain't a-goin' to sign again, sonny,
 In this old ship no more;
 I'm goin' to mosey round an' spend my money
 An' 'ave my run ashore . . .
 An' then I'll look for a ship that 's goin' somewheres
 as I 'aven't been afore. C. F. S.

THE PERILS OF PHILANTHROPY.

SOME time ago I called on my tailor while I was in the mood to perform an act of self-denial. So strong was the impulse that it caused me to stop short of adding a between-seasons' suit to my order, and on returning home I despatched a cheque to a Charity for the amount the suit would have cost me.

The peculiar glow which is the reward of none but the altruistic remained with me for some days, and I wore the old suit (which must now carry on in a good cause) with something of a novice's secret pleasure in his first hair-shirt.

But as time went on doubt disturbed my equanimity. I remembered that it had always been my custom to buy a between-seasons' suit at this time of the year and that in consequence all sorts of people had grown to depend on my habit. They relied upon my patronage. I had let them down.

To begin with, the cloth was all wool. That meant that a living chain extending from the back-blocks of Australia to Bradford (producer, operators, market-riggers, *entrepreneurs*, if you like, but nevertheless, to a philanthropist, fellow-creatures) was to be deprived of my support in a bad year in order that I might enjoy the luxury of doing a good action.

And then there was cotton ("all wool" was only my tailor's way of describing the cloth). As if it were not enough that the boll weevils were ravaging the cotton-fields in America, here was I in England making things still more difficult by forgoing my usual demand for a suit with cotton in the warp.

I recalled also that the quiet grey of my customary choice

was enlivened tastefully with a silk stripe. An insignificant matter this, you say. But I was haunted by the picture of a decent plodding Italian sitting in the shade of a mulberry-tree. He seemed to me to be on the point of forgiving England the part she played in the Corfu incident; but now a fresh cause for bitterness arises: the lessened demand for silk (still further diminished by the economy which made my act of benevolence possible) is throwing large numbers of his silkworms out of employment.

Furthermore, I did not forget my tailor; or perhaps I should say that I did not overlook the fact that he would suffer as a direct outcome of my magnanimity. By all the precedents he was entitled to expect that I should order that suit. For all I know, he may have budgeted on the profit he would have made on it, and my default, by making him disinclined to buy his wife some promised trifle—say, a new hat—may have sown the first seeds of life-long domestic unhappiness.

As I made this reflection the pink glow of benevolence deepened into the purple blush of remorse. I felt that the public acknowledgment of my donation:—

TEN GUINEAS. X. Y. Zo-and-zo, Esq.

ought to have run thus:—

TEN GUINEAS. Unconsciously contributed by innocent persons in the textile trades, commencing with:—
 Wool-gathering Billjims (Australia);
 Cotton-growing Reubs (U.S.A.);
 Silk-producing Fascisti (Italy),
 and culminating in the involuntary philanthropy of a
 BESPOKE TAILOR (England),
per one who prefers to remain anonymous.

I have brooded over this problem without finding the key. I had hoped that my Bank Manager might be able to help me. I explained very carefully to him how my donation had been a set-back to the textile people, and would he let me overdraw further to the extent of ten guineas, so that I might buy, as in honour bound, a new suit? But he pointed out that a loan to me would only transfer the distress from one particular trade to business in general and accentuate the money stringency by precisely the amount of my donation. And as he showed me to the door he outlined to me undreamt-of effects of my kindly action, namely that my ten guineas to charity must be reflected in the Falling Imports, the adverse Trade Balance and the fluctuations in the European exchange.

It would seem then that even in doing good one cannot avoid being ruthless; and I can only hope that my conscience may grow less sensitive as I become more addicted to benevolence.

"DONEC ERIS FELIX."

IN this wonderful world of adventure in trade
 All sizes of fortunes are made and unmade.
 There are fortunes in turning old mansions to flats;
 In the tinning of sardines or even of sprats;
 In the artful designing and trimming of hats;
 In the wholesale synthetic production of fats
 Masquerading as butter in rolls and in pats;
 In the dexterous blending of whisky in vats;
 In the making of golf-clubs and rackets and bats;
 In the careful exploiting of talented brats;
 In the printing of private and intimate chats;
 But the strangest of all is the latest, and that 's
 The fortune amassed by the filming of cats.

"If Mrs. — will communicate with Messrs. —, Solicitors, she will hear of something to her advantage?"—*Adel. in Provincial Paper.*
 The note of interrogation has a sinister look.

DO YOU WEMBLE?



I WEMBLE.



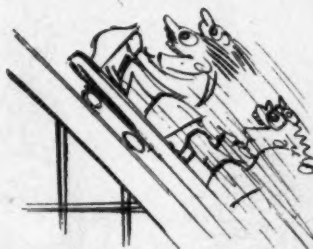
THOU WEMBLEST.



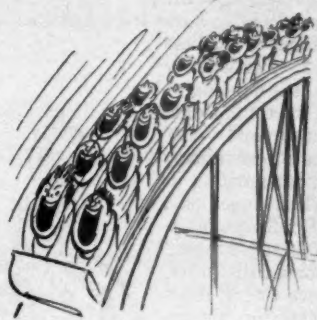
HE WEMBLES.



WE WEMBLE.



YOU WEMBLE.



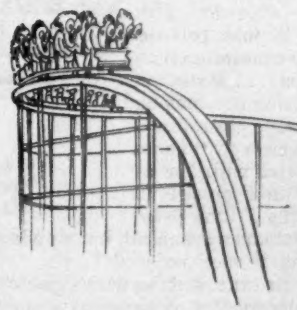
THEY WEMBLE.



LET US WEMBLE.



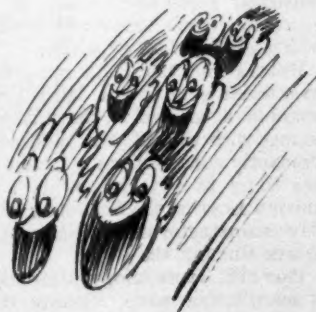
BY, WITH OR FROM WEMBLING.



TO BE ABOUT TO WEMBLE.



DO WE NOT WEMBLE?



WE SHALL HAVE WEMBLED.



HAVING WEMBLED.

John. B. Thompson. 1924.

AT THE PLAY.

"THE PUNCH-BOWL" (DUKE OF YORK'S).

A MUCH more than ordinarily attractive affair, this *Punch-Bowl*. And a very complicated brew. I counted twenty authors and composers on the programme, but they were not too many to spoil the punch. And there was a jolly dynamic air of youth about the whole business. Even the audience seemed to have been packed with the younger generation. If this was a conspiracy it was unnecessary. The show can certainly carry itself, and should be—will be—one of the distinguished theatrical successes of the year in its own light line.

One can do little more than make a dull catalogue of the best things. . . . Particularly delightful the dancing of DORIS PATSTON, DORIS BRANSGROVE and WYN CLARE in a preliminary canter about nothing in particular. Ingenious, too, the "Six Characters in Search of SHAKESPEARE." *Romeo*, bored with *Juliet*, makes love to a most willing *Ophelia* almost distraught with a surfeit of *Hamlet*. *Hamlet* consoles himself with *Portia*, *Orlando* with *Juliet*. A joke perhaps better in conception than execution. . . . MARJORIE SPIERS singing, moving and dancing charmingly in a queer song, "Those Eyes," and with her as comely and shapely a Chorus as I have seen,

not bored and mechanical, but rippling about as if they enjoyed it all. . . . NORAH BLANEY singing with expected accomplishment a sentimental, almost a mock-sentimental, song, with a sort of saxophone flavour. But she is artist enough surely to sacrifice that top note so unreasonably dragged in to shatter an atmosphere—if you can shatter atmospheres—so carefully contrived. . . . A live duet, "Every Minute of every Day," between NORAH BLANEY and MICHAEL COLE, and some attractive dancing by eight competent members of the company. . . . One of ALFRED LESTER's characteristic drolleries, "Gardening." . . . "The Breakfast-time Follies," by the pick of the company, which included BILLY LEONARD, SONNIE HALE, HERMIONE BADDELEY, to end a sound Part I.

If Part I. was competent, Part II., *Punch-and-Judy-up-to-date*, "a fantasy

in three phases by ARCHIBALD DE BEAR—incidental music by NORMAN O'NEILL, choreography by HERBERT MASON and costumes and setting by CLIFFORD PEMBER," was really distinguished. Phase One: the *Showman's Wife* (NORAH BLANEY) tells the indignant *Showman* (ALFRED LESTER) that the old show is out of date. As he sleeps in his chair the puppet *Punch* (BILLY LEONARD) comes out from his box to argue with him and suggest improvements—all this at too great length, I confess, and a little dully, a matter which should be remedied. Phase Two: "The Ballet," a most charmingly-conceived, admirably-produced and spirited affair. The miming of BILLY LEONARD, SONNIE HALE (*Joey the Clown*), little ANNIE KASIR (*Toby*)—a particularly attractive perfor-

ALFRED LESTER and BILLY LEONARD in a spoof play, *Telling Benny*—first-rate; DORIS PATSTON and the charming ladies of the Chorus in a bright sketch, *Georgie-Porgie*; ALFRED LESTER and BILLY LEONARD professing, quite falsely, to be high-class vocalists and simultaneous dancers; SONNIE HALE and HERMIONE BADDELEY and the Chorus in a very spirited pseudo-South Sea Island sort of thing which was cheered to the echo, and NORAH BLANEY as herself, with her engaging partner, GWEN FARRAR, who has found new ways of emitting grotesque and diverting noises. God heavens, what a mixture! When one or two items have been dropped or trimmed, this will be as near a perfect little show of its kind as can be presented in a very imperfect world. T.



JUDY THE JEALOUS.

Judy MISS BADDELEY.
Punch MR. BILLY LEONARD.
Polly Peachum MISS PATSTON.

mance—HERMIONE BADDELEY (*Judy*), and MARJORIE SPIERS (*The Doctor*) was excellent, as was the formal dancing, particularly that of DORIS PATSTON (*Polly Peachum*). But this should perhaps not be treated as an affair of individual accomplishments. It was something much better and rarer, an artistically satisfactory whole.

Phase Three: the old *Showman* wakes up still clinging to his faith that it would be a betrayal of the children to tamper with the old show, and we are pleasantly enough given a taste of the real thing to drive home his point; ALFRED LESTER, the *Showman*, admirably sympathetic and pathetic, as was NORAH BLANEY, the *Wife*.

Part III., a very happy little epilogue of scintillating revue. SONNIE HALE, who seems to have already made a following in very amusing and competent song and dance; NORAH BLANEY,

OPERATICS.

I DOUBT if even Herr RICHARD STRAUSS himself would pretend that the Near-Eastern sensuousness which he attempts to convey in *Salome* is congenial to the Teutonic temperament. The pedantic wrangling of the Hebrew Scholars was German enough, and so, incidentally, was the *Prophet's* confident anticipation of "Der Tag," but for the rest neither the music nor the German rendering of the author's French seemed very closely related (I had almost said "germane") to the theme. I am certain too that, if *Narraboth* had been a Captain in

the Prussian Guard and committed suicide whilst on duty, this breach of discipline would have been made the object of remark. But nobody paid the least attention to his corpse until *Herod* slipped in its blood in the course of the ensuing scene.

And much the same comment might be passed on Mme. GÖTA LJUNDBERG's interpretation of *Salome*. Judged by her very natural acting in the gentle and domestic characters of *Sieglinde* and *Gutrune*, she did not seem the likeliest person for this lurid part. I admit that *Sieglinde's* morality was not altogether above reproach, and that both she and *Gutrune* tampered with other people's drinks for their own ends (for I presume it was *Gutrune* who "philtred" *Siegfried's* beverage); but still we had very little confidence in Mme. LJUNDBERG's ability to portray a type that cannot exactly be said to



["If there's enough blue in the sky to make a pair of trousers, the day will be fine."—*Time-worn saw.*]

HOLIDAY PARTY SEEKS EXPERT OPINION BEFORE VENTURING ON PICNIC.

have illustrated any of the Scandinavian virtues.

And our doubts were in a measure justified. Her gestures of allurements might well have failed to disturb a less ascetic personality than the Prophet. Her *pas seul* of "The Seven Veils," equally wasted on the Prophet (who, like Truth, was down at the bottom of the well during this interlude), was more seductive, if you care for a bowdlerised edition of the *danse du ventre*; but by this time we had formed a fixed idea that her Orientalism was an artificial pose.

However, she came by her own at the end, when in spite of the gruesomeness of the situation (worse, I must suppose, for her than for us, who were only suffered to have a back view of a black chevelure on the charger), she realised the moving appeal of the only beautiful passage in the whole opera.

I found Herr KIRCHHOFF's Herod a little too plebeianly comic for a Tetrarch; but perhaps he wanted to live up to Herodias' rude reminder that his father was a camel-driver. The bottom of the well, where the Prophet did a lot

of his singing, should, I think, have been fitted with an amplifier; but even when he emerged Mr. SCHIFFER's rather wooden attitude did not encourage us to believe that he was enjoying an access of inspiration. Nor did the robust solidity of his figure bear out the opinion of him expressed by Salome—"How wasted he is! He is like a thin ivory statue."

To fill up the time we were given the second part of the last Act of *Siegfried*. The two RICHARDS in the field afforded an interesting contrast. After the nervy unrest of STRAUSS we were for the first time favourably impressed by the leisuredness of WAGNER. Appropriateness of physique has never been a dominant feature of Grand Opera, and here a rather opulent Brünnhilde and a *Siegfried* of middle-elderly aspect left us once more free to concentrate on the spiritual side of this romance of Love and Youth. But when the orchestra gave her a chance I thought Miss FLORENCE AUSTRAL's voice as sympathetic as that of any Brünnhilde I have ever met. Herr KIRCHHOFF's particular gifts did not show so well in the

part of *Siegfried* as in that of *Loge* of the agile brain.

Talking of *Loge*, I think it must have been he, in his capacity of Fire-god, who turned down the flames as soon as *Siegfried* had entered the charmed circle. When one reflected that they had been alight for the best part of a quarter of a century, this sudden economy seemed a little paltry. But one must remember that he could only just have heard of the fracture of Wotan's spear and the consequent menace to the career of that *vieux marcheur*; and no doubt thought it best to save himself up for the *finale*, when he would be required to illuminate the Dusk of the Gods by the combustion of Walhalla.

O. S.

Romance.

"Working Gent., 33 years, no means, but abstainer, bright and affectionate, desires to Meet Widow or Spinster; reason of advert, 'tired of lodgings.'"—*Advt. in Local Paper.*

"Hark! Ah, the nightingale, the yawny-throated!"—*Daily Paper.*

Bored with the broadcasting, no doubt, poor bird.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is hardly a reviewer nowadays, be he never so wedded to his craft, who can escape dropping in, like *Alice* at the *Mad Hatter's* tea-party, at the tail-end of some trilogy or other and having painfully to gauge, on the chaotic evidence of the place in which he finds himself, which of the two previous volumes is responsible for the crumbs and who it was that upset the milk-jug. Mr. E. F. BENSON, however, is far too genial and considerate a host to let even the tardiest reader suffer for his tardiness; so, although I entered on *David of King's* (HODDER) without any preliminary acquaintance with *David Blaize* and *the Blue Door* or *David Blaize*, I had no difficulty whatever in finding my bearings. There were no topographical subterfuges. Cambridge was Cambridge from the outset. And as for personalities, if my own interior light (such as it is) had not been engendered at Oxford, I daresay I should have rechristened the dons temporarily baptized as Mr. Mackintosh and Mr. Crowfoot as speedily as I did the renowned *viveur* and conversationalist who prances through Mr. BENSON's pages as A. G. Of course, apart from A. G.—who was never, I am sure, induced to play second fiddle anywhere—the book reserves all its limelight for the young, and particularly for the blithe and exhilarating *David*, the sober and archæological *Maddox* and the amorous *Bags*—now *The Honourable Crabtree*. The adventures of this trio, a merry, slightly fatuous round—with one conversation of rather embarrassing intimacy, one May-week idyll of Gilbertian prettiness and absurdity, plenty of rugger, tennis and chess-draughts (you time the moves with a metronome set to *andante*), and enough work in the background to make a couple of firsts not wholly preposterous—I can recommend as the pleasantest possible reading for an unexact afternoon. In manner and matter the book recalls my old favourite, *The Babe, B.A.* *The Babe* was an excellent portrait of its kind, and *David of King's* is worthy to hang on the same wall.

Hunting reminiscences are in the air. Only the other day we had *Green Peas at Christmas*, in which "GUMLEY" WILSON gossiped pleasantly of old days with the Atherton, the Pycheley and the North Warwickshire. Now it is Mr. MORETON FREWEN with a stouter work, *Melton Mowbray and Other Memories* (JENKINS), written in much the same spirit; only this time we have the Quorn and the Cottesmore and sometimes the Meynell. Like "THE SQUIRE," Mr. FREWEN also had an Irish estate, and put in some useful days in the Meath country and the Kilkenny. He seems to have a genius for making friends and for recollecting good stories about them. Probably by this time a new generation has sprung up that knows not those great men of the past, BAY MIDDLETON and "CHICKEN" HARTOPP and

the rest who figure in these pages; but it is good that their fame should be preserved a little longer. Excellent is the story that added four extra guns to the salute of His Highness the Maharajah of INDONE, which happened when the "CHICKEN" was on Lord NORTHBROOK's Staff in India. I like the picture of this stalwart captain in his dressing-gown, reproduced opposite p. 52. It is Ouidaesque. Sometimes one asks oneself what our author was doing in this galley. His was, as he points out, an eminently serious family, mostly parsonic or Parliamentary, with an ancestor who had been Archbishop of York after the Restoration and at least a dozen livings in the family gift. One of them—Melton Mowbray itself—the author might have had, "instead of which" he went about visiting Texas and the Rockies and risking his neck over the big Leicestershire oxers and at Irish steeplechases and accumulating material for these reminiscences. Probably the public is the gainer, though towards the end the reader may find himself bogged in such subjects as bimetalism and preference tariffs and

Imperial Federation. Mr. FREWEN has always had the courage of his convictions—some might even say he was a trifle cock-sure. But he has "warmed both hands before the fire of life," and maintains a cheerful combativeness at seventy. For which I can forgive him much, even his reference to the famous epigram from which the above phrase is taken as "Landor's pretty lines." Pretty!

In *God's Step-Children* (CONSTABLE) SARA GERTRUDE MILLIN has written a masterly book, extraordinarily vivid and thoughtful and, perhaps a rarer quality, artistically compact. In



Head Clerk. "I'M SORRY TO HAVE TO INFORM YOU, SIR, THAT OUR ESTEEMED CASHIER HAS SUDDENLY DEPARTED AND LEFT A GAP WHICH I'M AFRAID IT WILL BE DIFFICULT TO FILL."

the eighteen-twenties a zealous, dreamy but weak-minded missionary among the Hottentots marries a native girl. He convinces himself that such a union will fittingly symbolise the equality of white and coloured before God, but it is indicated without cynicism that the conviction is rather the result of loneliness and a definite disappointment in love. The book deals with the effect of this marriage through four generations in a land where the feeling against mixed blood is so bitter that the grandson, *Hans Kleinhaus*, a quite pathetically worthy fellow and almost white-skinned, is sjamboked almost to the point of death for merely helping a little Boer girl to find her strayed cattle. The great-granddaughter *Elmira*, a lovely girl, even whiter than her father *Hans*, and convent-educated, is still so isolated as to become in despair the wife of an old hypochondriacal English settler whose cold nature is fired by her beauty. Of this May-and-December marriage, its normal difficulties enhanced by the persisting "taint," the issue is a charming, gifted, ultra-sensitive boy, who serves as a chaplain in the War and marries an English girl. Obsessed by the conviction of his hereditary taint, he renounces his wife and child to go and take up missionary work among the natives—a belated penance for his ancestor's folly. Not perhaps a very promising theme, but worked out with a rare sincerity and artistry.



Husband. "WHAT SORT OF FISH IS THIS? IT TASTES LIKE HAKE, IT LOOKS LIKE PLAICE, AND IT SMELLS LIKE HALIBUT."

Wife. "WELL, I TOLD JANE TO ORDER SOLE, AND THE MAN SAID ALL HE HAD WAS WHITING. BUT ON THE BILL HE PUT DOWN EEL, AND CHARGED THE PRICE OF COD."

In *Indian Politics* (Nisbet) Mr. J. T. GWYNN has aimed at getting together at first hand, for the enlightenment of the average Englishman, a complete collection of all the ideas that are flying up and down India in regard to the host of horribly complex and disconcerting problems that have emerged there. This sounds serious enough, but the author has found means to lighten his rather depressing theme with a certain leaven of cheerful, if sometimes a little familiar, incident—of the gentleman, for instance, who took his goddess out of her shrine and basted her over the head with a slipper to mend her manners; or of that other gentleman who claimed an hereditary right to supply milk to all the houses in a certain street. Everybody who has any opinion at all on *Swaraj* may find it here, and anyone still lacking an opinion may here be conveniently supplied by an authority who has little or no leaning towards any. His great qualification, indeed, is his ability to sympathise with all, as his great concern is to persuade every member of the responsible public at home—meaning you and me—that an opinion of some kind and a practicable policy we must develop, and the sooner the better. So here are policies, practicable or otherwise and conflicting beyond belief, that range from a demand for instant complete autonomy, through all stages of delayed or partial transference of authority and endless local variations, to the unalterable maintenance of the British Raj. Here the non-co-operator boasts of Mahatma GANDHI, the Mohammedan bewails the woes of Turkey, the Sikh would be a king once more, the Bengali and the Tamil proclaim a

real Culture, the Mahratta remembers his freebooter days, the humble *ryot* sighs for the golden age of QUEEN VICTORIA. The author's one conclusion is that "the changeless East" is changing, and something has got to be done about it. Unfortunately neither he nor any human being else can say precisely what.

I trust my gifted Miss MARY BORDEN is not going to write herself down as the teller of one tale, and that a sad one, but I am beginning to feel apprehensive. Her second book finds her still the American Philomel, singing away with her breast against the same thorn—the harsh fate of a Transatlantic heiress married to a European title. In *Jane—Our Stranger*, you remember, the heiress came from Michigan, wedded a French Marquis and abandoned him. In *The Romantic Woman* (HEINEMANN) the lady derives from Iroquois, secures an English Duke and manages (though only just) to cleave to him. In matrimonial duel Number 2, novel material does all it can to atone for lack of structural originality, and some of it (on the American side especially) very nearly succeeds in tipping the scale. Iroquois is admirably described—a gigantic provincial town between lake and prairie, with curious but very definite social strata, only crossed at rare intervals by religion or love. So too is the girlhood of "the triumvirate"—Joan Fairfax and her two friends, Phyllis and Louise. Phyllis marries a rich but despised Irishman, "a Mick." Joan just misses a suitable American mate (snapped up by Louise), and sails for the Old World, to find "Binky," heir-presump-

tive to a dukedom, on the Afghan frontier. The rest is disillusion, spiritual patchwork (described with almost morbid subtlety) and a *modus vivendi* arrived at during the War. The book ends with a dramatic meeting between the three couples and the rather haphazard murder of *Louise* by her husband, *Joan's* first love. Altogether I do not feel that *The Romantic Lady* is an advance on *Jane—Our Stranger*. Nor is it exactly a falling-off. Miss BORDEN is merely treading water; but this can only be forgiven once to a writer of her capacity.

The adventurers in Mr. H. DE VERE STACPOOLE's *Ocean Tramps* (HUTCHINSON) are as cheery and reckless a set of ruffians as ever roved the South Seas seeking what they could get. Mr. *William Harman* is the most engaging of the party, for he owned a kind of conscience restraining him from participation in the more shocking forms of crime.

Both *Billy Harman* and his colleague, *Bud Davis*, experienced in duplicity as they were, and skilled in devising fraud, invariably suffered from the frustration of their elaborate schemes. Mr. STACPOOLE attributes their failure to an attractive simplicity of character; but I cannot help suspecting the mental obliquity which occasionally afflicts people who are too clever by half. Theirs is the farce of adventure, and very entertaining it is. The other pair of fortune-hunters in the book, *Captain Brent* and *Buck Slane*, were at once more respectable and luckier. *Captain Brent* indeed, the retired schooner-captain, narrating his experiences, is careful to point their moral with an edifying solemnity not less amusing than the imperturbable self-confidence of Mr. *Harman* and Mr. *Davis*. The last two stories in the collection, containing the element of mystery, are admirable examples of the detective order of composition, but they are happily free from our too, too familiar friend the detective. These spirited tales are told in a racy idiom, and the brilliant and magnificent scenery of the islands is admirably suggested in a few vivid words. Not for the first time, however, the reader of stories of the South Seas will discover a vain regret that the white man ever intruded upon that paradise.

Many years have passed since Mr. EDEN PHILLPOTTS diverted us with *The Human Boy*, and now he returns to his youthful field with *A Human Boy's Diary* (HEINEMANN). It is no easy task for a novelist, however accomplished he may be, to fit himself into the skin of a small boy, and, although Mr. PHILLPOTTS has made valiant efforts to suppress himself, he comes from time to time irresistibly into view. In short, *Teddy Medland's* skin is too small to contain the whole of Mr. PHILLPOTTS. This however is not to say that *Teddy's* diary is a failure. Indeed it is far more

amusing than the authentic diary of a small boy during his first three terms at school could conceivably be. But I must warn anyone with a taste for the modern school story, with its revelations and analysis, to steer widely clear of this volume. *Teddy* and his companions are for the most part just mischievous urchins. They are obsessed by no abstruse problems, and their conversation never reminds one of jaded young men.

The first few pages of Mr. DOUGLAS GOLDRING's *Miss Linn* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), with their picture of *Professor Taylour*, of Trinity College, Dublin, his wife, and daughter, *Sally*, awaiting the arrival of the new governess, whose name is the title of the book, aroused in me considerable hope. The atmosphere of the ill-assorted family—cold English husband, unhappy Irish wife, eager young daughter—was uncommon, and I trusted to receive light on a little-exhibited facet of Irish life. Even *Miss Linn*, with her psychic powers and her strange relation to her employers, sounded promising; but her character soon melted into vagueness and was never sufficiently exhibited to seem more than a bundle of peculiarities arbitrarily tied together. As for the story, it presently drifted away from Dublin to London and concerned itself with the erotic adventures of *Sally* in Chelsea studios and elsewhere. If Mr. GOLDRING's aim was to hold up to admiration a picture of life with the spiritual completely divorced from and overshadowed by the material, he has certainly succeeded.



Customer. "HAVE YOU 'THE LIFE STORY OF A CAT'?"
Bookseller. "NO, MADAM—NOT IN STOCK. BUT I MIGHT PROCURE IT FOR YOU. IN NINE VOLUMES, I PRESUME?"

In *When the Devil was Sick* (MURRAY) Major-

General CHARLES ROSS returns to the scene of his exciting story, *The Haunted Seventh*. Again we visit a well-known Cornish golf-links and the "ancient Phœnician mine workings which exist in this corner of Cornwall." These tunnels and caverns—previously, you may remember, occupied by ruffians and revolutionaries—are now in the hands of "The Smugglers' Cave Company, Ltd.," and *Bates*, that delightfully imperturbable man, acts as guide to visitors who wish to explore their mysteries. The story is told by *Sir Charles Kennedy*, who himself admits that he is unable to explain the extraordinary incidents which he narrates. "In spite," he says, "of having weighed and re-weighed the evidence I have adduced, I must confess that the solution of the mystery still eludes me." Conceivably we are to be given the solution in another story, and if this is so I hope to read it, for at present I confess that I share *Sir Charles's* sense of being baffled. Meanwhile the most amazing mishaps occur to those who for vulgar profit have exploited these bowels of the earth. *Bates* stands out alone, cool-headed and determined in the face of danger. He is a great character, and I congratulate General Ross on the making of him.

CHARIVARIA.

THE rumour to the effect that Mr. GRINDLE-MATTHEWS got the idea for his "death-ray" after seeing the love-light flashing in the eyes of Mr. DAVID KIRKWOOD has now been denied.

We are asked to say that the red tie worn by Lieut. Commander KENWORTHY in the House last week does not necessarily indicate that the Labour Party has decided to throw in its lot with the Member for Central Hull.

A Clydeside M.P. has been invited to speak at Cambridge on "Has Scotland made England what it is?" When it comes to fixing the blame we wouldn't go quite so far as that.

Dr. MACNAMARA says that the Labour Minister has produced a rabbit out of his hat, but that it is not his rabbit. Perhaps not, but surely this is what is meant by the nationalisation of the means of production.

Lord SUMNER says that not one foot of film has been of any benefit to mankind. He seems to have forgotten that piece which spontaneously ignited in Los Angeles recently and burnt down a studio.

According to an American interviewer Signor MUSSOLINI has a luminous mind. At night, in fact, it is sometimes mistaken for Vesuvius.

A gossip-writer asks if there is any profession, trade or calling which is not represented in the House of Commons. We understand there is not a single professional muffin-flattener at Westminster.

The POSTMASTER-GENERAL is making arrangements to improve the telephone communication between this country and Berlin. It seems that the word "Reparations" does not come in very clearly at present.

We hear of a revue that took nearly two dozen authors to write it. But of course a good producer can always alter all that.

While dressing a chicken for the table a resident of Gloversville, New York State, found a diamond worth a

hundred pounds inside it. Surely a very modest diamond for an American to find inside a bird!

"I have found a robin's nest in my watering-can containing four eggs," writes a correspondent in a morning paper. It would be interesting to know what he expected to find in the nest.

Lord BIRKENHEAD mentions in *The Sunday Times* that Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR has met a very large number of distinguished men. We would point out that no suggestion to the contrary has ever appeared in these columns.

Mr. A. C. McLAREN deplores the modern batsman's style of standing full-face to the bowler. We ourselves, when playing fast bowling, are more in favour of facing the wicket-keeper.

are to be considered by the L.C.C. Perhaps some day they'll also consider some nice new trams with seats for the passengers.

M. PAUL SOUDAY says that to go ahead is more arduous and more meritorious than to stand still. We know. We've tried to pass right down the car ourselves.

Mr. JAMES BROWN says that the aristocracy are not so bad as they are painted. Nor, we might add, as hideous as they are shingled.

The Expedition to British Honduras has brought back a pair of strange animals that crawl along the ground like alligators, have the armour of turtles and can spring six feet. It sounds to us as though the perfect pedestrian had been discovered at last.

Mr. W. L. GEORGE thinks that a husband and wife ought to be the same age, in order to give them a fair start. But the question is, will they still be the same age on the day of their silver wedding?

22-Carat is the title of a new revue. Strangely enough the leading lady is not an American with an expansive smile.

A woman had hysterics in a London restaurant the other night. The old-fashioned remedy of slipping a cold key down the back is, of course, impracticable when the sufferer is in evening dress.

A lady in Berlin known as "Boxing Bertha" recently knocked out two policemen and a railway porter in succession with savage rights to the jaw. If she ever attends a London bargain sale she will be quickly taught her place.

A young London actress who recently appeared in tragedy is now playing in revue. We doubt if the change was worth mentioning.

Pictures of this season's proud anglers and their record catches are already appearing in the illustrated Press. We hear rumours of a new paper to be called *The Sunday Piscatorial*.



Sportsman with glasses (to smaller sportsman struggling for a view). "You NEEDN'T WORRY. IT ISN'T WORTH LOOKING AT."

[Note.—The fancy of the sportsman with the glasses is marked with a cross.]

"Life is full of worry, pain and misery," laments a writer in a morning paper. Still, in our opinion, it is the only thing worth living.

Motorists crossing the Sahara traversed a stretch of country as big as Europe and absolutely uninhabited. It seems an ideal place for storing discarded safety-razor blades.

A Highlander has written home to say that he has played the bagpipes outside the EX-KAISER's castle at Doorn. Scotsmen should remember that the politicians only promised to hang the EX-WAR-LORD.

In Paris, a member of a jazz band struck a man on the head with a saxophone for insulting him. We felt sure that sooner or later a use would be found for this instrument.

New trams with seats for the drivers

LONDON-ON-THAMES.

In this unusual Year of Grace
On our Metropolis converge
Masses of every clime and race,
Obedient to a common urge:
To sample Wembley's scenes
They come (including several Kings and Queens).

But there are other sights to see;
And, for a change, some choose to wend
To ALBERT's priceless effigy,
Or, for their minds' instruction, spend
A profitable hour
At Madame TUSSAUD's or the Bloody Tower.

To Charing Bridge some take a guide
Expert in architectural gems;
But do they ever plough the tide
Flowing beneath—I mean the Thames?
They don't, because they can't,
Being without the necessary plant.

By that Imperial crowd which flocks
Through streets that undergo repair,
Held up for hours by traffic-blocks,
The fact that this broad thoroughfare
Displays no public ark
Is made the frequent subject of remark.

Ah, pageants of a nobler day!
Ah, penny steamers of the past!
When on this storied waterway
My sad riparian eyes I cast,
And can detect at large
No transport save a stationary barge,

Oh, then a very sea of bile
Gets up and surges in my blood;
I turn to that palatial pile
(The County Council's) o'er the flood,
And in my wrath, "Oh, L.
C.C.," I cry aloud, "it is not well!"

O. S.

IN THE NEWS.

THE GIRL.

WE respect the Well-known Authority, the Eminent Physician, the Personage Moving in a Circle. Their names are household words, but we stand in awe of them too much to feel that they are of the same stuff as ourselves. But there are others—commoners—who vie with these peers of publicity in making the modern newspaper what it is, a power in the nation's affairs and the poor man's ready educator. They are our girls.

The Girl is always with us. Journalists are spoken of frequently in terms such as lead us to imagine them creatures of hard intellectual brilliance and no tender emotions. On the contrary they are men who sigh easily and are incurably romantic. Consequently we have the Girl, wayward and beautiful, generally the centre of some love drama, deserving pity, but censure never; standing silhouetted against a blaze of publicity, upon a heap of honest journalistic hearts, and appealing to the world with a wistful smile. "There are girls in this land divinely fair," wrote ERASMUS, a noted foreign correspondent of a past era. Fleet Street, disdaining qualification, asserts that every girl in this land is beautiful.

Let us consider Miss Dorice, a typical girl. She is twenty years old and extremely beautiful. She has a fiancé who is constantly at her side after an accident or during times of trouble; no doubt he is equally attentive on other occa-

sions, though it is not mentioned. She never talks without laughing or smiling, and is very popular with the neighbours. She has hordes of friends, is a ray of sunshine about the house and her employer's valued assistant. One cannot imagine anything of a material nature, such as a tight shoe, affecting her life; her sad expression, which she chases away with a quick smile when approached, is due to a tender recollection or a complicated psychological problem. When she figures in the newspapers, no detail of her dress, her habits and her past life is too insignificant for publication; no remark she has made, no change of expression (which her family and fiancé will always remember) is ignored.

Above all things Miss Dorice is refined, and impresses this on us; not, I am sure, because she is a snob, but because she wants to set us a good example. She has her "lady" friends and "gentlemen" friends, and speaks of them as such, hoping simply, by emphasising their gentility, to inspire us with a distaste for low company. She avoids such crude words as "table napkin" and "drunk," preferring the more genteel "serviette" and "intoxicated."

We see her at her best when she has won a Beauty Competition organised by the Press, and receives a special representative in the charming sitting-room of her father's residence. "Of course," says Miss Dorice's mother, "my daughter never expected to win the competition; it was only by chance that she acceded to the request of a friend to despatch her photograph." "It was such a surprise!" contributes Miss Dorice herself; "I must admit, though, that it was a pleasant one," she adds laughingly. "That such beauty should be unaware of itself!" cries the special representative as he departs with her every word carefully transcribed. We learn that she has received many flattering offers of marriage, and look on our bachelor friends enviously—at least they have a chance! We read that she is amused at the interest her success has aroused, and feel a little ashamed of our vulgar curiosity. She has not thought really what she will do with the money; some of us have already spent it for her in imagination, so base are we!

Miss Dorice has a great influence over us, and it is ever for good. I remember, when she disappeared from home recently—to be discovered two days later at a Y.W.C.A. hostel with the letter she had meant to post to her parents still in her vanity bag—that her mother told the reporter, "Dorice always loved sunsets; she thought them so beautiful." What a difference that information must have made to many who lead dull uninspired lives; to what fresh paths must it not have pointed! Often she says, or is reported to have said, delightfully provocative things like that.

Let no girl despair. A reporter's imagination, given the opportunity, can turn her into a Dorice in the twinkling of a fountain-pen.

Our Stylists.

"The subtle cosmopolitan aroma of capital cities seemed to crystallise in the sunshine and put the cachet of metropolitan magnificence upon gloom-free London."—*Evening Paper*.

From a bookseller's catalogue:—

"To those whose principal knowledge of Assyria is contained in the well-known line, 'The widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,' Mr. —'s book will be interesting reading."

Chatty creatures, those Assyrian *blanchisseuses*.

"The deputation from the Town Council to the general manager of the — Railway yesterday was received with every courtesy, but it cannot be said that the members came away with anything very tangible."—*Local Paper*.

It would have been a graceful act on the part of the general manager to present each member, on leaving, with a railway bun.



THE FIGHT FOR THE FAVOURITE.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE. "HERE, I SAY, THIS IS MY MOUNT."

MR. WINSTON CHURCHILL. "NO, IT ISN'T. I THOUGHT OF IT FIRST."



Keen Devotee at Cricket-match. "HANG IT ALL; WHY CAN'T THEY DO WITHOUT A TEA INTERVAL?"

DIARY OF A MONDAINE.

Mayfair Mansions.

THE scarf-craze is growing ever crazier, and the tassel-madness madder. Wherever you can fix a scarf fix it, and where you can't fix a scarf hang a tassel, *et vous voilà, bien à la mode!* But one must have the scarf temperament to make it a real success. One must be able to make one's scarves float; and when there's a scarf from each shoulder, from each elbow and from each wrist, as well as a couple from the head-bandeau, it wants some doing. I flatter myself my scarves are floatier than anyone's. Dancing the Pinks at the Grey Squirrel Club the other night, I started with *one* partner and ended with *four*, the other three lassoed by my wonderful floating scarves. *A propos*, someone asked Delia Easthampton one day which she considered best for evening frocks, Fragolet or the Maison Dernier Cri; and Delia answered and said unto her, "I've dropped 'em both. With scarves and tassels and a figure like mine one has no use for evening frocks."

It's simply amazing that the Arkwrights' Brainy Breakfasts and my Trifling Teas have survived from the

Little Season into the storm and stress of June. Someone asked me if there was really much difference between them, and I said, "Dearest, yes. At the Brainy Breakfasts you generally don't know what you're talking about, but at my Trifling Teas you always know. Just for instance: at one of the Brainy Breakfasts we got upon psycho-analysis, lost our way in the fog and ran into each other gloriously. At my Trifling Tea last week the subject was, Which is really, really, *really* the nickest place to hide the lip-stick?"

While we were discussing it, Pixie Dashmore blew in. "What's the row?" she asked. "Best place to hide the lip-stick? What tosh! Why hide it at all? I don't;" and she twitched off her little shingle-hat and showed her lip-stick behind her ear. "And where, oh where d'you keep your powder-puff?" she was asked. "In my *honi soit*;" and straightway she produced it, used it and returned it. "No tea for this dear little girl," she went on; "for the love of Mike, give me a cocktail, Sylvia. I've been to the Big Bore and got show-shook."

"You at Wembley, Pixie?" exclaimed Chatterton Soames; "I thought we'd all resolved to give it a miss."

"Oh, well, Curly Standish wanted to motor me out there, and we lunched at the Lucullus, went into the Amusement Park and got a feeble thrill out of the Jack and Jill stunt—and that was all. But I got a nasty jolt before leaving the place. I warn you, people dear, the Big Bore's not only a bore, it's a danger. The uttermost ends of the earth meet there; all sorts of skeletons come out of all sorts of cupboards and go there; and *mauvaises rencontres* are the results; even husbands and wives may meet there, if they're not careful! I'm pretty sure I saw Dashy in the distance."

"I didn't know Lord Dashmore was expected back," said someone.

"I didn't expect him; I don't know if anyone else did," answered Pixie.

Whatever other snappy weddings there may be in London this Season, none will make a bigger splash than last week's—dear Rosabelle St. Adrian, the Midshires' only girl, and Kid Boggins of Bermondsey, the champion paper-weight boxer of Europe. Extra police had to be put on outside St. Hilda's. We invited guests were the only people who came into the church free. The back seats downstairs were 7s. 6d., and the gallery was 5s., front row 10s.

Rosabelle's brother, Piers, who's a regular professional now and has lost several of his teeth, was one of the Kid's seconds. We were all *dreadfully* disappointed that dear Jacques Cordonnier wasn't able to keep his promise to be the bridegroom's other second and shed the light of his world-renowned smile on the wedding. In that case the promoters would have charged twice as much for the seats.

The bridesmaids looked most utterly sweet in white silk jerseys and the darlings little white suede boxing-gloves. The crowd outside was so enormous that the police could hardly get the Duke and his daughter through from their car. Kid Boggins had to be got in through a side-window.

A pretty and novel feature was that, as the newly-married pair came down the church together, they passed between two lines of the bridegroom's professional friends and sparring partners, who fanned them with towels, just as they do in the ring between the rounds. There was an old-fashioned wedding-breakfast at Midshire House, but, as so many of the guests were in training, the traditional *menu* was varied by dishes of underdone steak and racks of dry toast.

The daily papers were wrong in saying, "Later in the afternoon, Kid and Lady Rosabelle Boggins left for the Continent." They didn't. He wanted them to have a trip abroad, but she said, "No, cuddly boy, I'm fed-up with the Continent. Let's do our 'mooning in your native place, Bermondsey. It's one of the few places I've never seen."

I shall have to leave Sarah Delamont off. She's not fit to know. Because people are your cousins and you were kiddies together, is it any reason why they should say outrageous things to you in front of everybody? Yesterday I had some news from my son and his wife, which, though not unexpected, made me feel a bit *affaissée*; so to get chirpy again I looked in at the Grograve Galleries in the evening, where there was a Fancy-Dress Romp in aid of the Utterly Hopeless and Helpless. It was a very cheery affair. Dancing was varied by those dear old games, Hunt-the-Slipper and Kiss-in-the-Ring. I had a big success as a boy scout. And, just as Chatterton Soames (who made a delicious monk) was saying I looked "even scoutier and more boyish than the real thing," that wicked woman, Sarah D., called out, "Hullo, Sylvia! So Doggelly and Millicent have made you a granny. How's it feel?"

Another Glimpse of the Obvious.

"A large number of our Labour Members began life at a very early age."—*Daily Paper.*



Little Girl (used to long sermons). "WHAT A VERY SHORT SERMON THE NEW CURATE GAVE, MUMMY. I SUPPOSE HE DOESN'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT IT."

THE TIMID SEX.

[According to a writer in a daily paper it is cowardice which makes women follow the dictates of Fashion.]

LET cynics point at you with scorn
When, caught in Fashion's net, or
snare,
You strive your person to adorn,
Corinna, with her latest wear;
And in their blindness hint that this
Reveals your moral cowardice.

Let highbrows cast, I say, a frown
On startling hat and daring hose,
Your TU-TANKH-AMEN evening gown,
Those "rainbow" shoes that pinch
your toes,

Vowing that all your outward gear
Bears the sign-manual of fear.

But as I mark your sorry show
And how you gaily venture thus
To follow Fashion's whim, although
She makes you look ridiculous,
All of a heap I own I'm struck,
And stand astonished at your pluck!

"If your face becomes roughened and painful after exposure smear it lightly with some good face cream and leave it for about half an hour. Then take it off with a soft piece of rag."

Ladies' Paper.

We seem to know quite a number of
faces which would be the better for
this treatment.



TREASURE-HUNTING AT WEMBLEY.

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XIV.—SUGAR AND THINGS.

THE West Indies are in a rather remote part of the Empire. They are next, that is to say, to the British Government Pavilion. Popular fancy has decided that the heart of the Empire beats nearer to the shores of the Great Lake, where the largest grill-room is. One or two pioneers, however, have found their way to the West Indies and have had their reward.

The Illustrator had conceived no less resolute a project than that of piercing through the fringe of sugar-bearing islands and examining the diamondiferous soil of British Guiana; it seemed a happy thing therefore that just inside the doorway of Jamaica there is a cocktail bar completely stocked with natural resources of a fortifying kind, including the ingredients for Planters' Punch.

"It seems very nice and cold and sweet," I said to the operator. "How is it made?"

"The actual recipe is of little importance," he said. "But it has to be shaken in accordance with the rhythm of an old Voodoo chant, which, translated into English, runs thus:—

One of sour,
Two of sweet,
Three of strong,
Four of weak."

Perhaps you would like to try a Green Swizzle now?"

"I suppose a planter's life is full of solemn ritual of this kind?" I said, when we had finished that.

"Some of them take half-a-dozen before breakfast," he told me; "but the Green Swizzle, which has one very remarkable constituent,

is popular far beyond the West Indies. It was after taking a large number of them that an American business-man suddenly observed to his friends, 'Say, now, is this a Rotary Club?' Hence came the great Rotarian Movement which has extended over so large a portion of civilization."

"Well, well, we live in a wonderful world," I said to the Illustrator, who was wearing the pleased look of a duck in a shower of rain.

On the other side of the entrance to Jamaica one may drink real planter's coffee, and in the very centre of the West Indies there is a stand where real chocolate is most charmingly served. Here may be also seen sometimes a real planter, dressed entirely in white and brimful of energy. His collar, his tie, his boots are white, and he wears white gloves. When the Illustrator and I arrived he was giving a demonstration to some small boys on the proper way to eat real raw sugar-cane, while their parents sat round at tables consuming chocolate.

A lady who went to Wembley with four children had told me a few days before that Trinidad was the place to visit. I understand the reason for her enthusiasm now; for rest, even though sticky, is sweet.

There are other attractions, of course. Indeed, the complete outfit for a desert island story is to be found in the stands

and in the show-cases of the West Indian Pavilion—turtles and coral and cokernuts and stuffed flying-fish. Nor could I recommend any better hunting-ground for authors who are about to put real local colour into a piece of magazine fiction. There is even a model of a bitumen lake, which should be a particularly useful study for the disposal of villains actuated by sudden remorse or despair. One cannot, how-



AN ALL-WHITE PLANTER.

ever, be more eulogistic about the West Indies than the author of one of the pamphlets that I picked up at the doorway, who says of Jamaica:—

"Land of golden fruit, where glorious flowering trees and wondrous shrubs ever pay homage to bounteous Nature: no snows, no frosts, no fogs are there, just one long spell of sunshine, tempered by day

with the ozone breezes off the Caribbean, and cooled at night by gentle zephyrs from the mountains."

Which seems to me to have the Happy Islands or the Vale of Avilion beaten to a green swizzle in a green shade.

Pushing on through the coral, we came to the jungle of Guiana, where live orchids hang in pots and are perched upon by preserved iridescent butterflies. From this jungle a turnstile leads you to the diamond diggings of the interior. By special permission the Illustrator was to give an amateur exhibition of "jigging" for diamonds, which consists in shaking gravel about in a kind of sieve held half under water until the jewels gravitate to the centre.

It is not a pastime suited to the Illustrator's years and figure, since you have to plant one foot on either bank of a small muddy rivulet, and bend down holding the sieve in both hands. Nevertheless he insisted, and all men were amazed at his daring. A kind of hush fell on the air when he began, and the hard-bitten diggers held their breath with astonishment. The indigenous Indians left their weaving, nor could the wild life of the jungle restrain its curiosity.

The two green parrots which spend most of their time in matrimonial bickerings on the leaf-thatched roof of the log-hut flew over to contemplate the scene. The bush rats, the bush turkeys and the solitary bush deer gathered expectantly around.

Alas, as was only to be feared, after several fruitless efforts to bend to the required angle, the Illustrator's left foot slipped and with a loud cry he disappeared into the flood. With great presence of mind the principal diamond-digger rescued the sieve in which the diamonds lay concealed, and a huge negro with a shining smile dragged the Illustrator to shore just as I was afraid he would be lost evermore in the main. A shout of applause went up, the two parrots shrieked, and even the little bush deer began to bound as to the tabor's sound. The Illustrator's trousers were horribly muddy, and in spite of his entreaties he was not even allowed to keep a diamond for himself. Such is the price we pay for Empire. However, he drew a picture in the visitors' book with a fountain-pen lent him by the principal negro. "You lift the lift and then

shakey," said the dark giant, apparently supposing that the Illustrator did not even know how to jig for ink.

Fortunately the West Indies are full of sponges, as indeed they are full of all pleasant things. So we bought one and got rid of the greater part of the

thinking of staying at Wembley for dinner."

When I left him he was edging once more towards the West Indies (Jamaica door), and I heard him murmuring softly to himself—

"One of sour,
Two of sweet,
Three of strong,
Four of weak."

EVOL.

A CROWN REPRIEVE.

THE discovery of a humane and at the same time salutary method of chastising a young lady of tender years is one of the pressing needs of the age. It is a problem about which philosophers have long been in profound disagreement. Even in my own household there is some diversity of opinion as to what steps should be taken when Elizabeth Susan, who has been a model of misdeemeanour for three-and-a-half years (she will be four next

month), perpetrates some fresh atrocity. Enforced abstinence for a period from the sugared blessings of life, the method favoured by her mother, has been of little avail. Incarceration in a cupboard, advocated (if it takes place at the other end of the house) by her father, has been even less effectual. The

sounding smack administered by Jane is worse than useless.

Some few weeks ago a new and rather more desirable form of correction was discovered, or rather, like some other so-called discoveries, it had been used for a long time without its efficacy in its proper sphere of usefulness being fully understood. I refer to the washing of her hair, a process which calls forth her most emphatic resistance, and the threat of which produces instant and frequently quite lengthy obedience. (I used to hate the performance myself, even when in the hands of a professional; but those days are gone.)

There was no disguising our triple delight when Jane—I admit that it was Jane who deserved the credit—pointed out to us that with the simple utility of this periodic operation

there might be combined a disciplinary function. These were not her exact words, of which the phrasing escapes me. Since then she has vigorously inflicted this capital punishment every few evenings, its application corresponding roughly to Elizabeth Susan's periodic offences. A little adjustment here and there, two nights



"LEND ME A PEN, SOMEBODY."
"YES, SAH!"

Guiana mud. Then we went out to take the sun amongst the tulips and listen to the Punjabi band.

A little drier and less exhausted, the Illustrator now led me to the Fiji Islands, where he explained at great length the rig of what he said was a South Sea prau, though it looked to me



"IT LOOKED LIKE A COLLISION BETWEEN A SAILING-WHERRY
AND A HALF-FINISHED BUNGALOW."

more like a collision between a sailing wherry and a half-finished bungalow. And also to Newfoundland, where he would have liked to buy a backgammon marker carved out of a narwhal's tusk.

"I hope you don't feel cold after your wetting," I said to him as we went to Hong Kong for tea.

"Not in the least," he said. "I'm

running for very serious delinquencies, and the thing was settled.

Yesterday, however, it struck me that there had been lately a noticeable improvement in her behaviour, and another problem of some gravity immediately presented itself. As the shampooing operation was now recognised as a form of chastisement by the culprit, was it fair to continue it during periods when her conduct was marked by abnormal correctitude? On the other hand, to lengthen the intervals in such circumstances would be to neglect the primary function of the institution, and, however much it might be welcomed by one who is fond of quietude, would certainly be resisted by the more hygienic majority.

The more I pondered on this question during the evening the stronger became my conviction that the child, in spite of her sex, had seen the logical conclusion, and was about to test the quality of human justice. I resolved to support her, not entirely from selfish motives.

On arriving home this afternoon (the shampooing was due in the evening, and since the last operation Elizabeth Susan's conduct had been flawless) I was determined to thrash the matter out and insist that, if her reformation was sustained, those charming curls should go unscrubbed for months. I found a silent mother and a weeping Jane.

"I half feared the weather would break," I said. "What has she done?"

"The worst ever," sobbed Jane through her apron; "an' she's been sich a angel since I washed it last time. Wot'll we do now?"

"Do? Wash it again," I said. "Wash it hard."

Jane became almost hysterical.

"Wash it again! Look at 'er!"

Through a doorway I looked and saw Elizabeth Susan seated on the floor, in her hands a large pair of scissors, on her face a sweet smile, and on her head the tiny ragged stubble of a thoroughly harvested crop.

FEATURING DELIA.

"I SEE that the paper says that arched eyebrows are waning in favour," said Janet.

I had just come in from feeding the chickens.

"Are they?" I said. "Janet, the white hen's broody."

"Many women are taking a regular course of eyebrow-training at West End beauty specialists," continued Janet. "I wonder if Delia is having hers done?"

My cousin Delia is one of those people who get mentioned in Society columns ("Lady Crammington was lunching at the Carlton with some friends. At an

adjoining table I saw Miss Delia Spink in blue marocain and baboon's fur." You know the sort of thing). She professes to be fond of Janet, and we generally have tea with her at her flat on the rare occasions when we go up to Town.

We were up one day last week. Delia greeted us as usual with affectionate commiseration.

"You poor darlings! Sit down and be comfy. Three lumps, Jack, I know. Janet dearest, that hat! I suppose in the country it doesn't matter. The fowls don't mind."

"It's got to last me for best through the winter," said Janet.

"You mustn't mind my being quite, quite frank," said my cousin.

"I don't," said Janet.

She gazed at Delia. I gazed too. She had on her usual three coats of paint and her hair was approximately the same shade as when we saw her last. Yet she was somehow changed.

"Delia," said Janet, "have you had your eyebrows altered?"

Delia smiled. "Oh, that old stunt! That's quite finished. Not that. But I've just been through a course of nose-diversion with Lalage. It's so frightfully banal to have a nose stuck in the middle of one's face like a knocker on a front-door. It simply isn't worn that way by the people who matter. Just the teeniest, weeniest slant to the right or the left. It doesn't take long. Three days—"

"GEORGES CARPENTIER would do it for you quicker than that," I remarked.

"I thought of that," said Delia earnestly. "I meant to run over to Paris and get him to. He's such a dear that I'm sure he wouldn't have charged me much. I even got my passport. And then I funk'd it. I was afraid it might hurt."

She turned to Janet—"Dear old thing," she cried in a burst of generosity, "I'll stand you the course! Three morning and three afternoon sittings. You can stay here with me—"

I waited, not without anxiety, for Janet's reply.

"How perfectly sweet of you," she said, "but I couldn't possibly be away from home for three days. There are the fowls—and Jack—"

My cousin was a little hurt. "Just as you like, of course. But it would improve you immensely."

"I tried to alter the shape when I was a child by wearing a clothes-peg at night," said Janet, "but it only made it red."

* * * * *

In the train going home I inveighed against the follies of fashion.

"There is my poor cousin, disfigured, possibly for life."

"I thought Delia was looking very well," said Janet.

I stared. "What—when those con-founded beauty people—"

"Dear old boy," said my wife kindly, "you're as blind as a bat. Delia's nose always was crooked."

"But she looked different," I cried. "You noticed it too."

"Well, she'd taken the course," said Janet. "Fifteen guineas. And they've made it nearly straight."

PIANO CONTROL.

THE palmy days of Oxford
Were spacious, large and fine,
And festive undergraduates,
While sitting o'er their wine,
Whene'er the mood impelled them
To harmony divine,
Could spank the grand piano
With freedom after nine.

But lately, so a counsel
In Shoreditch County Court
Informed good Mr. CLUER,
Indulgence in this sport
By undergraduates seeking
Dull care in song to drown
Has led to broken windows
Or having to "go down."

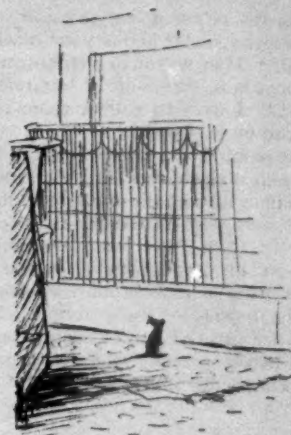
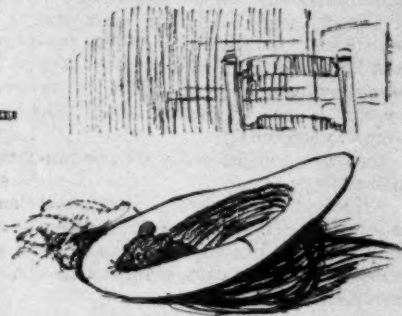
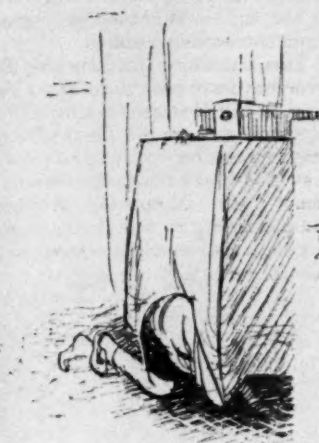
Whereat the worthy CLUER
(Who, so the record states,
At Balliol in the 'seventies
Took Firsts in Mods and Greats)
Suggested that the counsel
Could only mean to crab
The rival *Alma Mater*
And must have been a "Tab."

"No, no," exclaimed the counsel,
"My academic race
I did not run at Cambridge
But at the other place."
Whereat the worthy Cadi,
Disgruntled and dismayed,
Bewailed the state of Oxford,
Degenerate and decayed.

And yet the sons of Isis
May confidently point
To influences ending
Times lately out of joint,
Released from the restriction
That dance and music quells,
Under a rule humaner
Than rigorous FARNELL'S.

But, whatso'er the licence
Conceded to the young,
Or whatso'er the fetters
Around their freedom flung,
Punch in his mellow wisdom
Wishes for nothing less
Than academic discipline
Dictated by the Press.

"Mr. Greenwood appeared in white tennis shoes. He also wore black boots."—*Daily Paper*.
Still it's better for a politician to be double-footed than double-faced.



WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

XXIV.—MISSING.

Has anybody seen my mouse?

I opened his box for half a minute,
Just to make sure he was really in it,
And, while I was looking, he jumped
outside!

I tried to catch him, I tried, I tried . . .
I think he's somewhere about the
house.

Has anyone seen my mouse?

Uncle John, have you seen my mouse?

Just a small sort of mouse, a dear little
brown one;

He came from the country—he wasn't
a town one,

So he'll feel all lonely in a London
street;

Why, what could he possibly find to
eat?

He must be somewhere. I'll ask Aunt
Rose:

"Have you seen a mouse with a woffelly
nose?

Oh, somewhere about—
He's just got out . . ."

Hasn't anybody seen my mouse?

A. A. M.



Charles H. Shepard

THE SINGING METER.

HAVE any of you got such a thing as an electricity meter about your establishment? If so, do you mind telling me whether it is in the habit of humming to itself? I wish to collect some information on this point.

Being painfully impressed by the size of my newest electricity bill I went into the cellar to inspect the creature which was devouring my substance. It looked all right; there was no discernible movement on its various little dials. But a very low tremulous murmur came from the bowels of the machine. It was rather like the wind singing very faintly indeed through some telegraph wires. The beastly thing was undeniably crooning to itself.

It struck me as ominous in the extreme. I did not like it. I told Julia I did not like it. "Why," I said, "should the electricity meter sing to itself when there are no lights turned on? The gas-meter does not do it; rob us it may, but at least it refrains from bursting into song over the transaction. Why should the electricity meter behave differently? Does it think it's a nesting-box for humming-birds?"

I kept the thing under observation. There was no doubt about its cardiac murmur. Day and night it crooned to itself—very gently but quite unmistakably. It seemed to me a bad business.

When the young man called to take the brute's temperature and see how much plunder it had amassed for its employers I went down with him myself. That afternoon it struck me that it was in distinctly good voice. It was probably gratified to see its fellow-conspirator. I resolved to go warily.

"The bills," I observed casually as the visitor put away his flash-lamp and began to enter up the card, "are getting noticeably heavier."

He was a cold young man; cold and slightly contemptuous, I thought. He had all the arrogance of the expert.

"That's right," he said; "you've been using more current."

I was nettled and came to the point at once.

"The meter is registering more current," I observed with a coldness surpassing his own. "But I have been wondering whether the meter is out of order. What is it making this humming noise for?"

My tone, I think, sufficiently conveyed my own conviction that if the

songster was indisposed I was being made responsible for its sick benefit.

"That's right," he said again and with equal offensiveness. "The current supplied from the station is a brachycephalic current. This meter converts it into a unilateral one." Or words to that effect.

I showed him hatefully off the premises.

"He says it's all right," I explained sadly to Julia. "The current they supply is a zymotic current. The meter hums because it's converting it into a deciduous one."

"Why can't they supply an insidious current in the first place?" asked Julia.



Interviewer. "I SUPPOSE YOU HAVE TRAVELLED ABROAD A GREAT DEAL, SIR WILLIAM?"
Sir William. "CERTAINLY NOT! IF FOREIGNERS WANT TO SEE ME, LET 'EM COME 'ERE!"

"That," I said, "is undeniably one of the several snags which characterise the whole lamentable affair."

I worried over these snags. The more I mused upon that meter and the longer I listened to it the less I liked it. Whenever I went to examine it the thing was still humming ominously. If I happened to lie awake at night it was a painful thought that somewhere beneath me that menacing instrument was still converting a philoprogenitive current into a sesquipedalian one, and singing away to itself in the blackness of its heart and the cellar as it did so.

A day came when I could bear it no longer. I sat down and wrote a letter to the manager of the electricity company. My letter ran as follows:—

DEAR SIR,—I wish to draw your attention to what I cannot but regard

as an alarming occurrence. My electricity meter is vocal. It sings to itself. A low but constant murmur proceeds from somewhere inside it.

This, I consider, should not be. Whatever may have been the case with members of the ROSSETTI family when in a state of ecstasy, the heart of an electricity meter has no business to be "like a singing-bird whose nest is in a watered shoot," etc. Meters, in my opinion, should resemble well-brought-up children. They should be seen and not heard.

I have raised this point with one of your representatives, and I regret to say that I am not satisfied with his reply. He tells me that my meter sings to

itself because it is converting a gallinaceous current into a quodlibetical one. But why not supply me direct with the kind of current I need? The gas company does not send me lumps of coal and expect me to convert them into gas on the premises. Why should you deliver a batholitic current and expect me to transform it into the latitudinarian variety?

But in any event, my dear Sir, let us brush aside these technical trivialities. Let us address ourselves to this matter as men of the world. Long—and, in most cases, disconcerting—experience with meters of various kinds has convinced me that few of them (I except thermometers) ever do anything in their own time. Somebody always has to pay for their extraneous activities.

I come to my main point. If my meter is singing to itself somebody is being charged for its tune. And what I want to know is this: Is that somebody you or is it me? If it is you who are

standing the racket, well and good; I have no more to say. But if, as I fearfully suspect, it is I who am paying for that meter's piping, COME AND TAKE THE THING AWAY AT ONCE.

Yours, etc.

To that communication there has been no reply. And if anyone can throw any further light on the habits of meters which sing to themselves I shall be most happy to hear from them.

Two Legs that Danced as One.

"By a quarter-to-three Pellos and Elarre had danced a pas-senl."—"Life and Erica," by Mr. GILBERT FRANKAU.

"Sir Arthur T. Thring, Clerk of Parliaments, House of Lords, gave evidence to-day before the Joint Committee of both Houses on Sittings of Parliament."—"Evening Paper."
"A plague on both Houses," say we.



OUR VILLAGE DERBY SWEEP.

First Worthy (drawing numbers from hat). "SEVEN-AND-A-QUARTER. WERE THERE A SEVEN-AND-A-QUARTER?"
 Second Worthy. "NAY, JARGE. 'THAT'S NOBBUT THE LABEL WI' THE SIZE O' ME 'AT."

WHAT TOMMY SAW AT BRIGHTON.

V.—THE CHILDREN'S HOUR.

WHEN the funniest man in Brighton had left the bar George and the hearty man fell into conversation, and we all sat down at one of the tables. The hearty man, who was robust and florid, was the only person I met in Brighton who never once spoke about bronchitis or the bitter wind. He was the kind of man whom I envy above all others, the man I sometimes wish that I could be. He was possessed, it was evident, of extreme wealth. He wore a pearl tie-pin. He wore a check suit. He knew the world. He understood about "odds" and "doubles" and "naps" and things. He had travelled. What part he played in the daily labour of our sphere I cannot guess, but it must have been a big one. And he knew "good" stories.

Heavens! the good stories that man had in his head! Whatever George said, whatever object at the moment caught his eye, a glass, a table, a match-box, a nose, it reminded him of a good story. For myself I must have heard a million good stories in my time. Every time I hear a good

story I say to myself, "I must remember that." And two days later I have forgotten the very theme of it. Or, if not, I retain only a few disconnected fragments, frequently indelicate, which, being put together, are neither interesting nor funny. Yet other men, whose intellects I despise, remember every good story they hear, atmosphere, dialogue, point and all. Their minds are a storehouse of good stories. Mine is a sort of filter.

The hearty man's best stories were without exception indelicate, though not extremely so. They cannot be printed here. Indeed, I have forgotten them. But he gave them verisimilitude by the cunning way in which he introduced them. He would throw off a preamble or parenthesis or two, explaining that at the period in question he chanced to be in Hong-Kong, Alaska or the Malay States; and one generally felt that the thing had happened to *him*. Incidentally too he would mention the large sums of money which he had amassed or sacrificed at the time in Hong-Kong, Alaska or the Malay States. "I dropped five thousand that trip" was one of his favourite asides. "I cleared a hundred thousand dollars"

was another. On the whole, by a little rapid arithmetic, I calculated that, after a lifetime of financial adventure, the man was now "all square."

He was admirably genial, and George and he were firm friends by about halfway through the second cocktail. George knows good stories too, and gave him story for story. I listened humbly and in silence, except when I said dutifully, "Ha! that's a good one;" or when the hearty man said, "Have you heard the story about the man in New York?" and I said, "No." I wondered sometimes what would happen if I said "Yes." For in fact I have heard all the stories about the man in New York.

I am no longer surprised at anything that may happen to the man in New York. He leads a life of adventure, devilry and repartee which seems as natural now as the barbarities of the ancient classical legends. What did surprise me was the new light that was thrown by the conversation on George's past history and present circumstances. As I listened I realised with astonishment that George in his short life had knocked about the world at least as much as the hearty man. It was entirely new



Magistrate. "I'M TIRED OF SEEING YOU HERE AGAIN AND AGAIN. I'VE GOT A FRIEND, A THEATRICAL MANAGER, AND HE'S WILLING TO GIVE YOU A CHANCE AS CHAIR—"

Lady. "SORRY, SIR—NO GOOD. I PROMISED MOTHER I'D NEVER TOUCH THE STIGE."

to me, for example, that George had taken part in a Revolution in Mexico and had held a high post under General HUERTA. Nor did I previously know that he had once bought two hotels at Melbourne and gambled them away the same night at poker.

And I noticed that, although between them the two men must have traversed most of the habitable globe, the places which they had both visited were very few. "Ever been to Alex.?" George would begin. The hearty man had never been to Alexandria, and the story continued. "I remember one night in the Club at Alex.——" But once, when it looked as if George was going to remember one night at Singapore and it turned out that the hearty man had been in a street-fight at Singapore, George told him about a night at Sydney instead. (It seemed to be understood between them that Australia was George's, and most of America. The other man specialised in the East, with Russia and South Africa thrown in.)

The hearty man ordered a third round of drinks, and George went from strength to strength.

"When I went back to Mexico," he said, "it was a very different story."

"What year was that, George?" I asked thoughtlessly.

"Nineteen-nineteen, old boy," George answered easily. "Sailed in February. In a tramp," he added.

"I didn't know you were demobilised then, old man," I said.

"I wasn't," said he, looking me in the eyes. "They seconded me."

"Seconded, eh?" said the hearty man. "Secret Service?"

"Something like it," George admitted modestly.

"Secret Service, George?" I echoed, staggered, I must confess.

"Yes, old boy."

"You never told me about it," I said.

"One doesn't, you know," said George mysteriously. "Not at the time." And he went on to tell us how he had held the Plaza at Iquique with one machine-gun and a dozen loyal *ponchos*—"peasants, you know."

I began to feel very humble and naked, sitting there silent with no story to tell. The conversation of the group on my right sounded more congenial and I listened to them for a little. There were four of them, and the two ladies were principally adorned with black velvet, diamonds and jet.

"I didn't see you on the pier to-day, Mr. Wiggs," said one of the men mournfully.

"Wind's too cold," said the other.

"There's a lot of this bronchitis about." "It's a bitter wind, you're right," said a lady's voice.

"Fresh air never did a man harm," said the first man, who evidently enjoyed robust health.

"Fresh air does more harm than ever it does good, I say."

"It depends how you are in yourself. If you're well in yourself, there's nothing hurts you. And if you aren't there's nothing like a hot whisky and lemon."

"What I say is if you're going to get bronchitis you'll get bronchitis, and no amount of stopping indoors won't save you."

"You've hit it, Mrs. Farrell. My husband always said the same."

"Your husband had a strong constitution, I daresay. Some of us can't stand an east wind."

"It's all according to what you're accustomed to, it's true. My husband lived a very open-air life, of course. And he never had a day's sickness, not till the day he was drowned."

Then followed in a firm voice what I believe to be a password at Brighton, for I had heard it twice already that evening.

"Well, all I can say is, you won't find me on the pier with all this bronchitis about."

"Talking of bronchitis," said the second man, lowering his voice, "you know the old story about the Welsh doctor?"

"No, Mr. Farrell."

"Well, if the ladies will forgive me—" said Mr. Farrell doubtfully.

"Mrs. Meadows don't mind *what* she hears," said Mrs. Farrell comfortably.

"Speak for yourself, Mrs. Farrell, please."

"I'm speaking for *you*, my dear."

"Go on, Mr. Farrell."

Mr. Farrell looked about him and lowered his voice still lower.

I turned away, humiliated again. Everybody at Brighton, it seemed, knew a story except myself. I felt that I could not sit silent there much longer in that hour of stories, that haunt of story-tellers. My only story I had wasted on the funniest man in Brighton. I racked my brains to remember another. Long ago, I recalled, I had known another. It had something to do with an artist's model; but that was all I could remember about it. Then there was one about three American regiments. Someone said to somebody else . . . And I fancied the man in New York came into it somehow. But it had gone.

Could I not invent one? I tried. "A man in New York went to a doctor . . ." "An artist's model was walking down Cheapside . . ." "The Mayor of Brighton was bathing at Alexandria . . ." It was no good. I have always despised this kind of story as an easy second-hand way of winning applause. And I realised with shame that I could not even *invent* one.

Meanwhile George and the hearty man were up to the neck in reminiscences. The hearty man had just described a tiger-hunt he had witnessed. He himself, it seemed, had slain a man-eater with his own hands. As for George, he had become a brand-new person. I heard without surprise that he had been a mining engineer. He had come to London with half-a-crown in his pocket. He had bought oil-shares on the ground-floor and sold in the nick of time at 120, though unhappily the fortune thus amassed he had staked, and lost, at Monte Carlo on a single throw. And at the present moment he was financing a big theatrical show in London and had come down to Brighton to look for a Beauty Chorus.

At this piece of information the



ONE MAN'S MEAT—

Chief Engineer (in all seriousness). "AY, I SOMETIMES FEEL A BIT THAT WAY MASEL', BUT A WEE WHIFF O' HOT OIL SOON PUTS ME RIGHT AGAIN."

hearty man could scarcely conceal his respect and admiration, and he ordered another round of cocktails. He then explained to George that he had to leave early the following morning as Scotland Yard had asked for his assistance in the investigation of a murder.

In the pause that followed I determined to strike a blow myself.

"Well, Sir," I said, "I'm sorry you won't be here to-morrow, because I'm afraid you'll miss a lot of fun."

"How's that, Sir?" said the man,

as though noticing me for the first time.

I looked George in the eyes. "I invented the Death-Ray," I said simply. "I've come down here to make a few experiments."

A. P. H.

"Andrew Lang once estimated that, for every novel published, nine remained unpublished. As nearly 2,000 novels are published every year, this brings the total of yearly novels to over 200,000!"—*Oxford Paper*.

They can't do sums like this at Cambridge.



Superior Person. "MY GOOD MAN, CAN YOU TELL ME——"

Party addressed. "YOU ARE UNDER A MISAPPREHENSION, MADAM. I AM NOT A GOOD MAN."

TO AN UP-COUNTRY MOTOR-BUS.

(SOUTH INDIA).

TIME WAS—and not in very distant ages—

The Proud Proconsul travelled in a cart
And moved by slow and meditative stages,
Nor knew this rush and its attendant rages
So hard upon the heart.

Not rabid yet with restlessness nor crazy

With that mad itch to speed the parting hour,
Serene he passed from morn to twilight hazy,
And life, dear life, so liberal to the lazy,
Unfolded like a flower.

And days turned over with the sober rustle

Of leaves in some digested drowsy tome—
These days ere Bharata was bound in bustle,
These happy days ere Hind had heard of hustle
And haste was left at Home.

Then madmen came, and with them came disaster.

Like that sad Queen whom *Alice*, gentle girl,
Met on her travels, shrieking, "Faster, faster!"
They seized on this unhurried land and cast her
Into the common whirl.

Along their rails rude locomotives thundered,

Filling the land with fret and fume and fuss;
Wires wedded those whom kindly space had sundered;
And last to this lone Arcady they blundered
And ran a motor-bus.

And so *you* come with roar and rush and rattle

Down the rough road the stately bullocks trod
When men went herded not in trucks like cattle
And life was life and not a raging battle
And speed was not yet god.

Headlong you come in murderous intrusion

Roaring aloud that peace must give you place,
Symbol of progress—that insane illusion,
King of the creed whose motto is confusion,
Prime Minister of Pace.

And I—yes, I—despite these maledictions

Must mount once more upon your hateful back
And test anew your pains and your restrictions,
Your stunning blows, your triturating frictions,
More ruthless than the rack.

I who in earlier ages, ere the virus

Of maniac haste had poisoned human wit,
Might have gone forth by cart, content as *Cyrus*,
A ten-mile stage (or shorter if desirous)
And loved each yard of it,

Now—that confusion's cup and folly's flagon

Be drained completely—now must sit and stew
For forty miles—O soul-destroying dragon!
O loathsome Juggernaut! O weary waggon!
O beastly bus!—in *you*.

H. B.



ROBIN RED-FLAG.

"WHO'LL KILL COCK ROBIN?"

"I," SAID MR. A.,

"WITH MY DEATH-RAY

(SOME OTHER DAY)

I'LL KILL COCK ROBIN."



THE

OF THE

AND

OF THE

OF THE

OF THE

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, May 26th.—To the relief, no doubt, of the COLONIAL SECRETARY, Sir WILLIAM DAVISON is giving Ireland a rest and devoting himself to the artistic problems of London. Who, he wanted to know, was responsible for the erection in front of Buckingham Palace of a miniature lighthouse with "blinking green eyes?" Mr. JACK JONES—a stickler for parliamentary language—professed himself shocked by the first of these epithets.

On the Money Resolution in connection with the Government's Unemployment Insurance Bill, Mr. SHAW explained that his pessimistic estimate of a million persons unemployed until the end of 1926 was merely an instance of the characteristic prudence of his Party.

Two former Ministers for Education, Mr. WOOD and Mr. H. A. L. FISHER, then delivered impassioned speeches protesting against the assumption that children below sixteen should be regarded as potential wage-earners at all. Overawed by this combined onslaught by the learned men, Mr. SHAW allowed himself to be beguiled into a promise to withdraw the proposal for insuring children, on the understanding that a wider resolution could be introduced with general support in Committee.

This led to a desperate tangle which took several hours to unravel. Stung by a taunt from Colonel JOHN WARD—"somebody who don't care a damn for any of you"—Mr. SHAW declared that he would recount his previous withdrawal. But this brought up Messrs. MACLEAN, PRINGLE, MASTERMAN and HOGGE in an apparently insoluble argument as to whether the Government could or could not raise the question again in a Committee.

Meanwhile Lady ASTOR, who had been waiting for hours to speak, kept one eye fixed anxiously on the Chair and the other upon the clock. Just when it seemed that she would develop a permanent squint, she was allowed to rise and treat the House to a spirited example of the eloquence which had assisted Captain W. E. ELLIOT to retain Kelvingrove for his Party at the by-election last week. Incidentally she described Mr. SHAW as having "a heart paved with good intentions."

The moving of the closure just before 8.15 enabled Mr. PRINGLE to

demonstrate triumphantly the advantages of never parting with his hat. When Lord HUGH CECIL, sitting tight in his place in accordance with the rules of the House, desired to put a further point of order before the division was taken, it was only the considerate generosity of a colleague on the Front Opposition Bench and the admirable efficiency of other Members trained in fire-drill, who passed the hat swiftly along from hand to hand, that enabled him

dyestuffs he was greeted by a roar of cheers that caused his cheeks to match the hue of his neckwear.

Bearded Mr. BEN TURNER asked leave to introduce a Bill "To restore to the nation all lands, minerals, rivers, streams and tributaries"—these last, perhaps, for the benefit of the other "beavers"—and supported his proposal with a wealth of quotations, mostly Biblical. Piously disclaiming any idea of "robbery" he argued that existing owners would be

fairly treated if they were given from five to fifteen years' notice of the State's intention to take over their property. But he had not reckoned with that sturdy individualist, Sir HENRY CRAIK. He capped Mr. TURNER'S Scriptural excerpts with another about the wickedness of removing one's neighbour's land-mark, instanced the present condition of Russia as a proof of what "nationalisation" led to, and induced enough Liberals to join the Conservatives in the Lobby—"Comrade" KENWORTHY, I need hardly say, was not among them—to defeat the motion by 176 to 164.

The debate on the Second Reading of the Finance Bill was rather perfunctory. Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN got in one or two shrewd blows, a little reminiscent of his father's style, as when he compared Mr. SNOWDEN and Mr. WEBB to "a pair of economic prudes . . . always drawing up their skirts lest the purity of their Free Trade principles should be injured." Mr. ASQUITH, speaking from the Opposition Front Bench, in accordance with his now established habit, recalled something that he himself had said in 1907 about the importance

of budgeting, not for one year but several years, and pronounced it "perfectly sound." I wonder whether in 1941 he will pass the same judgment on the scheme for a voluntary capital levy which he proceeded to outline. Curiously enough Mr. SNOWDEN omitted to notice this scheme in his reply, though he paid great compliments to Mr. ASQUITH and assured him that he had budgeted with an eye on the future, and was confident of producing even more satisfactory proposals next year.

Wednesday, May 28th.—Lord MAYO invited the Peers to express their opinion "that the Anglo-Soviet Conference should now be discontinued," but was persuaded by Lord CURZON, after sar-



A DESPERATE TANGLE.

MR. T. SHAW, MR. HOGGE, MR. NEIL MACLEAN,
MR. PRINGLE AND MR. MASTERMAN.

to cover his head before the opportunity passed.

Tuesday, May 27th.—The earlier proceedings in the Commons were dominated by Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY'S tie. While Mr. WEBB was assuring an inquirer that his Department was investigating the problem of harnessing the Severn tides (will this involve the suppression of the local "bore" ?), and Mr. JACK JONES was suggesting the advisability of testing Members' eye-sight (he needs no glasses himself), the House collectively kept its gaze riveted on the crimson rivulet flowing down over the ample bosom of the Member for Central Hull. When he rose to put a Question about British

castic references to the desire of the Government to show that they were not such fools as they appeared, to modify his motion into a desire that the Conference should be brought to as early a conclusion as possible.

LORD NEWTON thought it was likely to continue indefinitely if, as he understood, the Soviet delegates were being paid for as "honoured guests" by the British Government. LORD PARMOOR replied indignantly that he believed the Soviet delegation to be here entirely at their own expense, but confessed, under further pressure, that he was not absolutely certain.

A bombardment of Questions about the Air Ministry's refusal to acquire the "death-ray" left MR. LEACH unruffled. That man of peace surprised the House by announcing that "every phenomenon" produced by the inventor at his recent demonstration "can readily be reproduced by the people in our Department;" and later on defended the Air Force estimates in a manner which caused SIR SAMUEL HOARE to congratulate him on having become a full-blooded Militarist. The explanation was probably revealed by MR. LEACH himself when he let it be known that his Department has been "straining at the Leash." On the strength of that hopeful indication the vote was agreed to.

In the debate on SIR JOHN MARRIOTT'S resolution, expressing disappointment at the slow progress of Empire settlement, so many Members gave the House to understand that, if they were a few years younger, they would emigrate at once to the unexplored Dominions that MR. SNELL made an earnest appeal against the steady disappearance of the flower of our youth. But even he, having worked as an agricultural labourer in England, declared that, if he were a young man again, he would take a man's chance in the Colonies rather than live on a "starving wage" at home and die in a workhouse.

Thursday May 29th.—In readiness for the Royal Commission, the LORD CHANCELLOR, gathering his scarlet-and-ermine robes around him and clutching the quaint three-cornered hat which on these occasions he has to wear on top of his enormous wig, had sidled conspiratorially into the Chamber, followed by LORD OLIVIER, with his scarlet cloak drawn closely across like a kimono, and by LORD MUIR MACKENZIE, nonchalantly allowing his grey tweed trousers to appear under his robes.

BLACK ROD had been already sent to summon the SPEAKER and the Commons when consternation fell upon the assembly. It was suddenly discovered

that one of the Bills which were to receive the Royal Assent had not yet passed its later stages. LORD DONOUGHMORE was summoned in frantic haste, and, with the Treasury Bench arrayed

veult," which thereupon transformed it into law.

Oppressed by heat, atmospheric as well as political, the Commons were first dazzled, then envious, at the apparition of MR. WILLIAM GREENWOOD, radiant in a suit of white ducks. LADY ASTOR, sitting on the bench below him, decorated him in queenly fashion with an immense pink carnation.

When Captain ELLIOT was introduced to take his seat, the young Tories kept up a reiterated chorus of "Where is PRATT?" This unkind reference to the defeated Liberal Candidate was scarcely an encouragement to the Liberals to unite with the Conservatives in docking MR. SHAW'S salary.

It did not divert SIR ROBERT HORNE, who led the attack, from pitiful contemplation of the "patient oxen." He emphasised the Scriptural sanction for allowing MR. MASTERMAN to be unmuzzled, and in a climax of pathos saw MR. ASQUITH gazing wistfully upon his desiccated colleagues and exclaiming, in the words of the advertisement, "Alas, my poor brothers!"

Wearily the PRIME MINISTER confessed that responsibility is a heart-breaking business. But he soon became aggressive, and declared that, if his own Party had promised more than they could perform at once, that was due to their inexperience, whereas the Tories, in giving pledges to the unemployed, had sinned against the light. His explanation of the Government's plans for afforestation and so forth was not very clear to the ordinary intellect.

MR. ASQUITH, however, found in it "a large addition to our knowledge," and, while admitting that it was only "a paper programme," urged that the Government ought to be given more time to develop it. That, he declared, was "the only attitude worthy of the existing position of a great political party." This sentiment his followers, not unmindful of the possibility that at a General Election their "existing position" might be, like poor SIR JOHN PRATT'S, at the bottom of the poll, obediently cheered. Despite Captain GUEST'S warning to his fellow-Liberals against altering their policy, since "tactics led to drift, and drift to public contempt," over a hundred of them joined the Labour Party in the Lobby and gave the Government a majority of 48. MR. LLOYD GEORGE, though present during a portion of the debate, neither spoke nor voted.

"SIMPLIFIED SPELLING."

To arrive at any real stereotyped system is not the easy matter that reformers seem to imagine."—*North-Country Paper*. So it appears.



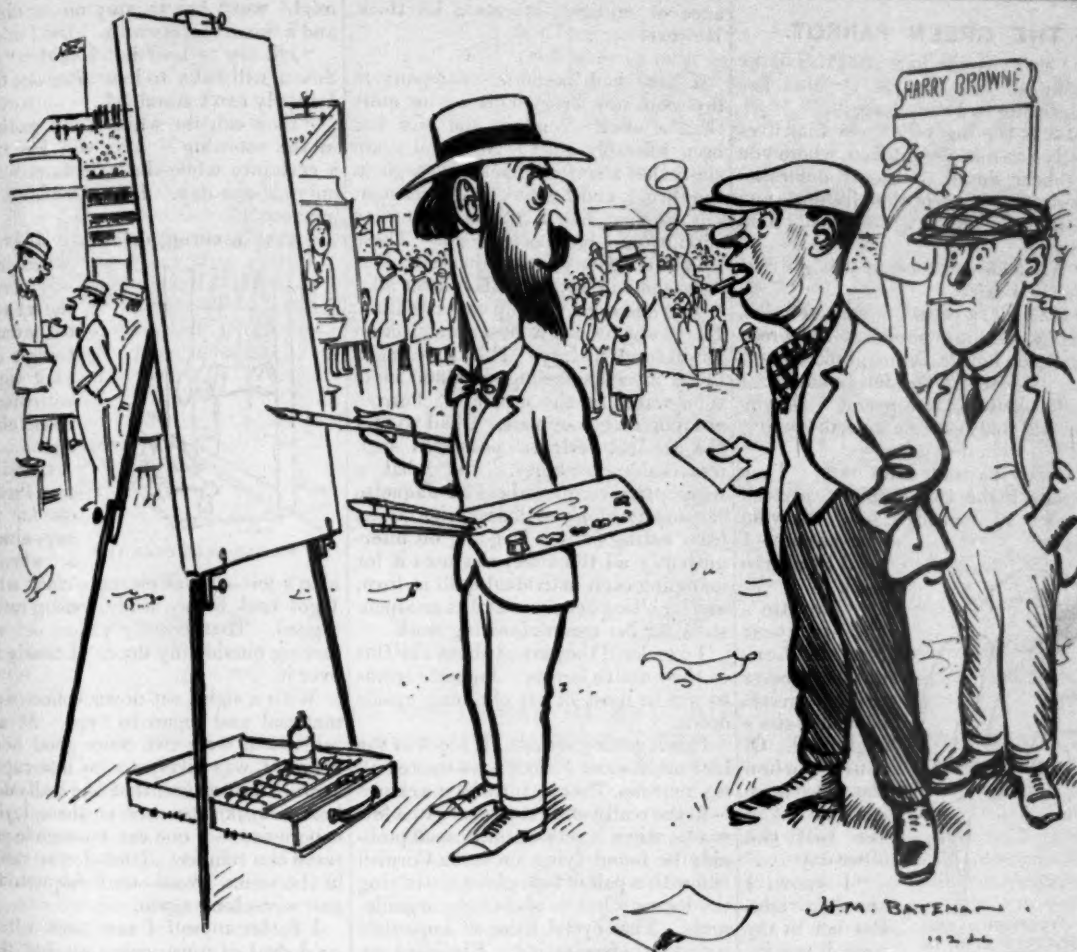
A HOME FOR BEAVERS.
MR. BEN TURNER.

in scarlet-and-ermine, the Scottish Superannuation Bill was passed, inside two minutes, through Committee, Report and Third Reading. When the



"CLOTHED IN WHITE DITTOS,
MYSTIC, WONDERFUL."
MR. W. GREENWOOD.

curtains were raised, the Commons, headed by MR. TREVELYAN and Miss MARGARET BONDFIELD, solemnly assisted at the magic words, "*Le Roy le*



ON THE DOWNS.

THE ARTIST WHO WAS ASKED "WHAT PRICE THE FAVOURITE?"

THE WEMBLEY RODEO.

Now shall the world our horsemen know—
For a steer to chase and a rope to throw
Are the love and pride of Ontario,
And to sit on a bucking colt for ever
The one desire of the Darling River.

The bushman is king in his own stockyard;
The cowboy on every film is starred;
Set 'em the one against the other
In a scramble of hoofs where the dust-clouds smother,
And the towering bleachers out Wembley way
Like flowers in the wind will rock and sway
As the watchers follow the reckless play
Of the Lachlan lads in their trailing hooks,
That saddle the bronchos and ride like books,
While the prairie princes of rope and horn
Roll up for a round with the mulga-born.

For the champion buster from Medicine Hat
Will be cinching the rebel from Gidyea Flat,
And the sunburnt drover from Fast-and-Loose
Will be gripping the ear of the worst cayuse;

And, if by chance he should come unstuck
And a rollicking six-foot lean Canuck
Should hint that his hawss can't raise a buck,
Then the pride of the South will get to work
With language peculiar to West o' Bourke.

So the Wembley road is the road to take,
When the stock-whips curl and the lass-ropes
snake,
When the Stetson nods to the cabbage-tree,
When leggin's and chaps go knee to knee,
When the pitchers pitch and the wranglers roar,
And the only hold is the hackamore,
As the split-ears prop and the pintos soar
In a whirling riot of rainbow shirts,
Hirams and Hanks and Bills and Berts,
Cinches, neckerchiefs, hoofs and quirts;
And strong men challenge and wild words flow
When the sage takes fire and the bush lets go,
Where the Empire rides at the Empire Show.

W. H. O.

THE GREEN PARROT.

"I WANT you to look after this in the mornings," said Phyllis. "Max has been trying to get at it again."

Max is the big yellow cat that lives mostly down in the kitchen, where you may hear Susan (our only domestic) talking to it most of the afternoon and evening. Susan is extraordinarily fond of cats.

"What on earth made you get that thing?" I said.

"Isn't it a dear?" said Phyllis, making soothing noises at the green long-tailed bird in its magnificent new cage. "I've always felt somehow I should like to have a parrot. Do you think we shall ever be able to make it talk?"

"Green parrots don't talk. They screech. If this thing begins to screech I can't have it in my room. How do you suppose I shall be able to work?"



"JAQUETTE'S THE QUIETEST BIRD IN LONDON."

"Jaquette's the quietest bird in London. She never thinks of screeching unless she's frightened. Of course, when Max pulled three feathers out of her tail the other day..."

"I know, I know. Allright. Put her in my room if you insist. I've got

an awful lot of thinking to get through this morning, by the way."

I don't know how you feel about it, but I simply cannot start my morning's work satisfactorily unless I have a few quiet minutes after breakfast to get my thoughts arranged in order. I hate being impatient, but Phyllis is generally quite reasonable about it. She made a slight grimace, put the cage on a small table right in front of the window so that it would get the full benefit of the sun, and went to the door.

"You might just move the table round a little every half-hour," she put in as a parting shot. "Jaquette hates being left in the shade."

I growled something in reply. This house, in my opinion, is getting cluttered up with pets. And when they have to be kept in water-tight compartments, so to speak, for fear of killing each other, and I have to interrupt my morning's work in order to watch them and see that they get their proper allow-

ance of sunlight, it gets a bit thick. However...

I have had Jaquette's company in my room now every morning for more than a week. I admit the bird has been tolerably quiet. Now and again she makes a sort of chuckling gurgle in the throat, and I have heard occasionally a noise like a rubber-soled shoe slipping on a piece of linoleum. These may be tests for voice-production. Perhaps she will prove a talker after all.

But she does take up my attention. I have always had a latent predilection for natural history. This morning I found myself spending more and more time watching the creature. Parrots are remarkable animals. I had no idea the cervical vertebrae possessed such remarkable flexibility. And what a weapon that vermilion beak is! Jaquette can do anything you like with it. Apart from eating (which is going on intermittently all the time) she uses it for mangling each individual quill in turn, and for biting her claws and as an alpenstock for her mountaineering work.

I wonder if they crawl about like this in their native forests. Jaquette seems to put in most of her climbing upside down.

This is getting serious. If I look at the bird much more I shall have wasted all my morning. The creatures have a charm—to the really observant eye. In a few weeks, when it gets warm, I shall probably be found lying on some Cornish cliff with a pair of field-glasses, studying the domestic habits of choughs or guillemots. That eyelid thing of Jaquette's is curiously fascinating. I believe they call it a nictitating membrane in the books. I can't help thinking she uses it more than is quite healthy.



"JAQUETTE HAD BEGUN."

I managed to type out two pages of a short story this morning. Just as I had finished I was startled by a hideous ear-piercing screech.

It was as I had feared.

Jaquette had begun.

She has seldom

left off since.

"I'm sorry," I said firmly to Phyllis this morning; "that bird is ruining me. Can't you look after her to-day?"

Phyllis made that gesture with the hands that indicates hopeless impossibility. Didn't I remember that she had to go to the Ruddocks for lunch? In fact, she had to be out all day. They

might want her to stay on to dinner and a theatre afterwards. Did I mind?

"I'll try to bear it," I said. "But Susan will have to look after the bird. I simply can't stand it."

"How can she while she's working in the morning? Max will kill it to a certainty while she's upstairs. It's only for one day. I'll take charge to-morrow."

I gave a shrug, defeated. Jaquette



"I NEARLY FELL OVER IT."

sidled rapidly from the corn-bin to the water-trough and back again with a malevolent chuckle. Having seen Phyllis off for the day—always a strong man's job—it was eleven o'clock when I got back to my study, feeling rather ragged. That beastly yellow cat was lurking outside my door. I nearly fell over it.

With a sigh I sat down, collected my material and began to type. At any rate there were two more good hours before I was likely to be interrupted again. I often find that one really does better work after one of these trying experiences—if one can manage to preserve the temper. I felt I was rather in the vein. I was—until Jaquette began screeching again.

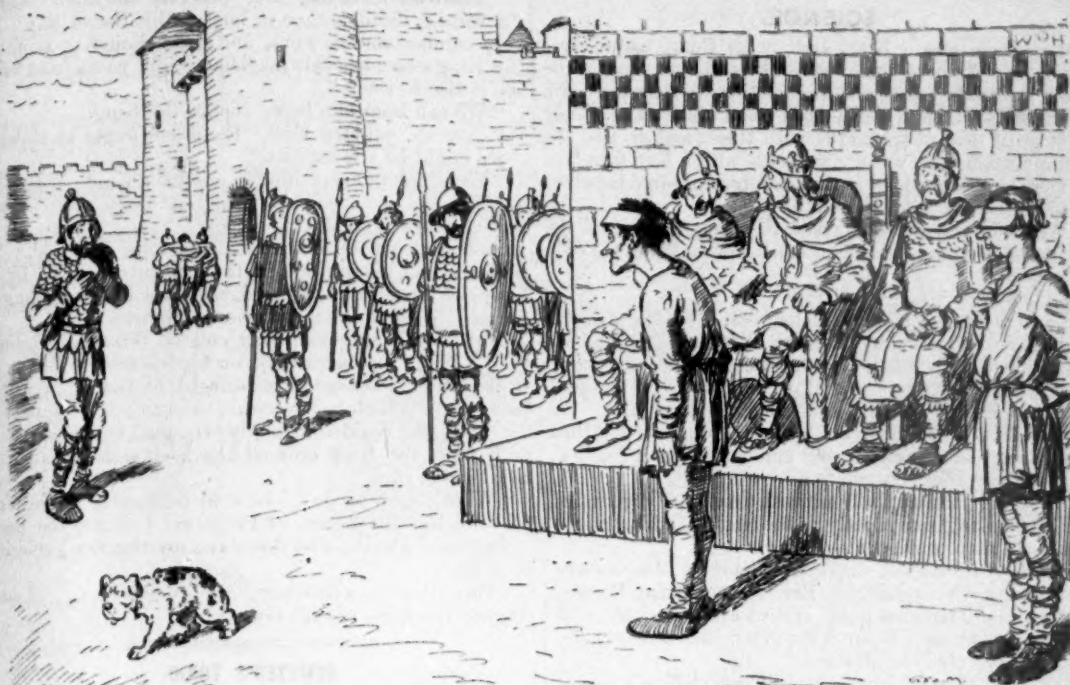
I flatter myself I can work with a good deal of noise going on, but that bird defeated me. It was the uncertainty that did for me—the suspense of waiting for the next screech. When I stopped typing she would stop too—for a time; when I began again so would she—after a pause of perhaps half a minute to a minute and a half. If she had made the interval perfectly regular I might have been able to stand it.



"I SHOOK MY FIST AT JAQUETTE."

It was no good. I felt that sensa-

tion at the back of the head that precedes a complete nervous breakdown. If it had not been for my native humanity and the fact that Phyllis seemed absurdly attached to the bird, I could have thrown it, cage and all, out of the window with the greatest pleasure. As it was I shook my fist at Jaquette and rushed



THE DEATH-RAY IN ANTIQUITY.

A KING AND HIS WAR COUNCIL TESTING THE EFFICACY OF THE EVIL EYE AS A LETHAL WEAPON.

downstairs and out of the house. Something had to go. The strain had become unbearable.

Honestly, it was not until I had gone half-way down the High Street that I began to wonder whether I had or had not left the door of my study open. I remembered seeing Max sitting on the stairs as I went down, but that was all. It would be absurd to go the whole way back to make sure. But the thought haunted me all the rest of that morning while I was trying to work in the Silent Room at my Club. I could not get on with my story. And at lunch I kept wondering what Phyllis would say when she got home. Afterwards I decided it was hopeless trying to write. I lost three rubbers running instead because I simply could not keep my mind on the game.

The more I thought of it the more I became all but certain that I had forgotten to shut the door.

I was in effect a murderer. The sensation is more unpleasant than I had imagined. Poor Jaquette! Her voice may have been slightly untrained, but it was pleasant to watch her climbing. Of course it was possible Susan might hear if there was anything like a scuffle and appear in time. But Susan, I was sure, did not really like parrots.

It may sound weak, but I was positively afraid to go home for dinner.

I stayed on at the Club and cut in again afterwards at Bridge, whereby I lost three more rubbers. It must have been nearly eleven when I got back. And then I found, in the excitement of leaving, I had come out without my latch-key.

Susan opened the door. Even as I heard her coming along the passage I felt conscious of impending tragedy. Then I saw that her eyes were red. My heart missed a beat—perhaps two. The worst had happened. And Phyllis had not come back yet.

It took me a moment before I could speak.

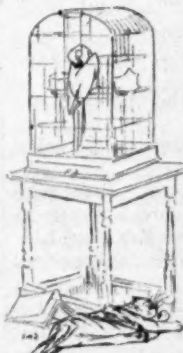
"Has anything happened?" I contrived to say at last.

"He's dead." Susan's voice broke. I had never seen her so moved before.

"What—the parrot?" I asked mechanically.

"No, Sir. My poor Max. That parrot bit him something cruel. He never was a strong cat—not really."

Knowing Susan's affection for the



"No, Sir. My poor Max."

breed I sympathised. Openly, I mean. Inwardly, I don't mind telling you that the relief was so great that, pending the return of Phyllis, I stood myself one of my best cigars, a brand commonly reserved for distinguished strangers.

"Walking sticks for gentlemen of every length."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*
Even for the new giant (9 ft. 3 in.)?

"House over Shop to Let; no bath; suitable for business people."
Advt. in Liverpool Paper.

This should please Manchester.

"TAKEN FOR DEBT.—Roan Cob, 6 yrs., with perfect manners."
Advt. in Provincial Paper.

Plausible but unprincipled, we fear.

"The car, which was travelling at just over 120 m.p.h., skidded 90 yards broadside on, then turned completely round three times, and charged up the Byfleet banking backwards . . . She was the most delightful car to handle that was ever on Brooklands Track."

Motoring Publication.

Well, everyone to his taste.

"VISIT OF THE ANGLO-CATHOLIC BILGRIMAGE.
The Anglo-Catholic Bilgrimage, consisting of Bishop, Clergy and levity from England at present in Palestine, will pay a brief visit to Cairo."—*Egyptian Paper.*

We do not approve of levity on a Bilgrimage.

SCIENCE.

ONCE there was a King, and to his Court came three magicians. Two of them were old and had long white beards and peaked caps, and their clothes were covered with mysterious symbols which nobody could understand. They had a great deal of apparatus with them, and so had the third magician, who was a young man with a bold firm face and wore clothing, which in that country appeared peculiar, but to us seems ordinary enough.

"What do you want?" asked the King, leaning on the shoulder of his Fool, who as a matter of fact was his only counsellor.

And the First Magician said:—

"I and my friend here are alchemists. We know everything that was known by HERMES TRISMEGISTUS, and we have studied the works of GEBIR, the Arabian, who wrote 'The Summit of Perfection,' and we understand all the properties of gold and mercury and arsenic and sulphur. We have furnaces and alembics and aludels. We are also skilled in infusions and decoctions and sublimation and fixation, lixiviation, filtration, coagulation—"

"Everything, in fact, that ends with a nation," interrupted the Fool, striking him smartly on the head with his bladder. But the old man continued:—

"—We have read the works of ALBERTUS MAGNUS and ROGER BACON, who explained to POPE NICHOLAS THE FOURTH the properties of liquefied gold; and we are acquainted with RAYMOND LULLY and BASIL VALENTINE and PARACELUS. We have discovered the alkahest."

"And what then?" inquired the King, stifling a yawn.

"I, O King," said the First Magician, "have discovered a preparation which confers immortality upon mankind; and my friend here has the Desirable Stone, which turns all metals into gold. For from being Adepts we became Philosophers, and from being Philosophers we are now Wise."

"Deary me!" said the King. And then, turning to the Third Magician—"And what can you do?" he inquired.

"I, O King, have discovered the secret of Perpetual Death."

"And what on earth is the point of that?" asked the Fool.

"It is very useful against the King's enemies. I have a Secret Ray that can wither everything that lives. It can also stop a motor-car twenty yards away."

"That would be helpful in crossing the streets of the capital," observed the Fool.

"Well, what do you advise me to do about it all?" asked the King, turning to him.

"You must impose," said the Fool, "a test. Begin with the old man who spoke first. Let him enter a motor-car and let the Third Magician turn his Secret Ray upon him. But see that before that he has drunk his Elixir of Immortal Life."

So the test was applied. And the First Magician was withered up so that he died, and the motor-car was stopped very suddenly twenty yards away from the death-dealing machine.

"Though, after all," observed the Fool thoughtfully, "it was only a Ford car."

"That disposes of him," said the King gratefully to the Third Magician. "I rather like your Secret Ray. What do you want for it?"

"A thousand million golden crowns," he replied.

"That, I think, is where I come in," said the Second Magician, stepping forward; "if your Majesty will take me to the Treasury, where the copper coins from the tax-collectors are."

So all the copper in the King's Treasury was transmuted into gold.

"There seems to me, Sire," observed the Fool suddenly, "a certain disadvantage in buying this Secret Ray. It is very cumbersome to work, and even though it might kill the King's enemies this magician might go on from us and sell it also to them."

"We can keep him here," replied the King.

"Even so," said the Fool, "the secret might be stolen, or there might be a revolution."

"You think of everything!" cried the King. "It is better that the secret should perish at once. The more so as I can then keep all this gold."

So he ordered the Third Magician to be executed. The sentence was carried out in the palace courtyard by the troops of the royal bodyguard, who, not understanding the Secret Ray, used ordinary bows and arrows.

The Second Magician was created Wizard-in-Ordinary to the King, and sat always on his left hand. But a few weeks later a message was brought to the King from a foreign land which lay overseas, to say that the bankers of the world had decided to abolish the gold standard. Livid with fury, the King ordered the Second Magician to be killed in his turn.

"What am I to do?" he said petulantly to the Fool. "I have lost the Secret of Perpetual Life and the Secret of Perpetual Death; and now even my treasured gold is of no avail."

"There is always hellebore," replied the Fool. "I could prepare you some of that myself."

DEMETER'S TONIC.

"NATURE's an invalid," declared my neighbour;

"Regard, I pray you, yonder gleaming bed;

In vain had been my long-protracted labour

Unless the plants were spoon-and-bottle-fed;

So, if you aim (as say the advertisers)

To live your garden life with zip and zest,

Spend all your ready cash on fertilisers

And never mind the rest."

So this was Nature's secret; her digestion

Required incessant pampering, he was sure,

With appetising mixtures; hence the question

Was chiefly one of suitable manure;

And so, to save my garden from the dull fate

Of bringing only twigs and leaves to birth,

With phosphate, bone-meal, basic slag and sulphate

I dosed my slice of earth.

But now, when Springtime lingers in the coppice,

Painting the tender shoots a lucent green,

And even tempts the buds of languorous poppies

To shed their splendour on the vernal scene;

When Philomela, weeping for her loss, trills,

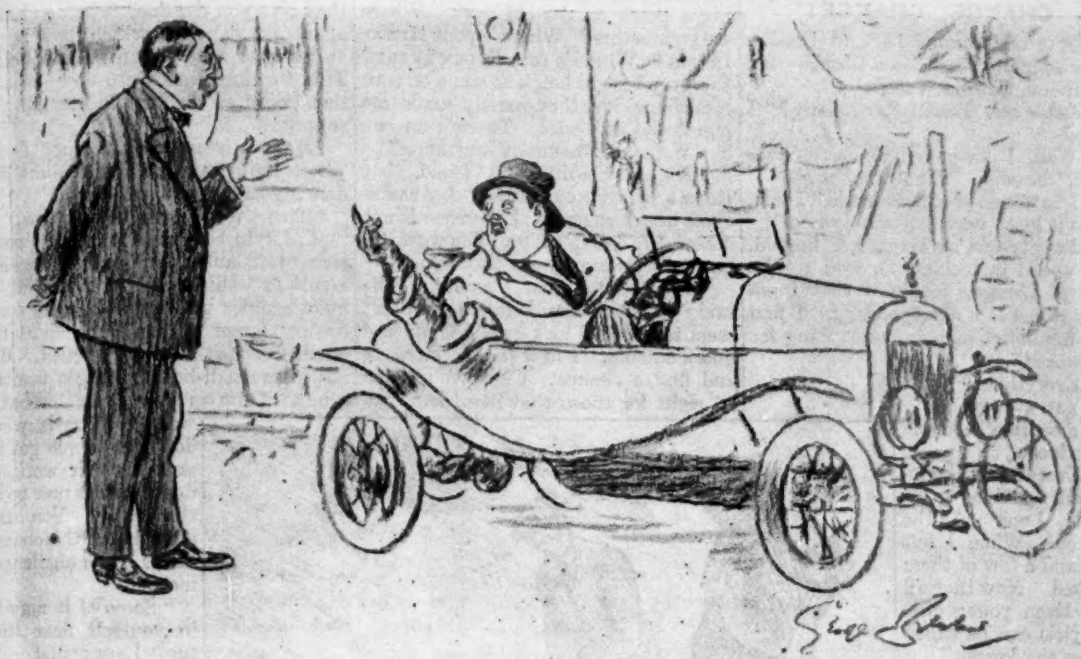
And all the garden dons its gala dress,

The only scent that rises to my nostrils

Is that of H₂S.

In a Good Cause.

Mr. Punch would like to remind his readers of the claims of the Santa Claus Home at Highgate for children with hip and spinal disease, which they have from time to time assisted by their generosity. Appeals to the public seem just now to be more numerous than ever, some of them on a necessarily large scale. But it is hoped that old friends, particularly one as modest in its scope—although not less useful for that—as the Santa Claus Home will not suffer in consequence. Donations should be sent to Miss CHARLES, Santa Claus Home, Highgate, N.



Owner of Second-hand Two-seater. "WELL, GOOD-BYE, OLD BEAN—IN CASE SHE STARTS."

NEW VIEWS ON OLD BOOKS.

(If Elizabethan Publishers had only been able to look ahead.)

DEAR MR. —, I must apologise for my delay in sending you my report of the MS. of that collection of Essays you sent me, but it has really been a very tough job.

To begin with, the spelling is most peculiar; evidently deliberate, but savouring of Wardour Street. The writer's outlook is in the main old-fashioned, but relieved by gleams of insight. The work is full of sayings which I seem to have heard before. For example, the author speaks of revenge as "a kind of wild justice," a remark which I remember reading in a leading article only a few weeks ago. Also he is greatly given to Latin quotations, but seldom adds a translation; and he carries his avoidance of modernism to an excess which borders on affectation. Thus he discusses Exhibitions, but under the alias of "Masques and Triumphs," and crabs them as "Toys." This essay would, I think, have to be cut out or else rewritten in accordance with the lessons of Wembley. The range of comment is extremely wide, but the mentality revealed is cramped by prejudice and even ignorance, and clouded by inconsistency. He dismisses dancing as a "mean and vulgar thing," and yet almost in the same breath describes it as a "thing of state

and pleasure"! One of the longest essays is devoted to domestic architecture and the equipment of a country house. But there is no mention of bathrooms, h. and c., or a garage; and while he talks of "three courts" omits to state whether they should be hard or grass courts.

On the other hand, regarded as a practical manual for politicians, these Essays contain some valuable hints, as when he points out the dangers of an excess of charity, of being, in fact, so good as to be good for nothing. On the relations of youth and age, parents and children, he shows some sagacity, commending liberal allowance and, within limits, the encouragement of self-expression; but he still adheres in the main to the exploded view that parents should choose their children's profession. He often quotes MACHIAVELLI, but never mentions MONTESSORI or MUSSOLINI. On the subject of beauty he commits himself to the somewhat obscure view that it depends more on favour than on colour, which seems to indicate a prejudice against the use of cosmetics. He discourses on the dangers of getting rich quick; on the other hand he applauds the practice of keeping diaries.

As a commercial proposition the book is seriously handicapped by its extreme brevity. Unless it were printed in large type and with ample margins it

would not run to more than about a hundred-and-fifty pages, and, if priced at, say, five shillings, would require an improbably large sale to enable you to make a reasonable profit. The author is unknown and his name is not romantic. Under a taking pseudonym, such as "A Member of the Old Nobility," he might perhaps gain a hearing. Better still, if he would consent to have his MS. revised by a modern essayist, such as Mr. AGATE or Mr. LEWIS HIND, I think that you might perhaps get home on the venture. Otherwise I fear I cannot confidently recommend publication.

Yours faithfully, —

On the Scenic Railway at Wembley:

"On this thrilling ride the trains average fifty miles an hour, the ride of 1½ miles being accomplished in a hurried 5 min."

Weekly Paper.

The arithmetic too, you will notice, is rather thrilling.

"I heard my neighbour whisper in a hushed sort of voice."—Weekly Paper.

The very sort of voice we always use when whispering.

From a serial story:—

"That afternoon the 'Bonnie Doon' film was resumed. They were out on a beautiful boulder-strewn hillside, all purple with heather and yellow with gauze."—Weekly Paper.

The "gauze" would, of course, give a "filmy" effect.

CHANGE, CHANGE!

"It's odd coming back to London after so many years," said Charlie—my old friend, Charlie Waters.

"Let's see. Exactly how many?" I asked.

"Well, I haven't been here since 1903," he said. "That's what?"

"I'm not good at arithmetic," I said, "but it looks very like twenty-one."

"Twenty-one's a long time," he said, "to spend in looking forward to the joys of London; and now that I am here at last it's disappointing. I find nothing but change and everything for the worse."

"Everything?" I asked.

"Yes, everything."

He became hard and assertive.

"Everything," he repeated. "Take manners. Look at the women. When I left England a few of them smoked. Now they all do. Even young girls—if girls can be called young any longer."

"Are you sure they didn't smoke before you left?" I asked. "Secretly?"

"They may have done," he said. "And if they did I don't mind. What I do mind is their publicity now. Before meals, in the middle of meals, sometimes right through meals. At the theatre the other evening I saw some walking about with cigarettes in their mouths. In their mouths! That's change, isn't it? Not holding them and puffing, but stuck right in their painted faces."

"Yes, and paint!" he went on. "Look at the paint!"

"Didn't they paint when you left?" I asked.

"Some of the old ones, yes," he said. "But not the children. They've all got lip-sticks now, and mirrors and puffs. And they make-up in public. We used to see that kind of thing only in Paris; now it's taught in our schools. Bah!"

He was getting very angry.

"And there's the way people eat in theatres," he snarled. "They may have munched in the pit and gallery when I left. But now the stalls are full of chocolate-boxes too. I'm not sure that isn't the most striking change I've come across. But there's change everywhere, and always for the worse."

"As for the theatres themselves," he

resumed after a gloomy silence, "they're not a patch on the old days. Where are your actors? Where's your HENRY IRVING? Where's your ELLEN TERRY? I did my best to laugh at some of your comedians, but they merely made me regret the old ones. There's no one like WILLIAM BLAKELEY any more."

"They may be different," I said, "but I don't see that our present-day comedians aren't as good. Difference is not necessarily deterioration. You wouldn't have everything always the same?"

"I don't know that I wouldn't," he said. "As for music-halls, they don't seem to exist. I look for the Tivoli and find a cinema. I look for the Pavilion and find a cinema. Cinemas may be all right for those that like them, but

you can settle down even to what meal they give you the floor is being cleared again for dancing, which had begun at tea and will go on till all hours. This turning night into day—what's that going to do for the race, do you suppose?"

"But you're not maintaining," I said, "that there were no night clubs and dancing-saloons in your time?"

"There may have been a few," he replied, "to be visited on special occasions; but dancing among tables wasn't a cult, or fashion, then as it is now. A quiet supper was possible, with some decent supper food to eat, such as the devilled bones I've mentioned. But now your small-hour jazzing is as much a part of life as your bath. What I

want to know is, when do these people get up and do their work, or does all work now go by the board? You can't deny that all this change exists?" he challenged me.

"Some of it may be in yourself, dear Brutus," I suggested.

"Rot!" he replied. "I've kept myself sweet."

I walked away with him, and in St. James's Street he stopped a man and held out his hand.

"Hullo, Jack!" he said.

But the man made no sign of recognition.

"Surely it's Jack Hilton?" said my friend.

"Don't you know me?"

"I'm Charlie Waters. I've just come back from Hong Kong after twenty years."

"Good heavens, Charlie!" said Hilton, clasping his hand with what seemed to be real affection. "Yes, I see now. Forgive me, old chap, but, by Jingo, you've changed so completely!"

E. V. L.

Another Impending Apology.

"Sir Henry Slessor (Solicitor-General), speaking for himself and not for the Government, said he declined altogether to believe that rational human enjoyment required an accompaniment of vice."—*Daily Paper*.

We trust there is no ground for the implication that the Government are of a different opinion.

From a wedding-report:—

"Her four bridesmaids and two brain-bearers . . ."—*Provincial Paper*.

A useful innovation for brides who are apt to lose their heads on these occasions.



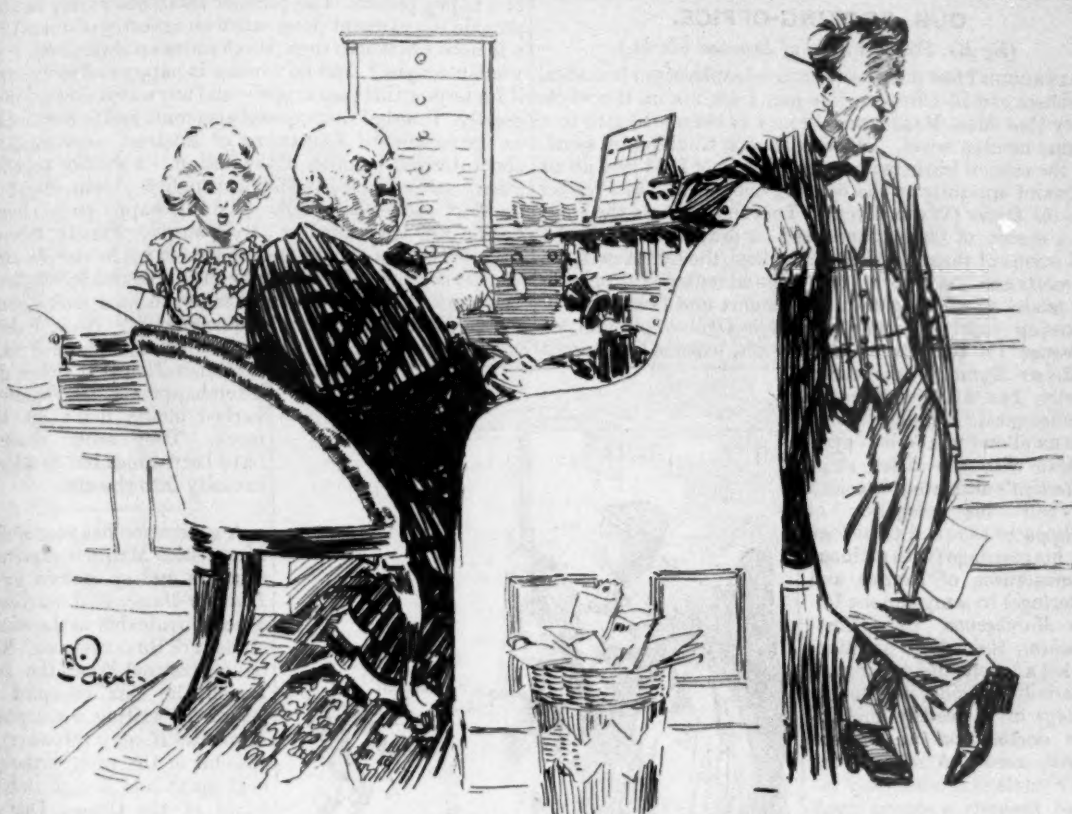
Nervous Beginner (to caddy). "I—ER—SUPPOSE YOU GET AN OCCASIONAL 'RABBIT' HERE?"

Caddie. "WE DID ONCE, BUT THE COMMITTEE 'AD 'EM SHOT."

why should they destroy other things? What you call revue is no substitute for the old music-halls. Where's your DAN LENO? Tell me."

"Men can't live for ever," I suggested.

"No, but the right spirit ought to," he said. "And it's the spirit that's all wrong here now. No care, no thoroughness. Take your restaurants. No variety whatever; frozen meat, I'll swear, most of it. And food in private houses has lost its flavour too. Bacon isn't what it used to be; ham's not a patch on the ham of my young days. Sausages are not worth eating. Whiskey is an insipid fluid; beer has none of its old texture. But to go back to restaurants, would you believe it, I tried all over London for devilled bones for supper last week and they'd hardly ever heard of such things? Just the ordinary dreary stuff—no enterprise. Isn't that deterioration? And before



Depressed Clerk. "CAN I HAVE THE DAY OFF?"

Employer. "WHY?"

Depressed Clerk. "I WANT TO HANG MYSELF."

GERALD THE OMNISCIENT.

PROBABLY most of you own a friend who has a peculiar and extensive knowledge of matters hidden from the general public, but I doubt if one of them is at once so omniscient and so maddening as my friend Gerald. As with most of his genus his special slogan is the word "watch," coupled with the particular subject—be it football club, statesman, golfer, poet, investment, political party, athlete or plumber—about whom or which he is being "knowing."

Last winter, for example, Gerald was concerned about the First League. "Watch Everton," he ordered. I meekly pointed out that I was playing golf that afternoon and could not possibly watch Everton. I even suggested that I would much prefer to sit by the bedside of a sick friend than watch Everton. To Gerald these were mere pointless quibbles; what he meant to tell me was that some deadly secret existed about the First League which could only be revealed to the uninitiated by a steady watch on Everton.

I don't know whether I hate him

most in the political field or the financial. Of course he is equally primed with mysterious information in both; and, again, it is essential to "watch" something or somebody.

Gerald arrived one morning when I was at breakfast. To call at such an hour is typical of the supreme hatefulness of the fellow. He sat down at the table, put his elbow in the marmalade, blew his offensive smoke into my face, knocked over the milk-jug and without further preamble remarked, "Watch Chartered. I know something."

As a matter of fact I had been watching Chartered and I knew a good deal. I had watched them fall a shilling, and I knew that a further fall would create discord with my broker and spoil my chance of a good holiday. So I asked Gerald for more news.

"Ah," said Gerald, "I mustn't tell you. But just you watch them."

(As a personal and painful note interpolated in this monograph on Gerald I may record that I continued to gaze on Chartered for another month, and then my shares and I parted, more in bankruptcy than in anger.)

Of course during this time Gerald had "put me wise" to several other hidden but important moves. The coming of the Labour Government found him in his element. The things he knew but might not divulge must have been incredibly startling.

"Watch SIDNEY WEBB," he said; "I know something."

It seemed to me that to single out Mr. WEBB for exclusive scrutiny was quite absurd; further, whatever this gentleman's undoubted mental attainments, his published photographs in full Court Dress hardly invited one to a closer study of his personal appearance. But Gerald ignored my mild objections; according to him keen observation of Mr. WEBB would give me some insight into strange matters agitating the Chancelleries of Europe. I am still watching him, but nothing much seems to happen.

At the present moment under Gerald's direct or indirect instructions I am "watching" WALSH, EPSTEIN, TYLDESLEY (R), Miss HELEN WILLS, MARX, the EX-CALIPH, Tom Pinch and Dean INGE. He knows something about them all. I only know what I think about Gerald.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

ALTHOUGH I feel that the attenuated ranks of our historical novelists can ill afford to lose her, I am not on the whole sorry that Miss MARJORIE BOWEN has chosen to give us a second modern novel. Modern, that is, thinking in æons; for the ostrich feathers and gigot sleeves of 1883 lend an air of quaint antiquity to the opening chapter of *The Presence and the Power* (WARD, LOCK). This chapter sets the stage for a drama of three generations—a drama in which the last scions of three old Kentish families, the *Cantelowses*, the *Myniotts* and the *Dyprres*, weigh the advantages of upholding feudal prestige against the delights and drawbacks of following your own fancy. *Raulyn Dyprre* (pronounced "Deeper") is the last of his line and expected to marry

Philippa Myniott. Somewhat cruelly, but with considerable psychological cunning, Miss BOWEN allows you to half-sympathise with the kitten stage of *Raulyn's* ultimately ferocious self-will—his relegation of *Philippa* to the rival *Cantelowe* and his marriage (with ominous circumstances of caprice and subterfuge) to a mysterious Roman *Marchesina*. *Geva Lambruschini*, the lady in question, has led a lonely and apparently thwarted life under the double tutelage of a wealthy middle-class doctor and an austere princely cousin. And the secret of her tutelage, dramatically revealed, presents a second great issue, this time self-incurred, to the unstable and cowardly *Raulyn*. The effect of its revelation on *Geva* herself, on *Raulyn*, on *Philippa* (whocomes disastrously with her husband to Italy) and on the children of both couples, keeps the rest of the story going with adequacy and ease. While enjoying its many and romantic ramifications, I missed the artistic unity which made Miss BOWEN's first latter-day novel so memorable an achievement. But *Raulyn* is a subtle and consistent piece of work, and Dr. Michelozzi, though undoubtedly drawn from the same model as the Venetian specialist in *Stinging Nettles*, is another and certainly a brighter feather in his creator's well-plumed cap.

I suppose even the most irresponsible satire ought to have some design and direction if it is to be intelligible and entertaining to the reader. I don't find any such coherence in *The Shirt* (CHATTO AND WINDUS), by Captain PETER WRIGHT, though I should never be surprised if it were hailed by more perceptive critics as a masterpiece of modernist technique. A certain fabulously wealthy merchant of "Caria," which is apparently America, though there seems no particular significance in the fact, shortly before his death sends his only son to "Crete," which is apparently England. The richest heir of all time—all the money of Caria and Crete is slipping into his coffers—*Charles* falls into an insupportable melancholy incurable by doctors (satire on doctors). A spiritualist prescribes the wearing of the shirt

of a happy person. The premier Duke will surely be able to provide the garment (long satire on ancestry of dukes)? Or a famous statesman then (short satire on statesmen)? Or a woman, maybe? But no woman is happy and few chaste—if I interpret this part aright—and anyway it doesn't matter greatly. Interlude here, queerly personal and to me shocking, on the sorrows of ELIZABETH of Austria: *conte drolatique* about *Alaciél*, daughter of the Sultan. A warrior perchance (heavy satire on the ineffable stupidity of warriors)? No, the shirt cannot be found. The only happy people live in a Pacific isle—and they don't wear shirts. Finally, however, swindled by one of his guardians out of his incredible estate, *Charles* becomes completely happy as an article clerk with "no other ambitions but to be taken on as a junior partner and to win the local tennis tournament." Now, I do not suspect our sprightly author of so banal a purpose as the

demonstration that riches don't bring happiness. Somehow the barbed shafts don't hit their mark. They seem never to have been aimed but just loosed casually into the air.



Member of the Anti-Washing Federation (to member who has yielded to superior force). "YAH! BLACKLEG!"

A generation has passed since Mr. Justice MADDEN captivated scholars and sportsmen by his *Diary of Master William Silence*, a work invaluable to the earnest student of SHAKESPEARE. Now, having retired from the Irish Bench, he has occupied his leisure in writing *A Chapter of Medieval History* (MURRAY), an account of the early writers on field sport and horses and the ritual of the Chase. Our ancestors very properly considered that a knowledge both of the theory and the practice of venery and woodcraft was an essential part of the education of a gentleman, as indeed of commoner folk as well; for in the book of *King Modus*, written in the fourteenth century, are enumerated, besides the pursuits of kings and nobles, various kinds of sport which may be inexpensively enjoyed by poor men. *Queen Racio*, wife of *King Modus*, in the same book, piously transforms the whole business into an allegory of the Christian religion, in which certain unfortunate animals become the emblems of deadly sins. The first book on field sports printed in England was *The Boke of Saint Albans*, 1486, which was painfully studied by the new rich of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, intent to learn the language of gentlefolk lest they should be shamed. To confuse the falcon with the tercel, for instance, was an unpardonable solecism, as Dr. MADDEN elaborately explains. But the interest of his book, so charged with entertaining lore, lies rather in the quaint stories of great persons with which it is interspersed than in its disquisitions on ancient sport. I like best the story of the Comte de Foix and his familiar spirit; from whom (or so FROISSART was informed by a trusty squire) the Count learned all about the Battle of Aljubarrota, fought on 13th August, 1385, ten days before the news was brought by human agency.

Young Cyril Draycott is discovered in the specialist's



Gardener of the Old School (to new Tenant). "WHAT! DON'T LIKE GERANIUMS, CALCEOLARIAS, AN' LORDELIAS? LUMME, GUV'NOR, YOU AIN'T A BOLSHIE, ARE YER?"

room, his face blanched to the colour of wood ashes, for he has just received his death-sentence. His godfather, *Sir Anthony Frere*, that eminent physician, gives him one year to live, eighteen months if he takes the utmost care of himself; but *Cyril* is perhaps excusably bitter at the suggestion of cotton-wool and is all for a brief but merry finish. However, that very afternoon comes a telephone call from his solicitors, demanding his immediate attendance at the office, and he finds that an Australian uncle has thoughtfully died and left him a fortune, with the curious proviso that he is not to come into possession of his inheritance until a full year has elapsed. The framework may seem a little obvious, but it was clearly necessary to make the young man determine to live long enough to inherit the money. So he settles down in a little Sussex cottage, half a mile out of Barrow Deeping, and is nearly bored to death before he gets fairly started. But then he meets, in a sudden storm, a charming *Mrs. Fane*, who chances to be an old friend of *Sir Anthony's*, and when her daughter *Olivia* arrives on the scene from India the least experienced novel-reader sees pretty well what is going to happen, though there are troubles enough in store for the two before the "year of despair and hope and joy" draws to its close. A remarkably thorough-going siren, *Lottie Denham*, and her jealous husband, *Vincent*, make their appearance; there is a terrible time when *Olivia* is falsely said to be engaged to someone else, and the occasions when the specialist's prediction seems on the verge of coming true are alarmingly frequent. *Pawning To-morrow* (HODDER AND STROUGHTON) is, in short, full of thrills for the tender-hearted who can persuade themselves that *Cyril* is worth worrying about. The handling of that young gentleman himself, and one or two other indications, incline me to suspect that J. W. BROADWOOD, the author, may be a lady.

I think someone or other must have reproached Mr. PHILIP GUEDALLA with having assembled too random and occasional a set of essays in *Masters and Men*; otherwise why does he ask me to believe that there is a deliberate interdependence of design about the component parts of *A Gallery* (CONSTABLE)? I have read every one of its nine-and-twenty studies, always with interest and often with enthusiasm, but their controlling scheme has escaped me. However, I do not come off a penny the worse, for I should never have thought of looking for symmetry if Mr. GUEDALLA had not assured me it was there. As it is, I feel that even his sub-groupings are a little arbitrary. Of his "Five Landscapes," for instance, "Foz," "Biarritz" and "Mequinez" are bright stages for historical figures; "Kirtie-muir" and "Mandalay" mere euphemisms for the art and craft of Sir JAMES BARRIE and Mr. RUDYARD KIPLING. "The Seven Sages" hang together better. ANATOLE FRANCE is most attractively hoisted with his own ironic petard; and, though I should have reversed the verdicts attributed to posterity on WELLS and SHAW, I am entirely at one with those voiced in the name of our own era on HARDY and CONRAD. Mr. GUEDALLA's political portraits are more adroit than his literary ones. I admit that "The Seven Sleepers" somewhat inaptly includes the present PREMIER and the two CECILS, along with more indubitable slumberers; but "The Seven Lamps of Liberalism" makes amends with an essay on LLOYD GEORGE, and "British Huguenots" generally, which is discernment itself. Mr. GUEDALLA's manner has gained, I think, in decorum without losing in gaiety. He is still liable to be ingenious rather than illuminating, and the architecture of his essays occasionally suffers (as in "Lady Palmerston") from his habit of erecting a very large portico to a very small building. But his best work matches

the method to the theme and the phrase to the occasion with great nicety; and most of his epigrammatic bullets—especially those aimed at Big Business in politics—have my very best wishes for speedy and appropriate billets.

Possibly we are even now standing on the threshold of another period of activity for the short-story writer, such as those who have reached a certain age may recollect near the close of the last century, when KIPLING and WELLS, BARRIE and STEVENSON, HENRY JAMES and FRANK HARRIS were all working in this fascinating compartment of literary endeavour. Here, at any rate, is a stoutish work entitled *Georgian Stories, 1924* (CHAPMAN AND HALL), containing specimens by most of our admired writers of the day. And this, bear in mind, is the second volume of a series, the first, which appeared two years ago, having actually run through three editions. Assuredly, then, we must be on the verge of a revival. AUMONIER and WODEHOUSE, ST. JOHN LUCAS and

J. D. BERSFORD, ALDOUS HUXLEY and ALGERNON BLACKWOOD may be the great names on the lips of the next generation. But the short story itself has changed from what it was in the days of our (comparative) youth. It is in certain cases far less compact, less rigid in form. Students might do well to compare, for instance, "The Gioconda Smile," by ALDOUS HUXLEY, with "The Smile of La Gioconda," by MORLEY ROBERTS, which appeared for the first time something more than twenty years ago. The similarity of name is presumably a mere accident, but the two stories make an interesting contrast. Mr. ROBERTS has not a word too many; he confines his attention strictly to the story he is telling. Mr. HUXLEY, on the other hand, wants to get into his a vast amount of extraneous matter. He works it all in too with amazing cleverness; but it rather dissipates our interest. And so it is with "My Son, My Son," an admirable and moving story of the War, by ST. JOHN LUCAS. Our modern writers have decided not to allow themselves to be cramped by tradition—which is perhaps all to the good. But I think I prefer them when they restrict themselves a little in length. To my mind two of the best stories in this volume are also among the shortest—"Safety," by ST. JOHN ERVINE, and "The Liqueur Glass," by PHYLLIS BOTTOME. But they are all worth reading.

In *Croatan* (BUTTERWORTH) MARY JOHNSTON tells of the adventures of a party of English folk sent out by RALEIGH to the New World a little before the coming of the Armada. Three shipsful they sailed, and made Roanoke Island. Two go back for more men and for supplies. But they do not return, for the needs of England in troublous times must be served. The Croatans were a tribe of the Cherokees and friendly to the settlers. After a treacherous attack by the

Roanokes, in which the defence is successful but sorely thinned, the English, now some sixty souls, men, women and children, having lost hope for the ships that come not, move up into Cherokee territory and live among their new friends. The years pass; Redskin and Paleface are close comrades and modify each other's lives and thoughts. In particular a triple cord of friendship binds the youth *Miles Darling*, *Young Thunder* the Croatan, and *Ruy Valdez* the Spanish boy wrecked upon their coast, rescued and adopted. *Miles* and *Ruy* both love the beautiful *Virginia Dare*, and their friendship passes this supreme test. There are huntings and forays, captures and rescues, told with spirit if in an idiom which makes a little for obscurity and is something of a drag on the pace of authentic Redskin romance. Modernism has laid its hand on this *genre* also, we must suppose. Very pleasant is the thread of pride in the English ancestry of her State that this distinguished Virginian weaves into her story, though indeed it was from a later settlement that

Virginia really sprang. This but tells of the failure of the pioneers. Just once, I think, I caught our careful author tripping. Where did the settlers, isolated for seventeen years, get the powder for that "demon weapon they name harquebus" which they took into action against the Shawanese Algonquins? And would the ball fired from the culverin in the early attack on the stockade have burst?

The Passing of the Pengwerns (HEINEMANN) is a grim tale. "The Pengwerns," we are told, "are human beings, but the events and the atmosphere of their existence at Lanspern Rectory endow them with a terrifying

unearthliness." Well, I cannot say that I was terrified by Miss MARGARET M. LEIGH's story of this family, but I was most truly impressed by the proficiency with which it is told. In unskilled hands the record of these unhappy people, who are pursued by an ineluctable fate, would have been intensely depressing and more than a little tiresome; but Miss LEIGH has avoided most of the dangers that lurked in her way. Still I am not suggesting that this is a story to be recommended to those who regard fiction solely as an amusing entertainment. The *Pengwerns* were in my opinion what the Cornish, to whom they belong, call "not exactly," but all the same it is impossible to read of them without an almost painful sympathy. Whether I think of *Stephen Pengwern*, the Rector of Lanspern, who did not believe in the doctrines which he preached, or of *Miriam Pengwern* who, foredoomed to trouble, wandered restlessly about the world, I feel as if they must be rescued at any cost, and that surely is a tribute to Miss LEIGH.

"Triangles are said to bring luck."—*Weekly Paper*.
Always excepting the "eternal" kind.



THE PUBLICITY VALUE OF BEAUTY.

MR. AND MRS. DUNK, OF WIMBLEDON, WHO WERE SERIOUSLY INJURED IN A MOTOR SMASH.

Inset: MISS EDITH SMITH, OF TOOTING, WHO WITNESSED THE ACCIDENT.

CHARIVARIA.

PROFESSOR GODDARD thinks that the observer in his rocket will be able to see what the world really looks like. Yes, but which world—this or the next?

The *Daily News* has been conducting an inquiry into the cause of the tremolo adopted by some singers. Ourselves we think that in many cases it is due to a fear of the consequences.

An American religious organisation declares that there is no Hades. This has impressed us so deeply that we have decided to send for our income-tax collector and tell him that we understand it isn't possible for him to do as we told him.

We have heard of a man who picked out a Derby loser, and the idea didn't come to him in a dream either.

A Mexican in London has been robbed of twenty pounds by means of the confidence trick. Mexicans shouldn't venture so far from civilisation.

A teacher of elocution mentions the case of an actor who could read the hotel menu so feelingly as to bring tears into his own eyes. We often get the same result when reading the prices on the menu.

China has decided to recognise Russia. Both countries have many things in common, including their inability to lend one another any money.

According to Mr. H. S. WHITEHOUSE, the American radio expert, the British wireless service is better than the American. Britannia, in fact, Rules the Wireless Waves.

A resident of Blockley, Worcestershire, writes to a morning paper to say that he saw an extremely bright rainbow which was upside down. To correct this sort of thing the spectator should stand on his head.

A cinema star living in Los Angeles has just married a man whom she had refused twenty-four times. We rather wonder she didn't think of this before. Marriage out there is commonly regarded as the simplest way of getting rid of an importunate.

After being informed that his wife had given birth to five children a tradesman of Genthin, Pomerania, left home and has not since been heard of. It is thought that he didn't like odd numbers.

A contemporary is asking its readers what they think of the bagpipe. If it imagined that we are capable of using language like that, it is grossly mistaken.

A Northamptonshire District Council will not allow tenants in State-aided houses to paper the walls. They probably take the view that the rooms are small enough already.

It has once again been suggested that the proceedings of Parliament should be broadcast. The public is still won-

Westminster Bridge lamps are to be brightened. If this is in accordance with the Brighter Westminster Movement we trust no time will be lost in applying the same treatment to Ministerial haloes.

A psychologist says that in order to form character we should do something every day that we dislike. We do. We get up.

We hear of two operatic artistes who between them can speak thirteen languages. Not counting, of course, the one that all singers use when singing.

A publisher has written to the Press to say that the best-seller takes more managing than the public imagines. We often wish that it took a good deal more writing.

Historians state that in the time of Augustus the Romans had several of their principal streets paved. Well, so have we.

A composer says that musicians should forget that they are part of an orchestra, and let themselves be carried away. They do the first all right, but we should like to see some of them take the rest of his advice a little more often.



Prospective Tenant of Houseboat. "IS IT A HEALTHY SITUATION?"
Agent. "SPLENDID! GRAVEL BOTTOM."

dering whose is the hidden hand behind these cruel suggestions.

When the wolf is at his door the true optimist derives consolation from the thought that the brute will probably keep burglars away.

It is the latest fad for the fashionable Parisienne to wear a picture of her fiancé on the buckle of her shoe. We hear that the appearance of a lady in the street recently with odd buckles attracted considerable attention.

The HOP CONTROLLER, speaking at Canterbury, complained that he had great difficulty in getting brewers to buy hops. We can't imagine what he expects the modern brewer to want hops for.

"What," asks a cleric, "has Birmingham ever done to help the Church?" It seems to have escaped him that Birmingham produces over a million buttons every week.

Aspirin is being used to invigorate plants. But tender-hearted people have for a long time been giving the aspidistra a seidlitz powder after a late night.

"Of all the Cabinet Ministers Mr. SHAW is the fondest of music," says a writer. The Tom-Tom, we suppose.

A proposed new Bill makes it illegal to use a decoy bird. Nothing is said of the cloak-room attendant's shilling decoy in the plate.

The persistent rumour that a centenarian had been discovered who wears spectacles for reading and does not smoke a clay-pipe now turns out to be a hoax.

According to a plébiscite, the most popular modern book in America is Mr. WELLS' *Outline of the History of the World*. You can understand this. When a man intends to buy a place, he always gets a guide-book to the district beforehand.

BANK-HOLIDAY GOLF.

SCENE—*The third-class links at a well-known seaside resort.*

FIRST TEE—*Family party, Father, Mother and two intelligent Sons in the foreground; patient queue in the rear.*

Father. You go first, Ma.

Mother. Oh, well, I don't mind if I do. Driver, I suppose. This wooden one, isn't it? (*Drives.*) Well now, isn't that funny? I missed it. Still, even those professionals do sometimes.

Elderly Colonel, of ramrod appearance, at end of queue (*sotto voce*). Fore!

Father. Will you have another, Ma?

Mother. No; Percy goes next.

Percy. No, Pa goes next.

Father. What about Algie? He's the youngest.

[*Surging movement of patient queue.*]

Mother (*with intuitive faculties strongly developed*). I believe we're keeping people waiting. You send off one of your long ones, Father, and we'll go on to the next.

[*Father sends off one of his long ones—fifty yards. Sigh of relief from patient queue.*]

ON FAIRWAY OF THE FOURTH—*Elderly and well-fed Canon (recommended light exercise by Doctor), with Wife to match. They carry on a conversation from opposite sides of the fairway.*

Wife. I am so glad of the news about dear Louisa.

Canon (*grasping mashie and mentally reviewing VARDON'S directions*). News about...? (*Wind blows away rest of sentence.*)

Colonel Ramrod (*in rear*). Fore!

Canon (*absent-mindedly*). I submit that this is irrelevant. If we are agreed, shall we pass on to the next item?

[*Passes on. Ball lands on green.*]

Wife (*across fairway*). . . . and she is going to stay with Jane.

Colonel R. Fore!

Wife (*in best diocesan manner*). Who is that person?

[*Canon and Wife meet on green.*]

Canon. Shall I putt for you, my love? You look a little breathless.

Colonel Ramrod. Fore!

Canon. Ah! That worthy man reminds me so much of the dear Arch-deacon when he is, shall I say, a little ruffled.

Wife. He seems to want to hurry us off this green, Marmaduke. I call it most inconsiderate. I purposely picked up the ball and carried it here, as I thought I would sit down a moment. I wanted to read you the postscript of Louisa's letter, so interesting—

Canon (*anxiously consulting book of rules*). I fear, my love, we must not sojourn further. There are several people in the rear of our military friend who appear to be waiting their turn.

TENTH GREEN—*Poppa, with attendant caddie, Momma and Jefferson junior, with camera. Poppa putts.*

Momma. Now, Jeff, just you fix yourself there in that mound arrangement, and you can snap Pops first-rate.

Jefferson, junior. Say, I'm going to take you too, Momma.

Colonel Ramrod (*in the rear*). Fore! Poppa. What's that guy shouting? Caddie. He wants you to get off the green.

Momma. Well, do tell! We've paid to use the green, I guess. He'll have to wait. Poppa, give me that cute little stick you put the balls into the tin with. Jeff is going to take my likeness.

Colonel R. (*at boiling-point*). Fore!!!!

Poppa. Say, Lucindy, I guess we'd better be flitting. That old guy seems timed to go off like a minute-gun if we don't quit.

SIXTEENTH TEE—*Two Maiden Ladies prepare for action. First M. L. drives twenty yards into the rough. Second M. L., feeling a veritable TOLLEY in petticoats, outdistances her and soars forty yards into a pond.*

First Maiden Lady. Wonderful, dear, but can you get it out?

Second Maiden Lady (*dubiously*). It—it looks rather wet, Maria.

Colonel Ramrod (*in rear, savagely, temper long since mislaid*). May I trouble you to let me come through? I am, I think, a faster player—

M. L.'s (*meekly retiring into rough*). Oh, please do.

First M. L. (*in loud whisper*). His stance is quite different from ours.

Second M. L. (*daringly*). Naturally, if you wear pl—

First M. L. Sh-sh!

[*Colonel Ramrod drives off.*]
First M. L. (*aghast*). My dear, it's gone into the pond.

Second M. L. (*in superior tone*). Well, I sent my ball in there, Maria. Even first-class players do it.

[*Colonel Ramrod recovers his ball and pulls it savagely into the rough, in a peculiarly inaccessible spot.*]

Colonel Ramrod (*sotto voce*). Never had such a day (*tries mashie*). Never saw such a crowd (*tries mashie-niblick*). Never played on such d—d links (*tries niblick*).

Timid voices of M. L.'s in the rear (*unconsciously impersonating Nemesis*). Fore!

Colonel Ramrod. !!!!!!!

RHYMES OF THE R.A.F.

VI.—THE MESS BARBER.

EACH working day, from nine till noon,
The barber waits in his saloon,
To welcome any slothful knave
Who left his bed too late to shave
And crept, dishevelled and dismayed,
With bristling chin on First Parade.
A skilful master of his craft,
He understands it fore and aft,
And, though he flaunts his shining steel
With what may seem excess of zeal,
There's not the slightest need to fear
The loss of even half an ear.

He has a soft persuasive voice,
And, when he offers you the choice
Between a wet or dry shampoo,
He lisps with such a dove-like coo
It makes you feel extremely loath
To answer anything but "Both."
He'll eagerly suggest a singe
Like one who moots a jolly binge,
And even bald Group Captains rush
To try his brisk electric brush,
While youthful pilots proffer tips
For massage of their upper lips.

Around his shop you'll see arrayed
A most alluring stock-in-trade
Of all those lotions, oils and essences
That beautify hirsute excrescences,
Or cause the thinning scalp to bear
Luxuriant aftermaths of hair.
In tempting bottles, mauve and green,
Expensive tonics may be seen,
While rich pomades and perfumes rare
Delight the would-be debonaire.
For those who haven't time to fuss
With unguents soft and odorous
He offers tubes of dental dope
Or useful stuff like shaving-soap.
In short, whatever man may seek
To make him clean and smooth and sleek
And fit for Sunday's Church parade
Is here attractively displayed;
And dull is he who does not feel
The irresistible appeal
To buy, before he quits the shop,
At least a tooth-brush or a strop.

Another Impending Apology.

From an article "On Entertaining Colonial Visitors":—

"Most houses in the colonies are large and airy, therefore it is better to give your guests rooms with large windows and few curtains, and remove any valued ornaments."

Daily Paper.

"The social life of the [London] University, as opposed to that of the constituent colleges, is undeveloped, as are its athletics, although mountains are now being moved."

Sunday Paper.

There is no truth in the rumour that the older Universities are improving on this pastime by introducing a "Putting the Mountain" event at Queen's Club next year.



THE MISERY-RIDE.

THE FRANC. "THESE VIOLENT FLUCTUATIONS ARE MAKING ME SICK. I WANT TO BE STABILISED."



"WHO EVER TAUGHT YOU TO USE SUCH WORDS?"

"GARN—TAUGHT! IT'S ME WOT LEARNS THE OTHER FELLERS."

NEO-GEORGIAN PUPPYHOOD.

Bertram was a nice child—I admitted as much to his mother when she questioned me—but I made the unfortunate mistake of underestimating his age by about three years.

"You will find Bertram quite good company," his mother had said, excusing herself for having to leave me for a time, "and I am sure he will enjoy a chat with you—won't you, Bertram?"

Bertram made no answer. He was reading a cycle catalogue and appeared to be engrossed.

Then his mother closed the door and it began.

"Well, my little man," I said, making my first blunder, "and what do you learn at school?"

I led off like that because, when I was a boy, no man of mature age ever entered our house without putting his hand on my head, addressing me as a little man, groping for a shilling and inquiring what I learnt at school. And if I failed to put my hand on Bertram's head it was due not so much to any aloofness on my part as to the pleni-

tude and aggressive nature of Bertram's pomade.

Even so, had he lived up to the best traditions of my boyhood, he would have blushed modestly, raised his eyes and made answer, "I learn geography, history, arithmetic, spelling and reading, Sir."

But Bertram said simply, "Swatting maths."

This was a disappointment. I had reckoned on a reasonably interesting interval during which, while pretending to listen spellbound to Bertram's list of accomplishments, I would have been able to formulate my scheme of conversation. But a deathly silence followed and the next word was obviously to me.

"Very good!" I exclaimed with simulated enthusiasm, at the same time groping for a shilling. "Very good indeed! That's excellent. Bravo!"

Bertram laid his book aside and was regarding me coldly. I felt the blood rush to my face.

"How do you mean?" he asked, apparently with genuine surprise.

I am not usually nervous, but there was something about Bertram's man-

ner that seemed to be spoiling the conversation.

"The—er—mathematics that you mentioned," I explained lamely.

"Oh, that!" said Bertram. "Awful rot, you know. Shocking as our maths master! We rag him no end."

I didn't like this at all. Not that Bertram's private opinion concerning his master hurt me—or interested me—in any way. But I felt somehow that I was losing my status; that Bertram was more or less familiar.

"Come, come," I exclaimed stoutly—"that's not the way for any little—"

"None of the chaps in our Form can stick him," said Bertram. "Have you the right time, by the way? My watch is gone west."

I told him the time. Then, under pretence of looking through a bundle of letters, I racked my brain for the most dignified method of taking up the threads again.

"Fond of reading?" was my next question.

Bertram shrugged his shoulders tolerantly.

"When I was your age," I went on,

striving hard to establish the correct atmosphere, "I never tired of HENTY and GRIMM and KINGSTON, and all those jolly school tales. I suppose you've read *Eric* and *St. Winifred's* and *Sandford and Merton*?"

Bertram repressed a laugh.

"I've heard about them," he confessed off-handedly. "Rather slush, aren't they? A silly little fathead in our Form is reading *Eric* just now. We pull his hair."

There was something so frightfully damaging about Bertram's replies that I drew off for repairs. What to say next? I narrowly escaped trying him with a riddle—the one about a herring and a half; but I caught his eye on me and congratulated myself on not having run the risk. Stamp-collecting was another theme that crossed my mind, and I was debating mentally whether it should be that or white mice or clockwork engines or cigarette pictures, when Bertram did the unexpected once more. He took the floor himself.

"Going to the match on Saturday?" he inquired easily.

I broke into a gentle perspiration. My nerve was going.

"You really shouldn't miss it," he urged, warning to his subject. "Dickson is playing outside right for the home team, and we expect to see a bit of hot scoring. If only I am able to scrape ten bob together, I'm going. Fact of the matter is——"

He broke off short as a terrific report shook the air. Before I could recover myself, however, Bertram, laughing loudly, was standing at the window, legs straddled, hands in pockets, staring down into the street.

"That's the Thompson kid," he explained, without turning his head. "His people gave him a four h.p. Slatery-Boston for a birthday present, and he plays with it like a babe with a new toy. Not a bad outfit, mind you. Come and have a squint at it. Two-stroke, three-gear, kickstart, semi-automatic oil-feed, foot-clutch and posh speedometer. He burns the new benzol mixture and claims to get forty out of his bus on a straight road. But I do not like his mag. The Pater has promised me an outfit when I'm old enough, and I shall stick out for six h.p."

A wild desire surged up in my bosom to tell Bertram how, when I was his age, only exceptional parents bought bicycles—mere "push-bikes"—for their children. But Bertram had, in a figure of speech, got me down and was stamping on me.

Which explains why, when Bertram's mother returned presently and expressed the hope that he had kept me amused, I smiled wanly—and lied.



"WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THESE OCCASIONAL TABLES, SIR?"
"TOO DAM FREQUENT!"

A LESSON FOR THE ANT.

[Mr. Punch had occasion recently to comment on the revelation that the bee is not nearly so busy as we were given to understand. He now has to show up another of our childhood's patterns, the ant. From a lecture at the Royal Institution he learns that, among the guests entertained by ant communities in their nests, are certain creatures capable of excreting alcohol, with the result that degeneration ensues.]

My youth was made weary by morals
Extracted from ants or from bees;
Folk always awarded the laurels
For virtue to creatures like these.
This glory the ant must be losing,
For see with what reprobate zest
He indulges the habit of boozing
While sitting at home in his nest.

'Tis odd he should take to the bottle
When man is just letting it fall;
When PUSSYFOOT'S aim is to throttle
John Barleycorn once and for all;

When pamphlets and lectures and speeches

Denounce alcoholic excess,
And whatever your share of it reaches
You're told you'd be better with less.

Before our more noble example
This little backslider should cringe;
"O Ant," we may say, "with these ample

Arrangements for holding a binge,
Beware lest you find yourself bunkered
By all this indulgence implies;
Oh, go to the human, thou drunkard,
Consider his ways and be wise."

Another Freak Hero.

From a feuilleton:—

"She saw him just like that, accurately, almost anatomically—the brown hair, ever so faintly greyed, crisping round his square forehead; the brown eyes under his chin, dark eyebrows."—*Daily Paper.*



THERE were more people eating buns out of paper-bags near the Gate of Plenty than I had ever seen before. The newspapers said afterwards that 169,202 visitors passed the turnstiles that day. I should have put the figure myself at nearer 169,206, but I may be wrong. Whether the ten thousand voices whom Dr. CHARLES HARRISS was conducting in the Stadium choir were reckoned in this total I do not know. But they were there. Not a voice was missing or strayed.

Some people tell me that ten thousand voices are too many to have in a choir, but in my opinion the more the merrier. Besides, it shows the growth of harmonic Imperialism since 1851, when TENNYSON, if you remember, wrote—

"Uplift a thousand voices full and sweet."

SIR CHARLES HARRISS uplifts about the number of voices that follow the final of the Amateur Golf Championship or a Test Match, and it would indeed be rather a charming notion to have the spectators of these events drilled as a choir, so that they could uplift ten thousand voices full and sweet in unison and sing—

"Run, run, run!

No, no, no!

How's that, umpire?"

Or raise a psalm of thanksgiving whenever a long putt hit the back of the hole and dropped in.

Something of the sort is done in the United States, I believe, but less melodiously.

Even outside the Stadium the streets of Wembley were pretty well congested. Drake's Way, for instance, which a friend of mine insists upon calling Swann's Way, because of the rich restaurant in it, was full, and in the main avenues the little trolley-cars moved with difficulty. Most of these are open and crowded with passengers, but some are severely closed with dark coverings, and have a policeman behind. For a long time I imagined that they contained persons caught red-handed in the act of stealing a lump of pisolitic bauxite or a stuffed alligator or a Burmese gong, but I have found out now that they are only taking money to the bank. There is, of course, a special Royal Trolley Car, though not as yet a Royal Switch-back Car. But this may come.

By chartering a couple of bath-chairs, however, which are less popular than the trolleys, and bribing the conductors heavily, the Illustrator and I forced the passages of Cook's Way, and arrived eventually at New Zealand.

The principal products of that overseas dominion, besides apples, which are so ripe and so numerous that one part of the pavilion is heavy with the languid scent of autumn, are a mountain sheep, perched high up on the snowy

pinnacle of a New Zealand Alp, a marvellous specimen of the *coiffure* of a Maori queen (both of which exhibits I have requested the Illustrator to draw), and a model ranch made entirely of butter, which it would only be fair to say, since I have said the same thing of the butter ranches of Australia and Canada, is the best model ranch made of butter in all the world. If anything, indeed, it is better than that. There is also a stuffed moa, of which the feathers are in a wonderful state of preservation, considering that the bird had been extinct since prehistoric times. It is a terrible and gigantic fowl standing, I should think, at least fifteen feet high, and very possibly moa... (I suppose we none of us quite expected that.)

Close to New Zealand stands a Maori hut which has been about fifty years in the crypts of the Victoria and Albert Museum, and was disinterred for the sake of the Wembley Exhibition. It was put there, I think, in order that the Londoner standing by the ruins of London Bridge and reflecting on the glories that have passed away might have somewhere to go and live afterwards. But whatever is the reason it is at Wembley now.

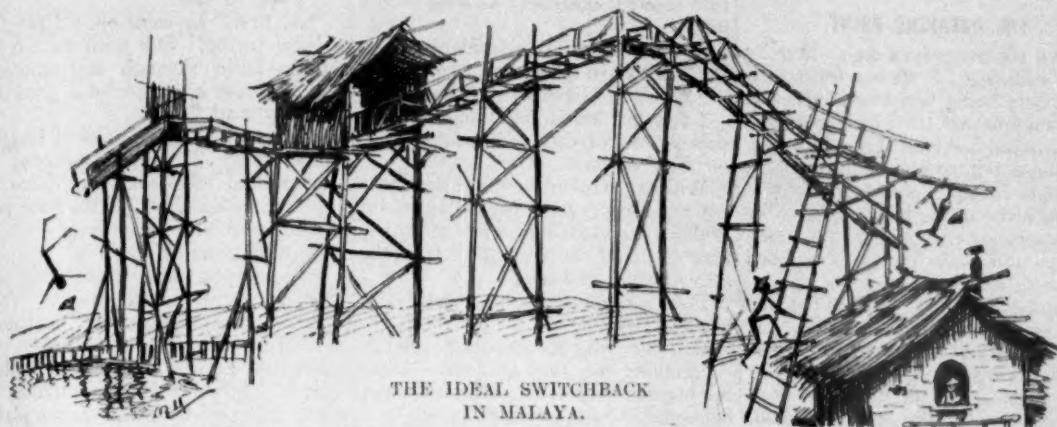
It was while we were looking at this that the Illustrator and I became conscious of how large a part of the crowd was composed of provincials from the



MANCHESTER IN MAORI-LAND.

"BA GOOM, WHAT A GOB!"

Northern districts of England, their wives, their sons' wives, their children, their buns and their bags. The uncouth accents of their foreign tongues show how far the Imperial idea has spread,

THE IDEAL SWITCHBACK
IN MALAYA.

and we were greatly cheered when one of these, thrusting his face close to that of a quaintly carved Maori image, exclaimed in a loud voice—

“Ba goom, what a gob!”

They are indeed inexpressibly hideous figures, and it was a true word that



HAIR-RAISING IN NEW ZEALAND.

“IT CAN’T BE REAL.”

he spoke. But there did not seem to be any live Maoris about, though I noticed a Samoan girl talking in a vivacious manner to a rather stolid-looking British workman in the unfinished Samoan hut which lies on New Zealand’s other flank. They must have had many brisk and agreeable comments to make about labour and housing problems in their respective lands.

Malaya, which we visited next, consists, in case you did not happen to know it, of the Crown Colony of the Straits Settlements, including Singapore, Penang, Province Wellesley, Dindings, Malacca, Labuan, Christmas Island and the Cocos Islands; the Federated Malay States (Perak, Selangor, Negri Sembilan and Pahang); and the Unfederated

Malay States (Johore, Kedah, Perlis, Kelantan, Trengganu and the Bornean State of Brunei). There must be many and many a good Imperialist who has never sat down in his armchair and had a quiet think about Dindings and Kedah and Trengganu, and what they mean to us all.

To judge by the Malayan Pavilion at Wembley, which may be described, if you adopt the language of the official handbook, as a poem in steel and plaster, or, if you subscribe to the art criticisms of the North, as “a grädelly place,” Malaya chiefly means tin and fish, and not head-hunters, *sarongs* or *kris*. I went to look at the fish and left the Illustrator to deal with the tin. He returned to me after a few minutes.

“Come over here,” he said; “I’ve found the very thing.”

“I wish you wouldn’t interrupt my studies,” I remonstrated. “Do you realise that the Malayan fisherman listens for his fish, differentiating the various kinds by their sounds? The shark, according to the book of the words, betrays his presence by a noise like a swish through the air; the pomfret gently taps; while the Jewish fish sounds like the rush of wind heralding a tropical storm.”

“I should be the last man to deny it,” he said. “But while you’ve been doddering there I’ve found the origin of the Giant Switchback.”

The Giant Switchback exercises a terrible fascination over the Illustrator, because after one trip on it he was reduced to a nervous wreck, though why this should be I do not know, for in the perilous trough of the seas he is quite fearless and wallows like that leviathan. He had now become convinced by looking at an ancient Malaya tin-working that the idea of his pet form of torture originated in the brain of some Chinese engineer.

The Malayan Pavilion is more replete

with models of mines, both ancient and new, than any other Imperial building, and they seem to appeal particularly to the hardy sightseers from the provinces amongst whom we moved.

“I suppose eating Eccles cakes by the side of a Malayan mine is about as good a thing as one could get in the way of a busman’s holiday,” I said to the Illustrator. “Which reminds me that our own bath-chairs are waiting outside.”

“We seem to have seen pretty well the whole of the British Empire by this time,” I observed as we took our seats.

“Except Scotland,” he said. “Why is



FORBIDDEN FRUIT AT MALAYA.

there no Scotch Pavilion at Wembley?”

“Back to Hong Kong, then!” I cried. (We always have tea in Hong Kong.)

“I’ll race you there for half-a-crown!”

Urging the jarveys to top speed we dashed headlong by the flowery sides of the lake.

EVOR.

THE BREAKING POINT.

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Simpson's temper used to be the most remarkable thing about him. It was as famous as AUGUSTUS JOHN's hat and ERSTEIN's sweater. You never knew when it would flare up. You seldom knew afterwards why it had. While it lasted its fury was elemental. It made you realise what a tornado must be like.

When we heard that Simpson had got engaged we shook our heads. The sympathy which is usually reserved for the man was in this case given silently to the unknown lady. Did she realise what she was letting herself in for? Had she no fear of personal violence? Perhaps she did not know that Simpson's temper had already caused him to figure three times in the police courts.

They went abroad. History does not record what happened, but last week I heard that they had returned, and I went to see them.

I have commonly found that studios possess all the squalor and untidiness of lumber-rooms without any of their romance. The Simpson ménage was no exception. The touch of a feminine hand was nowhere visible, perhaps because that hand was also the hand of a painter. Before one easel stood Simpson, painting. Before another stood his wife. I sat down on the throne between them, and was pained to see that on the ground beside each easel stood a number of empty bottles, three near Simpson and two near his wife. Had his awful temper led him, and driven her, to drink?

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I felt my knees trembling, but his wife showed no sign of fear.

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An audible sniff from her husband conveyed the information that his views differed from hers. Instead of ignoring it, as I had hoped she would, Mrs. Simpson laid down her brushes, looked coldly at him and asked him if he had said anything.

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"You must excuse her," said Simpson quietly. "You see she has rather a hasty temper."

"I see," I said.

"At first," he went on, "I found it a little trying. She used to jab her palette-knife through my canvases, and of course it interfered a good deal with my work."

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An' he says, says he, to me,
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As Junetide follows Junetide, how the
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"See, there's young Bill Rigg
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Not as two quart pots
Just tother day, not him;
Now he's hop-pole high, the limb!
An' he takes a wench a-walkin' when the
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When a kiss be easy had
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A throng as numerous as the dancers stood or sat behind the stout barriers which guard the floor, watching the dancing. We stood and watched the watchers. They were about equally divided between the male and the female. And a careful study of the scene re-

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that moment I had my answer. A very unattractive surplus man approached a very plain surplus woman, bowed gallantly and said something. A moment later he walked away again, looking crushed, self-conscious and a little red. The plain surplus woman thought nothing of him. But she had no further offers. The other surplus men thought nothing of her. Instead they vainly cast their eyes on the charmers revolving in the arms of other men. Did I not say it was a tragic scene?

EUCLED, in one of his easy generalisations, remarked that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. It may or may not be so. But a sadder and profounder truth is this—that people who are surplus to the same people are also surplus to one another.

The band played "The Wooden Soldiers." The blood rushed to my feet. But we—we too were surplus. However, we stood near the pen marked DANCING PARTNERS—

6d.

and I called George's attention to this.

George threw a brief and disparaging glance over the ladies in the pen and made an ungallant observation which I will not repeat. George, like the other surplus men, has a very high standard.

"I think I shall take a walk round, old boy," he said, "and see if I can see anything."

"All right, old man," I said. "I shall have sixpennyworth."

"Huh!" said George, with another glance at the unfortunate D.P.'s. "Bet you a bob you don't."

"Done," I said. "That will pay for a couple."

George strolled away.

I stood a short time trying to decide which of the D.P.'s had the most culture. And while I stood there a young lady came towards me, smiling slightly as if she knew me. I smiled back slightly, thinking that perhaps she did. When a few feet off she peered up into my face (there was a lamp just behind me), and suddenly her own face seemed to freeze; she turned away and disappeared into the crowd. Evidently we had never met.

While I was still wondering at this strange event, another young lady approached and did exactly the same thing, except that she smiled much less and froze considerably more.

I looked about me, wondering. I looked above me and behind me. Behind me I saw a little alcove with some empty chairs. Above me I saw

DANCING PARTNERS—6d.

It was my turn to freeze. I had been taken for a Sixpenny Dip!

I did not resent that so much. I have no false pride. What did rankle was the suspicion that two different surplus daughters of Brighton had come to the conclusion that I was not worth sixpence.

I decided to change my position.

But at that moment a third young lady approached, a lady infinitely more pleasing than the others. Indeed, she was quite definitely pleasing by any standard.

In her hand was a pink ticket,

"Been on this job long?" she said kindly, putting me at my ease.

"Not long," I said uncomfortably. I decided that very shortly I would tell her the truth.

"Takes it out of you, I dare say," she said, "so much of it. What I mean—well, every day's a lot, isn't it?"

"Some days are better than others," I said.

"Well, it's all according, isn't it? An' I dare say they don't give you any too much, if the truth was known?"

It struck me that I was being cross-examined.

"I can't complain," I said.

"That's one way of looking at it, of course," she said. "I wonder you don't get a job at the Cosmopole. A boy I knew was taken on as a Professor."

I decided that it was becoming very difficult to tell her the truth.

"Quite a crowd to-night," she went on.

"We're generally busy Saturdays," I answered. (This style of conversation is very easily acquired.)

"Yes, there's a lot of people here."

"Do you come here often?"

"Not what you might call often. I like a bit of pleasure now and then, it's true. But my friend doesn't dance, and I don't care to dance with everyone myself."

"Everyone?" I echoed wonderingly.

"A lot of girls here," she said severely, "will dance with the first

thing that asks them—intro. or no. Well, it's all according to taste, but I don't dance without an intro. myself—not if it was the PRINCE OF WALES."

I decided that it was quite impossible to tell her the truth now.

"Can you do the Five-step?" she said suddenly.

"Of course," I murmured. I could as soon do the Sword Dance.

"Show me," she whispered. She had a charming whisper.

"The fact is—" I began. "The fact is—" I continued, wondering desperately what the fact was, and then I had an inspiration. "I have to charge extra for a lesson."

"Oh, dear," she cooed. "How much?"

"A guinea," I said boldly.

"It's a lot of money, isn't it?" she sighed. "I mean to say—a guinea—well, it is a lot, isn't it? For one lesson, I mean."



Visitor. "WHAT'S BECOME OF THE SEA-SERPENTS WE USED TO HEAR SO MUCH ABOUT? DOESN'T ANYONE SEE THEM NOW?"

Old Salt. "OH, WE SEES 'EM ALL RIGHT, BUT SINCE THE WAR THERE'S NO DEMAND FER 'EM."

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SIXPENCE.
NO GRATUITIES.

I say "of course." My pride was soothed; my heart was touched. I warmed to the girl. After all it is not every man who can say that a strange, charming, respectable young woman has deliberately paid money to dance with him—has, as it were, singled him out for honour. We took the floor.

I remembered with some concern that in theory a dancing partner is generally an instructor; and was relieved to find she was not likely to want a lesson. She danced beautifully.



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"I SHOULDN'T. HE CAN'T BE MUCH OF A PLAYER—HE'S ONLY GOT THREE RACQUETS."

"It is," I said earnestly. "It isn't worth it."

"Oh, well," she said sensibly, "what's worth it and what you want's two different things, isn't it? Hallo, Loo!"

She had taken her left hand from my shoulder and was waving it brightly at a group of people at one of the tables. They waved their hands in return and seemed possessed with some subtle merriment which they were endeavouring to conceal. I had an uncomfortable feeling that it had something to do with me. We danced on.

"Wouldn't my father go on if he saw me now!" she said happily, very soon.

"Would he?" I said nervously. I did not like the implication.

"You'd laugh to see father in one of his rages," she chuckled.

"Should I?" I wondered.

"Still, it isn't the same thing, is it, not really?" she said.

"How'd you mean?" I said, hopelessly fogged.

"Well, I mean it's not like dancing without an intro., is it?—you being official, so to speak, if you see what I mean."

"Of course," I said.

"Still, it's the first time I've done it, for all that," she said, with a sort of satisfied recklessness in her tone.

My pride, which had been alternately

bounding up and tumbling down during this conversation, now grandly rose again. But I was still uncertain and curious about the motive which had driven this respectable damsel to approach me. Had she, for example, conceived a sudden passion for me, or was I merely a piece of licensed wickedness?

The music stopped and I led her off the floor.

"What made you do it this time?" I asked her boldly.

"Couldn't say, I'm sure," she said, and blushed a most brilliant blush.

"Oh, well——" she said, embarrassed, "thanks," and with a strange smile she left me.

Pushing my way through the throng to my rendezvous with George I had to pass close to her friends' table; they were all laughing heartily, and I saw my partner, flushed and triumphant-looking.

"Well done, Maud!" I heard a man say; and he handed her half-a-crown.

"Thanks, Joe," she said. "But I don't like to take it. He was too sweet for anything. You've no idea."

The truth flashed upon me. She had done it for a bet.

The little beast!

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"Too sweet for anything," Oh, well... I lost my bet with George after all.

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A Medley of Misquotation.

"We recall the mythical New Zealander sketching the ruins of Westminster Abbey from London Bridge."—*New Zealand Paper*.

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that moment I had my answer. A very unattractive surplus man approached a very plain surplus woman, bowed gallantly and said something. A moment later he walked away again, looking crushed, self-conscious and a little red. The plain surplus woman thought nothing of him. But she had no further offers. The other surplus men thought nothing of her. Instead they vainly cast their eyes on the charmers revolving in the arms of other men. Did I not say it was a tragic scene?

EUCLED, in one of his easy generalisations, remarked that things which are equal to the same thing are equal to one another. It may or may not be so. But a sadder and profounder truth is this—that people who are surplus to the same people are also surplus to one another.

The band played "The Wooden Soldiers." The blood rushed to my feet. But we—we too were surplus. However, we stood near the pen marked DANCING PARTNERS—

6d.

and I called George's attention to this.

George threw a brief and disparaging glance over the ladies in the pen and made an ungallant observation which I will not repeat. George, like the other surplus men, has a very high standard.

"I think I shall take a walk round, old boy," he said, "and see if I can see anything."

"All right, old man."

I said. "I shall have sixpennyworth."

"Huh!" said George, with another glance at the unfortunate D.P.'s. "Bet you a bob you don't."

"Done," I said. "That will pay for a couple."

George strolled away.

I stood a short time trying to decide which of the D.P.'s had the most culture. And while I stood there a young lady came towards me, smiling slightly as if she knew me. I smiled back slightly, thinking that perhaps she did. When a few feet off she peered up into my face (there was a lamp just behind me), and suddenly her own face seemed to freeze; she turned away and disappeared into the crowd. Evidently we had never met.

While I was still wondering at this strange event, another young lady approached and did exactly the same thing, except that she smiled much less and froze considerably more.

I looked about me, wondering. I looked above me and behind me. Behind me I saw a little alcove with some empty chairs. Above me I saw

DANCING PARTNERS—6d.

It was my turn to freeze. I had been taken for a Sixpenny Dip!

I did not resent that so much. I have no false pride. What did rankle was the suspicion that two different surplus daughters of Brighton had come to the conclusion that I was not worth sixpence.

I decided to change my position.

But at that moment a third young lady approached, a lady infinitely more pleasing than the others. Indeed, she was quite definitely pleasing by any standard.

In her hand was a pink ticket,



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which she held out to me with a shy but charming gesture. I took it, of course. On it was printed

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I remembered with some concern that in theory a dancing partner is generally an instructor; and was relieved to find she was not likely to want a lesson. She danced beautifully.

"Been on this job long?" she said kindly, putting me at my ease.

"Not long," I said uncomfortably. I decided that very shortly I would tell her the truth.

"Takes it out of you, I dare say," she said, "so much of it. What I mean—well, every day's a lot, isn't it?"

"Some days are better than others," I said.

"Well, it's all according, isn't it? An' I dare say they don't give you any too much, if the truth was known?"

It struck me that I was being cross-examined.

"I can't complain," I said.

"That's one way of looking at it, of course," she said. "I wonder you don't get a job at the Cosmopole. A boy I knew was taken on as a Professor."

I decided that it was becoming very difficult to tell her the truth.

"Quite a crowd to-night," she went on.

"We're generally busy Saturdays," I answered. (This style of conversation is very easily acquired.)

"Yes, there's a lot of people here."

"Do you come here often?"

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A UNION OF HATS.

Boxleigh and Coxington were fellow-members of the Gastroneum, but, like so many of their brethren within its punctilious portals, had never spoken to each other. When the recent deplorable dissension broke out in the Club over the substitution by the kitchen-committee of "lemon" for "Dover" soles on the house-dinner menu, Boxleigh and Coxington took opposite sides; and thereafter, though they frequently spoke *at*, they continued to refrain from speaking *to*, one another. As is well known, the bitter hostility of the opposing factions led to a deplorable and dramatic scene at the annual General Meeting, when Boxleigh, who clearly cherished the strongest convictions upon the matter, was hailed as the leading "Lemon," and Coxington, who held that issues were involved which touched the very foundations of the Club's integrity, defied him as the acknowledged duce of the "Dovers."

By the cruellest coincidence both were soon afterwards bidden to dine on the same evening by the Lady Bacchante Bouncer at her house in Sangazure Square, S.W.1, and, as they converged towards its red-carpeted doorstep, they recognised each other and promptly turned on their respective tracks, each hoping that the other would enter first. Meanwhile a third guest arrived and was admitted, and the two, hearing the front-door bang, hurried back to an awkward and simultaneous arrival beneath the portico.

Sullenly ignoring one another's presence, they rang a furious duet upon the door-bells; for, while Boxleigh haughtily pressed the knob labelled visitors, Coxington's petulant thumb pushed that marked NIGHT. And when the door opened they entered, after a momentary but maddening hesitation, cheek-by-jowl; the cheek, as Coxington considered, being Boxleigh's, while the jowl, as Boxleigh noticed, was quite obviously Coxington's. And then, while Coxington was being laboriously divested by the butler of his hat and overcoat, Boxleigh, already relieved of his by the nimble parlourmaid, sprang up the stairs, conscious of his companion's indignant eyes stabbing him from behind as they jealously noted that he wore bone buttons on his dress-coat.

Their hostess having confided to Boxleigh's care the Belle of Upper Burke Street, W.1, Coxington dejectedly conveyed a massive dowager who wielded an ineffective ear-trumpet between the courses. They sat at table in the order named, and, after the fish (the service of which was fraught with

bitter associations for both), Coxington, purple and hoarse by reason of his partner's inability to double the parts of a diner-out and a listener-in, turned to dispute with Boxleigh the adorable silence of the charmer who sat between them. But Boxleigh knew his *Punch* by heart and ruthlessly taxed at source all Coxington's cleverest sallies, boasting, in addition, a brother who had played Mah-Jongg with SUN YAT SEN. Coxington countered with a maternal uncle who had motored with MUSSOLINI, and the tension was unrelaxed when the ladies withdrew; for both men turned their backs on each other with marked precision and loudly discussed *Solea vulgaris* and Billingsgate prices with



"LOOK HERE. YOU'VE MADE A MISTAKE. I BACKED SPILFICATOR FOR A POUND AT TWO TO ONE, AND YOU'VE ONLY GIVEN ME TWO POUNDS. OUGHTN'T I TO GET BACK THE POUND I GAVE YOU?"

"NO, SIR. THAT'S WHAT'S CALLED THE TERTIUM QUID, AND IS RETAINED BY US."

torpid neighbours who feebly disclaimed the faintest interest in either topic.

Upstairs, they raced for the vacant chair at the side of their mute enchantress of the dinner-table, Boxleigh, who had the advantage of the weights, winning, as Coxington thought, in a decidedly common and indecorous canter.

At 11.15 the dowager woke up and remarked in a yawning bass that she really *must* be slipping away; and, the same idea having instantaneously occurred to everyone in the room, the two men jointly seized and wrung the hand of the Lady Bacchante in a mistimed endeavour to express their several gratitudes.

Downstairs again, Coxington was first into the hall, where, after being helped into his overcoat by the butler, he crushed his hat over his fevered brow with a final victorious gesture.

And then the parlourmaid opened the front-door and the Angel of Peace made an unexpected and invisible entrance.

"Beg pardon, Sir," murmured the butler apologetically to Coxington, after a frantic struggle to guide Boxleigh's right arm into the left sleeve of his overcoat, "but I'm afraid I've given you this gentleman's hat; there's only these two left, and he says the initials in this one aren't his." The last straw, thought Coxington (inaccurately, for it was an opera-hat).

"Whadyoumean?" he thundered. "This is *my* hat. Fits me perfectly. I'll show you the maker's name. There you are: 'Welchman, Bond Street.' Hallo, though—'B.I.B.'! Those aren't *my* initials. That's funny"—and he examined the three gold letters on the lining. "Mine are S.U.C.—Samuel Usquebald Coxington. 'Xtraordinary thing, very."

"I'm afraid there's been a mistake," said Boxleigh in a surprisingly conciliatory tone. "*My* initials are B. I. B., Benjamin Ippocras Boxleigh, you know. It's the oddest thing, but *your* hat fits me exactly; and it comes from the same shop as mine. Singular, isn't it?"

And, as the two confronted each other hat in hand, "By Jove!" laughed Coxington, almost meltingly, "our hats are as like as two peas. We must have the same sized heads. And you go to Welchman's too! Shows your discrimination, if I may say so; best hats in London! My old father took me there years ago."

"Why, so did mine," purred Boxleigh; and, as they went out together wreathed in smiles, Boxleigh offered his cigar-case to Coxington, who, after lighting up, unconsciously slipped his arm into his companion's.

"D'you know," he chuckled, "a similar thing happened to a man I was golfing with on Sunday at Soking Heath."

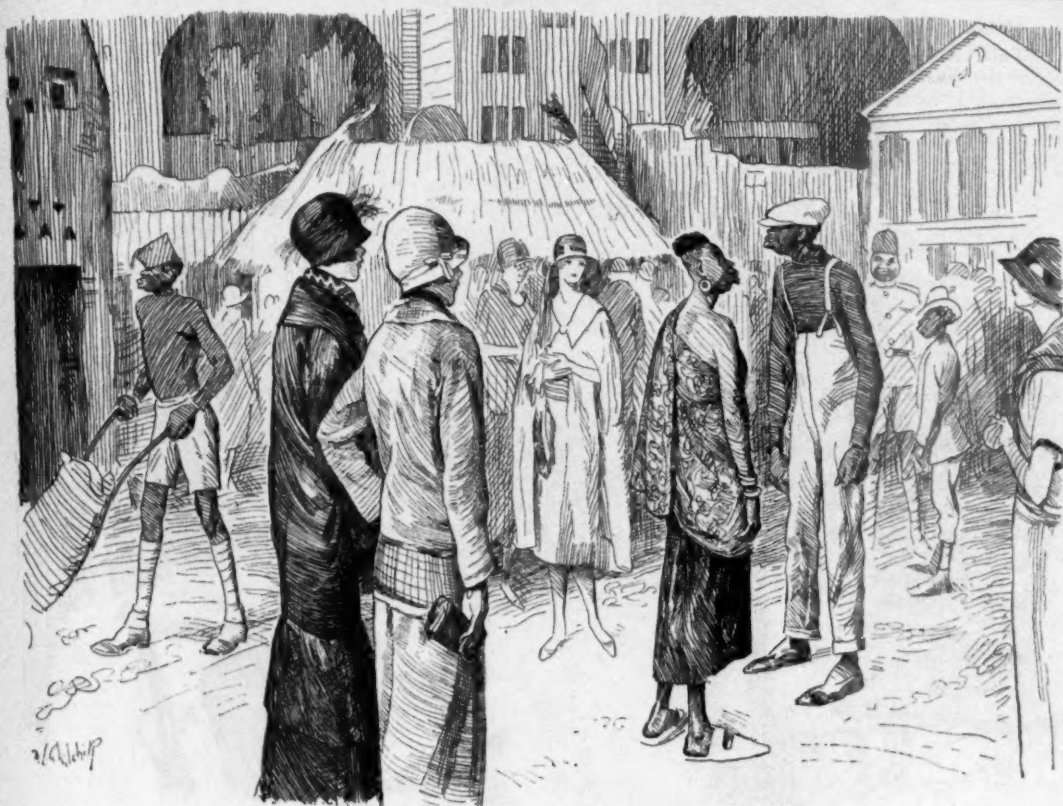
"D'you belong to Soking Heath?" inquired Boxleigh with blithe interest.

"No," explained Coxington, "but I was playing there with a friend who's a member—Dundivot, old Fitzfoozle's son, you know."

"Why, he joined the same year as I did!" exclaimed Boxleigh in a breezy bellow. "I say, *you* ought to join Soking Heath. I'll put you up, and Dundivot can second you. What's your handicap?"

And the fraternization proceeded so fast and well that, when the pair arrived outside Coxington's rooms in Gotha Gardens, W.2, it was finally consolidated over a well-filled tantalus in his sitting-room upstairs.

No mention was made of the great



LE DERNIER CRI AT WEMBLEY.

Fair Visitor. "WELL, I DECLARE THAT'S JUST THE CUTEST BIT OF SHINGLING I'VE EVER SEEN!"

sole controversy until about one A.M., when, as Boxleigh rose to go, he remarked with genial inconsequence, "By-the-by, old man, how about that house-dinner business—I've been thinking it over and I quite see there's a lot to be said for Dovers."

And Coxington's last words to Boxleigh, as he saw him off five minutes later, were, "Good-bye, my dear fellow, see you to-morrow at the Club; and look here—about that question of the soles; it's gone on long enough, and I'm inclined to agree with you that the answer's—a Lemon."

And when they re-boxed their hats before retiring, and Boxleigh beheld an emblazoned "S. U. C." on his, while Coxington remarked a palpable "B.I.B." on his, each of them laughed aloud for pure good-humour.

Our Shameless Advertisers Again.

"Wanted, a clean respectable Girl for country inn, one who could 'vamp' preferred."—*Provincial Paper.*

"Mr. —, M.P., is to take part in inaugurating a Hampstead Garden Supurb putting course."—*Local Paper.*

At Hampstead everything is "supurb."

UNDERGROUND.

It was raining big drops, so that the pavement was covered with big dark splashes. Then came thunder and the deluge. I had to put up my umbrella. This annoyed me to begin with, because I hate unrolling my umbrella. All the rest of the day it remains a wet flappy encumbrance, stamping one as a member of the common herd, instead of a person of elegance.

Lightning flashed and thunder rolled again. I began to scuttle towards Baker Street station. Nearly everybody else was scuttling too. I hate scuttling. Some electric quality of the lightning affected my nerves, as lightning sometimes will. I began to wonder whether lightning ever struck the ferrule of an umbrella and destroyed the bearer of it utterly. One ought to have a little story about this as I scuttled along.

I went down the steps into Baker Street station, into the shelter of the booking-hall. The place was congested with a moist and anxious crowd. This also got on my nerves.

"Temple, please," I said to the booking-clerk. He gave me a ticket and looked a little quizzically at me.

"What is the matter?" I said rather crossly.

"Nothing," he answered with a smile.

I turned round to go. Several other people were smiling also. My umbrella was still up. I closed it and passed through the gates down to the platform. I intended to take the Tube. To do this you go along the platform and then down another flight of steps, and then along another passage, and then down the escalator, and then down another passage, and then round a few corners, and then you get the train. There was a kiosk on the platform and I stopped at it.

"Standard, please," I said.

I always read *The Evening Standard* for the sake of Mr. G. H. MAIR. I would do even more than that for him. I wonder that they do not say so in the advertisements.

The kiosk attendant made no movement.

"Standard, please," I repeated.

By this time I was thoroughly



Husband. "MOST UNFORTUNATE MRS. FLIMSTER BROWN BREAKING HER TOOTH AT DINNER."
Wife. "SPITEFUL CAT! JUST LIKE HER—DRAWING ATTENTION TO OUR PASTRY."

cross. The attendant still made no sign. It was a tobacco kiosk.

I went down the steps and reached the brink of the escalator. It flowed away rapidly, like a river, at my feet. A man asked for my ticket. I showed it to him.

"You have to go back upstairs," he said.

"Why on earth should I?" I complained.

"You want the Inner Circle," he said.

"I don't," I told him. "I want the Tube."

"The ticket's not available," he said. I looked at the ticket. He was right.

"Why didn't the man at the booking-office tell me?" I stormed.

"The ticket's only available for the Inner Circle," he said.

"Then I will go this way," I shouted, "and pay at the other end!"—and, burning with anger, I plunged on to the escalator. As I went down I turned and shook my fist in his face, grimacing at him. The escalator stopped. I turned round hurriedly and ran down the stationary stairs.

All the way in the Tube train (it was the second train, the first was too full) I cherished my rage, and invented the philippic that I was going to deliver to the ticket collector at the Temple when I paid my fare for the second time. People saw my lips moving as I rehearsed the words. An old lady, rather frightened, got out at Trafalgar Square.

At Charing Cross Station I met a man who is supposed to be my friend. I told him what had happened; not about the umbrella and *The Evening Standard*, but about my ticket. I was emphatic, for I was still trembling with rage.

"It's simply scandalous," I insisted. "But I refused to be stopped. I defied the man. I'm going to pay at the other end."

"You have a large dark smut," he observed reflectively, "coming down the left side of the nose."

He then went on. It was only after I had got into an Inner Circle train that my anger began to abate a little. I remembered that the ticket-collector at the Temple Station would not have

the slightest idea whether I had come by the Inner Circle or the Tube. It was even possible, I reflected, that, supposing I told him, he would not greatly care . . .

At the Temple it had stopped raining. The evening air of the Embankment was fresh and sweet. I looked at my *Standard*, which up till now I had been too busy to read.

Yes—no—yes. It was true. I had backed a winner at last. Thirteen to three.

My umbrella was still too wet to roll, but I felt important again; I drew myself upright and strode firmly along the street.

From a review :—

"The book is as fresh as the salt sea itself."
Service Paper.

A compliment to be taken, we suppose, *cum grano*.

From a serial story :—

"She had found the weak joint in his armour, and she saw it in his face."
Sunday Paper.

Why didn't the silly ass keep his mouth shut?



ANNUS MIRABILIS.

JUPITER PLUVIUS. "WELL, IF THIS IS TO BE A RECORD SEASON, NOBODY CAN SAY THAT I'M NOT DOING MY BIT."

[We are despatching an advance proof of the above Cartoon to J. P. in the hope that, being something of a humourist, he may stultify it before it appears.]

ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 2nd.—Sir FREDRIC WISE, whose interest in public finance is all-embracing, asked the PRIME MINISTER whether Turkey now balanced her Budget, and, if so, whether she had achieved this result by impounding the revenues assigned for the service of the Debt under the Decree of Muharrem. From the reply it appeared that whatever other old fashions the new Turkey may have abandoned she is still faithful to the deficit.

To the same anxious inquirer the CHANCELLOR OF THE EXCHEQUER admitted that France had begun to pay off her war-debt—to Uruguay. The amount so far is not large—only a quarter of a million or so—and it is a far cry, alphabetically, from Uruguay to Britain. But, as the French themselves say, everything comes to him who knows how to wait.

Mr. MACDONALD is rapidly acquiring the art—brought by Mr. ASQUITH to a high pitch of perfection—of coining sonorous phrases that commit him to nothing. Thus to Captain WEDGWOOD BENN, who asked if the Government had protested against the suggested return to the German Government of Admiral VON TIRPITZ and his whiskers, the PRIME MINISTER replied that “we have not neglected to do what we considered to be our duty.” Again, when Viscount CURZON and Lady TERRINGTON, from opposite angles, urged upon him the importance of constructing the Channel Tunnel, he “registered sympathy,” as the cinema-phrase has it; but his actual words were that he must first have reports from “the proper preliminary authorities.”

Introducing the Agricultural Wages Bill, Mr. NOEL BUXTON moved the House deeply by describing his recent adventures in the cottages of some of his own rural neighbours, where uprightness was, he declared, impossible to anyone of his own length! Stony hearts melted as he revealed the weekly budget of one farm labourer—a “hero of the first water,” in Mr. BUXTON’s happy phrase—who regularly deprived himself of tobacco and his children of oranges to save up sixpence weekly to buy *The Daily Herald*.

Sir H. CAUTLEY, moving the Bill’s rejection, protested that his friends, notoriously incapable of understanding official documents, were already harassed to extinction by eight recent Acts of Parliament designed for their good. Inspectors with reams of printed paper, descending on the countryside like a pestilence, had caused whole flocks of sheep with their shepherds to disappear. Even the pigs kept by his



JUNE REVELS.

Visitor. “SAY, BO, I’M FER DANCIN’. WHERE DO I CASST A CLOUT?”

friends in their gardens had perished in the plague of Orders.

But how expect these things to be understood in a House which contains seven townsmen’s votes for every one countryman’s? Mr. ACLAND, complaining that Hodge is paid only half as much as an urban street-cleaner, admitted that all farmers regard the State as the Devil, and could see no alternative to the compulsory regulation of wages.

Mr. FOOT MITCHELL said that the Bill was a stone instead of the bread asked for by Mr. HODGE; but that it would be bread, and butter as well, for a new horde of bureaucrats. But his instance of a friend’s farm in Essex which, in spite of exceptional scientific

farming, makes an annual loss, drew a scornful retort from Mr. MARCH. “Do you call four men to a hundred acres of arable land farming?” he exclaimed with pained surprise. “We can do it better than that in Poplar.”

Nearly everyone in a full House had at some time visited a farm, and Members burning to tell of their wild adventures with beaters or on allotments rose after every speech in a *levée en masse* until the Government at last secured the closure. The blocking Amendment was defeated by 245 votes to 214.

Tuesday, June 3rd.—Lord OLIVIER, as “the polite letter-writer,” was the subject of an entertaining debate in the

House of Lords. A Madras Swarajist wrote to the SECRETARY OF STATE suggesting certain changes in Indian policy, and particularly the abolition of the system of "communal representation." Lord OLIVIER sent a friendly reply, indicating his interest in the suggestions, and did not even mark his letter "Private," with the result that it was promptly published, and all India jumped to the conclusion that the Home Government intended to modify the Constitution. They had no such intention, he assured the Peers; and he himself was innocent of anything more than the expression of "his philosophic opinion." Lord CURZON agreed as to his innocence, which was "almost incredible," but declared that it was not the business of Secretaries of State to be philosophers—an axiom on which one would like to have Lord BALFOUR'S view.

Mr. WALSH appeared to be none the worse for his flight to the Rhine. Indeed its only effect seems to have been to increase his steadily-growing Toryism, if one may judge by the vigour with which he declined to democratize the system of appointing deputy-lieutenants.

In the matter of emphasis, however, he yielded to the SCOTTISH UNDER-SECRETARY. When one of his replies was challenged by Mr. BUCHANAN in the usual formula, "Are we to understand that—" Mr. STEWART almost shattered the glass ceiling with, "No, YOU ARE NOT SO TO UNDERSTAND!"

Towards the end of Question-time Mr. T. P. O'CONNOR slipped into his usual place. But his attempt to evade attention was useless. The whole House burst into a roar of welcome to its now Right Honourable "Father."

In expounding the financial provisions of his Housing Bill Mr. WHEATLEY added another chaplet, if I may say so, to his Poplar laurels. It was an amazingly adroit performance. First he secured the attention of the House and the sympathy of his own back-benches by a slashing attack on the Tories and their attempts to solve the housing problem. They had accused him of indulging in "sob-stuff." Well, he would not be guilty again of "assuming that Conservatives have souls as well as pockets."

But the provocative mood soon gave way to the persuasive as he proceeded to outline his proposals. Everyone, it appeared, had been most helpful—employers, local authorities, even the manufacturers

of building materials. To these last, indeed, he was so complimentary that his enemies will probably dub him "The Slave of the Ring."



"FATHER" TAKES THE FLOOR.
THE RIGHT HON. T. P. O'CONNOR.

Only on one subject, as Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS pointed out, did he seem a little chary of information, and that is how the increased amount of labour

necessary for the success of his gigantic scheme is to be forthcoming.

Wednesday, June 4th.—After passing a number of ecclesiastical resolutions moved by the PRIMATE and blessed by the LORD CHANCELLOR the Peers found a topic more congenial to Derby-day in the Rodeo. This Lord CHARNWOOD denounced as a needless exhibition of cruelty, and Lord DENMAN defended as a display of courage and horsemanship by cowboys, "who are just as humane as anybody else."

The Commons were interested to hear from the PRIME MINISTER that the Irish Boundary Commission is to be set up, and that a suitable Chairman has been discovered somewhere in the Empire. The hope is that he hails from the Solomon Islands.

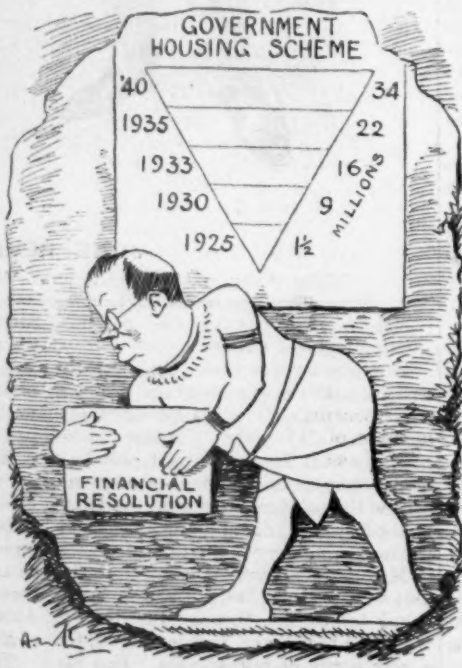
After yesterday's triumph Mr. WHEATLEY had to listen while his housing scheme was pulled to pieces from both sides. The most searching questions came from Mr. NEVILLE CHAMBERLAIN, and at last caused the MINISTER OF HEALTH to decline to "undergo a catechism."

Some of the Liberal speeches were hardly less damaging. Mr. VIVIAN, an acknowledged authority, could see little prospect of houses unless the supply of labour was increased by the building trade; and finally Sir GEORGE MCCRAE moved an amendment to secure that result. At first the Government were inclined to disregard this revolt of the "patient oxen," and the House had actually been cleared for a division when Mr. WHEATLEY decided to accept the amendment.

LIVE BAROMETERS.

(With acknowledgment to "T. W." in "The Morning Post.")

It is well known throughout the British Isles, even in the suburbs of our great Metropolis, that before rain swallows fly low, and that cats not only clean themselves and their young, but, like "the men that fought at Minden," actually wash behind their ears. But it is not so generally known that many other members of the animal kingdom are equally infallible as weather-prophets. Thus, earwigs are much stimulated when rain is likely to fall; the males form themselves into columns of fours and, taking the time from the right, go through the most complicated movements known in the 1914 Drill Book, while the females seek refuge from the approaching storm in the nearest dahlias. Ferrets become very active and ants attack pretty well everything in sight. Flies desert



THE INVERTED PYRAMID.
MR. WHEATLEY LAYS THE FOUNDATION STONE.



*Lady. "I WONDER WHY JOCKEYS ALWAYS TUCK THE TOPS OF THEIR EARS INSIDE THEIR CAPS."
Gloomy Racing Man (who has a very low opinion of the modern jockey). "I EXPECT THEY'RE ASHAMED OF THE LENGTH OF THEM."*

the open landscape and retire to the comparative shelter of high bushes and trees and take to dancing reels and schottisches; Highlanders also follow their example in the Northern parts of Britain.

When rain is imminent, mice and sheep become restless, while tram conductors speak very much more sharply to their fares. Elephants, on the contrary, grow very playful, springing and frisking about, and bolting their food when rain is at hand. Rabbits betray their interest by rushing madly along their runs one after the other until completely exhausted; and, under the stimulus of an approaching storm, moles throw up quantities of earth in the air as high as ever they can with their little spade-like front feet, screaming with delight.

Pheasants, glowworms and news-vendors' assistants all call more loudly than usual, and the lesser ginger-beer bird sings with frequency before rain; hence the name of "Storm Cock" is often given to this bird. Rooks are much inclined to loop the loop on the approach of rain, and cocks crow practically without intermission, causing considerable despondency in the immediate neighbourhood. Peacocks, if they fly at all, are apt to entangle

themselves in the aërials of wireless sets. Spiders and woodlice climb up nearly everything worth climbing, while wolves and fish bite vigorously. It is perhaps as well to warn bathers to leave rivers and streams to their native tenants when rain is impending.

In striking contrast to all this excitement is the behaviour of admirals and snails, who become extremely somnolent on the approach of heavy rain and also appear to suffer considerably from indigestion at these times; indeed they can be sometimes seen eating grass, a well-known cure for this complaint, in the parks prior to retiring for their doze.

At sea when a storm is approaching guillemots appear from nowhere in particular and follow ships very persistently, pecking at the rudders and masts, in spite of the protests of the crews. It has been noted on the seashore and in rock-pools that there is considerable rioting amongst starfish when a gale is brewing.

High winds are announced in advance by guinea-fowl, who start plucking out each other's feathers before a gale rises, probably in order to offer less resistance to the wind; they also set upon solitary chickens and pull off their tails. Donkeys stand in corners of fields for hours and hours, pointing their tails in

the direction of the coming blast as a hint for strangers to leave the district.

The only really reliable adviser for electrical disturbances is the leech. If Lizzie is kept in a vessel of water she will be observed to lose her natural calm when thunder is at hand, diving repeatedly in a very agitated condition to the bottom of her tank and protruding her tongue at spectators.

Earthquakes are foretold by cray-fish, who instantly leave their usual haunts and ascend high trees or telegraph-poles, from which points of vantage they wave their little claws at passers-by. The tribes of Ainu, who are immune from all fear of seismic disturbances (having indeed nothing to lose), take advantage of this habit and resort at such times to the neighbouring groves and shake the trees. The cray-fish is much esteemed as a delicacy among these people.

Snakes, taxi-cab drivers and beetles are much more truculent on the approach of a long spell of drought, and cold weather may be expected when field-fares, redwings and maiden aunts go South.

"For Sale, Bathchair and 6 Pullets (all laying)."—*Advt. in Local Paper.*
Our bathchair, we regret to say, is broody.

BARBARIANS.

At the Café Agamemnon, in Athens, one meets with strange company. The people are fairly well dressed, they hold degrees or diplomas and they all talk volubly in foreign languages. It is Babel rather than Hellas.

No introductions are necessary in this society. You merely enter and sit at a table; then, long before you can obtain refreshment, you find yourself in conversation with a number of strangers who hope that you may eventually agree to purchase a ton of tobacco or a string of beads.

This morning I was myself in this position. The man on my right was giving me the history of his life, mainly in French. The man on my left spoke a half-and-half mixture of French and Italian; he was apparently describing the political situation. The man opposite me moved freely among English, French, Spanish and unknown tongues. From his intense enthusiasm I gathered that his subject was money.

When I had supplied them all with coffee there was a slight lull, broken only by the sound of absorption. I took advantage of this to broach a subject of common interest.

"Tell me," said I, "which of you is a genuine Greek; I still look forward to meeting one."

The sound of ingurgitated coffee ceased suddenly.

"Why, we are all genuine Greeks," they spluttered.

"I am very glad to know it," said I. "Now you, Sir, my friend on the right—were you born in Greece?"

"Yes."

"Of two Greek parents?"

"No; both were foreign."

"Ah!"

"But I have a Greek passport; I speak Greek; I have lived twenty years in Greece."

I catechised him further and elicited the admission that he had also an Italian passport; that he spoke French, and that he had lived a long time in Brazil. Yet he did not claim to belong to any of those nations.

I examined the others with similar results.

"Certainly I am a Greek," said one. "I translated Greek in London for many years and I support VENIZELOS."

"I too," protested another—"I have edited most of the newspapers in Athens."

"Gentlemen," said I severely, "you know nothing of the sacred bonds which secure a man to his own country. Can any of you say honestly that you feel Greece to be your dear motherland? I repeat, I have yet to meet a genuine Greek."

"Let us show him Aristides," said one of my companions.

"Yes, Aristides speaks ten languages; he is undoubtedly a Greek."

"Aristides owns much property in Greece; he is certainly a Greek."

"Aristides drinks wine full of resin; he is assuredly a Greek."

Two of them went off forthwith to find Aristides.

It was really extraordinary, I reflected, that the Café Agamemnon should be filled daily with virtual aliens. The real Greeks clearly either stayed at home or visited other cafés. Or perhaps there were no real Greeks, seeing that VENIZELOS himself was a Cretan. Or possibly only a few survivors, of whom Aristides was one.

Very soon I became aware of a slight tumult and a murmur of "Aristides." Next moment a tall ruddy-haired man with high cheek-bones was thrust forward.

"It gives me great pleasure to meet you, Monsieur," said I. "I understand that among your other accomplishments you speak English perfectly."

"Ay," responded Aristides, "yon's the verra tongue we use i' Galashiels."

CÆSAR'S TRIUMPHS.

[Pot-hunting, we are informed, is very prevalent at fancy dances. Having secured a striking costume, the hunter wears it at dance after dance in different localities with the object of collecting prizes.]

'Twas down in Hackney, when the War had ended

And left me free to list to Pleasure's calls,

That, just to please Amanda, I attended

The first of all my many fancy balls;

Little I guessed how profitable these are

To him who has achieved a striking guise

The night I trod the tickletoe as CÆSAR

And carried off a prize.

It served to whet my appetite for plunder.

In this same dress that season I was seen

Victorious in places far asunder,

Highgate and Hammersmith and Parson's Green;

Gracing the grand parade that followed supper,

I pouched the loot for which I'd sallied forth,

At Sydenham (both the Lower and the Upper)

And Finchley (East and North).

Each year since then has that historic suiting

Sufficed to bring me trophies not a few;

Wandsworth acclaimed me victor, *et tu*, Tooting;

I also won a coffee-pot at Kew;

Even in France the judges placed me second

When I, a tripper to her pleasant shore,

Competed in what I have always reckoned

My only Gallic war.

Long years that noble garb has done its duty,

But now at last it shows the signs of wear;

These battles of "The Blues" have dulled its beauty

And left the toga with an ugly tear;

But, though affairs have reached this painful juncture,

It still may win once more with Fortune's aid;

The judge may deem this tear the "rent" (or puncture)

"The envious CASCIA made."

DISILLUSION.

HE had heard them talking at lunch: "It really is a great sight, thousands of them out at once in the dell just beyond the hazel coppice. We might go there to-day after tea." He was the most ardent sportsman in the world for his age, and in response to his eager request they promised to take him too, and during the hot afternoon he lay under the chestnut-tree on the lawn, his small personality given up to the pleasures of imagination.

After tea they started through the pleasant woods. He walked as stoutly as was possible by his father's side, his short seven-year-old legs trying anxiously to keep in step. His cheeks were flushed and his eyes bright with excitement, and never once did he stray from the main party.

The path emerging from the coppice plunged straight down into the dell where the sun shone on masses of foxgloves, whose vivid purple dazzled the eyes. Amid general exclamations of delight he alone remained silent.

Presently, "Where are they?" he asked anxiously.

"The foxgloves, silly billy? Why, here they are all round you."

There was a pause, and then a little broken voice said tearfully, "I thought you said fox-cubs."

From a Dutch tobacco-nist's circular:—

"— is a cigar that can be offered to your friend without the slightest excuse, because it will give him more than he expects."

It sounds a little ambiguous.

RODEO IN THE HOME.



WE SHALL ALL HAVE TO RODEO—



SO IT MIGHT BE AS WELL TO PRACTISE AT HOME.



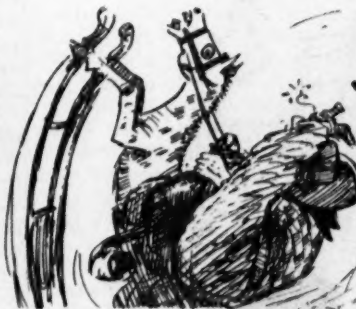
FANCY-DRESS SEEMS TO BE ESSENTIAL.



NOW—ONE LEAP INTO THE SADDLE—



CLIMB UP THE NECK OF YOUR STEED—



REGAIN YOUR BALANCE—



WAVE YOUR HAT—



OR SPURS—



AND DISMOUNT GRACEFULLY. THAT'S ALL.

OPERATICS.

As this was my first experience of *Ariadne auf Naxos*, I cannot say how bad an opera it was before the librettist tinkered with the original setting; but I can say with assurance that in its present form it is a poor thing, of little interest and less construction.

The Prologue, which takes about as long as the rest of the opera, sets out the following argument:—

"A pompous aristocrat is to give an entertainment at his house, and, posing as one interested in high art, engages a musician to compose a short opera for the occasion. But, when he hears that the subject is classical and that the action takes place on a desert island, he doubts whether this would please his guests, so he engages artists to follow up the opera with a bright harlequinade. At the last moment he realises that there would not be time to give the two performances consecutively, having arranged for a display of fireworks as a *finale*, so he decides to have both entertainments done at the same time, much to the anguish of the composer and much to the delight of the Italian troupe, who find ample scope to enliven the serious part."

I have been quoting from my programme, and what it says is quite correct, all except the last sentence. One naturally expected to get some humour out of the irresponsible intrusions of this harlequinade upon the privacy of the deserted *Ariadne*. But the only fun that I could detect came from the serious section of the performance. The librettist's printed directions tell us that "in scenery (and costume), the Opera of *Ariadne* is not to be treated in the manner of parody, but seriously in the heroic opera-style of the older period (Louis XIV. or Louis XV.)." I cannot say whether he implies that in other respects it is meant to be a parody; but its humour had all the appearance of being undesigned. Anyhow I could not take very "seriously" the aspect of a *Dryad* and a *Nymph* (the latter in long grey gloves) encased in a stiff corsage supporting a generous *décolleté*, and with enormous plumes coming out of their heads. And when I was confronted with a mature *Ariadne* in a sort of tea-gown and tiara I began to understand why *Theseus* had abandoned her.

Then there was *Echo*, dressed very much like the *Nymph* and the *Dryad*. For so airy a spirit I thought she suf-

fered from excess of visibility. Nor did she seem to grasp the nature of her functions. Sometimes she sang on her own and at other times did no echoing at all. And once, when she suspected that *Ariadne* was in for a longish solo, she walked right off the stage and took a rest. Not only was this in very bad taste, but she missed a really beau-

retired from the scene. I was glad of this, for, though I disliked the chains of flowers which took its place, coming down from heaven to form a sketchy canopy for the heroine's *secondes noces*, I hated the cave still more.

A note of distinction was given to the performance by Mme. IVOGUEN's singing in the part of *Zerbinetta* of the harlequinade. She did some most amazing feats of *coloratura* quite easily; and the pure clarity of her tone was always a delight. It is good to know that she is staying on for the Italian Opera season. Mme. LOTTE LEHMANN, who played *Ariadne*, has a charming voice, but was apt to sacrifice sweetness to strength on her top notes.

If it was found necessary for the purposes of the music that the male part of the *Composer* should be given to a woman, Mme. ELIZABETH SCHUMANN was an excellent choice; but I was a little surprised that Herr STRAUSS should not have reflected that the making of operas is one

of the few accomplishments in which the female genius is commonly defective.

Herr FISCHER-NIEMANN's middle-aged and stocky *Bacchus* did not begin to correspond to my idea of that gloriously vernal god; nor to *Ariadne's* either, for she seemed to prefer the look of the conductor. But he was at least dressed like a Greek, and he sang with an energy which ultimately convinced the lady that he could not be the messenger from the Silent Land whom she was expecting.

It is not quite clear why the syndicate should have produced an opera that had no use for the spaciousness of the Covent Garden stage, unless they were attracted by the cheapness of the scenery. Herr VON HOFMANNSTHAL, at the end of his libretto, says of the Prologue that "it can be produced with the aid of any scenery which represents a hall that is not actually mediæval;" and of the *Ariadne* Act that "such material as the old scenery of Gluck's operas can be utilised."

Nor is it easy to conjecture why Herr STRAUSS was drawn to a libretto which never seems to know what it is after; which promises in the Prologue, itself only faintly amusing, that we are to have great fun in the coming entertainment, and then tails off into unmitigated solemnity. O. S.

Another Impending Apology.

"Sir Edward Elgar has been appointed Master of the King's Music."—*Palestine Paper*.



SO THIS IS NAXOS!

Ariadne (reclining) MISS LOTTE LEHMANN.
Naïad. *Echo*. *Dryad*.

tiful song of welcome to the herald of Death.

Later on, at the request of *Bacchus*, the cave in which *Ariadne* resided—it rose like a tumulus from the bare seashore—followed *Echo's* example and



THE ARRIVAL OF BACCHUS

(AS TITIAN DID NOT SEE IT).

Bacchus HERR FISCHER-NIEMANN.



First Sportsman. "'OW MUCH DID THAT BASS WEIGH YOU CAUGHT ON WEDNESDAY?"

Second Sportsman (guardedly), "SAME AS IT WEIGHED WHEN I TOLD YER BEFORE. IT AIN'T SHRUNK."

THRUST AND PARRY.

PLEASURE in eating in restaurant cars on British railways is chiefly confined to the young, whose excitement, equally over the prospect and the consumption of such meals, never flags. It is to them no drawback that the train always the sauce and rocks the gravy; on the contrary, it is only when a pause at a station brings a brief lull, which their elders put to the greatest possible use, that a cloud passes over their ingenuous features. The crashing fall of a bottle fills the young with joy; every lurch that the attendant suffers is an ecstasy. They even like the food (those cubes of cabbage!), or, at any rate, eat it as though they did. They do not notice the heat and, being so young, they are spared the penalty of paying.

But we, who are old and dainty and disposed to comfort and leisure—we eat in trains only when it is essential.

None the less, even for the restlessness and noise and stuffiness, even for the Rule-Britannia menu, there can be compensations.

I was travelling back to Town by one

of those trains which arrive at an hour when dinner in London restaurants is either over or you eat it among dancers; and I therefore took a ticket for the restaurant car. My efforts—such as we all make—to get a little table to myself being fruitless, I found myself, when the time came, one of a party of three, the other two, already seated, being a business man and a clergyman. The business man and the clergyman were side by side; I was placed opposite. The fourth seat remained empty.

When I say that one of my companions was a business man I am asking you to put faith in my powers of deduction. He looked like one: he read letters which had a commercial appearance; he was commanding and brusque, as one has been led to suppose that employers of labour have to be. Capital personified. Had we conversed, which, being British, we did not, he would probably have said uncomplimentary things about Mr. SNOWDEN. Now and then he frowned and put his hand wearily to his brow, so that, still exerting my deductive powers to the full, I inferred that he was tired.

For the knowledge that the other

member of the party was a clergyman, I claim no credit. Such flashes of insight are forced upon even the least observant.

None of us spoke, except to give our orders, and the first order that the business man gave, after a glance at the list of clarets, was to the wine-attendant.

"A bottle of Pontet Canet," he said firmly.

"A bottle or half-bottle?" the attendant was typical enough to ask.

"A bottle," snapped the business man. "A whole bottle. I'm tired." (How right I had been!)

I noticed that the clergyman gave a slight start; he then asked for water only, expressing the hope that it was fresh.

"Quite fresh, Sir," said the attendant.

I ordered a half-bottle of Sauterne, and dinner set in with all its rigour; that is to say, drops of mulligatawny began to find their way to our clothes.

The meal itself doesn't matter. We gradually worked our way through it, each occupied with his own thoughts, although it seemed to me that the clergyman's were straying often in the

direction of his neighbour. Once or twice he seemed to be about to speak; and this was always when the business man was either pouring out another glass or setting it down. But the impulse was controlled; for, whatever disapproval he might wish to express, the time was not yet. Nor can I accuse him of sipping his own insipid beverage with any ostentation. Clearly, however, he had the business man on his conscience; clearly he was of the Church militant.

It was not until the business man had drained the last glass of his wine that a word was spoken. As he set the glass back on the table, the clergyman, smiling faintly, turned to him and said, "I have always thought half-bottles such an excellent size for the needs of one person."

I must say I admired his courage. I admired also the skill with which he had tempered the edge of his rebuke. It was cheek, no doubt, but he had felt it his duty to say something. Yes, I admired him.

But I admired even more the way in which the business man took it. He showed no resentment, as he might easily have done; nor did he accept the censure. He looked, in surprise, for a moment or so at his critic, as though he were one of a newly created species who had enunciated a fresh theory which must be given careful and respectful consideration. Then, "You're right," he said. "Waiter, bring me a half-bottle of the same wine."



The Umpire (pressed into service at last moment). "ER—ER—TELL ME—IT'S SO LONG SINCE I PLAYED CRICKET—IS HITTING OVER THE FENCE OUT?"

E. V. L.

"And who would not look slim . . . clad in an almond green marocain frock with . . . Peter Pan collar and 'natty' bow?"

Monthly Magazine.

We know a *prima donna* who wouldn't.

From a golf article:—

"We want to recover the full second shot, and I think a ball weighing 28 cwt. would bring it back."—*Provincial Paper*.

We think so too.

"The Parisienne is fully aware of the importance of being earnest (with apologies to Mr. Shaw) where her beauty is concerned."

Weekly Paper.

This is the sort of thing that makes SHAW wild.

"In my experience of the House, Prime Ministers of an early type (Gladstone notable among them) were literally glued to the Treasury Bench for the first part of each sitting."

The New Statesman.

"That's torn them," said the Grand Old Man as he literally wrenched himself away to dinner.

MEN OF OTHER DAYS.

LORD BROUGHAM.

(By Our Sunday Plutarch.)

HENRY PETER BROUGHAM, LORD BROUGHAM AND VAUX, though he came of good Cumberland stock, was in all senses of the word the architect of his fortune, good, bad and indifferent. His physique was angular to grotesqueness; Nature had endowed him with a nose which all through his life invited the tweakings of the caricaturist; and the oddity of his appearance was accentuated by his strange addiction to trousers of the shepherd's-plaid pattern. But, when one regards his record—contributor to the Proceedings of the Royal Society at eighteen; one of the founders of, and most voluminous contributors to, *The Edinburgh Review* at twenty-five; con-

in a Fellowship candidate. I grant that he was prodigiously versatile and energetic, a master of trenchant invective and of tempestuous rhetoric and the initiator of many salutary reforms. But with all these great gifts, which enabled him intermittently to render valuable services to the State, BROUGHAM, I regret to have to say it, did not begin to be a great gentleman. He was emphatically a boulder and a scallywag. I pass over the plaid trousers, though these strange habiliments were ludicrously inconsistent with the dignity of one to whom the keeping of the Great Seal had been entrusted. After all, dress is an index of character. But what are we to say of his exploits as a Mohock in his student days at Edinburgh; of the twisting-off of knockers; of his sudden abandonment, in a moment of pique, of the

Volunteer corps which he helped to organise in 1804; of the false report of his death, which, not without good reason, he was charged with having started himself?

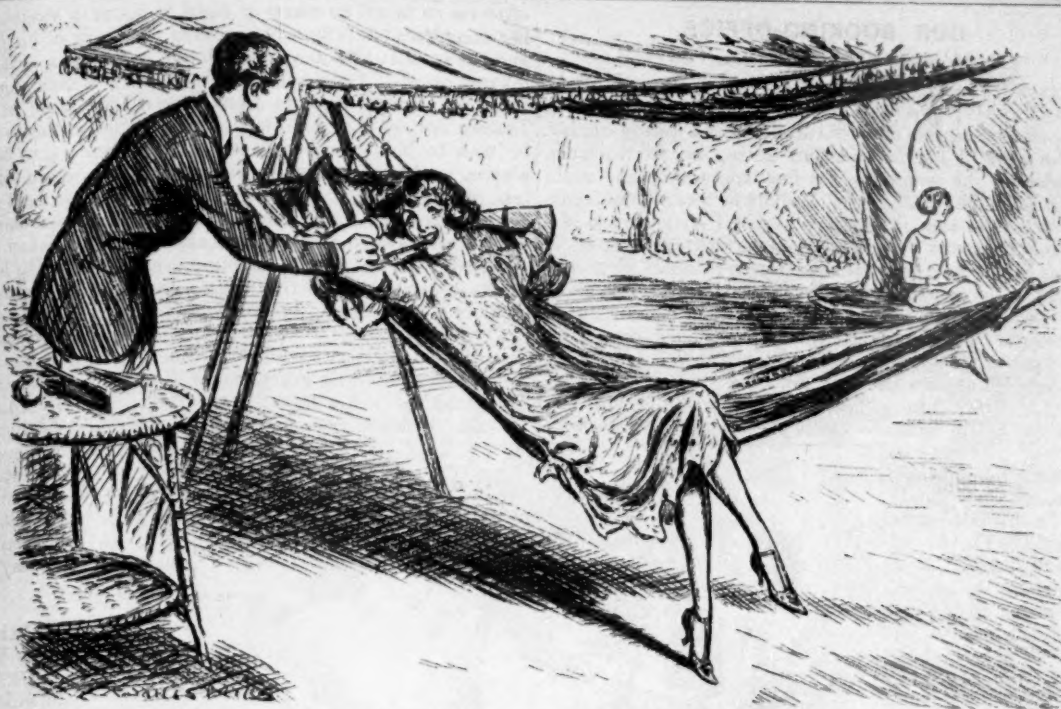
And what a mournful and significant reflection on his espousal of the cause of the QUEEN is the fact that, as a result of his speech in her defence, the "Brougham's Head" became a common tavern sign! Even when he was eloquent in a good cause he was always capable of degrading it by some odious extravagance. His speech on the Second Reading of the Reform Bill in the House of Lords was masterly up to a point, but he spoilt all by

falling on his knees in the peroration. He had, so his biographer informs us, "kept up his energy with mulled port, and his friends, who thought that he was unable to rise, picked him up and set him on the Woolsack." This helps to explain the strange anomaly that, while he courageously upheld the cause of humanity and freedom, he had no moral influence. "Such weight as he possessed was simply due to his intellectual powers."

BROUGHAM was not a sportsman or an athlete, though he was a tremendous worker. His health was never robust; he was addicted, as we have seen, to intemperate potations, to mendacity and even malignity. Yet he lived to be ninety and died in what I may venture to describe as the odour of mitigated sanctity exhaled by an extinct volcano. Though partial analogies will not escape the notice of the acute observer, it is hard, if not impossible, to find an exact parallel to so strangely compounded a character. To adapt the historic medi-

troller of the Whig Press in London before he was thirty; M.P. and a brilliantly successful advocate a couple of years later; the most prominent member of the Opposition before he was forty; famous (or notorious) as the champion of the unhappy consort of GEORGE IV.; a protagonist in the anti-slavery and Catholic emancipation campaigns; Lord Chancellor at the age of fifty-two; a great legal reformer and pioneer in the diffusion of useful knowledge—one is forced to admit that so large a measure of achievement can only be explained by the possession of remarkable qualities.

He was enormously industrious; a prize-boy at school and distinguished at Edinburgh University, where he completed a four-years' course in "Humanity and Philosophy" at the age of seventeen. It would be an exaggeration, however, to compare this achievement with that of a First Class in Greats at Oxford, and his wretched translation of DEMOSTHENES' *De Corona* proves him incapable of rising to the standard required



WHITEWASHING MISS 1924'S MAMMA.

WE HEAR OF THE MOTHER WHO ASSUMES THE AIRS AND ASPECT OF A YOUNG THING TO GAIN THE ATTENTION OF YOUNG MEN. BUT HOW DO WE KNOW WHAT SWEET MATERNAL SOLICITUDE FILLS THAT DEAR OLD HEAD?

tation on a lady of high though unofficial rank which emanated from one of BROUGHAM's fictional contemporaries, I am tempted to sum him up in these words:—

"This Chancellor is a very extraordinary person; surrounded by mysteries, not unacquainted with the taste of mulled port, claiming omniscience on an imperfect and superficial survey of life, letters and science, weak in body, powerful in mind, at once humane and unscrupulous, impossible to ignore or to revere. Can these things have been his destiny, or did some unknown Power start an opposition to the decrees of Fate? It is a most inscrutable and unmitigated staggerer."

Against the drab background of early-Victorian respectability BROUGHAM stands out with a meteoric or rather pyrotechnic luminosity. We may, nay we must, deny him the title of a British worthy. But we cannot in justice decline to accord him a measure of gratitude for embellishing the annals of his time with colour, romance and surprise—which the late Sir JAMES PAGET once pronounced to be the chief factor in recreation—and lastly for supplying the hebdomadal journalists of to-day with a fruitful theme for sagacious and highly remunerated comment.

TREMENDOUS TRIFLING.

The Manchester Guardian,
Which airily skips
From matters of moment
To versified quips,
Has propounded a cure for
"The teapot that drips."

'Tis a notable nuisance
And prone to eclipse
Domestic content as
One sits and one sips,
So we trust that the writer
May give us more tips—
On extracting from lemons
Superfluous pips;
On the means of improving
Our bicycle clips
And reducing the number
Of fatal side-slips;
On the perils of betting
On newspaper "snips;"
On the right way of packing
Suit-cases and grips
Before we depart on
Our holiday trips;
On the best way of cooking
Potatoes in chips;
On the bane of indulging
Too freely in "nips,"
Or exclusively feeding
On haws and on hips.

Meanwhile let us welcome
The journal that dips
From Olympian heights to
"The teapot that drips."

Our Cheerful Advertisers.

"Ideal hire purchase of motor cars with full death benefits."—*Evening Paper.*

"More than once England has been defeated through the inability of a fieldsman to hold the ball—against Kent in 1744 and v. Australia at Manchester in 1902 are two instances which come readily to mind."—*Sporting Paper.*

We confess that we had forgotten the earlier match.

"The new by-laws relating to tramways and motor omnibuses provide for every person desiring to enter a tramcar for the purpose of travelling shall first prevent all persons intending to alight to do so."—*Manchester Paper.*
Judging by the daily struggle at the stopping places we fancy this by-law must be in force in London also.

From a report of the Amateur Golf Championship final:—

"Things were going very well for the Cambridge University captain, and there was every prospect of his going to lunch with an overwhelming lead, when, at the eleventh, Holder-ness missed a yard and a-half putt, and he became 44 up."—*Sunday Paper.*

In a 36-hole match that should have been enough; but it wasn't.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

I FRANKLY admit that I have not read *Quinney's Adventures* (MURRAY) myself. I had them read aloud to me. A critic of considerable domestic standing, but hardly eligible, on the score of age, for inclusion among my fellow-clerks, pounced on the volume on its first appearance and could not be persuaded to disgorge. Luckily he was not unfavourable to a *viva-voce* interpretation, and I congratulate Mr. HORACE ANNESLEY VACHELL on having written eleven short stories which two generations—we were short of grand-parents at the time or I am sure I should have been able to say “three”—can thoroughly enjoy without condescension or pretence. It is a rare feat, and one of which your realist is incapable. But *Quinney* is a figure of romance, and now that he is left alone with *Susan* (for *Posy* is a much-occupied “mother of five”) he sallies forth from Soho Square like *Reynard the Fox* from his castle of Malepardus, returning

after every quest to be solaced or admonished, as a married hero should be. In this fashion he visits “The Barbons of Barbon Lacey” and brings back the smoke-begrimed ancestor who works such wonders for that impoverished family; he traces to a suspiciously discreet hotel the seller of “The Paul Lamerie Cup,” and he brings to a triumphant close the long professional feud of “The Tug of War.” Other adventures take place in his stronghold itself; and *Susan* plays her shrewd or magnanimous part in the pathetic episode of “The Nocturnal Visitor,” the harassing crisis of “A Counterfeit Presentment” and the gruesome, almost too gruesome, mystery of “Possessed.” My reader and I agreed that there were rather too many politics in “Castle Kilrain.” He wanted to get on with the story—a good one—and I felt that the woes of Ireland were rather too heavy luggage for so light a vehicle as *Quinney's Adventures*. But short of this we enjoyed ourselves immensely, and founded high hopes for a sequel on the fact that our hero was allowed to leave Donegal alive.

Mrs. ROSITA N. FORBES, in her latest volume, *El Raisuni, The Sultan of the Mountains* (BUTTERWORTH), has not only brought off a first-rate journalistic scoop, but has also achieved a rather notable literary triumph. Armed only with matchless courage and address and a sound working knowledge of Arabic, she has lived for weeks at a time far away in the dusky mountains of Spanish Morocco as the guest of the man who, in the complex rôle of bandit, soldier, diplomatist, prophet and tyrant, has been for many years, and still remains, the Napoleon of his “section.” Reposing on cushions that felt as if they were stuffed with little potatoes and drinking the mint-tea of Tazrut, whose brewing is a craft and a mystery, she has listened, scribbling notes,

often for as much as seven or eight hours at a stretch, to her incomparable ruffian-hero telling the story of his life; and her book is this story reproduced as far as possible in his own words. The result is no less than the unveiling, in terms of almost absolute frankness, of the mind of an Eastern despot. The man who would put his favourite son in irons to hold him to his studies, or keep a jazz band playing continuously for five days till he persuaded a reluctant prisoner—who was also a guest and therefore must not be ill-treated—to write home for his ransom, is not bound by limitations such as Europeans acknowledge. In fact the narrative from chapter to chapter, even from line to line, passes from a patriotism that counts no cost to a callousness that heeds no suffering; from a faith that works miracles to a cruelty that cries to heaven. In the contention between Oriental and Western civilisation which, though seldom explicit, underlies nearly every page of the volume, it is pretty plain that the writer's sympathies are with those capable Spanish generals whose impatience with *El Raisuni's*

system of government by tribute and torture was the cause of Spain's two wars against him. With this opinion I am bound to say I entirely agree.

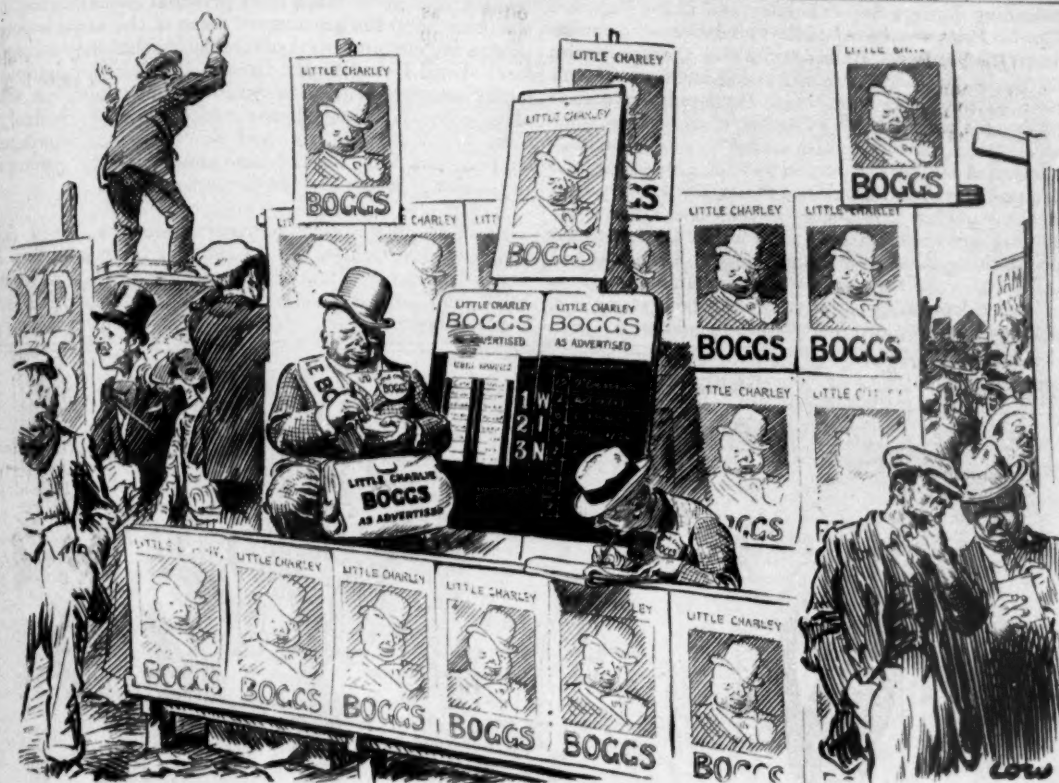
I confess I should not have thought of the name *Lucas Grote* for my chief villain, as does Miss RACHEL SWETE MACNAMARA in *Marsh Lights* (HURST and BLACKETT). The historian of Greece would have stood in my path. Yet what an excellent and villainous name it is when we can forget its adventitious glory! This particular *Grote* was tall and immaculately tailored, possessing also “that dark, rather Semitic type of good looks which appeal

irresistibly to some women.” Otherwise he was a most unpleasant and violent fellow, and *Claire Wyatt*, although she had a faint elusive smile of the Mona Lisa variety, was precisely the woman to second his vile schemes. These two had an understanding, but rather incautiously talked of it with too much freedom in the hearing of *Jessamy*, *Claire's* stepdaughter, who imagines herself terribly in love with *Grote*. Hence, hopelessly disillusioned, she leaves the luxurious house in Hampstead and wanders forth into the night, wearing a “plainly cut white evening frock with its silver girdle, silk stockings and silver brocaded shoes.” Thus attired she is discovered, in a state of collapse, clutching the railings of Regency Square, Bloomsbury, by one *Yule Amber*, artist, enthusiast, romantic, and just left a widower, who is wondering when the story opens whether he is really a red-blooded man or not. It looks as though the answer were in the negative, for the first thing he does is to marry *Jessamy* to get her out of her stepmother's power, in the most Quixotic spirit of self-sacrifice, and then for the rest of the book he waits patiently in the good old romantic manner for the moment to come when her eyes shall be opened and she shall turn to him of her own accord. It is curiously old-fashioned stuff,



AN EPISCOPAL CHARGE.

Dealer (to prospective buyer). "YES, 'E BELONGS TER THE BISHOP, AN' THESE ARE 'IS LORDSHIP'S VERY WORDS TER ME: 'LOOK 'ERE,' HE SAYS, 'DON'T YOU GIT A-BELLIN' UN TER ANY BLOKE AS WON'T TREAT UN KIND, AN' DON'T YER TAKE NOTHINK UNDER THIRTY QUID FOR UN.'"



PUBLICITY.

"BEAUTY ITSELF DOOTH OF ITSELF PERSUADE
THE EYES OF MEN WITHOUT AN ORATOR."

SHAKESPEARE—*Rape of Lucrece, Stanza 5.*

but not without a certain interest. And *Nanetty Cotes*, the slightly deformed cousin who keeps on advising the methods of the cave-man, is a real character—so real that she makes the others seem sometimes rather ridiculous.

Mr. COSMO HAMILTON's reminiscences make a readable book, if the title, *Unwritten History* (HUTCHINSON), is a little portentous for a "shoppy" and discursive talk about adventures in the fields of journalism, novel-writing and play-making. The most interesting part is the account of early struggles; candid confession of failures and disappointments alternating with a very natural complaisance over success and lucky strokes of fortune. The author gives an impression of having deserved his successes by courageous trying and hard work. And having done so he does not believe in the "journalism-taught-by-post" methods of to-day. He has a good deal to say, not much of it complimentary, about the people who run the stage. I don't think it is difficult to put a name to that actor-manager who tried so hard to make the author re-write his play, and incidentally make it meaningless, in order that the great man might have the monopoly of the limelight. CHARLES FROHMAN had a large cupboard stacked with apparently untouched plays. When one author reproached him with his callous indifference to their creators' agonies his whimsical reply was, "Every play that's got anything in it is alive. So every night I open this closet and take . . . the one that's worked its way to the top. The others are dead." The author amusingly describes Sir HERBERT TREE'S

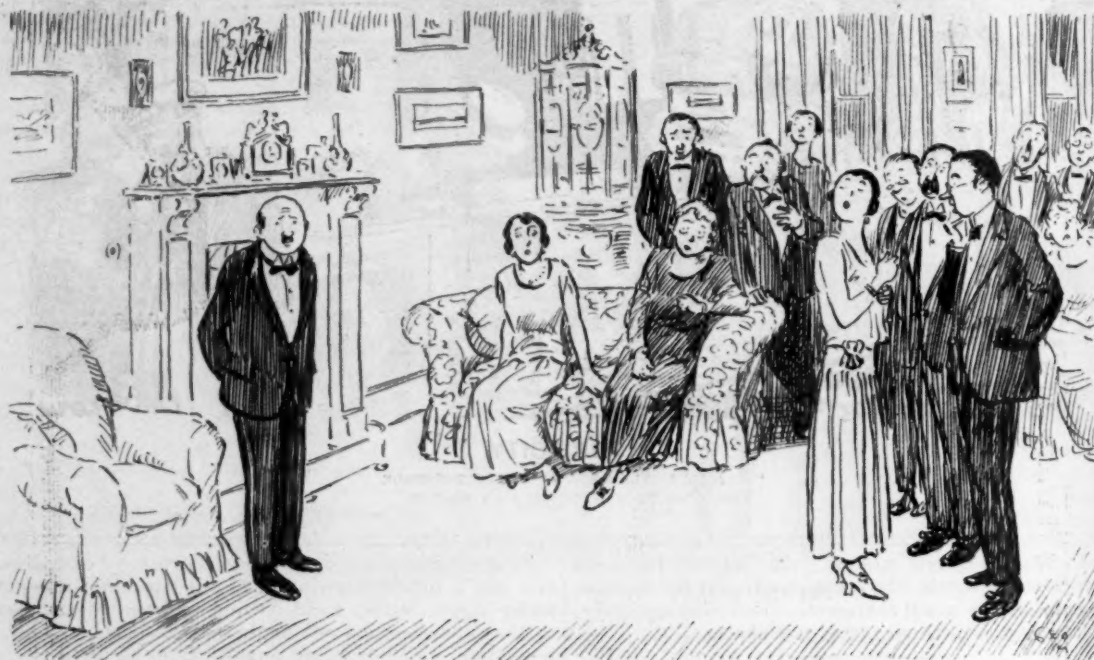
"curious floating methods not unlike those of ectoplasm," and has a quaint description of his "posting prompters under tables, behind rocks, jutting walls or ancient oaks, so that the elusive word might be whispered to him as he moved in well-disguised anguish from *cache* to *cache*." The book is illustrated with some of the author's not too successful caricatures, of which that of Sir MARTIN HARVEY is the best. The *W. H. Haselton*, whom he says that he "discovered" when editing *The Sovereign*, is better known as W. K. HASELDEN.

An expressive manner and a theme full of possibilities—with these, I feel that Mr. HERBERT TREMAINE should somehow have contrived to produce a more attractive novel than *Bricks and Mortals* (FISHER UNWIN). Perhaps it is that the manner is almost too precious, too victoriously *recherché*, for tranquil tastes. Some people (myself among them) cannot stand being told on two pages running that the windows of a night express look "indigo." It sets their backs up. And many of Mr. TREMAINE's polychromatic pages—not only of landscape but of psychology—would look better, I think, reproduced in black-and-white. But he has had, on the other hand, the insight, industry and good luck to see a very fair percentage of the possibilities of his subject. It deals with houses—the pleasant, ample, countrified houses that old childless people almost always have and young childless people almost invariably lack. The night express with the indigo windows brings back to London two young couples, *Rose Anness* and *Sidney Gotelee*, who have arrived at an

understanding during a Scotch holiday, and *Lottie Caverhill* and *Charlie Page*, who have laid the foundations of a similar *entente* on the journey. Both couples will shortly require homes. And even *Charlie*, who is a rising architect, doesn't possess a place of his own, though his family have *post-mortem* designs on the country dwelling of a rich aunt. The contrast between Third Part House, the roomy old manor-house tenanted by two old women and their live-stock, and the cramped homes and unfulfilled needs of the four young people, lies explicitly or implicitly at the back of the whole story. And this ends, with a justice which is almost the only poetic thing about it, in bizarre tragedy for the old and domestic security for the young. All its characters have a certain rather depressing consistency; but the best work in the book has been put into the brutal but convincing por-

regret that I never made their personal acquaintance. On the other hand the accounts of some of the more notorious pirates and buccaneers are so fascinating that they extinguish fear. Until I studied Mr. Gosse, I had, in my ignorance, fondly imagined that piracy was the one profession which always had been and always would be left exclusively to men. *Anne Bonny*, who had a "fierce and courageous temper," and *Mary Read*, whose mother was a "young and airy widow," have corrected this error.

There is quite a good murder mystery, amongst other things, in *The Gold of the Sunset* (HUTCHINSON), but Mr. FREDERICK SLEATH, unlike most authors who deal in such wares, does not make the mystery the main thing. He is too deeply concerned with his characters and the life of the



PAINFUL SCENE IN A CULTURED SUBURB.

THE MAN WHO PRONOUNCED IT RÔDEO.

trait of an elderly architect with a patent religion who joins with *Charlie* in the planning of a Garden City.

I am not proposing to rule myself out by challenging Mr. PHILIP GOSSE's statement, in *The Pirates' Who's Who* (DULAU), that "the more intelligent portions of this country are beginning to show a proper interest in the lives of the pirates and buccaneers." Rather would I praise his industry in collecting so much information and applaud his manner of imparting it. I note that any *Smith* who still accepts the popular tradition that no member of his vast family has ever been executed will be far from grateful to Mr. Gosse. Four *Smiths* are mentioned, and of three of them little is said except that they were hanged for piracy. It is impossible even to dip into these pages without being either frightened or fascinated. I cannot see myself falling into the hands of, say, *Captain Shivers*, *Captain Crackers* or *James Killing* without feeling grave doubts about my safety. And I find something too sinister and suggestive in the names of *Alexander Rob*, *Thomas Huggit* and *Diabolito* to

little fishing town of Abervoe and the iniquities of the Government's treatment of disabled service-men, as seen through the eyes of *Captain Watson*, to be entirely distracted from them by the disappearance of *Tom MacCrorie* or the discovery of his dead body. Now this, I maintain, is very true to life. *Watson*, who tells the story, takes a kindly, sympathetic and right-minded interest in the sorrows of *MacCrorie's* hapless young wife and of his own friend, *Jim MacBride*, who has been her lover before the story of "Auld Robin Grey" was re-enacted in their lives; but at the same time he has his own love and his own anxieties and his own mental and physical sufferings to think about. Though it is he who discovers the truth as to *Tom MacCrorie's* death, it is more through yielding to the impulse of a moment than through any attempt to follow in the footsteps of his great namesake, the *Boswell of Sherlock Holmes*. It is a pleasant book in spite of the fact that it does not by any means deal only with happy things, and there is something old-fashioned and plain about it for all the blows it strikes on behalf of fighting men broken in the Great War.



CASTLES ON THE SAND.

(To a gallant lover of a losing game.)

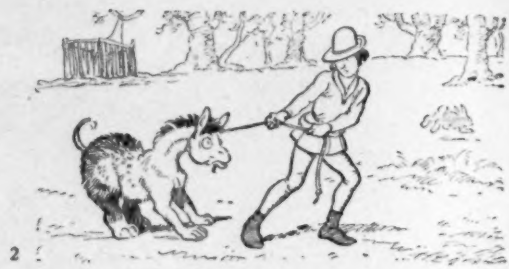
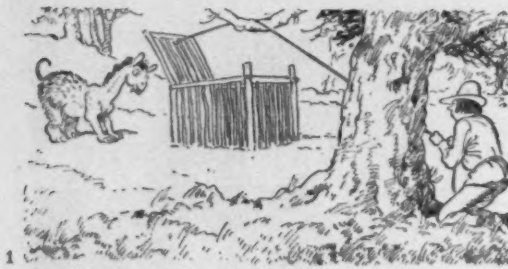
TOWARD your fortress, bravely planned—
 Moat and bridge and towers and keep—
 Little waves steal up the strand,
 Nearer creep and nearer creep;
 Nobody can stop a tide;
 King CANUTE was told he could,
 But he knew before he tried
 That it wasn't any good.

Now your moat is full of wet,
 Which is what a moat is for;
 Now your tumbled ramparts get
 Badly mixed up with the floor;
 But you chose this fatal site
 Knowing well you must be drowned,
 And you'll laugh for pure delight
 When the topmost tower is drowned.

Ah! but you who dare the sea,
 Who, with life still at the morn,
 Better than a victory
 Love to lead a chance forlorn,
 Will you, when you're not so small,
 Build, for safety, up the beach,
 Where the tide, however tall,
 Isn't tall enough to reach?

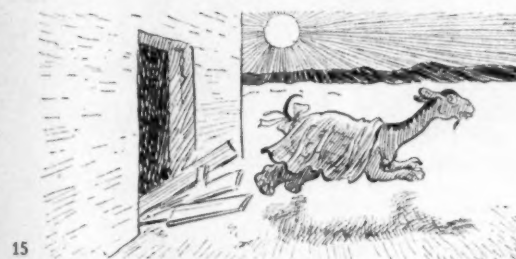
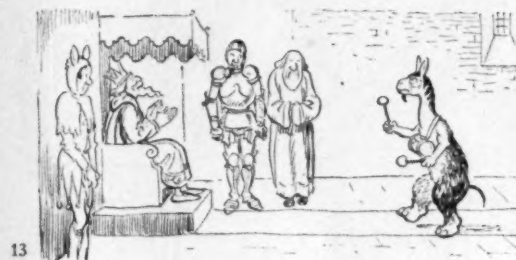
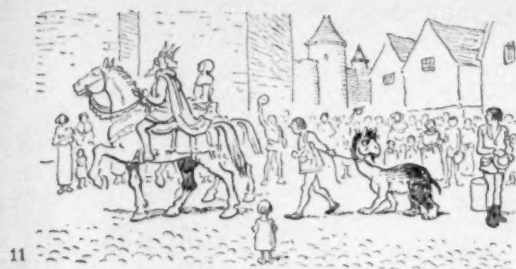
Will you build on solid rock
 (This is much the best address)?
 Run no risk of any shock?
 Take the line of safe success?
 Will you no more love to play
 Losing games? Why, so, my son,
 You'll be following wisdom's way,
 But—it won't be half the fun!

O. S.



THE PERFORMING BILLYBEAR.

A FABLE ILLUSTRATING THE POVERTY OF RICHES.



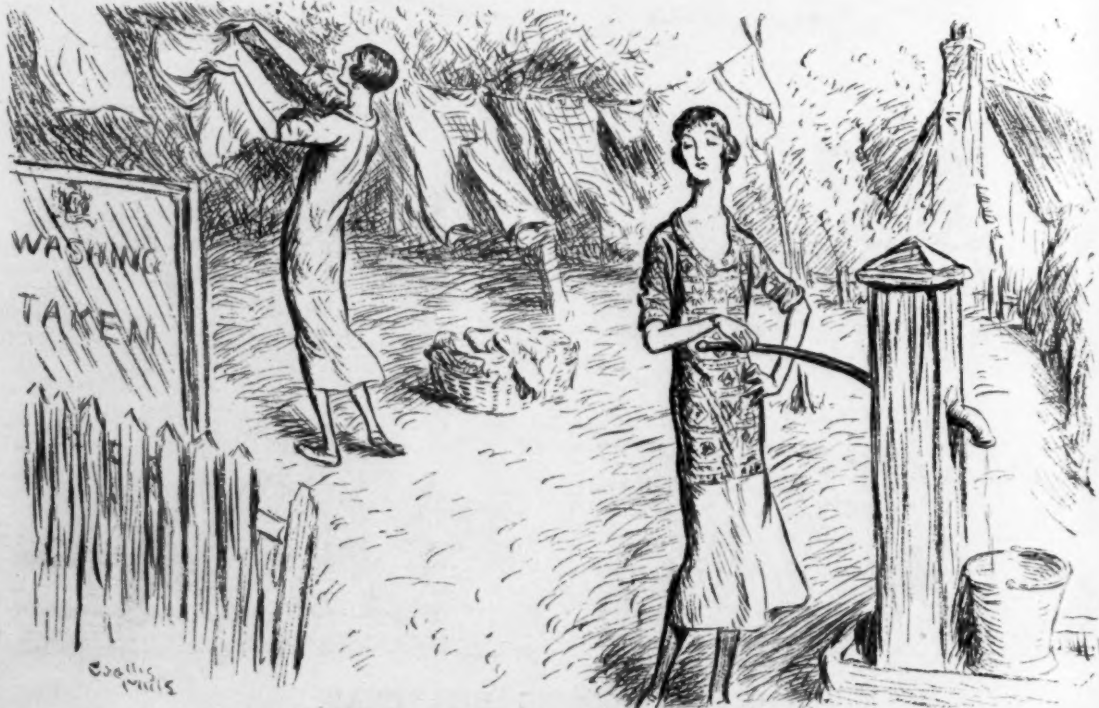
THE PERFORMING BILLYBEAR.

A FABLE ILLUSTRATING THE POVERTY OF RICHES.

SOCIETY NEWS ABOUT OUR IMPOVERISHED NOBILITY.



"THE DUKE OF — WAS NOTICED TO BE DOING PRETTY WELL AT THE TABLES."



"IT IS INCORRECT THAT LADY ENID AND LADY SYBIL — ARE TO BE AT DEAUVILLE THIS YEAR. I UNDERSTAND THAT THEY WILL SPEND A CERTAIN AMOUNT OF THEIR TIME AT A WATERING-PLACE NEARER HOME."

SOCIETY NEWS ABOUT OUR IMPOVERISHED NOBILITY.



"IN OUR RECENT ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE ENGAGEMENT OF LORD — TO THE CELEBRATED MOVIE STAR, MISS —, A SLIGHT PRINTER'S ERROR OCCURRED: 'TO' SHOULD HAVE BEEN 'BY.'"



"THE HON. BOBBIE — WILL NOT BE RACING HIMSELF THIS YEAR, BUT WILL ASSIST ANOTHER OWNER TO RUN HIS HORSES."



OUR VILLAGE FAST BOWLER—ALWAYS AN OPPORTUNIST—INCREASES HIS RUN.



Thwarted Holiday-maker (to wife). "WHAT WEATHER! CAN'T QUEUE UP FOR ANYTHING ON A DAY LIKE THIS."



A GOLFER OF NO IMPORTANCE.
FROM MR. PUNCH'S PAINFULLY MOVING PICTURES.

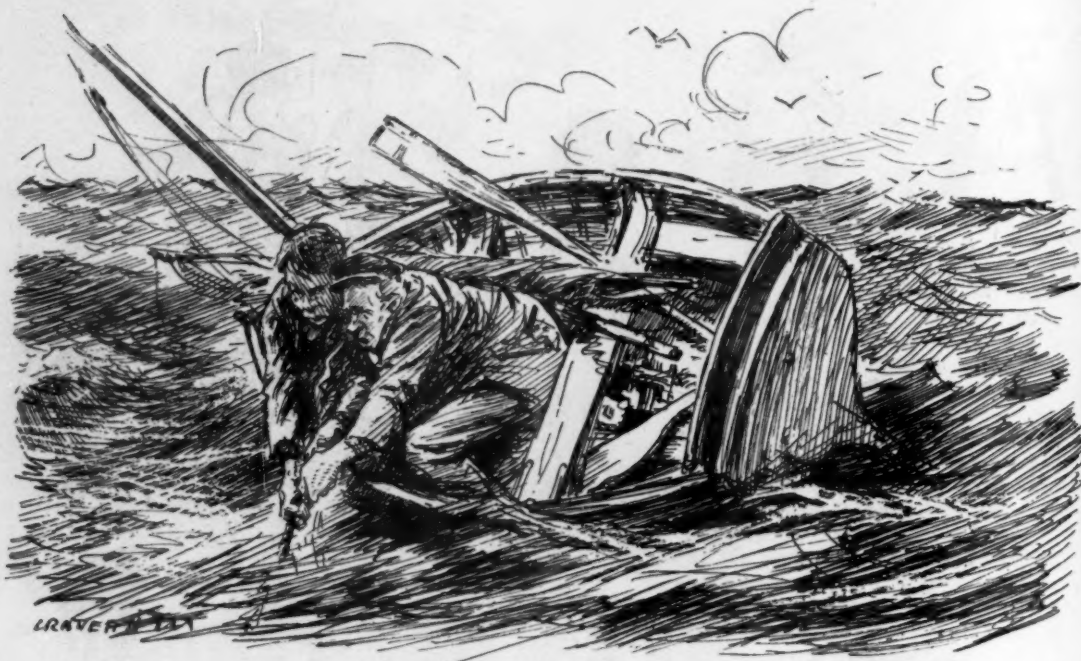


June 16, 1924.

Punch Summer Number—1924.



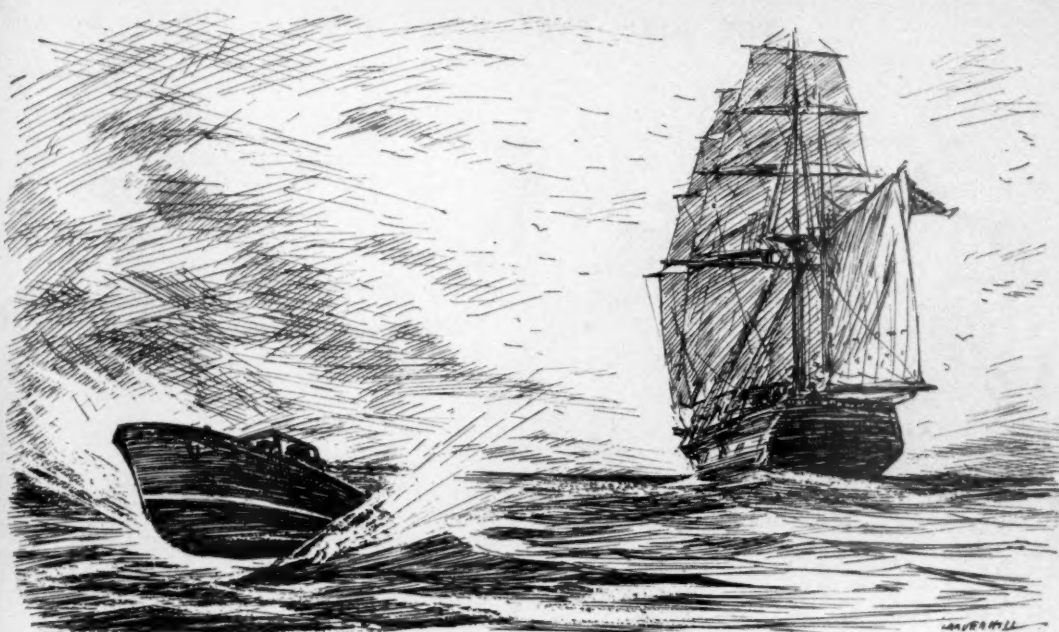
FOR IF HE DREW FROM ACTUAL LIFE DURING THE HOLIDAY SEASON THE EFFECT MIGHT BE LESS ATTRACTIVE.



HEAVE—



HO!



THE WATER HOGS.

"GIVING WAY TO THAT CURSED OLD TUB HAS LOST US THREE-FIFTHS OF A SECOND."



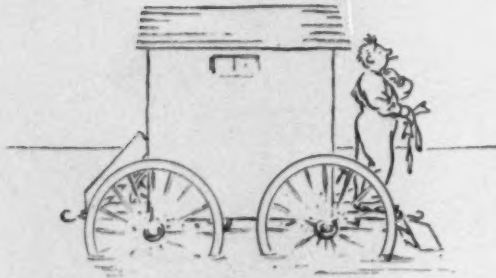
ROUNDING THE BUOY.

"—, —, —, !!! * * * * (?) * ! — — o, ÷ !!! * * * * — !"

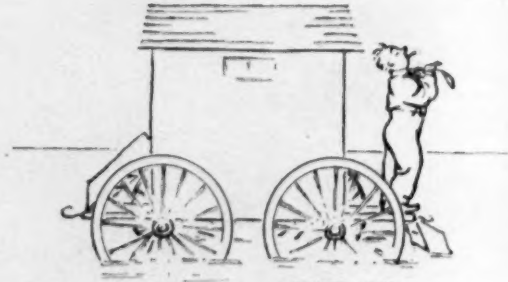
[Translation.—"My dear, you know I never criticise, but, making all allowances for a beginner, if this is your idea of sailing a yacht I should recommend a course of instruction on the artificial lake at Wembley."]

THE JOKE THAT MADE GOOD.

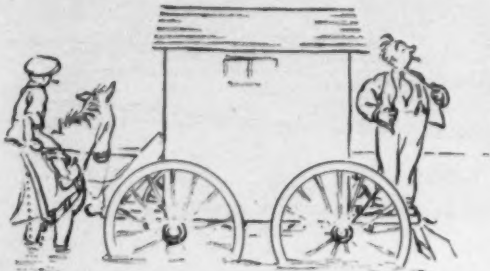
Fougasse



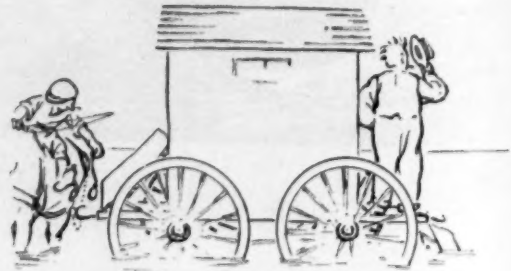
"WHENEVER I USE—



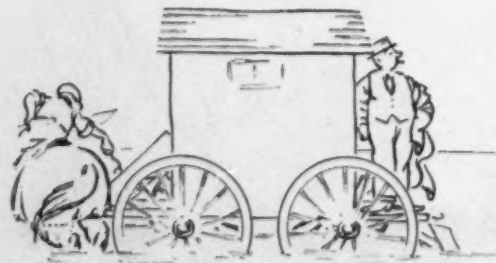
ONE OF THESE—



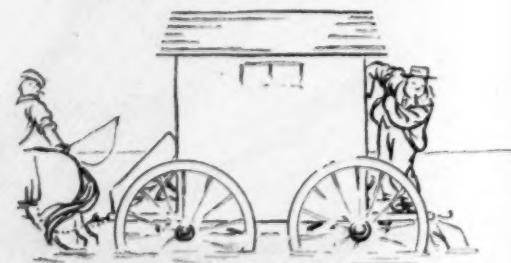
ANTIQUATED BATHING-MACHINES—



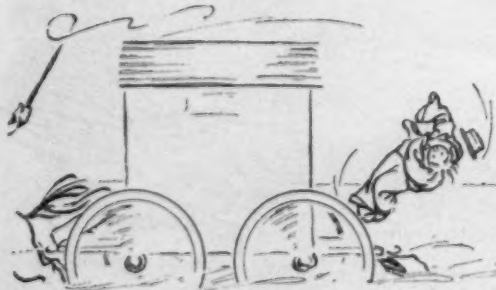
I AM ALWAYS—



IRRESISTIBLY—



REMINDS—



OF JOKES ABOUT THEM—



IN THE COMIC PAPERS."

WITH THE COLOURS.



HE TURNED OUT IN A LOAMSHIRE BLAZER, SO WE PUT HIM IN EARLY.



HE MADE A DUCK IN THE FAMOUS COLOURS OF THE EXCLUSIVES.



HE CONDESCENDED TO LUNCH AS AN OLD INSUFFERABLE.



HE WAS HIT ALL OVER THE FIELD IN A UNITED EXQUISITES' CAP.



HE DROPPED A SITTER IN AN OLD BEANIANS' SWEATER.



WHEN LAST WE SAW HIM HE WAS MISSING THE TRAIN IN AN X.C.C. HAT-BAND.

CONCERT-PARTY COSTUMES.

THE TROUBLE THAT THE AVERAGE SEASIDE CONCERT-PARTY HAS TO CONTEND WITH IS THAT COSTUMES—



WHICH ARE EMINENTLY SUITABLE FOR CHORUSES CONCERNING BANANAS OR CANS ON THE OLD DOG'S TAIL—



ARE SELDOM APPROPRIATE TO RECITATIONS ABOUT
MANNING THE LIFEBOAT—



OR TO BALLADS ABOUT BREAKING HEARTS 'NEATH THE
WEeping WILLOW—



OR EVEN TO SONGS ABOUT THE BOYS OF THE OLD BRIGADE.

THE SUMMER CHANGE.



BROWN HAS GONE TO EXQUISITE
EASTCLIFFE—



JONES HAS GONE TO WONDERFUL
WESTSEA—



SMITH HAS GONE TO HEAVENLY
HAVENDALE—



ROBINSON HAS GONE TO GLORIOUS
GLENDRUOKIT—



THOMPSON HAS GONE TO LOVELY
LLANFFYNNWDD—



JACKSON HAS GONE TO JOYOUS
JOLIPLAGE—



ROBERTSON HAS GONE TO BEAUTIFUL
BINGENALP—



SIMPSON HAS GONE TO HAPPY
HIPBAD—



AND POOR OLD GREGSON HASN'T BEEN
ABLE TO GET AWAY AT ALL!

THE PICNIC PARTY.



DISBELIEVERS in all nonsense
 With a fair-sized house at Hove,
 Seldom had the Costley Johnsons
 Seen a dryad in a grove,
 Heard the rout of nymph and satyr
 Ranging round the forest lawns ;
 Business as a wholesale hatter
 Puts one out of touch with fauns.
 Till, when staying down in Surrey
 With a friend in fancy goods,
 Came a whispering, came a scurry
 Through the shade-enchanted woods —
 Came a noise of hooves that scamper,
 Came the goat-foot crew, in fact,
 Round about the luncheon hamper
 Which their chauffeur had unpacked.
 Came the maenads, just like fairies —
 Costley, who had passed the cheese,
 Thought at first, "My eyesight varies,
 Who in heaven's name are these ?"
 "Surely this is mere delusion !"
 Murmured Mrs. Costley J. ;
 "Most unwarrantable intrusion !"
 Said their host, a Mr. Grey.
 Then the pan-pipes started shrilling,
 Swift up-sprang the daughter, Kate,
 Swift her friend, a rather killing
 Creature weighing ten stone eight,
 Started dancing through the forest.
 Then the chauffeur felt the spell ;
 Perkins also went and morrised —
 Perkins knew the morris well.

THE PICNIC PARTY.



Faster grew the fun, and faster ;
 Mrs. Costley Johnson too
 Joined the rout, and so did Master ;
 Costley, junior, cried out, " Loo !
 Let me ride upon that leopard !"
 " Right you are !" the sylvans said ;
 Katherine's friend had found a shepherd,
 Kate had vine-leaves on her head.

Through the leafy aisles of shadow
 All the livelong afternoon
 Up the hill and down the meadow
 Danced they, and the god was boon.
 Any passing tramp or yokel
 Peering through the forest boughs
 Might have seen, and told the local
 Papers of that strange carouse —

Might have seen the Johnson party,
 Father, Mrs., girls and kids,
 Looking wonderfully hearty
 Dancing with the Bassarids —
 Might have seen, with gait unslackened,
 Swift of foot, though slightly warm,
 Perkins chivving a Bacchant
 In his chauffeur's uniform.

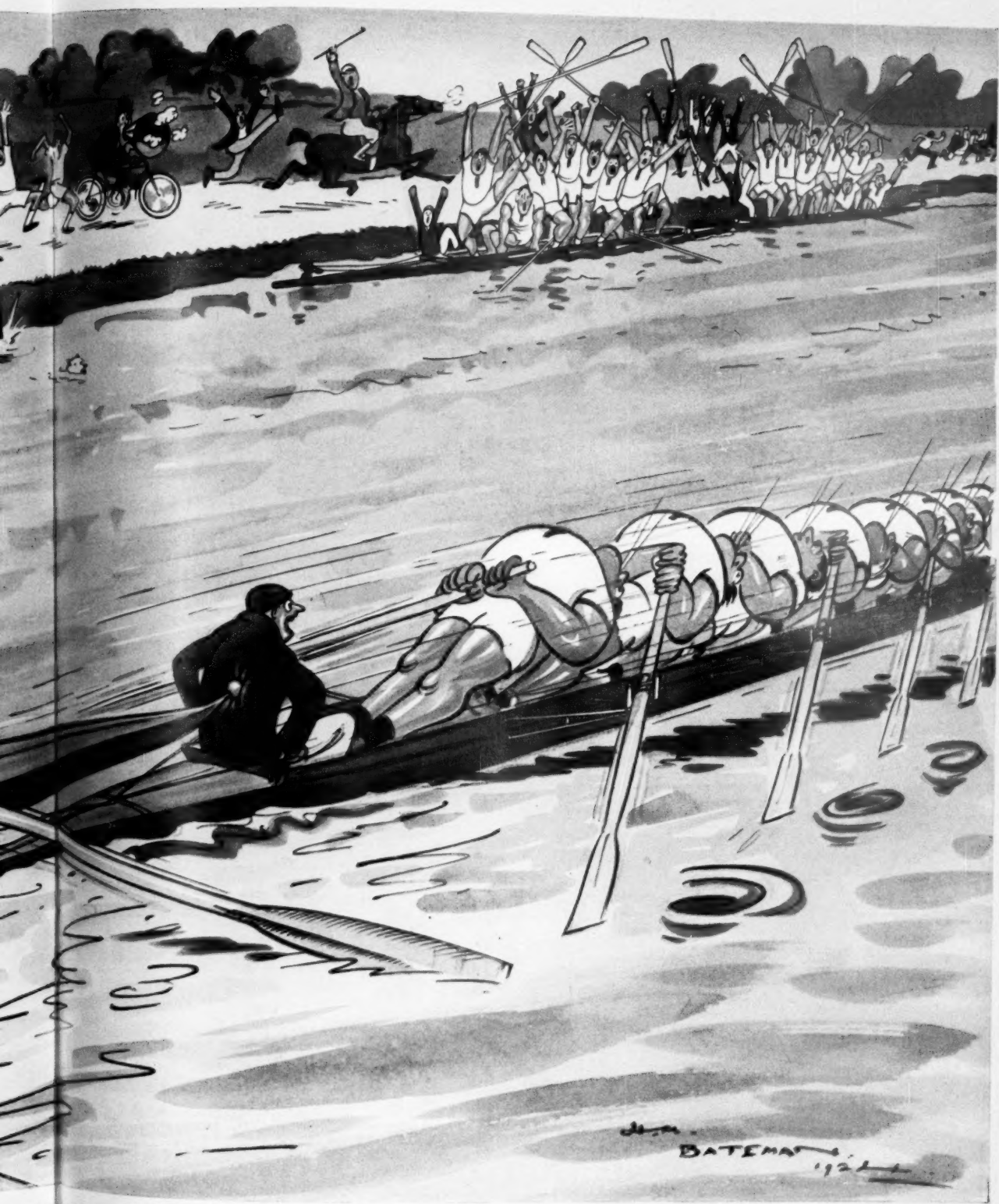
Stay though ! what are these two figures,
 Happy if a trifle stout,
 Far apart from all the jiggers,
 Finishing the picnic out ?
 Mr. Grey himself (between us
 He is rather—well, you know),
 Side by side with old Silenus,
 Mopping up the " Verve Clickoh."

EVOE.





THE COX WHO FAILED TO NO



FAILED TO NOTICE THE BUMP.

THE DISTINGUISHED VISITOR.

GRAND MARINE HOTEL



THE GENIUS FOR ASSIMILATION.



THE DOLEFUL OSCILLATIONS OF THE LATEST NEGROID DANCES HAVE A SUITABLE SETTING UNDER SULTRY SOUTHERN SKIES;



THE RAPTURES AND LANGUORS OF THE TANGO ARE UNIVERSALLY IDENTIFIED WITH THE ARDENT ARGENTINE TEMPERAMENT;



THE TEMPESTUOUS CONTORTIONS OF THE RUSSIAN RUSTIC ARE AN OBVIOUS OUTCOME OF MUJIK MUSIC;



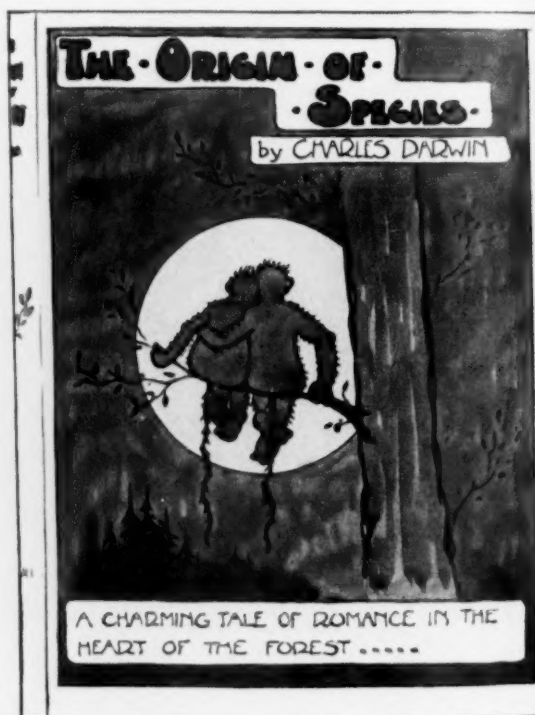
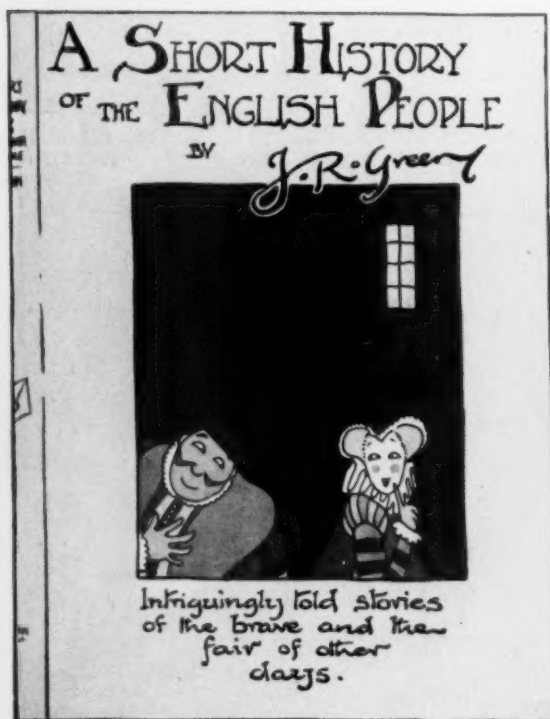
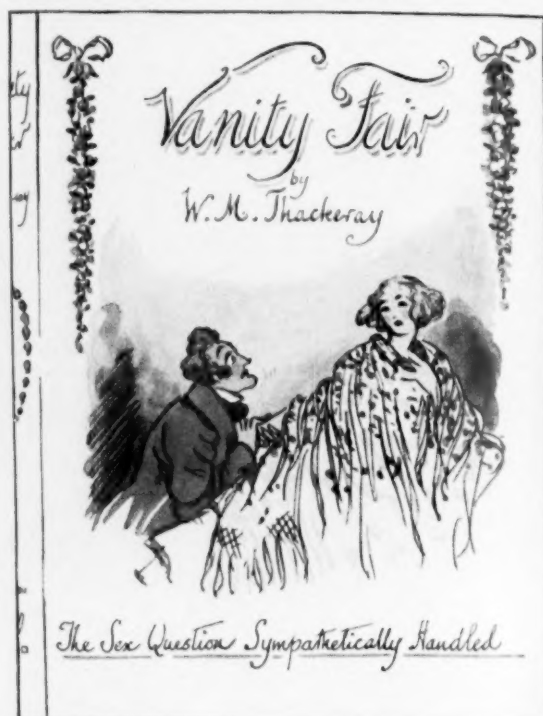
WHILE THE FRENZIED DANSE DES APACHES IS A PALPABLE PRODUCT OF THE BIZARRE PASSIONS OF MONTMARTRE;



YET NONE OF THESE OUTLANDISH MEASURES PRESENTS ANY DIFFICULTY TO OUR VERSATILE BRITISH DANCERS.

COLOURED BOOK-JACKET SUGGESTIONS.

SINCE THE PURPOSE OF THE COLOURED JACKET ON A BOOK SEEMS TO BE THE STRESSING OF THE "HE-AND-SHE" ELEMENT REGARDLESS OF APPROPRIATENESS TO THE CONTENTS, WHAT ABOUT THE FOLLOWING?—



Jungarism

RAILWAY POSTER RIVALRY.

FOLLOWING ON THE COMMISSIONING OF EMINENT ACADEMICIANS TO DO POSTERS FOR ONE OF THE GREAT RAILWAY COMPANIES, WE UNDERSTAND THAT ANOTHER COMPANY HAS EMPLOYED A BEVY OF THE MOST CELEBRATED ARTISTIC REBELS OF THE MOMENT TO EXECUTE PICTORIAL ADVERTISEMENTS—



MR. JOSHUA CRASH HAS CONTRIBUTED A MASTERPIECE IN "THE WHEEL-TAPPER"—



MR. ISAAC BRAUNSTEIN HAS GIVEN OF HIS BEST IN "THE NIGHT JOURNEY"—



MR. BRUSSELS PROUT HAS PRODUCED A STRIKING STUDY ENTITLED "STILL LIFE IN THE FIRST-CLASS WAITING-ROOM, MUDFORD"—



AND MR. PINSKY BAMPF HAS TURNED OUT A WONDERFULLY LIFELIKE "MISSING THE CONNECTION AT BOGBOROUGH JUNCTION,"

THE PENALTY OF SUCCESS.



TENNIS STARS.

HOW DEEPLY THESE CHAMPIONS LOVE ONE ANOTHER!



WHEN THEY ARRIVE AT THE GROUND WHAT A HEARTY HANDSHAKE THEY GIVE EACH OTHER! (*Daily Snap.*)



ON THEIR EMERGENCE FROM THE CHANGING ROOMS, HOW WARMLY THEY GRASP EACH OTHER BY THE HAND! (*Daily Shot.*)



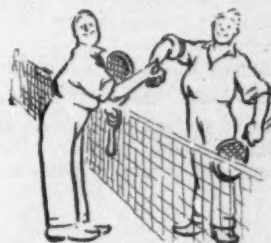
WHEN THEIR MATCH IS CALLED, WITH WHAT FEELING THEIR HANDS MEET! (*Daily Film.*)



WHEN THEY APPEAR ON THE COURT, HOW AFFECTIONATELY THEY SHAKE EACH OTHER'S HAND! (*Daily Shutter.*)



AFTER TOSSEING FOR ENDS, HOW CORDIAL THE PRESSURE OF THE HANDS! (*Daily Lens.*)



AS THEY SEPARATE FOR THE FRAY, WHAT A LOVING HANDSHAKE! (*Daily Screen.*)



BEFORE THE FINAL SET, WITH WHAT EMOTION THEY CLASP HANDS! (*Daily Blur.*)



WHEN IT'S OVER, WITH WHAT AFFECTION EACH GRASPS THE OTHER'S HAND! (*Daily Blot.*)



AND WHEN THE PRIZES ARE PRESENTED HOW LOVINGLY THEY SHAKE HANDS! (*Daily Smudge.*)



Jougasse

IN FACT IT'S A PERPETUAL MARVEL THAT THEIR AFFECTION DOESN'T PREVENT THEIR PLAYING AGAINST ONE ANOTHER AT ALL.

THE BETTER MAN; OR, ORPHEUS UNDONE.

[THE Inconceivable Film Company (of Screenville, Cal.), having presented the whole of ancient and modern history and all the Old Testament stories with a snap to them, have now turned to the early classical legends for material. The following is a synopsis of their latest Super-Screen-Sensation. Operatic and all other rights reserved.]

I.

The Golden Fleece at her mast-head,
THE "ARGO"

breasts the blue waters of the Mediterranean, nosing for home.

Among the Heroes on board are men from the best-known families in Iolcus (Thess.), Captain Jason, Castor and Pollux, the sons of Boreas, singer Orpheus, seer Mopsus, former legislator Theseus, ex-murderer Tydeus, Old Man Nestor and others.

Proud of the trophy which has crowned their world-quest with success, but weary of roaming, the Argonauts find the days hang heavy on their hands.

They pass the hours with Love,

THE WORLD-OLD TIME-KILLER.

There is no lack of feminine society on board. Medea, aside from her fits of temper, is generally liked, but the



Captain's bride now sulks in her cabin. Since she cut up her kid-brother Absyrtus and threw the pieces overboard she has never been quite the same woman.

Meanwhile, their chaperon away, the dark-eyed vamps of Colchis keep the ship smiling.

GLAUCÉ
(Florence Ham)

and

PROCRIS
(Sadie Barnett),

two virgins of Thessaly, lead the smile-party.

Procris, a no-account blonde, loves

SINGER ORPHEUS
(Bert Raddleday)

But Orpheus loves Glaucé.

Orpheus, artist to his finger-tips, sensitive, temperamental, lean-bodied, conducts the ship's glee-party.

The Heroes, all raised in the infantry, are sick of the sea; they sing their favourite song:—

"Wearily bounds the Argo
Over the boundless blue,
A Fleece of Gold is her cargo,
Hearts of gold are her crew;
Weary of endless motion,
Daily at dawn we pray,
'Poseidon, God of the Ocean,
Let it be calm to-day.'"

Among the basses, but as near as possible to the altos, sits

HERCULES
(Jake Weasel)

a good club-man.

He hates the choir-practices; but he loves Glaucé.

Glaucé is an alto.

Orpheus, sensitive to a fault, is not satisfied with the choir's performance. His trained ear detects a mess in the bass.

"LOOKS LIKE YOU GOT NO EAR FOR MUSIC AT ALL, HERCULES."

The bitter words strike a chord of anger in Hercules, who is ever impatient of blame from a weaker man.

"NO, NOR ANY OTHER GIRL-TRICKS. BUT, SAY, I CAUGHT THE CRETAN BULL; AND WITH MY OWN HANDS DIDN'T I SLAY THE MANY-HEADED HYDRA? WHAT D'YOU KNOW ABOUT THAT?"

Singer Orpheus, jealous of the strong man's nationwide publicity, is peeved, and breaks off the glee-practice.

II.

Seer Mopsus, shy, reserved, lies dreaming on the deck all day, seeing visions. He too loves Glaucé; but he don't let on. He just dreams about her.

MOPSUS
(Sid Honeydew).

III.

Hercules seeks comfort from Glaucé. Broad, taciturn, man of deeds, exulting in his rude strength, he presents a striking contrast to Orpheus.

But, aside from Glaucé, all the women love Orpheus.

Glaucé don't know who it is she loves. Sometimes she is drawn to Orpheus, singer, artist, melody-man; sometimes

to the man of action, the he-boy, Hercules. Both boss-men in their profession, the choice is difficult.

"SAY, GLAUCÉ, GUESS I'M SORE WITH THAT STRUMMER."

"WHY, HERC, WHAT'S EATIN' YOU? YOU GOTTER TAKE MORE PAINS AT THE PRACTICES, THAT'S ALL."

"HUH! RECKON I ROOTED UP AN



OAK ON MOUNT CITHAERON AN' FLICKED IT INTO THE SEA WITH ONE HAND."

"HUH! GUESS ORPHEUS CAN SHIFT A FOREST WHEN HE FEELS THAT WAY."

(It is said that the rocks and trees and beasts and birds upon Olympus follow Orpheus when he sings. This has always annoyed Hercules, who can only move one tree at a time.)

A WOMAN'S CHALLENGE.

"See here," said Glaucé—"could you pick out the sail-mast an' chuck it in the ditch?"

"Guess I could try," said Hercules; and he did try.

"BELAY THERE!"

Captain Jason's voice from the poop. "GUESS I'LL NOT DAMAGE THE SHIP," said Herc.

But a woman is not so easily deceived.

"HUH!"

cooed Glaucé;

"GUESS ORPHEUS COULD."



IV.

Singer Orpheus, pricked by the mysterious spur of genius, comes on deck with his lute, singing the famous song that shifts the rocks. All the Argonauts and she-vamps follow him, dancing like they were just come out of an asylum.

Only Hercules, to whom one tune is of course the same as another, sits sulkily to one side.

"WHAT'S BITIN' 'EM, ANYWAY?"

"Rocks and rivers, follow,
follow,
Birds and fishes, follow,
follow."

The song swells to its climax. It upsets everything. The mast of the *Argo* unships itself and follows Orpheus around. Blocks, ropes and tackle roam about the deck. Huge trees scud past on the port hand. Strange lunatic birds descend on to the ship in a high state of emotion, and brightly-coloured fish are seen doing high-jumps out of the sea. There is lightning.

Jason, on the poop, is worried some, but, being all charmed-up like the rest of the bunch, he don't say much.

The song ceases. The crew, worn out with emotional excitement, put the mast back and tidy up the ship.

Jason. "SAY, BUD, AIN'T YOU GOT NO QUIETER DITTIES? THAT SOUL-STUFF DON'T SEEM SAFE IN A SAIL-BOAT."

All the musician in Orpheus rose in his gorge.

"THINK I'M A CHEAP ARTIST IN A DOWN-TOWN TEA-HOUSE? I DON'T SING TO ORDER—SEE? SAY, BOSS, RIGHT HERE IS WHERE I QUIT."

He throws aside his magic lute and registers pique.

Procris, frivolous, empty-headed, appeals for lighter music.

"DON'T YOU KNOW ANY OF THE NEW SONGS, ORPH? CAN'T YOU SING

'I know a little place
Way down in Thrace?'"

Orpheus registers nausea.

Even Glaucus supports the shallower girl.

"DON'T YOU KNOW NOTHING IN THE LYDIAN MODE?"

Glaucus! The woman he loves . . . He raises his eyes to heaven.

"GREAT ZEUS! WHATCHEW WANT

TO SHIP ME WITH THIS BUNCH OF LOW-BROWS?"

V.

While the women cluster around Orpheus as usual, Hercules, incensed by the vocalist's success with the mast, sits apart, brooding revenge.

Stealthily he picks up the fallen lute.



CONVINCED THAT THE MAGIC IS IN THE INSTRUMENT AND NOT IN THE SINGER, HE GUESSES THAT, IF HE THROWS THE FORMER OVERBOARD THE LATTER WILL BE SHOWN-UP.

But first he will prove his theory.

"BOYS AND GIRLS, GATHER AROUND



AND HEAR HERC SING! NOW I GOT THE TRICK-HARP I GUESS I GOT THE GOODS."

The Argonauts gather around. But first Hercules hands his mighty club to Orpheus.

"SEE HERE, STRUMMER, THERE'S NO

TRICKS TO THIS TOY. LET'S SEE YOU KILL A WHALE."

Orpheus declines the challenge. Glaucus is repelled by his seeming cowardice.

"LET'S HEAR HERC'S MUSIC."

Hercules, triumphant, opens his mouth and sings. It is a low-grade performance. The Argonauts drown the song in laughter. Orpheus stops his sensitive ears and runs below.

Glaucus. SAY, HERC, IF ORPHEUS CAN'T KILL A WHALE BETTER 'N YOU CAN SING WE'LL HAVE NO FISH FOR SUPPER."

The strong man, registering extreme discomfiture, prays to Zeus (the boss-god of Old Greece):

"GREAT ZEUS, WORLD-WIDE PROVIDER OF MISFORTUNES AND MESS-UPS, CAN'T YOU HAND US OUT SOME KIND OF A SEA-SERPENT, HURRICANE, QUICKSANDS OR SOMETHING, SO 'E WE CAN SEE WHICH IS THE MALE MAN IN A TIGHT CORNER, AND WHICH OF US HAS THE RED CORFUSCLES, THIS

DURNED VOCALIST OR ME? AND, SAY, ZEUS, LET THIS GIRL GLAUCUS BE THE PRIZE."

"Done," said Glaucus.

VI.

The prayer is soon answered.

Seer Mopsus, waking up the first time in three days, says he has seen in a vision that the *Argo* is heading straight for

THE ISLAND OF THE SIRENS.

(The Sirens are two Nymphs, or Super-Vamps, who inhabit a rocky island, where they lure the mariner to destruction by the beauty of their song. It has been decreed by Fate, however, that if ever a man should pass them by unmoved they must die.)

Hercules, the practical man, immediately grasps the danger.

"SAY, MOP, HAVE YOU REPORTED THIS TO THE OFFICER OF THE WATCH?"

"No good," says Mopsus. "Guess it's Fate." And he lies down to sleep again.

"Why are you going to sleep?" asks Glaucus curiously.

"RECKON I KNOW I'LL NEVER GET YOU, GLAUCUS GIRL. BUT IF I GOTTER DIE I'D LIKE TO DIE DREAMIN' OF YOU."

Glauce is struck by the beauty of the reply. She registers emotion.

VII.

Sure enough they come alongside Siren Island, and there sit the two super-vamps in white tulle, waving their wet white arms on a rock.

AGLAOPHEME AND THELXIEPEIA
(*Maisie Gupp and Prudence Martini*).

They sang seductively—Aglaopheme, soprano, and Thelxiepeia, contralto. And the refrain of their song was

"BUT YES, WE HAVE NO BASSES."

When the Argonauts heard the song they were all worked-up and began clambering over the side. Only three men remained unmoved—Hercules, who had no ear for music; Orpheus, who was down below, and Mopsus, who was asleep.

Glauce. Now, HERC, YOUR PRAYER IS ANSWERED. SAVE THE SHIP.

"WATCH ME, KID."

Hercules put his back to the bulwark and fought like a tiger with the mad-dened men. "But yes, we have no Basses," crooned the Sirens, and the magnetic power of their song,

THE SWEETEST SONG IN THE WORLD, was greater than his mortal might. The crew swept him aside and dived overboard, like men possessed. They were soon seen on the rock, having fun with the Kiss-merchants.

"FETCH ORPH."

When Orpheus comes on deck Glauce hands him the magic lute.

"SING THAT CRAZY TREE-JAZZ OF YOURS, ORPH. THE LIVES OF YOUR FELLOW-TOWNSMEN DEPEND UPON IT."

Orpheus took his lute and sang his wild sweet song:—

"Trees and mountains, follow, follow, Rocks and rivers, follow, follow."

No mortal ear could resist that strain. The Argonauts, after a brief struggle, tore themselves from the Sirens' embrace and swam back to the ship. Hercules tied them up with rope as they came on board.

Meanwhile the Sirens registered chagrin.

But as Orpheus continued to sing they listened amazed to this hundred-

per-cent. melody that had spoiled the man-market for them on their own pitch. It got them.

They swam off to the ship and climbed on board. The Argonauts tore at their bonds and Hercules had to tie up Senator Theseus again.

Meanwhile Aglaopheme makes a dead set at Orpheus. She sings him a little high-brow piece she hadn't put across in years. Womanlike, she kind of sensed

Hercules looks on sourly. Though the music bores him he is strongly attracted by the Sirens as Sirens. But Orpheus, as usual, has gotten the glad looks. Thelxiepeia, however, has cast a friendly eye on the man of muscle.

"DO YOU SING TOO, STRANGER?"

Hercules, a true sportsman, never knows when he is beat.

"DO I NOT?"

Hercules opens his mouth and sings.

The Sirens stand aghast. Never in all their experience had they heard such singing.

They stop up their ears, dive overboard and rapidly swim away, forgetting even Orpheus.

The spell is broken. The ship moves on.

Orpheus and Hercules face Glauce. Two voices ring out together:—

"I SAVED THE SHIP. THE PRIZE IS MINE!"

The dark-eyed girl registers scorn at both of them. Both men have

succumbed, she thinks, to the meretricious charms of the Sirens. This is doing an injustice to Orpheus, whose interest in the girls was purely professional. But there it is.

"GUESS IT'S FIFTY-FIFTY, AFTER ALL."

The proud girl turns to Seer Mopsus, who is still snoring.

"HEY, MOP! AN' HOW'S THE VISIONS NOW?"

"DREAMIN' OF YOU, GIRLIE."

"IS THERE A LITTLE SHACK FOR TWO IN IT SOMEWHERE?"

"THERE SURE IS."

"THEN WAKE UP, BOY; YOUR DREAM COMES TRUE."

They embrace.

FOUR EYES LOOK LOVE TO EYES WHICH SPEAK AGAIN.

VIII.

Way back of the *Argo*, Siren Island falls astern.

The decrees of Fate are immutable, changeless. A man has registered indifference to the Sirens. They throw themselves into the sea and are turned into exceedingly sharp rocks.

THE END. A. P. H.

(Next Week—*The Iliad in Two Reels; or, "Why Helen Left Home."*)





Elder Sister. "LOOK AT BABY, MOTHER; SHE'S TAKING TO IT LIKE A DUCK TO WATER."



Kind Stranger. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MUMMY?"
Little One. "BOO-HOO! I CAN'T FIND THE SEA."

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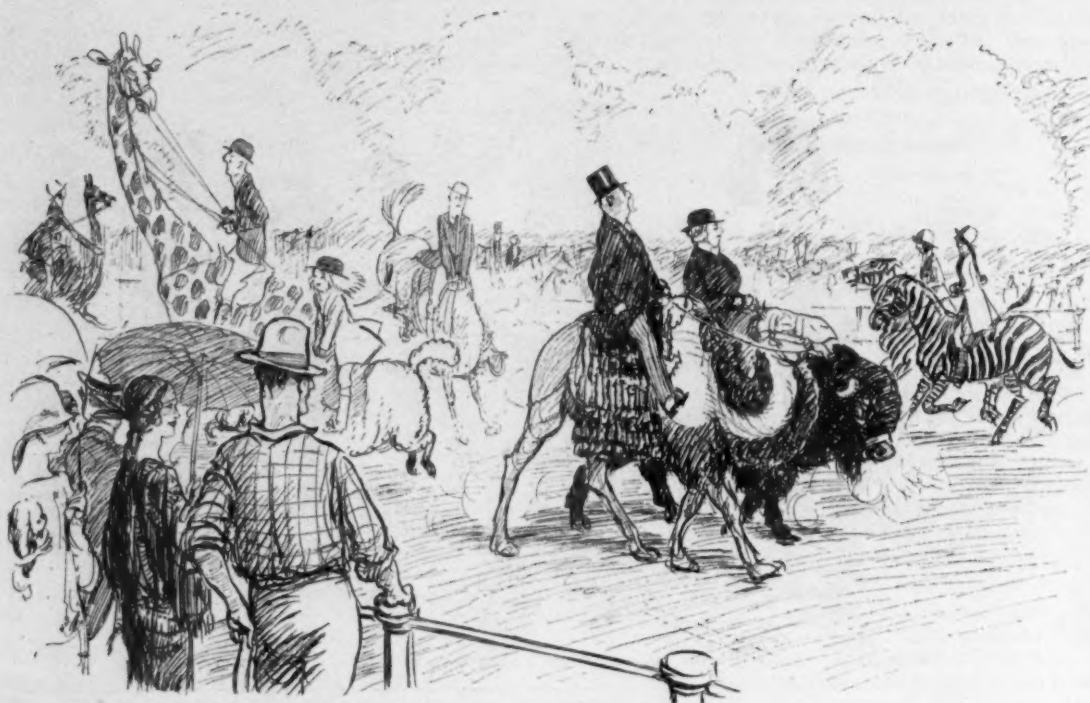


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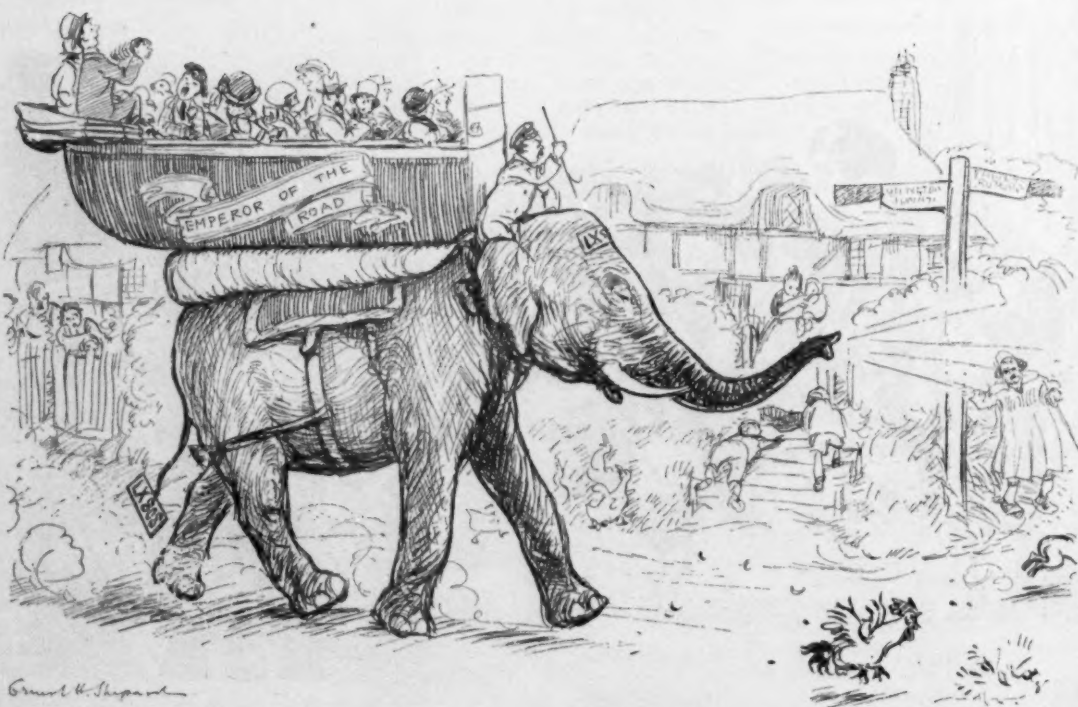


Kind Stranger. "WHAT'S THE MATTER, DEAR? HAVE YOU LOST YOUR MUMMY?"
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THE VOGUE OF EMPIRE.



GREATER BRITAIN IN THE ROW.



Ernest H. Shepard

IMPERIALISING THE CHAR-À-BANC.

THE VOGUE OF EMPIRE.

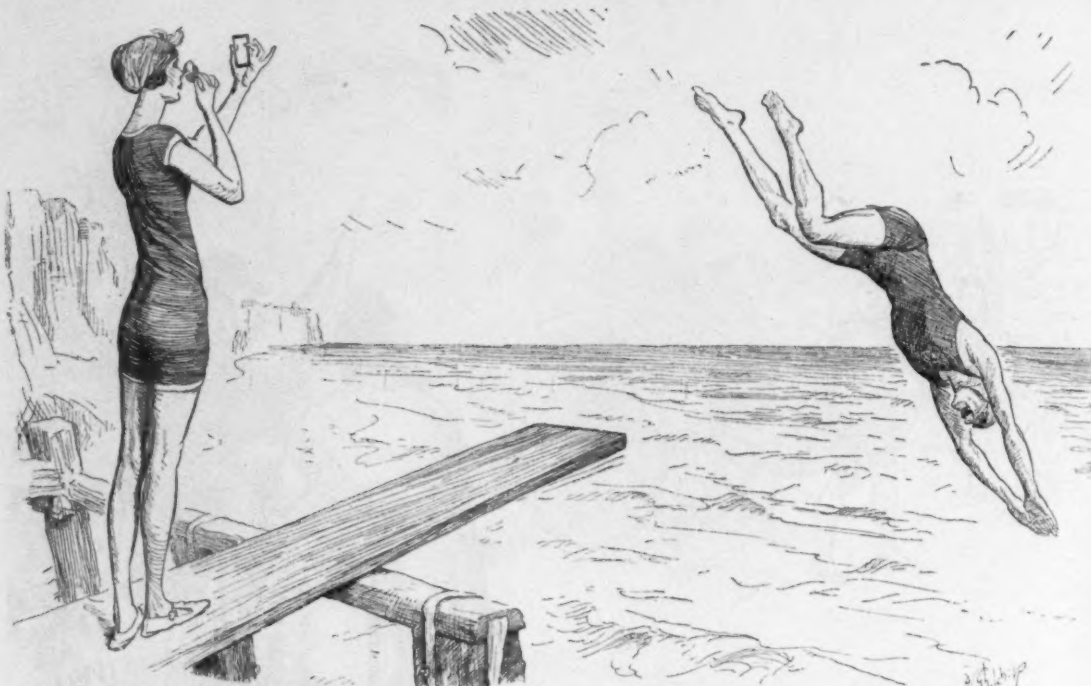


THE RICKSHAW HABIT.



INDIAN BAZAAR METHODS IN THE NEW CUT.

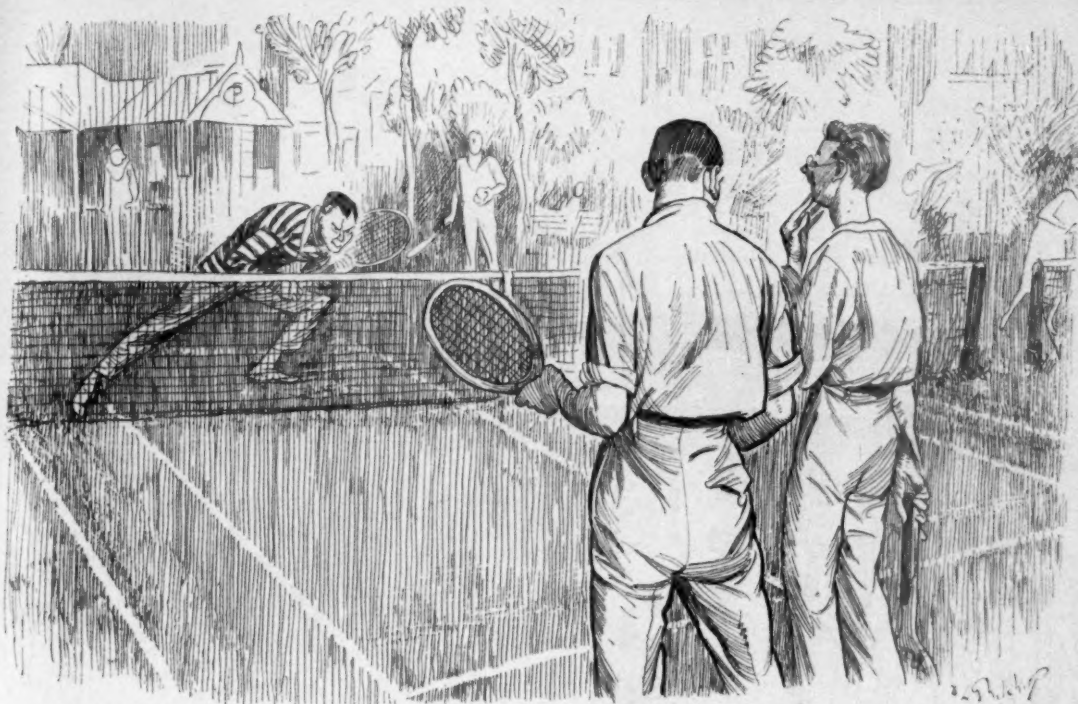
FINAL TOUCHES.



TRUE ARTISTS ARE NOT DETERRED BY THE THOUGHT THAT THEIR WORK WILL BE AN IMMEDIATE WASH-OUT.



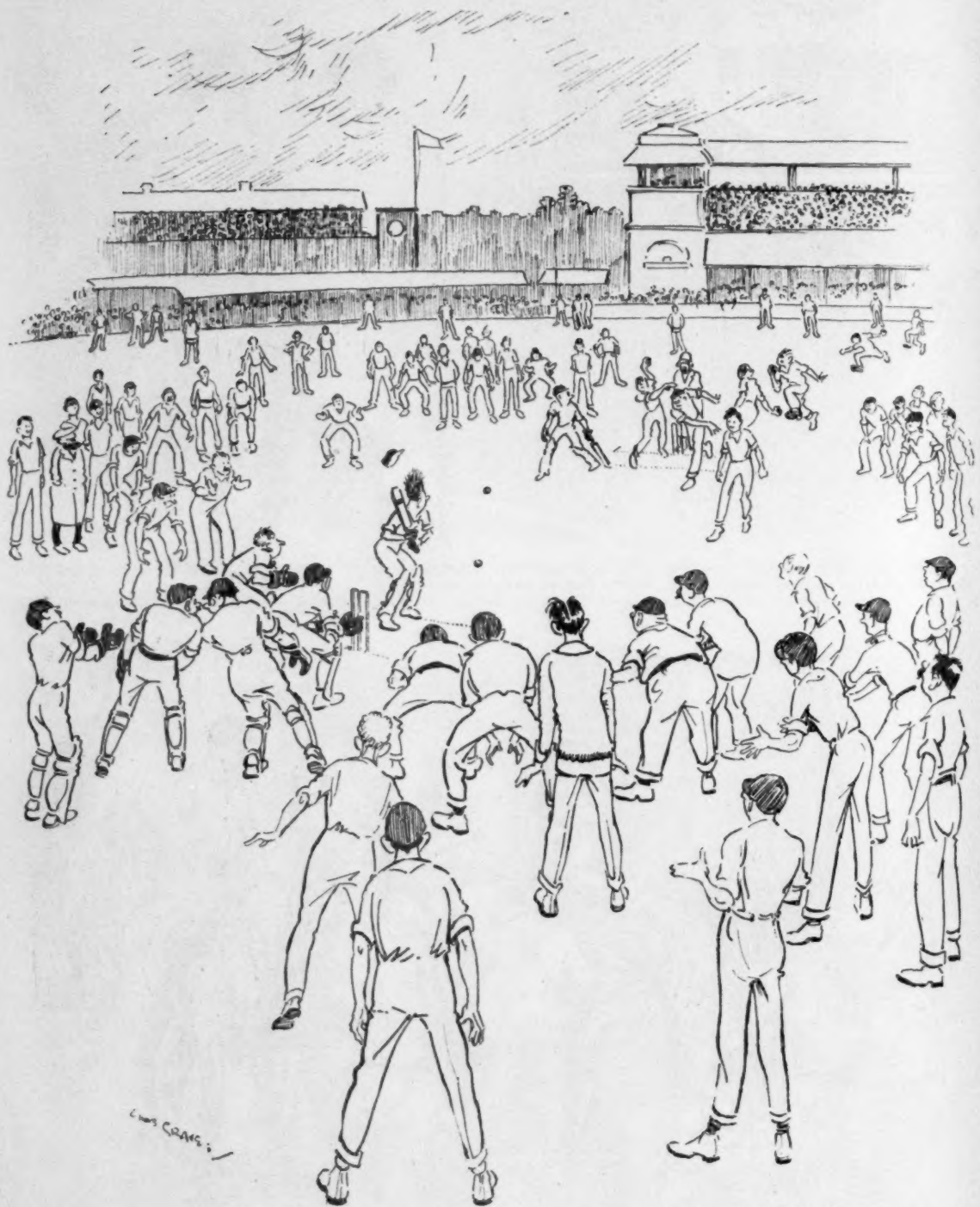
THE PUGGLETON GRASS COURT CHAMPION PRODUCES HER MOST AGGRESSIVE TENNIS FACE PRIOR TO DEFENDING HER TITLE.



Rabbit (thoroughly unnerved by ferocious net-play of opponent). "I S-SAY, WE OUGHT TO HAVE TAKEN THIS TIGER ON AFTER LUNCH. HOPELESS PLAYING AGAINST THESE SAVAGE BRUTES BEFORE THEY'VE BEEN FED."



Rider at Point-to-point Meeting. "WHY ARE THEY ALL BETTING WITH THAT FELLOW WITH THE WOODEN LEGS? WAR HERO IDEA, I SUPPOSE?" Member of the Crowd. "NO, SIR, THE IDEA IS THAT 'E CAN'T RUN AWAY."



IF ALL THE MEN PLAYED IN TEST MATCHES WHO, ACCORDING TO THE NEWSPAPERS, OUGHT TO PLAY.



Casual Acquaintance. "ARE THOSE YOUR KIDDIES DIGGING THERE?"

Horribly Rich Person. "YES; BUT THEY 'VE GOT NO CALL TO DO IT, MIND YER. I CAN EASILY AFFORD TO HAVE IT DONE FOR 'EM."



Visitor to Country Inn (preparing to play snooker on antique table). "HOW CAN WE PLAY WITH THESE BALLS? IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO DISTINGUISH THE COLOURS."

Ancient Servitor (who combines the offices of waiter, boots, marker, etc.). "I 'LL TELL YOU 'EM, SIR."

Visitor. "HOW DO YOU KNOW THEM?"

Ancient. "BLESS YER 'EART, SIR, I KNOWS 'EM BY THE SHAPE."



DIMINUTIVE SEEKER AFTER TRUTH (interrupting philosophic discourse). "THERE IS ONE QUESTION I WOULD LIKE TO HASK THE SPEAKER—'HAM I, OR HAM I NOT, A FINITE BEING?'"

CHARIVARIA.

ON his arrival at Lossiemouth the PRIME MINISTER was met by a band of pipers. It is only fair to say that this was not the work of the Opposition.

The President of the National Union of Boot and Shoe Operatives states that they have not had a national dispute for twenty-nine years. The opinion in certain Labour quarters is that they have not really been trying.

A contemporary wants to know if English cricket is what it once was. Seeing that a recent placard ran, "Four Overs in Four Days," we should emphatically say "Yes."

In a duel between two editors near Rome only one of the seconds was wounded. Another triumph for journalistic courtesy.

It is suggested that Miss MARY PICKFORD should be presented in Paris with the Academic Palms. Over here, of course, she merely got the Glad Hand.

GANDHI is now working out a vow to keep silent two days per week, and refuses to speak any day until two P.M. Indian political agitation is streets in front of ours, don't you think?

The Supreme Court at Washington has decided that beer is not a medicine. In our own country it is generally not even beer.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE has expressed the opinion that the Turk is always prepared to provide a quarrel. Fortunately we know a statesman who is always prepared to provide a peace.

JOHN BENNEDETTA of Michigan has been sentenced to ninety-nine years' imprisonment. His judge is evidently an optimist.

"Two Hundred and Fifty Pounds for a Husband," says a morning paper headline. This may seem a lot, but in Los Angeles there is a reduction if you take a quantity.

The Iron and Steel Trades Association has agreed to increase the wages of bricklayers' labourers. It is expected that a claim for the same advance will

shortly be put forward by the workers in railway sandwich foundries.

A correspondent writes to *The Daily Express* pointing out that laundries are not chemical factories specially constructed to destroy the washing committed to their charge. We hate having our illusions shattered.

A man has set out to walk round the world, and hopes to be back in England in five years. We suppose it was essential to the scheme that he should come back to England, but it seems a pity.

A justice of the peace at Pittsburg

Attention is drawn to the presence of a hundred and ninety-nine canal barges in the Port of London. Billingsgate, however, remains calm and confident.

The victory of the Uruguayan football team over Switzerland at the Olympic Games has been celebrated by a whole holiday in Montevideo. Yet, in the opinion of some Uruguayans, this sort of thing has not quite the jollity of the old-fashioned revolutions.

At a meeting of the English Draughts Association it was resolved to invite Scotland to a three-days' tournament, to be held at Manchester next Easter.

This Rodeo spirit is so infectious.

PAOLINA, the Basque boxer, who is described as the only serious rival to DEMPSEY, is a woodman by trade. He is believed to be preparing for his meeting with DEMPSEY by felling trees with his fist.

"We live," says Mr. KIPPLING, "in a world in which no horror is incredible." You can understand the reason of this desperate utterance when you realise that they run charabancs from Brighton to the poet's front-door.

A road at Harrow has been opened up six times in the last month. We are confident that there are many London road-breakers who could do better than this and would be glad of the chance.

Mrs. PHILIP SNOWDEN says that there is not the least ground for suspicion that the Court look on the Labour Government as being any different from a Liberal or a Conservative Government. Quite, but is it?

M. CHALIAFINE says that after he had sung in a village in Soviet Russia he got ten pounds of flour, one ham, five pounds of sugar and a quantity of potatoes. We hope that none of this hit him.

A contemporary reports the existence of a monkey that has been trained to write. We fancy we must have read some of his articles in the sporting news.

We are informed from a trustworthy pessimistic source that, in consequence of the recent weather, there is a proposal to start a Brighter Brighter London Movement.



Chota Lal Charbutty (just arrived). "SALAAM, OFFICER SAHIB. I WISH THE WEMBLEY DAK BUNGALOW. THANKING YOU NOT HALF."

has ruled that chewing gum is a drug, just when some of us were beginning to suspect that it was a disease.

The latest invention of a Frenchman is a machine which will play fourteen musical instruments at once. It seems that all the inventors are now concentrating on death-dealing mechanism.

So little has been heard of Mr. H. G. WELLS of late that it is feared that he has taken to writing his books two at a time.

It is complained that, in order to teach Turkish women modern dances, instructors are smuggled into Stamboul from Western countries. Occidents will happen, of course.

IN THE NEWS.

THE TESTIMONIALIST.

TESTIMONIALISTS are found in all walks of life possessing one common attribute, a disinterested desire to share with their fellow-creatures such good fortune as comes their way. It is they, I think, who sound the broadest, most human note in the harmony of the Press, and of this great choir the voices nearest our hearts rise from the theatrical profession. On his stage the actor seems transcendental; it touches us when he shows himself an ordinary kindly mortal with a lively sympathy for our ailments and needs.

I must confess that I was seriously concerned at one time for the health of many of the ornaments of the Stage. It seemed tragic to me that Mr. A.—to take a typical instance—should rise at nine, play a round of golf in the morning, motor to Town for a matinée, attend a rehearsal before dinner, go through the evening performance and proceed to a supper-party and dance at a time when he practically owed his life to Bolgoline. I did not appreciate fully, as I do now, the efficacy of Bolgoline; of course he was able to do all that for weeks on end *because* of Bolgoline.

A propos of the devotion of testimonialists to the remedies they recommend, I may be permitted to tell the following story of a charming and accomplished actress. Her portrait, illustrating a glowing account of her gratitude to Ozo, had long graced the newspapers, and the mutual but impersonal kindly feeling subsisting between the lady and the proprietors of Ozo had, as the result of a chance introduction, blossomed into something more tender on the part of the junior director of the firm. He began to pay her marked attention and hoped, not unjustifiably if rumour were true, to effect an ultimate return of his affection. One night he called on her at the theatre, to find that the First Act, in which she had an unusually emotional scene with the Chorus in a night club, had so drawn upon her vitality that it was feared she might not be able to resume her part. Unhesitatingly he took from his pocket a small bottle of Ozo, without which he never moved about, poured a dose into a tumbler and bade her drink it. She did so, and in a few minutes became so ill that her understudy was summoned and went on in her place. The junior director's concern and surprise were distressing to those present, who watched his abrupt departure with sorrow. When the actress recovered sufficiently to be told all, she was as much upset as her informants. "If only he had told me what it was," she cried, "if only I had seen the label, I would have made myself buck up!"

Many testimonialists' faces are dear to me, and I have a treasured collection of them which I have cut out of newspapers. I was thinking the other night, as I painted a border of forget-me-nots round the latest portrait of Mr. George Gudge ("Gaffer"), the Burstow centenarian and Oriental Salve "star," how my hobby might be crowned and a wonderful impulse given to home industries by the issue, as a supplement to *The Daily Stunt*, of a composite picture of my favourites, the original of which, enlarged many times and coloured by a well-known artist, could be exhibited at Wembley. I imagine a family group at the close of day round the sitting-room fire; Father in his Kumfy Arm-Chair, which he values so much that no one else has a chance of using it; Mother, the Blank Wave in her hair, supporting the twins "soothed to slumber by Dopoe"; and Sonny, dressed in Boyoh Clothing, complacently regarding his Wuzz Wireless Set, while he holds the hand of his little sister, who has brought her washable plaything ("Dip the Dolly—That's All") to listen-in.

To return to patent remedies, I am puzzled why the medical profession never replies to the reflections on its ability

appearing continually in the statements of testimonialists who use these things. There is something wrong here. Doctors despaired of Mrs. MacHoosh for twenty years; Ooh-Hai Ointment did the trick in a fortnight. Doctors could do nothing for Mr. Bert Halloran; he came over queer when at work so frequently that he was forced to exist on the dole for two years. One day a friend said, "Try Presto!" And now—"I have successfully organised five strikes," writes Mr. Halloran, "and hope to head many more in the current year."

If only I were certain that my constitution would stand it I should throw up my doctor to-morrow. Then I would take an extensive course of patent remedies and be really famous.

HOUSES BY THE SEA.

A CONTRAST.

A LONG year back we lived in a house by the sea,

By a grim sea and grey,

Where the stinging Channel spray

Beat on the panes, and the west wind, open and free,

Sang through the roaring nights

To the wheeling coastwise lights

And the ocean deeps and the shivering landward heights—

Magnificent minstrelsy;

And all through the thunderous dark and the clouded day,

'Mid squall of sleet and scurry of driving snow,

We could hear the sirens scream and the foghorns bray—

In the house by the sea we lived in a year ago.

And a long year on in a house by the sea once more

My lonely lines are thrown;

But a sea that is still as stone

And blue as a kingfisher's wing; and down to the shore

The littlest land-wind blows,

Scented with sandal and rose,

Light as a fawn that runs with the dappled does,

In a murmurous monotone;

The river mirrors the palms and the lazy craft

Drift by like the petals dropped from the *siris* bough,

And the still air shimmers and rocks in the sunbeams' shaft—

In the house by the sea where I live lonesome now.

Two houses, both by the sea, both by the beach,

With the salt tang in the air

And the salt smell everywhere,

And sea and sea as far as the eye can reach:

With the gulls that wheel and fret,

And the suns that seaward set;

Two houses, both by the sea, and yet—and yet

Something lacking in each:

One on a wintry coast where the tempests belled

With the surf at the door and the rain-rack overhead,

But happy within because of the folk it held . . .

And one in a lotus-land, but lifeless as lead,

Empty and void as the sea's own self and, as the still sea, dead.

H. B.

A Sensational Revival.

From a circular of the Harlech Castle Musical Festival:—"There is a good demand for seats this year owing to the production of Sir Edward Elgar's 'Apostles,' who will personally conduct the performance."

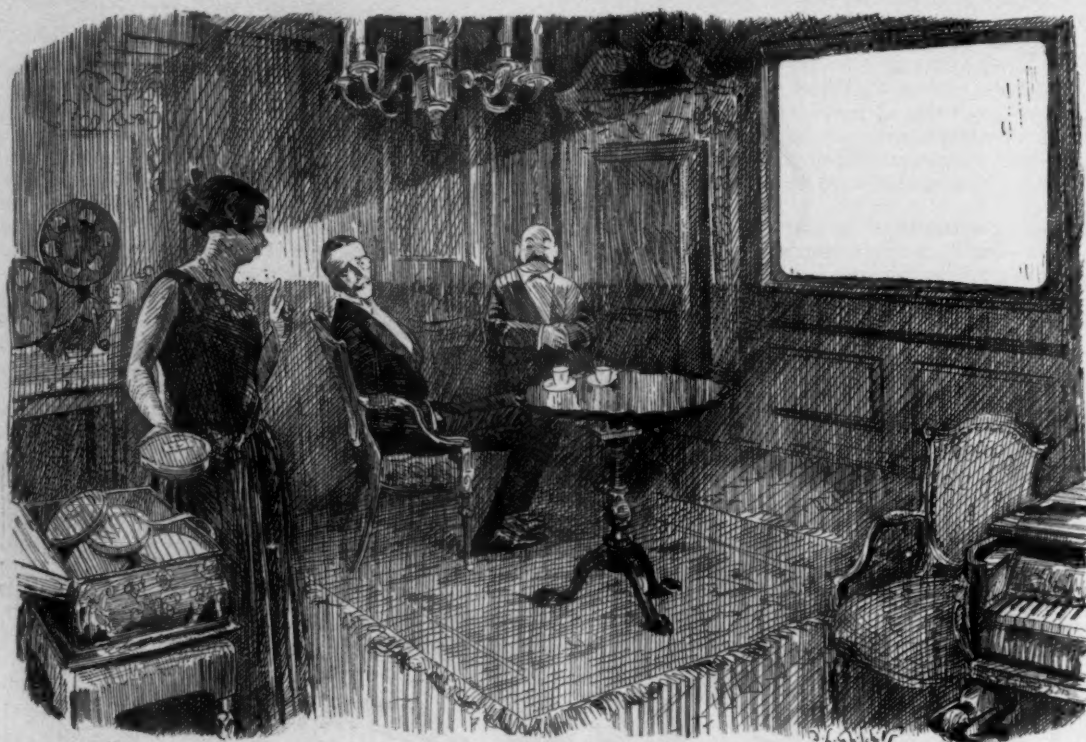
"The delusion, it is presumed, was connected with the recent murder of a Punjabi workman at the docks, for the illiterate Bengalese suspected all along the Junjabees would take revenge for this crime.

When the story got about, therefore, that children had been kidnapped, many Punjabees were molested."—*Evening Paper*.
The unrest in India seems to be extending to proper names.



THE PARLIAMENTARY RODEO.

MR. RAMSAY MACDONALD (to bucking Clydesdale). "IF YOU'LL ONLY KEEP QUIET I'VE GOT A SOFT JOB WITH THIS PATIENT OX."



THE FAMILY ALBUM: NEW STYLE.

Hostess. "Now I must just run through one more for you. This is my brother ARCHIBALD HAVING BREAKFAST IN THE GARDEN, IN TWO REELS."

THE PHILOSOPHIC FOOZLER.

Why Brinkley goes on playing golf is something of a puzzle to his friends. To vary the hackneyed couplet about the little girl—

"When he is bad, he is very, very bad;
And when he is good he is middling."

These deviations into efficiency, however, are remarkably few and far between. As a rule he is a consistent exponent of every conceivable fault in stance and swing and grip and stroke. I shall never forget the expression of supreme disgust on the face of a lean and elderly caddie on a well-known course in Scotland after Brinkley had "socketed" three consecutive masbie shots to cover-point. That is perhaps his favourite shot, but he is also a master of foozling in all its branches, as well as of those peculiar vagaries which Mr. Johnny Low, I think it was, described as the "flub" and the "dunch." There are times when he is capable of infecting a good player by the example of his awful incompetence. I am not a good player, but I have suffered in this way, and, after a disastrous round, in which, though playing execrably, I won by six and five while giving him twelve strokes,

I presumed so far on our old friendship as to say, as we were having tea in the Club-house, "Brinkley, do you *really* like playing golf?"

He took it in good part, smiled and replied, "Yes, strange as it may seem, I do—intermittently. I know I'm a shocking performer. I've played enough to be a scratch player, instead of which my handicap is, or would be if I had one, about twenty-four. Within the last year I have been badly beaten by three veterans, all over seventy-five; by a young officer who lost a leg in the War, and by a small boy of thirteen who was unable to go to school because of a weak heart."

"You find it humiliating?" I asked.

"Well, perhaps. But think of the pleasure I gave my conquerors. Still, I don't pretend to be governed by altruism. I go on playing for various reasons. The chief perhaps may be explained by a remark made to me by one of the septuagenarians I spoke of just now. He said, 'I never saw a really bad player make such surprisingly good shots after getting into double figures.'"

"Rather a left-handed compliment, wasn't it?"

"Oh, no. He recognised what I have

always felt, that my *true* form is first-rate, but that I never play up to it. My *true* form is like the ideas of PLATO—a sort of pattern laid up in heaven. It is always before me, and these rare and partial approximations—you will remember that really noble iron shot on to the thirteenth green just now after I had played four more—inspire and encourage me to continue when I am on the point of breaking every club in my bag."

"Well, it seems to me a rather poor consolation. But I suppose a Platonist is *capable de tout*."

"But think of the joy of the unexpected—the 'budding morrow in mid-night,' the return of hope and the moral effect (for the moment) on your antagonist."

I began to feel embarrassed. Brinkley had raised his voice, and some other members in our neighbourhood showed by their pained expression that they considered such sentiments inappropriate and almost indecent in the precincts of a golf club. So I bluntly observed, "My dear Brinkley, this is hardly the place to talk poetry or psychology."

"Very well. I am content to defend myself on a lower plane of argument."

At least no one can charge me with possessing the skill which is 'the sure sign of a misspent youth.' And yet I believe I have had more excitement and adventure and romance out of my bad golf than any champion, 'pro.' or amateur, who goes round with monotonous precision in seventy-five or less. Are you aware that I hold the record for the longest drive at Mitcham?"

"Come, now, Brinkley, I don't believe you've ever driven more than a hundred-and-ninety yards in your life."

"Haven't I? Let me tell you that I once drove a ball which lit in a motor-car on the road that crosses the links, and by the time the car stopped was over four hundred yards from the tee."

"Any other records?"

"Well, there was my famous putt on the Maidan, outside Calcutta, in 1904. It was a very sultry day, and after my ball had gone half-way to the hole it stopped on the level and began to roll back towards me."

"You had been lunching, I suppose?"

"No. It was merely an earthquake. My partner advised me to lie down flat on the ground. I did. But I won the hole, as his ball rolled right off the green."

Brinkley then went on to relate how on a golf-course in Wales, on surmounting the high bunker guarding a hole known as the Crater, he found a leopard which had escaped from a travelling menagerie crouching on the green, and drove it off with his niblick. At this point I thought it high time to move off. But I am now quite able to understand why Brinkley goes on playing golf.

THE SEASON.

THE Season, what is it—

A rose and a tune?

A potentate's visit?

Old Bond Street at noon?

A cream and a honey
Of frocks and of frills?

spending of money?

A running of bills?

Nay, who then can tell you

The how and the why

Of powers that compel you

From May to July

To eat like a Cæsar,

Or frisk like a faun,

Where strings and soft keys are
From darkness to dawn?

But ask not improvement.

'Tis Town at its best,

'Tis colour and movement

And dainty unrest;

'Tis parties and prices.

'Tis Youth in full train,

And strawberry ices

And silk and champagne.



Bookmaker (to punter with a long list of very small commissions). "I'LL TELL YOU WOT, CLARENCE. PUT A 'APENNY STAMP EACH WAY ON EVERYTHING, AN' 'AVE A REAL GAMBLE."

For one 'tis the smarter
Occasions of mark ;
For one just the charter
Of chairs in the Park ;
For one, all entreating,
Who sues and who sighs,
'Tis chance to be meeting
A pair of blue eyes.

So that is the Season—
A song in the sun,
A rhyme and a reason
For Fashion or Fun;
But, put it compactly,
Its magic doth lie
Just where and exactly
I know not, not I.

Our Cautious Contemporaries.

"OVER A HUNDRED WEEK-END VISITORS
FOR WEMBLEY."
Evening Paper.

"Wanted, in South Devon coast, Cottage, with garden; hot and cold."—*Morning Paper*.
Hot for us, please, A.D. 1924.

"The ivory statue of the hero of history-loving children, Sir Oliver Cromwell, and the original table in the library of the Commons at which Sir Oliver delivered his fiery speeches was treated as a shrine by many of these young Britons of 1924."—*Evening Paper*.
A pity they could not see the sword with which CHARLES I. gave him the accolade.



VERY HIGH TEA AT WEMBLEY.

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XVI.—THE FOOD PROBLEM.

"Nothing can be odder
Than the sameness of our fodder,
But we like it and grow fatter,
So what ever does it matter?"

Old Song.

THERE is a restaurant at Wembley where you can get tea for 7s. 6d.; but it is only fair to add that there are many restaurants at Wembley where you cannot get tea at all. Nor lunch either: at least not upon busy Saturdays. On any day, in fact, the general impression is conveyed to the mind that many thousands of pleasure-seekers have come to Wembley merely to fight for lunch there—a very curious ambition, since the restaurants of Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson (I will not make them blush by giving the firm's real name), who have done all the catering for Wembley and fly their green ensigns everywhere among the Union Jacks, are to be found in several other parts of London, and indeed have their praises constantly sung in the news columns of the daily Press and other places where they sing. There is a large restaurant, I

believe, owned by this company somewhere near Piccadilly Circus, and another in the Strand.

At the Vitellius Restaurant (I see the Illustrator has given its actual name away) you can not only get tea for seven-and-sixpence, you can also get a morsel of lunch for twelve-and-sixpence, and a bite of dinner for about twenty-five shillings. I gather that what happened was this. At a directors' meeting of Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson, Brown—who is the most enterprising member of the firm—remarked to the others: "How are we going to get the really rich people to Wembley? They won't come unless their food costs them a lot."

Jones, however, who is rather dull-witted, replied, "Why can't they come to one of our sixty-two ordinary restaurants and eat a tremendous lot of food there?"

But Brown said, "There isn't a single one of our ordinary restaurants in which a really rich person could possibly pay enough, however much he ate, to feel that he had done himself justice."

So it was decided to build the Vitellius Restaurant, which is in Drake's Way, but not very much in the general multitude's. And lest the price alone should not prove a sufficient lure, it was resolved to have a dancing floor also at the Vitellius Restaurant, and to give tea out-of-doors, with basket chairs to sit upon and immense coloured sunshades to keep off the rain.

It was now that Robinson had an idea.

"What," he said to Brown and Jones, "are the most delightful circumstances in which one can take a meal?"

"Sitting on the grass," they suggested. "Or in a punt."

"Not at all," answered Robinson. "Riding in a train."

They both agreed to that.

"And what," he went on, "is the sole drawback to having one's meals in a train? Why, the oscillation, which causes one to miss one's mouth with the soup-spoon and shake the pepper into one's beer."

So at the South African Restaurant the brilliant notion was conceived of giving people meals, and quite cheap meals, in a South African train which does not move at all; which in fact has never moved at all, except from Birmingham, where it was made. But you can see the ostriches from the window. Close to the train is an old South African stage-coach which really comes from South Africa, like Mr. TAYLOR and Mr. NOURSE and the ostriches, but one is not allowed to have lunch in that. Though why one should not have a picnic-hamper and champagne on the top of the coach, as they do at Lord's and at race meetings, I cannot imagine. Luncheon on the lake steamers, or the Burmese elephant, would also be a boon.

There is, in fact, not quite enough Imperial variety about the Wembley meals. At Hong-Kong, I admit, one may obtain sharks' fins and bird's-nest

soup, and noodles and puppy-dogs' tails, and bamboo shoots and pieces of Chinese junk, and all those other comestibles with which the laborious Chinese people endeavour to provide a hearty laugh on their menu-cards. And in Australia they put Australian raisins into the buns, setting at nought the tradition of nursery days, when we used to be told that—

"Malaga raisins are good,
But those from Smyrna are better."

Undoubtedly those from the Antipodes are the only raisins that count. It says so on the box.

But on the whole, for an Empire in which the sun has no closing hours, it does not seem to me that there is an overwhelming profusion of exotic meals. The outsides of the restaurants are painted with all the beasts of the earth and the fowls of the air and the fishes that are under the sea. But where inside them is one able to get a moose chop, or an antelope steak, or a dish of fried yams or pawpaw, or a *fricassée* of puma, or stewed elephant's foot? What would the Swiss Family Robinson say if they came to Messrs. Brown, Jones and Robinson's restaurants at Wembley? Or little Tommy from Masterman Ready? Or Ralph, Jack and Peterkin, fresh from their triumphs of *al-fresco* cooking in the Coral Isles?

It may be for this reason that many families bring their food in paper bags, and, sitting in the wonderful courtyard of India, or outside the West African

village, or roaming amongst the South Seas, consume ordinary ham sandwiches and rock-cakes, and seek to find in their imagination the taste of sub-tropical

Lunching in the Maison Engineering, or at the Corner House of Industry, or some such place, the Illustrator and I ordered a bottle of South African hock.

"Well, what do you think of it?" he asked, after each of us had taken a cautious sip.

"I should imagine," I said, "that, after a long tiring day on the *veldt* . . ."

I sipped again.

"Amongst the *koppies*, you know," I went on.

"Waiter!" said the Illustrator suddenly. "Can you tell me what it is that gives its specific flavour to this particular wine?"

"I think it's the soil, Sir," he replied.

"Just as I thought. I'm getting to like it already," I declared. "It reminds me of vast open spaces washed with sunlight—with sunshine, I mean."

"Now you come to mention it, it does," said the Illustrator.

"There is also, I think," I said, trying again, "a distinct flick of the *sjambok* in it."

"Yes," he agreed, greatly comforted, "I believe there is."

"To enjoy it properly, of course," I continued, "one should have an *entrée* of curried hartebeest, followed by a few slices of gnu."

And then on another occasion we had some sparkling Australian burgundy, which is also a very noteworthy fluid. One catches here, I think, the scent of the wattle and the wafted odour of eucalyptus-



THE INQUIRING MIND AT HONG-KONG.

Visitor. "Is this REAL BIRD'S-NEST SOUP, OR JUST MOCK?"

foods. "Only supposing this yer bun was a bit of bread-fruit and you an' me alone by one of them lagoons!"

But one must not forget the wines.



THE SIMPLE LIFE OF THE SUB-TROPICS.

trees. The wines from Cyprus and Palestine we have never sampled yet, though I often look longingly at them in the list:—

“DESSERT WINES.

Hope of the Crusaders (red)
Malaga style.

Pearl of Jericho (white)
Sherry style.”

How difficult they are to withstand! I once saw a dark bottle in the window of a village grocer's shop marked with the simple label, “Wine—Port Style,” and the words have always haunted my brain. And yet, as the Illustrator reminds me, what if the Wembley catalogue happened to be misprinted, and this “Hope of the Crusaders” turned out to be, not a dessert, but a desert wine? Any port, as they say, in a dust-storm; and the Crusaders were a thirsty lot.

And then there is arack. We must certainly try arack some day. I believe one goes amok on arack.

There is one other thing besides wine that Wembley produces in riotous abundance, and that is jam. The Empire importunes you, like the goblins in the poem, to buy the strangest fruits conceivable, made up into jams, and, if housewives do their duty, there is no reason why the children of England should not sticky the school-room door-handles all this winter with Imperial juices, from guava jelly to cloud-berry conserve. “And now, Charles, what is the great historical lesson that to-day's marmalade teaches us?”

EVOE.

THE PETS OF GENIUS.

[The marked interest shown by certain sections of the Press in the vicissitudes of the domestic animals owned by celebrities in the world of Art and Letters, illustrated in the accounts given of the last hours of M. PADEREWSKI's dog and, more recently, of the untimely decease of M. CHALLAINE's monkey, leads Mr. Punch to believe that the appended anecdotes—for the truth of which he is not prepared to vouch—will be eagerly read by a large public.]

BOMBOSO'S CORMORANT.

PROSTRATE IN A WEST-END HOTEL.

POET'S ALLEGATION AGAINST CHEF.

The cormorant who is lying seriously ill at a West-End Hotel is the property of the poet Signor Assai di Bomboso, and has been for several years his inseparable companion. The poet is stated to have complained that the bird's digestion had become impaired while staying at the hotel. The chef, interviewed by our correspondent, is understood to have said that if Signor Bomboso does not withdraw the allegation a suit for libel may result.

Later.—The bird is sinking rapidly.

Later Still.—The poet's cormorant has recovered. The cause of his indisposition is now known. He had inadvertently swallowed a copy of his master's latest volume of poems, which he has most fortunately returned. The patient is doing extremely well and no further bulletins will be issued.

FAMOUS SOPRANO'S DESPAIR.

SINGS TO HER MORIBUND GOLDFISH.

“I AM HEART-BROKEN,” SAYS MADAME BEGONIA.

CHICAGO'S SYMPATHY.

WILL THERE BE A PUBLIC FUNERAL?

“Yes,” said the world-renowned singer simply to the representatives of the Press who came to interview her on the following morning, “I have been travelling about the States with sixteen trunks, three maids and a goldfish in a glass bowl. I cannot exist without love, and he was so devoted to me! Last night I saw that he was failing. I was due at the Opera House, but I could not leave him. I sat by his bowl and sang to him. *Cavo nome* seemed to do him good and he ate an ant's egg, his staple diet; but after *Oui, nous n'avons pas de bananes!* he turned over and floated. He was g-gone.” Madame Begonia burst into tears. “I shall never sing again. I have cancelled all my engagements,” she sobbed.

There was a subdued clicking of cameras, and the representatives of the Press, respecting her grief, crept out on tiptoe.

DRAMATIC STREET SCENE.

AMAZING COURT STORY OF ANTE-DILUVIAN MONSTER.

MISSED THE ARK BUT CAUGHT A LINER.

It will be remembered that an American expedition found a clutch of antediluvian eggs in the Gobi desert and brought them back to the Metropolitan Museum. Mrs. Turberville Tutt, the intrepid woman explorer whose *Me and the Moghul* was one of last season's best-sellers, has been even more fortunate; for while in the same locality she found an ichthyosaurus egg and succeeded, with the aid of an improvised incubator, in hatching it out. “I attribute my success,” she told an interviewer, “to the fact that I once took a three months' course in Infant Welfare. The Americans could not have done anything with him if they had found him. They were only men, and he needed a mother's care.”

Mrs. Tutt brought Ikky, as she called him, with her when she came home to see her forthcoming book, *I go by Gobi*, through the press. He was greatly attached to his mistress and accompanied her everywhere. When Mrs. Tutt went to her favourite stores yester-

day, however, the commissionaire declined to admit him. After a prolonged argument Mrs. Tutt consented to leave him tied up outside. She was in the stores for half-an-hour. On coming out she found Ikky perfectly quiet and good-tempered, but of the nineteen dogs who had been awaiting their respective owners in his company nothing remained but three steel chains and half a muzzle (bent). The commissionaire had also disappeared.

This occurrence had a sequel in the police-court this morning when Mrs. Turberville Tutt was summoned for creating a disturbance and for keeping a young ichthyosaurus, described on the charge-sheet as an animal, not under proper control. After hearing the evidence the magistrate fined Mrs. Tutt five guineas and costs and ordered that the animal should be destroyed. Mrs. Tutt, who pleaded hard for the life of her pet, left the court in tears.

VASCO GLUPPI'S INFALLIBLE TEST.

SCORPION WHO LIKES SOMETHING TUNY.

From an article on the work of that most modern of British composers, Vasco Gluppi, who has recently settled in Sardinia, it appears that he always tries over the score of any new piece to a tame scorpion who lives in his garden. If the creature remains basking in the sun and apparently undisturbed he scraps what he has written; if, on the contrary, it hurriedly takes refuge under a stone he sends the composition to his publisher. Recently the scorpion disappeared and Mr. Gluppi expressed a fear that his work would suffer in consequence. He may have been right, for it must be admitted that his *Rhapsody in F*, which has just been published and which was given for the first time at the Todbury Festival, was distinctly tuneful, a fact which no doubt accounted for its unfavourable reception.

A Rift in the Roof.

From an evening paper's report of Sir JOHN SIMON's speech at Heckmond-wike:—

“It was obvious that when promising a solution of the unemployment problem they [the Labour Government] had been talking through their hats.”

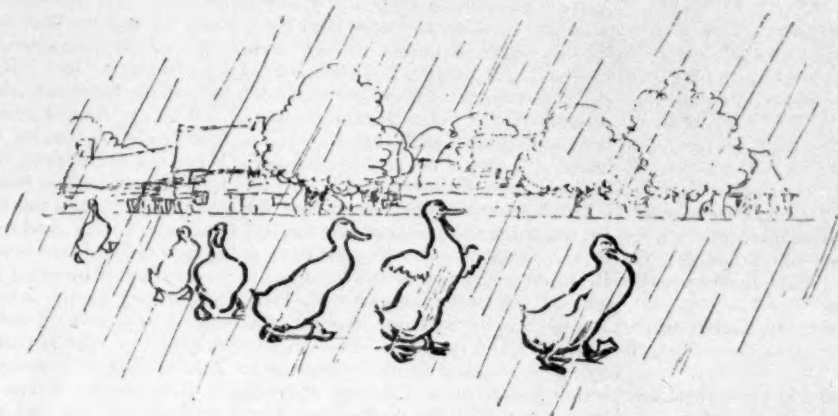
From the next paragraph in the same paper:—

“On Saturday the Independent Labour Party move to new headquarters.”

Let us hope that these new “head-quarters” will have no hole in the top to talk through.

“A woman in hospital at St. Denis has been found by the doctors to have her heart on the right side.”—*Evening Paper*.

Well, where would they have it?



WHEN WE WERE VERY YOUNG.

XXV.—HAPPINESS.

John had
Great Big
Waterproof
Boots on;
John had a
Great Big
Waterproof
Hat;
John had a
Great Big
Waterproof
Macintosh—
And that
(Said John)
Is
That.

A. A. M.



Ernest H. Shepard

WHAT TOMMY SAW AT BRIGHTON.

VII.—THE BROWN DOG.

"George," I said, as we left the People's Dreamland, "we have seen many strange alluring personalities in this town, but, with the single exception of Belle Heather, the dark woman, and Belle's handsome friend, they were all, so far as we know, citizens of Brighton. Where, George, are the financiers, peers, adventuresses and vamps who flock to Brighton from beyond its borders? Or so I understand. Where, in fact, are the wicked Londoners?"

"Quite right, old boy," said George. "We'll go to the *Night-jar*. They'll all be there."

We returned to the Cosmopole and changed back into evening-dress.

When we had dressed George said it

was a little early for the *Night-jar* yet, and he led me back to the American Bar. There he ordered for me a drink called Brown Dog, which was not so much an After-Meal Digestive as a Between-Meals Fortifier. It took a long time to concoct, and when it was concocted it looked like a coffee cream, but in my belief its bite was worse than its bark. At dinner George had ordered a very special white wine. At the People's Dreamland we had had a gingerade. And while I sat there sipping doubtfully at the Brown

Dog, I became extraordinarily eloquent and clear-headed. I saw everything in its true perspective. The shams and deceptions of Society fell away before me like a mist. The conviction grew on me that George was playing with me, and I became very indignant.

"George," I said warmly, "I will be put off no longer. Ever since we arrived here you have been promising and not performing. I, on my side, have promised an Editor to see life at Brighton. If things go on as they are my readers will conclude that there is no wickedness at Brighton. And if that once gets abroad where are we? Always till now, when men have flung in our faces the superior excitements of Paris, we have had our answer. 'London may be dull,' we have said, 'but look at Brighton!' And now, George—"

"Quite right, old boy," said George placidly.

"I tell you what, George—it's my belief the legend of the wicked Londoner

at Brighton is no more than a legend. And it has been put about by the youth of Brighton to be an excuse and cover for every kind of licence of their own. If this is so, George, I shall leave no stone unturned to expose the fraud. I believe that the young Brightoner, born, bred and permanently braced in this intolerable east wind, grows up to manhood, ay, and womanhood too, with an insatiable craving for pleasure and sin. Do not think that I blame him (or her). A man foredoomed to live his days at Brighton would not be human if he did not seek an outlet somewhere. From an early age his taste for sensation was cultivated and supplied. Year in, year out, he was taken in his little pram to watch the arrival of a number of stock-brokers who had just walked from London, or was led below ground into the

occupation was essential. He took to dancing. He demanded dancing with such an urgency that dancing was supplied all over the town. There sprang up 'Sherry's' and 'Monkey's'; they danced on Saturday afternoons at the Y.M.C.A. Caught and helpless in the great tide of revelry the Cosmopole began a Tea Dancing; the Large Hotel followed suit. The fever spread to the lower classes, and the People's Dreamland was born. And now, as you have seen yourself, there is scarcely an hour in the day, a building in the town, at which they do not dance. No day, no season is sacred. I noticed at the Cosmopole an old advertisement about Easter. Easter, it seems, was celebrated in Brighton by a Tea Dancing. The night before they had a special Bal de Gala—"



The Woman. "I THOUGHT YOU SAID YOU COULD ROW."

gloomy vaults of the Aquarium to see the sea-lion fed. Later he was given six coppers and sent upon the pier to squander them. There he contracted the gambler's habit; there he learned without a tremor to stake his last copper at the 'Guess Your Weight' machine, or pitted himself against the 'Try Your Grip' for money. And there, by the careful forethought of the local authorities, he had his first glimpse of the brilliant life of cities: there, by the grace of science, he saw with his own eyes What Tommy Saw in Paris; or, greatly daring, disbursed his tiny fortune on What the Butler Saw. Growing up, he found employment in the Metropolis and contracted early the habit of travelling in Pullman cars. Bored all day in London, the evening found him braced again at Brighton; and at the week's end, when for two whole days the east wind braced him without interruption, he found himself invariably so full of fire and devilry that some gay reckless

what they are? Why can't they say frankly and honourably, 'We are a race apart. Living, as we do, at Brighton, we have to do as Brighton does. We need pleasure; we cannot live without sensation. It is the air. But there is no reason why anyone else should do as we do?' Instead of that, George, they sedulously foster, George—they sedulously foster,

"Quite right, old boy."

"They sedulously foster, George, this lying tale that it is the Londoners, not they, who err and stay—who err and stray. Oh, it is despi—it is despicable—it is despic—"

"Quite right, old boy."

"It is despicable, George," I continued easily. "Who, in fact, are the Londoners who come here? What manner of men are the guests at this hotel? Who, George—?"

"Couldn't say, old boy."

"They are Deans, George. At any rate I saw few men at dinner who

"Quite right, old boy," said George, puffing placidly at his cigar.

"Quite right, it may be. For those who dwell at Brighton everything is right. There is neither law nor custom nor convention. Pleasure, senseless pleasure, is their sole divinity. And, as you say, they may be right. But is it right—I say, is it right, George—"

"Quite right, old boy."

"Is it right, George, that these proceedings should be fathered on the guileless Londoner? Why cannot the heady youth of Brighton confess themselves for



AT A SEASIDE "EMPORIUM."

Shopman to Visitor (who wishes to make a very small and simple purchase). "YOU MAY BE ABLE TO GET WHAT YOU REQUIRE IN THE FISHERMEN'S QUARTER, MADAM. THIS IS THE SHOPPING END OF THE TOWN."

might not easily have been a Dean incognito. The women, George, are chiefly social workers, domestic, virtuous. You may have noticed how many young families are here. For the rest, they are the members of socio-politico-con—"

"Socio—what, old boy?"

"Socio-politico-conferences, George. Brighton, as you would know, George, if you read the papers, is the home of Conferences. The waterside has ever exercised an irresistible attraction on the serious and great. When KING CANUTE wished to teach his counsellors a lesson he had a conference on the beach. When the Big Four meant business they had a conference at Cannes. When men make peace they have a conference at Geneva. And when a Party prepares for War, it has a conference at Brighton. There are at the moment, George, no fewer than seven conferences at Brighton—"

"As many as that, old boy?"

"Seven conferences, George. It is not for nothing that Brighton has been called the Committee-Room of England.

The Liberal mass-rally has just concluded. But we have still the Society for the Maintenance of Free Trade and Free Love; there is the annual gathering of the Society of Stamp-Collectors and the International Conference on Bee-disease; the Seven-Point Group are discussing the problem of the Unmarried Daughter with the Bachelors' Union; then there is the Society for the Prevention of Rain, and lastly the Joint Conference of the Executive Committee of the British Society of Undertakers and the Council of the Royal Society for Popularising Cremation."

"Well done, old boy!"

"These, George," I said, "are London's contribution to Brighton—"

"Quite right, old boy."

"And is it right, George, that these worthy and devoted workers should be vilified—that the name of London should be used as a convenient shield for the indulgence of Younger Brighton—is it right, George—?"

"Quite right, old boy," said George sleepily.

"I question whether you have taken

my point, George. Do you or do you not agree that the only wicked people at Brighton are the Brightoners?"

"Quite right, old boy," said George, rising. "And now let's go to the Night-jar."

On the way to the Night-jar I explained the whole thing to him over again.

A. P. H.

Our Adipose Agitators.

"Mr. —, the strike leader, stated that he had received an anonymous letter, in which his correspondent threatened to shoot him for being responsible for the strike. 'Very well,' said Mr. —, 'if I am shot I shall be a martyr to the cause, and then the fat will be in the fire.'"—*Provincial Paper.*

"DOWDYISM AT GEN. SMUTS' MEETING DENOUNCED."

Headline in Jersey Paper.

Still it's no use being *chic* with smuts about!

"There cannot be coherence in a ship's course with two needles in the capstan."

Advt. in San Francisco Magazine.

Not unless a couple of hawsers are hitched over the binnacle.



IMPOVERISHED MODERNIST, FORCED TO MAKE A DIRECT APPEAL TO A PHILISTINE PUBLIC, SELECTS A CONGENIAL TYPE OF PAVEMENT SO AS TO MAKE AS LITTLE SACRIFICE OF PRINCIPLE AS POSSIBLE.

LIVES OF THE LITTLE MEN.

THE Derby is over: Lord DERBY has justified his title: his horse has added new lustre to the name of the builder of the Old Library in Venice; and the Government are faced with the problems: How harmful is a sweepstake, and what shall we do about it between now and next Derby-day?

But, in spite of the fierce light that was beating upon the drama of Epsom Downs for weeks before the race, we are still as ignorant as ever of the inner life of the chief human participants in it. Beyond their names we still know nothing about the jockeys; they remain a secret society of little men, with only one face between them, as every photograph manifests. Indeed, it is possible almost to come to believe that race-horses are ridden by names alone.

What to us does the word DONOGHUE convey beyond a coming-on disposition, unhappily not quite so pronounced as it used to be? All that we can say for certain is that, like his colleagues, he is short in stature, spare in figure, clean-shaven (moustaches being, I suppose, so heavy), bow-legged and partial to bright-coloured silks, and that what time he does not spend in riding seems to be spent in travelling from course to course, from horse to horse.

In private life, as I am in a position to tell, STEPHEN DONOGHUE is quiet and studious. Most of his not inconsiderable gains have been invested in his picture gallery, which contains no fewer than three REMBRANDTS, and takes count of such moderns as MATISSE and PAUL NASH. So much for the real STEVE.

We will next take the three jockeys who were placed in the recent Derby, beginning with T. WESTON, the rider of the winner. This admirable performer takes his name from the favourite Somerset watering-place, which, in honour of the great event of June 4th, 1924, is now to be known as Weston-super-colt. As a mere infant he performed prodigies of valour on the family rocking-horse, thus making it clear to what a destiny he was shaping. A profound Italian scholar, it was he who in 1921 persuaded LORD DERBY to give his yearling the honoured name of Sansovino, thus linking up the jockey's birthplace with the Queen of the Adriatic. His motto is, "On, Stanley, on."

F. BULLOCK, the rider of St. Germans for Lord ASTOR (who, although famous as our Best Second, is not, as has been alleged, changing his name to Lord Oyster) is in private life an ardent musician. Under a well-known pseudonym he has composed a number of *morceaux*

for the piano which few people would guess were often thought out actually in the saddle. Ole Bull, the Scandinavian violinist, is sometimes mentioned as an ancestor, but I have no proof of this.

V. SMYTH, who steered Hurstwood into the third place, originally spelt his name in the usual way common to all the great family, from Lord BIRKENHEAD downwards, but having had once, at Victoria Station, on the way to Lingfield, a sharp dispute with a bookstall attendant who was clearly in the wrong, he changed the spelling to Smyth as a protest. In other words he became a Y-man. Apart from this single fracas, V. Smyth is the most placid and pacific of men, never so happy as when seated in his arm-chair in his pleasant panelled library in Park Lane, turning over a portfolio of old prints or lovingly handling a first folio Shakespeare.

LORD ROSEBERRY's colt Parmenio was ridden in the Derby by E. C. ELLIOTT, but was not placed; the same jockey rode the same owner's Plack in the Oaks and came in second. ELLIOTT, in addition to being at the head of the riding averages for the current season—and, although in that proud position, having lost his steady backers a lot of money!—is a poet of some distinction, and his ode to LORD ROSEBERRY on his recent birthday is quoted wherever oats

are eaten and bran is mashed. "Primest of Roses," it begins:—

"Primest of Roses, and of charm the
essence,
Long mayst thou grace the Durdans
with thy presence!"

and so forth for twenty couplets more.

B. CARSLAKE, known to his friends as "Brownie," is a jockey purely by the decree of fate. His heart is in cricket, and nothing but his physique, his irregular length and direction when bowling and his defective attack and imperfect defence when batting, prevented him from playing for Australia, his native land, with ARMSTRONG'S team two or three years ago.

H. BEASLEY, who rode the luckless Tom Pinch, is a born botanist, and the fact that he does not invariably come in first is due to his hobby, for he has often dismounted during a race to pick a rare specimen blooming by the course. No doubt this passion for science explains the position of Tom Pinch in the classic race the other day. No other reason has been given.

As for the rest, ARCHIBALD is a chess enthusiast and dreams every night of beating CAPABLANCA; H. JELLISS collects stamps; C. SMIRKE makes deadly caricatures of his friends; M. BEARY, an ardent Prohibitionist, sings tenor in the village choir whenever his engagements enable him to spend Sunday at home; J. CHILDS is a water-colourist rather in the manner of BRABAZON, and R. A. JONES trains jackdaws to talk and bullfinches to whistle.

How much more interesting will such details as these make the little men when next you see them, either at Ascot or Goodwood! E. V. L.

SEASONABLE HELP.

SIR,—On behalf of many of your younger readers may I appeal to you to help us over our great difficulty at this time of the year?

The songs of the birds, the scent of the flowers, and one thing and another, set in motion within us something which impels us to write poetry.

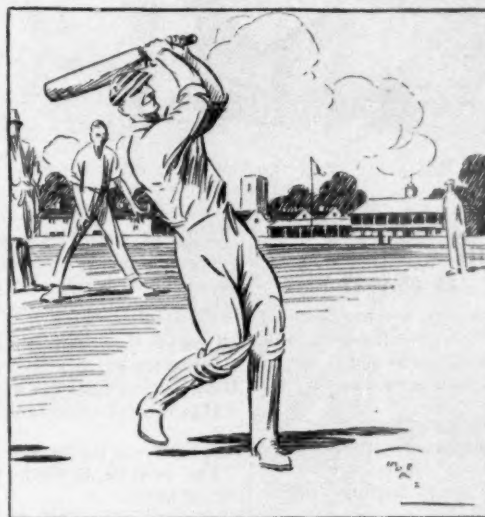
We know what we would like to say, and we could manage the metre pretty well. Where we come a cropper is at the rhyme.

It is true that there is stuff without rhyme that is supposed to be poetry; but that won't do for us. If you sent that sort of thing to anyone, any friend of yours for instance, it wouldn't cut any ice at all. There must be rhymes—there is no getting away from that.

Now the best rhyme for a word is the same word. What's more, it's the easiest. And we want something easy. It isn't as if we were clever like those



THE MOST INOPPORTUNE PHOTOGRAPH MAY BE—



IMMENSELY IMPROVED BY A LITTLE
JUDICIOUS TRIMMING.

johnnies who write poetry in your paper every week.

Couldn't you, Sir, introduce a new fashion in poetry, in which the method of rhyming which I have suggested would be allowed and recognised? Then I for one, with thousands of others, could get a move on, and without wasting too many of these light evenings could more or less pour it out. For instance:—

When evening smiles the glorious thrush
Sings his glad song, dear Annabel,
And when I listen to the thrush
I think of you, my Annabel.

Yes, I know it doesn't sound right for this year's weather; but with your great

influence it might do very nicely by next year. Having to change the name wouldn't in the least spoil it.

Yours, etc., LIGHTLY TURNHAM.

"The Welsh were masters of gorilla warfare."—*Weekly Paper*.

So these are the people who have been wiping out this noble breed and causing so much excitement in *The Times*.

"Household Furniture, including Skeleton Wardrobes, with curtains, bedding, blankets, sheets, quilts, etc."—*New Zealand Paper*.

Everything in fact that the most exacting family skeleton could require for his cupboard.



Susceptible Little Boy. "I THINK THEY'RE SILLY, THESE OLD-FASHIONED PROGRAMMES. YOU GET BOOKED UP; THEN HALFWAY THROUGH THE EVENING YOU CLICK WITH SOMEBODY, AND THERE YOU ARE—ABSOLUTELY DONE!"

STANZAS WRITTEN IN EXTREME DEJECTION AT THE END OF LAST WEEK.

THERE is no Summer, she has fled;
The earth is filled with floods of rain;
I think that I shall go to bed
Till kindly Winter comes again;

Till kindly Winter, stern and true,
Relays her comfortable fires,
And snow obliterates from view
The aspect of the streaming shires.

Does anybody want to buy
A racquet and some buckskin shoes,
And several zephyr shirts that I
Shall never have the chance to use?

I went to see a cricket-match;
A single (through the slips) was made;
The wicket-keeper dropped a catch,
And that was all the cricket played!

The tumult and the shouting died,
The captains and their teams went
in;

I travelled on a 'bus, outside;
My underclothes are rather thin.

Does anybody want a lot
Of golf-clubs that have ploughed the
leas

In happier years, and since the rot
Might still be used for training peas?

The age of NOAH has recommenced,
The aqueous years once more return;
The gods, with this vile orb incensed,
Have vowed to sink the whole concern.

All things that were before the Flood
Infest the earth with bellowing noise;
A dinosaurus chewing cud
Has been observed at Chesham Bois.

The lightning lights, the rivers rise,
The heaven is dark with thunder
glooms;
The gentle dace, with quiet eyes,
Come floating into drawing-rooms.

There was a garden-party once
To which (I know not why or how)
I had been asked—a Mrs. Bunce—
Where is that garden-party now?

Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
I mean to say, where are the hordes
Who hoped for seats at Wimbledon,
And can these bulrushes be Lord's?

Gladly would I exchange some neat
But yet not gaudy flannel things
For overshoes ("eleven" feet),
Or pair of sound umbrella springs.

Above the earth's despairing bog
Looms momentarily the sullen dawn;
Does anybody want a frog
I found last night upon the lawn?

There is no beauty in the rose,
The song of birds is all a myth;
Would anybody like a hose
For watering his flower-beds with?

I have an old barometer
That somebody might like to buy,
Which when you tap it does not stir
But still remains at "Very Dry."

There is no Summer, she has fled;
The earth is filled with floods of rain;
I think that I shall go to bed
Till kindly Winter comes again.

Our Optimistic Advertisers.

"GARDEN HOSE.

Order now before the drought overtakes
you."—*Daily Paper.*

"And now back to Bristol in the shades of
evening, through the beautiful valley of
Limpley Stoke, with a peep at the bridge over
which the river runs."—*Local Paper.*

The floods in the West must have been
even worse than we had supposed.

A propos of the Cricket Champion-
ship:—

"Five points are awarded for a win. In a
drawn game the side leading on first innings
take three points and 84-95. Brussels, 97½.
Berlin, 18 billions."—*Provincial Paper.*

The present system has its objections;
but this strikes us as far too complicated.



LÈSE-MAJESTÉ.

TRADE UNIONISM (to Unofficial Striker). "THIS IS NOT AN ORDINARY STRIKE—IT'S RANK REVOLUTION. YOU'RE NOT MERELY DEFYING YOUR EMPLOYERS AND THE PUBLIC—YOU'RE DEFYING ME!"

[Inset: John Bull keeps himself in training for a repetition of the recent strike.]





Lady. "I DON'T WANT TO SAY A WORD AGAINST PUBLIC-HOUSES IN GENERAL; IT'S THE ATMOSPHERE OF SOME OF THEM THAT I DON'T LIKE."
Old Woman. "I AGREE WITH YOU, MISS; THEY DO GET A BIT STUFFY AFTER A TIME."

DYING CONDITIONS IN AMERICA.

EVERYBODY who knows anything at all about the world knows what a wonderful place America is to live in; among all the more enlightened nations this is a generally accepted fact and needs no arguing.

But a peculiarity which is no less a fact, though it is not so generally known, is that America is just as wonderful a place to die in. People do not often consider this, yet it is one of the main points of American superiority; New York's dying conditions are almost ideal. There are all the latest modern conveniences and up-to-date improvements, and nearly anybody, no matter how poor he is, can arrange to get killed at a moment's notice. (When I say killed, I refer here, of course, to the normal death, *i.e.* getting run over in traffic.)

I cannot imagine, for example, a spot in all the world more perfectly adapted for dying than Times Square—unless it is Herald Square, or possibly Columbus Circle. Not only does Seventh Avenue here join forces with Broadway, either one of which could compete single-handed with any foreign stamping

ground, but four of the most deadly of the latitudinal streets cross the crossing. This is a combination that it takes a genius to outwit; if Broadway and Seventh Avenue do not attend to a man, he can rest assured that Forty-second or Forty-third or Forty-fourth or Forty-fifth Street will.

Of the three, Times Square is probably the most aristocratic. Herald Square is crossed by the Sixth Avenue "L," which makes so much noise that the policeman who picks you up never gets your name straight, and it is cold and shady and muddy and disagreeable; and Columbus Circle, though it can probably show almost as good a record as either of the others, is a very white and newish sort of place, fenced in with plate-glass windows advertising motor-cars and griddle-cakes, and has a kind of salesman-stenographer air about it that throws a pretty heavy cloud over a man's family if he gets himself killed off there. Times Square is socially the safest place. You know that you are all right if you get run over in Times Square.

There is less social tradition restraining the choice of what vehicle to have run over you. Almost any machine is

respectable. It is generally considered a little more refined to use a common yellow taxi, although many well-bred people prefer the old-fashioned street-car, and quite a few of the younger families are garish enough in their taste to like Ladder-Waggons No. 7 and No. 8 of the New York Fire Department, which are painted a brilliant crimson and have six wheels; but there is indisputably not nearly so much of a vulgar display with a yellow taxi.

These yellow taxis are built for business. They are red-orange in colour to begin with, and thus exert a psychological attraction on the sub-conscious will and pull pedestrians straight into their clutches. They are equipped, in the second place, with nickel "bumpers" running across the front and rear of each chassis. The purpose of this outrigging is evident after a moment's thought. The forward "bumper," since you could hardly expect the wheels to run over you while you are standing up, is there to hit you and stretch you out on the street. The rear "bumper" is more of an emergency affair; it is curved out on each side of the rear tyres in the manner of a war-chariot,



Grandpa. "MINE 'S DOING 'FAUST.' WHAT 'S YOURS DOING?"

so that if by some miscalculation the driver failed to throw you with the front one, the bent ends of this rear one will catch you back of the knees and down you for the convenience of the next yellow taxi three feet behind.

For it is a Union rule that there shall never be more than three feet between taxis. This, of course, gives you the satisfaction of never having to wait. If you have decided on a street-car or a fire-engine you may have to wait five minutes before you get a chance to show what you are made of, but with these taxis all you have to do is step off the kerb.

In general, yellow taximen do not care to go out of their way to run over you, because if they do, and kill you, they are liable to lose their licences, and you are not worth it; but it almost never happens that you are not in the way of at least one of them. Indeed there is a place east of Fifth Avenue at about Eighteenth Street—I will not give the name of the place, as it is not usually thought to be in the same class with Times Square and the rest (though I have seen some mighty fine exhibits there) and I do not wish to seem to be advertising it—where the no-man's-land is

about hundred-and-fifty yards wide and vehicles come curving across it from approximately eight points of the compass. I once saw a man there get in the way of three yellow taxis. They are not a very courteous crowd, these drivers, and none of them would give him up; every one of them claimed that he had seen the man first. And it was at this time that I devised the rule of thumb that if anything can be more effective than a yellow taxi it is simply yellow taxis.

But they have one great limitation; they are excellent in their way and undoubtedly afford the most popular mode of dying in the country, but they cannot work in closed traffic. When the lights in the traffic towers turn against them they have to stop; this means that the times at which they can attend to you are limited.

Now there is one machine that I have not yet mentioned, upon which the traffic lights have no effect whatever; no matter what the lights say, it will come down Fifth Avenue as though it were trying to work up enough speed to jump over the arch in Washington Square. There are comparatively few of them, which is a hardship, but to

many this is more than balanced by the subtle convenience which arises out of the very nature of the waggons. I refer, of course, to the New York ambulances.

Their drivers, unlike the taximen, feel no embarrassment about going out of their way to hit you; far from being handicapped by the fear of losing their licences, I have it on good authority that they are paid a perquisite of so much per head for anybody extra they can bring in. To them the inhabitants of the city are nothing more than so many peripatetic five-dollar bills, and every one they can run down means, to speak vulgarly, another pair of shoes for the baby. It is thus their duty to their families to do away with you.

And this mode of dying is also of immense convenience to pedestrians, for it is a psychological fact that a man is less eager to die after he has been run over than he was before, and these machines, immediately after stretching you out, put you inside and take you straight on to the hospital. Just the other day I was talking to an acquaintance of mine who is slowly recovering from having caught a fleeting glimpse of the bottom of one of these waggons, and his contention is that the

drivers are invariably men with some knowledge of anatomy and that they know exactly what part of you to run over, a knowledge which is, of course, not in the possession of the ordinary yellow taximan. He felt that this was an advantage to be considered in balancing ambulances against yellow taxis; but personally, though I admit the luxury of ambulances, their comparative scarcity on the streets makes me cast my preference in favour of the taxis.

There are many other ways of doing it. There are trucks and buses and limousines of soap manufacturers; there are the subway trains and the elevated trains, each Company furnishing an average of about eighty fast-moving wheels every minute, not to speak of an adequate third-rail; there are easy chances of being shot by somebody who wants your pocket-book, or of walking off the roof of the Petit Building and falling half-a-mile; there are, moreover, two rivers and a harbour to get drowned in, half-a-dozen high-swung bridges to leap from, and innumerable ferries and small boats and barges from which any deck-hand would be glad to throw you. Space does not permit me even to enumerate all the methods of dying, but, though I do not profess to have examined the subject exhaustively, it is safe to say that, no matter what your chosen exit may be, America can supply it to you in wholesale quantities. U. S. A.

A ROMANCE OF TO-MORROW.

THEY had played together in the fields and down by the little stream, when he was eight and she was six.

Into his memories of those days there would steal the clear-cut picture of a little figure, a black-haired grey-eyed elf, dancing before him over the flowered meadows or lying beside him on the bank of the stream through the long sunny hours.

And when he had come back from his first term at school for a summer holiday that stretched out in his memory to an endless succession of golden days, she had been the companion of his rambles, the abettor of his escapades and the confidante of his ambitions.

He remembered the night before she had left with her people for India. He was sixteen then—still a mere boy, but they had stood there together very still and quiet in the blue dusk of the June evening and whispered of their love.

And then, to stifle the pain that came creeping into his heart, he had broken into a torrent of wild boasting. He would win all the world for her and bring it to her feet. And she, crying softly and holding to the lapels of his



Conductor (with four farthings tendered by boy in payment of fare). "BLIMEY! YOU'LL BE BRINGING JAM-JARS NEXT."

blazer, had promised to wait for him for ever and ever.

"Jeannie," he had said, "I would gain a throne for you if I thought you cared for such things." And she had answered, "Dick, oh, Dick, I shall only want you."

And that was twenty years ago. Their paths had diverged and she had passed out of his life. The old days now seemed to him not even the vision of far-off happy things, but the beautiful days of some other and more wonderful existence. He had ceased to nurse his early ambitions.

* * * * *

The Secretary of State for War stopped

toying moodily with a fountain-pen and touched the bell again irritably, impatiently. The door opened and the new shorthand-typist entered.

"You must be more punctual!" snapped the Minister. "Takedown—"

The new shorthand-typist stood still, staring at the distinguished person who glared angrily from the swivel chair.

"Jeannie! oh, Jeannie!" stammered the new shorthand-typist, "is it—it cannot—"

Mrs. Clapperton (*née* Jean Mackay), Secretary of State for War, peered through her pince-nez. "Mr. Richard Strachan?" she remarked drily. "Be seated, please, and takedown this letter."



J. H. BOWEN 24

WON BY A LENGTH.
AN ASCOT SUGGESTION FOR CLIMBERS.

A DUELLO.

Frederick, who was standing beside me at the time and saw the whole incident from beginning to end, puts the blame on the piermaster. Possibly Frederick is right. Certainly the man lost control of himself. Undoubtedly too he abused his authority. But I blame the woman. As far as I was able to judge, indeed, she brought the whole thing on herself. She goaded the man and flicked him on the raw and goaded him again until his tottering reason floundered from its throne.

As so often happens in affairs of violence, the initial dispute was of so trivial a nature that it might well have passed unnoticed. Yet the climax when it came was so unexpected, so utterly nerve-racking, that I could only shut my eyes and turn away. When I looked again all was over. Not one among the Italians who were standing round while the affair was developing had raised a finger to avert the consequences.

The woman had placed her

basket directly in the track of oncoming passengers, and the piermaster, dignified and abrupt in his new uniform, had

asked her to move it. That was all. The matter might have been adjusted in a moment. But the woman, resent-

ing the tone of the request, shrugged her shoulders at the piermaster and grinned. True, she moved the offending basket at the same time. But the piermaster took umbrage. With two strides he was upon her, his arms akimbo, shouting what appeared to be a dissertation on manners. The woman listened attentively. Her arms were folded, her head was thrown back and she stood motionless, one foot advanced. Not by the twitching of a muscle did she interrupt while the piermaster was shouting. No sooner had he finished, however, than she advanced the other foot, jerked her head forward and snorted—literally snorted—in the piermaster's face.

The oncoming passengers loitered to watch. They saw the piermaster's arms drop limply to his sides and his mouth fall open in sheer amazement. They saw him stiffen again under the strain of self-control. Then with a shudder-



“THE PIERMMASTER, DIGNIFIED AND ABRUPT IN HIS NEW UNIFORM, HAD ASKED HER TO MOVE IT.”

ing grunt he wrenched himself backward and away, as if not daring to trust his powers of restraint.

The incident might have ended here had the woman been content with what was, after all, a very real victory. Already the piermaster was returning to his duties, shuddering indeed, but obviously prepared to let bygones be bygones. Already he had resumed his customary attitude for pier-superintending, when the woman, flushed with success and seeking the bubble reputation at the piermaster's mouth, reopened hostilities. In a flash she had stepped forward, squeaked, puffed smartly on the back of the piermaster's head and was braced again, arms akimbo, eager for the result.

The piermaster spun round. His eyes were protruding now; his forehead bulged; his neck showed purple above the restricting collar of his tunic. I heard Frederick catch his breath. Would no one interfere to save the wretched woman from the results of her own folly? The full length of the little pier separated us from the disputants. We were helpless.

But the end was not yet. Beyond springing towards the woman, waving his arms and shouting at the top of his voice as though bent on her instant destruction, the piermaster did nothing. We began to breathe again. Not that the piermaster was entirely

appeased. Far from it. Three times did he turn away, all in the manner of a General whose campaign has crippled the foe, but always he swung back again, either to mention something he had forgotten or to recapitulate what had already been said.

The woman faced him gallantly. Her proud head, flung well back to avoid the bristling moustache, came steadily forward whenever circumstances permitted. Her eyes never flinched.

Then it happened.

Barely had the piermaster rounded off the last of his perorations, barely had his eyes returned to their sockets, barely had his waving arms dropped to rest at his sides, when, without a moment's warning, the woman stamped her foot and put out her tongue at him!

The air was electric. For a full three seconds the piermaster did nothing. He appeared to be stunned. Then his eyes began to protrude again, his veins rose quickly into prominence, his chest and shoulders heaved convulsively. And as I glanced at Frederick I read chill fear on his face.

"Poor headstrong woman!" he gasped. "This is the end."

And it was. With a Bedlamite scream the piermaster leapt forward. He was no longer human. For a second or two his arms flayed the air above his shoulders, while his fingers, clutching, quivering, clawing horribly, jerked ever in the direction of that slender throat. I heard the woman scream as she stumbled backward, I heard the thunder of the man's boots as he danced about her. I had a dazed impression of

the menace of maniac hands as they flashed down.

Then I closed my eyes and turned away, trembling.



"PUT OUT HER TONGUE AT HIM."

When I ventured to look again all was over.

The woman had vanished from the pier. Frederick pointed her out to me. She was strolling back towards the shops, chatting happily with another woman and admiring the gaily-coloured handkerchief of a companion who walked in front.

The piermaster, hands in pockets, was calmly superintending the withdrawal of our gangway.

"What did he do to her?" I asked, wiping the perspiration from my forehead.

"Snapped his fingers full in her face," said Frederick.

SUN-CURED CITIES.

LORD LEVERHULME, benign and calm, Dispenser of detergent balm, Whom *Burke* euphoniously styles The Viscount "of the Western Isles," In serious strain deplores and pities The "greyness" of our British cities. The charge, we own, is fairly flung By one whose withers are unwrung, For even now Port Sunlight's bliss Eclipses Heliopolis.

"Mind is the lever of all things"— So the sagacious prophet sings; Conversely we are pleased to find That LEVER is our master-mind, Whose heliotherapeutic rays Will brighten and prolong our days And never let our forces dwindle Spite of the fearsome feats of GRINDELL.



"WAVING HIS ARMS AND SHOUTING AT THE TOP OF HIS VOICE."

AT THE PLAY.

"LONDON LIFE" (DRURY LANE).

I SEEM to have read, a few days ago, in an evening paper a statement by Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT, in the course of which he expressed a very poor opinion of the scenery provided for *Pelléas and Mélisande* by the British Opera Company. But I have not heard that he has any complaint to make of the scenery provided for his own play at Drury Lane. I too found it excellent; far too good indeed for the stuff which is talked in front of it.

The conditions of Drury Lane are not congenial to a drama of political intrigue. People who practise this secretive habit are naturally disposed to agoraphobia, or a "morbid dread of open spaces." But if you must have political intrigue carried on in open spaces, with large crowds constantly intruding, it is as well to have it fairly topical. It is true, no doubt, that, like *Simon Blackshaw*, many politicians of the day are dependent upon Hebraic advice for their financial transactions, but the particular kind of scandal in which this play specialises—the alleged use of inside official information for the purpose of a Stock Exchange deal—belongs to a remote and dreadful past and had its last flicker as long ago as the *affaire Marconi*.

It looks as if Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT had been rummaging in some dusty pigeon-hole for this antiquity. I think, if I had his record—including that really good play, *The Great Adventure*, of which a revival is running at this moment—I should not have been very eager to give my name to a pot-boiler like *London Life*.

The title is misleading. We do not even get to the Metropolis at all till the Second Act. In the three scenes of the First Act—a solicitor's office in Bursley of "The Five Towns" (a tribute from Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT to Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT); the courtyard of the White Horse Inn, Ipswich (apparently selected for purely scenic purposes); and a country-house in Essex—we are introduced to a variety of characters who are about to be sucked into the vortex of London Life. But the patrons of Drury Lane melodrama will be rudely disappointed if they expect to be treated to paroxysms of gaiety. Tea on the Terrace of the Commons will not appease their pampered tastes; nor even a reception at the house of a political hostess. But they will love to indulge their ancient prejudice in favour of private conversations carried on aloud, and without noticeable embarrassment, in the presence of just anybody.

Yet here again I must warn them that this hallowed custom is not fol-

lowed as faithfully as of old. I suspect Mr. KNOBLOCK of insisting upon some of those sudden dispersals of the crowd by which the leading characters are left to a convenient privacy. There is the device of a division-bell which empties the Terrace; there is the sudden call to supper which summons away the distinguished company from *Sir Howard Nathan's* suburban pleasaunce; and you would never guess, from any experience you may have had of such functions, with what ordered swiftness the guests of *Mrs. Oppletree* contrived to demobilise when she wanted to be in a position to hear the confidences of the



THE BURSLEY LION SHAKES HIS MANE.

Simon Blackshaw . . . Mr. HENRY AINLEY.

Premier-Elect on the selection of his Cabinet.

The dialogue was rather stodgy. Fortunately Mr. AINLEY, who did most of the talking, did it at a great pace. There was not enough intentional humour to raise more than a few faint smiles, and I only carried away two samples of wisdom. The first of these—and I had heard something like it in *To Have the Honour*—described the modern flapper as one "who knows everything but understands nothing;" the other was *Blackshaw's* remark when he proposed, for his private gratification, to return to the political life which he would never have left if he had done his duty—"I owe it to the Public!" An excellent thrust at the self-conceit and self-deception—if not actual hypocrisy—of a certain type of politician.

I was sorry for Mr. AINLEY in the part of *Blackshaw*. He would have

been so much more happily employed in his old part in *The Great Adventure*. Was it his own choice? And, if so—but perhaps it would not be discreet to ask. Miss LILIAN BRAITHWAITE, in the part of *Mrs. Oppletree*, was, as always, gentle and sympathetic. But I never mistook her for a woman of ambition, who would be likely to drag her fool of a sporting husband out of the country life he loved and push him into politics, which he loathed. And, if she had really been built on these stout lines, I doubt if her conscience would have been sensitive enough to charge her with causing his death when (with one of his peculiarly rapid exits) he escaped to his yacht and fell overboard.

Miss MARY JERROLD was charming as *Mrs. Blackshaw*, and bore her elevation from the sombre levels of Bursley to the giddy heights of London Society with the nicest equipoise. Miss OLIVE SLOANE, as *Georgie Dream*, who rose with equal rapidity in the still more dazzling sphere of *revue*, was responsible for whatever gaiety the play exuded; and Miss HELEN SPENCER, as *Doris Blackshaw*, gave us, as if born to it, a picture of the hard-voiced, precocious, unlovable flapper who has displaced, on the stage as in life, the sweet and ingenuous type of a happier day.

Mr. HENRY VIBART did all that was humanly possible with the part of *Holyoke* (Premier-Elect), and Mr. J. H. ROBERTS' sketch of a solicitor's clerk was quietly admirable. Finally Mr. FRANK COCHRANE, in the character of *Howard Nathan*, made an adequately tough financier, without trying too hard to convince us of that gentleman's racial origin.

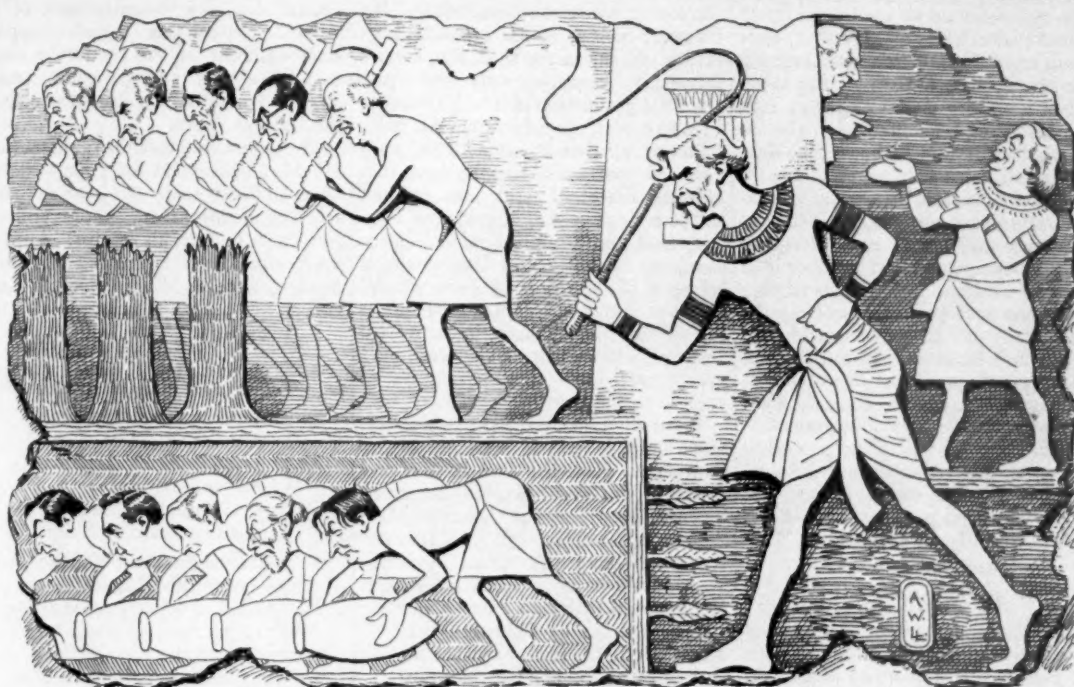
The scenery (and I am sure that Mr. ARNOLD BENNETT would like me to revert to this dominating feature) was, as I said, excellent, though the perspective of the House of Commons in the Terrace scene was a little too sudden for the animated background to keep up with it; and the river at Westminster Bridge (apparently closed to traffic) seemed to have been contracted with the object of allowing the County Council Hall to be worked in.

I haven't yet been to revive my memories of Mr. BENNETT's *The Great Adventure*, and so I cannot say how good the scenery is which they have given him there. But I think I must go and see that delightful comedy again for its own sake, and to correct my recent impressions of Mr. BENNETT as a playwright.

O. S.

GRAND GUIGNOL (COMEDY).

London's Grand Guignol has indeed fallen from grace. No longer need nerve-racked ladies implore their



Mr. LLOYD GEORGE. "WHAT WILT THOU DO IF OUR PEOPLE MURMUR?"
Mr. ASQUITH. "TARRY A LITTLE AND THOU SHALT BEHOLD."

squires to take them out of this, or stout sportsmen clutch the arms of their fauteuils and call softly upon the heavenly powers. In four pieces we have but two murders, one a mere plain piece of shooting done on the spur of the moment. No mad women to put out the eyes of young girls, no revived corpses to strangle their revivers; no men just going to the scaffold. Paltry, I call it.

However in *Private Room, No. 6*, done from the French of ANDRÉ DE LORDE and PIERRE CHAINE into English by JOSÉ G. LEVY, we get somewhere near the real thing. General Gregoroff (Mr. GEORGE BEALBY), a terrifically fierce Russian with a most abrupt black beard, is expecting a lady in an expensive discreet Parisian restaurant. He snarls and snaps at the waiters and you would not be surprised if he hit one of them in the leg; nor, you felt, would they. All Russian military officers are apt to behave like that. In fact the last time he supped here the General tried to strangle the head-waiter. Luckily, though remaining, after a tumblerful of kummel, quite normal in head and arms, his legs refused to carry him, and this cramped his style. So Victor escaped.

The beautiful Lea (Miss ISOBEL ELSOM) enters. The General's eyes bulge with passion. "Ah!" says he later, looking out of the window, "they have changed

my detectives. Didn't you know I always have to be protected? My people don't like me. Yes, I once had a man flogged to death." Lea's eyes flicker.



A SHOCK COMPETITION.

General Gregoroff (Mr. GEORGE BEALBY).
"THE MURDER IN MY SHOW IS MUCH MORE GRUESOME THAN THE ONE IN YOURS."

Peter Weston (Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL).
"AH, BUT WE GET AN ELECTROCUTION (off) THROWN IN."

You gather she is not really one of us poor girls, as she pretends, but a woman with a purpose. . . The kummel is on the table . . . You ought to be able to guess the rest.

Mr. BEALBY, our champion guignolist, enjoyed himself hugely. Miss ELSOM is distinctly gaining in power.

Dead Man's Pool, by VICTOR BRIDGES and T. C. BRIDGES, sounds very horrifying, but is only a gentle and none too bad joke about a fisherman, a convict and a salmon. Mr. HENRY OSCAR makes a creditable convict.

Peter Weston, from the American of FRANK DAZEY and LEIGHTON OSMUN, is a rapid four-Act affair about a heavy, heartless, hectoring industrialist, whose children's characters are warped by his tyranny, who lives for his confounded Pump Works, for Success and Power. Would you think that they had the nerve to cast Mr. NORMAN MCKINNEL for a part like this? Well, they had. And we all vastly enjoyed seeing this Rutherford-Anthony-MCKINNEL formula again. Of course Peter Weston was a fantastic ogre, not a real man, and I doubt whether even Mr. MCKINNEL himself, though he has got into the skin of so many parts of this type, could behave as badly as this in private life.

Mr. GEORGE BEALBY was attractive as a mournful decent soul who has chosen the better part of failure; Mr. RICHARD

BIRD was excellent as a son who drank himself to death by way of protest; Miss ELSOM was duly pathetic as the daughter, and Mr. HENRY OSCAR, in the small part of a murderer who ought to have been an artist, was effective. But on the whole this was rather a machine-made affair, with exciting moments.

In *E. & O. E.* Mr. ELIOT CRAWSHAY-WILLIAMS makes some tolerable fun out of a corpse and a will, both of course vastly amusing subjects; but does it at too great length. And he needlessly offends the susceptibilities of old-fashioned folk by pert irreverences which do not win their laugh even from the elect. But the plot is ingenious and with proper compression the piece should pass. The cast seemed a little amateurish.

At the finish, as ruddy and unshaken as when we entered, we strolled decorously out into the street, feeling just a little defrauded perhaps, but on the whole sufficiently entertained. T.

OPERATICS.

Nobody can complain of a lack of Opera this season. The difficulty is to keep pace with its quantity and to do justice to its quality. For me, I do but pluck from time to time a flower or two in this or that garden—Covent or another—and pass a few desultory and belated remarks on their fragrance.

For a public that has been so long in love with *The Beggar's Opera*, and found nothing in the vernacular to replace it, the British National Opera Company made a happy choice when they started their season with *The Marriage of Figaro*. There was no heroic singing, but MOZART's music does not here ask for anything heroic. It is in its concerted numbers rather than in its individual airs that the charm of this delightful opera lies; and the company's team-work was always most excellent. Mr. RANALOW as *Figaro* set a standard of gaiety which the others never reached. Miss LILLIAN STANFORD as *Susanna* came nearest to it. Miss LICETTE, who sang admirably in the part of the Countess, did not pretend to any gift of levity; and Mr. ANDREW SHANKS, who has a most attractive voice, seemed to have modelled himself on BYRON in a sombre mood of thwarted amorousness (with a touch of H. B. IRVING), and was consistently solemn. But the general tone was light-hearted enough.

The political satire directed against the nobility of his day in the original text of BEAUMARCHAIS was omitted in MOZART's setting, but it is significant that *Antonio*, the gardener, when delivering his report on the damage done by *Cherubino* to his flower-beds, takes the liberty of sitting down in the presence of his master,

the Count, who remains standing. Mr. CORBETT-SMITH, in his pleasant little handbook, mentions that the French Revolution occurred only five years after the production of *The Marriage of Figaro*, and, though he would not go so far as to say that BEAUMARCHAIS' work "had any particular bearing upon that hideous anarchy," still, one cannot be too careful in these days; and I am sure that the British National Opera Company would never forgive themselves if the example of *Antonio's* defiance of social order should encourage the revolutionary element in our midst! A delightful performance, and, as I very much hope, a good augury of success throughout the season.

Meanwhile, native talent is not confined to the British National Opera Company. Half the cast in *Madama Butterfly* at Covent Garden last week was British. Interest was centred on the first appearance of Miss MADELINE KELTIE, who, if American by birth, must surely be of Scottish extraction. Her voice, a little too vibrant, did not possess that quality of EMMIE DESTINN's which wrung the heart; and she missed something of the moving appeal of

"Troppa luce è di fuor,
E troppa primavera."

But her performance, which had been very carefully studied in detail, was most intelligent and sympathetic, though in the First Act I thought her exhibition of coquetry a mistake in so ingenuous an innocent as *Butterfly*.

As far as his singing went, Mr. JOSEPH HISLOR did very well as *Pinkerton*; but somehow the male contingent from U.S.A. always seem a bit sticky (*Pinkerton*, anyhow, is a poor hero), and their costumes make a very prosaic show against the graceful and gaily-coloured draperies of Nagasaki.

Even comparatively modern opera seems still to be bound by the silly convention which allows any voice—if it suits the composer's convenience—to be regarded as inaudible to other actors in the neighbourhood. You would have thought in the last scene that *Pinkerton's* singing, which was loud enough to lift the roof off, would have at once attracted the notice of *Butterfly*, who was just upstairs and waiting eagerly for his arrival. But for quite a long time she took no cognisance of it. O. S.

This year's Theatrical Garden Party will be held in the spacious gardens of the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, S.W., on Tuesday, June 24th, when our leading actors and actresses will, as before, preside over the most exhilarating of side-shows. Though there is no gayer fête in all the season, the aim of its promoters is a very serious one. They

appeal for the maintenance of the Actors' Orphanage, which supports sixty children, at the moderate yearly cost of eighty pounds each, and is largely dependent on the proceeds of the Garden Party.

You are invited by the organisers (and Mr. Punch) to send for your tickets—three shillings each—to your favourite actor or actress, from whom you will receive an autograph receipt. Applications should be addressed c/o A. J. AUSTIN, Esq., 3, Middle Temple Lane, E.C.4.

A NEW USE FOR SONG.

[It is now claimed that singing assists one to acquire the power of mental concentration.]

SINCE I was quite a tiny chap
A brain that quickly tired
Has always been my handicap
Whenever I aspired
To be that enviable thing—
A genuine Commercial King.

In vain throughout my life I've sought
The virtue that I need,
That knack of concentrated thought
Which marks this regal breed;
I even lacked the mental force
To stay a correspondence course.

In short, no matter what the work,
In office or at home,
In half-an-hour I find it irk
And let my fancy roam;
Extraneous trifles (such as Jane)
Usurp my inattentive brain.

But now I mean to come out strong,
So clear has grown the path;
Henceforth I'll seek the aid of song
(Beginning in my bath),
Convinced thereby a time will come
When I shall also make things hum.

Since vocal energy supplies
The quality I lack,
To eminence I'm bound to rise,
Nor even once look back,
By just pursuing day by day
The strident tenor of my way.

"FATHER AND SIX SONS IN THE MINISTRY.
BURGLAR OVERSLEEPS HIMSELF."
Liverpool Paper.

Did they all preach at him?

"Verdi's 'O Tu Palermo,' an opera which has now disappeared from the repertoire of most opera houses, possesses at least two good items, one of which is 'I Vespri Siciliani.'" *Evening Paper.*

Not so well known, perhaps, as the "Rigoletto" song from his "La Donna é Mobile."

From a Canadian church service paper:—

"Scripture and Offertoire: 'Romance is D Flat.'" *Sometimes, perhaps; but church is hardly the place to say it.*



MANNERS AND MODES.

"FAIR TRESSES MAN'S IMPERIAL RACE ENSNARE
AND BEAUTY DRAWS US WITH A SHINGLE HAIR."—Pope, "The Rape of the Lock."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

THERE is one admirably feminine quality among Mrs. ALFRED SIDGWICK's many gifts which never fails to appeal to me—her graceful pertinacity in doing exactly what she likes in the uncontrovertible hope that everyone else will like it too. Take *London Mixture* (COLLINS), for instance. On the face of it the novel is equally concerned with three good-looking penniless girls of that dubious social standing which makes all things matrimonial possible and nothing particularly likely. *Sylvia*, *Ursula* and *Diantha* are all heroines together; and if there is an apparent first favourite it is *Diantha*, the youngest and cleverest of the three. Yet as a matter of fact all the best work in the book is deliberately put into the story of *Ursula*, the placid simple-minded beauty who midway through the War marries a naturalised German Jew and develops an intense interest in her linen cupboard. *Ascher Wolf*, her husband, his father

and mother, their dignified and unpretentious house at Highbury and its small replica near by where *Ascher* and *Ursula* start to continue the same patriarchal tradition—all these are most carefully and attractively drawn. And, what is more, you will find them a welcome foil to the girls' gramophone-ridden home at Earl's Court, their shallow well-dressed mother, *Mrs. Pazos*, her inscrutable City friend, *Mr. Ashton*, and the querulous vulgar connections of poor *Sylvia*'s hasty marriage. I was almost tempted to add, "and to *Diantha*'s pretty conventional love-affairs." But after

all *Diantha* is charming enough in her way; and her chicken-hearted educationalist and dashing young motor expert are both very true to their unimpressive and ephemeral types. Mrs. SIDGWICK, I think, has scored all round; and I confidently recommend *London Mixture* to anyone in search of a light-hearted, refreshing and accomplished novel.

The late Sir CHARLES HAWTREY had a multitude of friends; and it is pretty safe to prophesy a large circle of readers for *The Truth at Last* (BUTTERWORTH)—not a bad title for a book of reminiscence by one who was regarded as the prince of prevaricators on the stage. Lovers of the Theatre and the Turf will find plenty to interest them; in fact, the Turf is perhaps the more prominent of the two. Even as a boy at Eton young HAWTREY was fascinated with racing, and he records how, in the summer half of 1873, he actually made a small "book" on the Derby, Doncaster's year, whereby he netted some two pounds ten shillings in cash. Eventually, after a broken collar-bone had prevented his appearance with the BANCROFTS' company, he started his stage career at two pounds a week in the cast of *The Colonel* at the Prince of Wales's Theatre. Some three years later, at the same theatre, he began his career as a producer with *The Private Secretary*, adapted from *Der Bibliothekar* of Von

MOSER. The financial difficulties through which HAWTREY was perpetually passing were especially acute here, and there was one time, just after PENLEY took over the part of the Rev. Robert Spalding from TREE, when he was within an ace of failing to find a matter of £200 for treasury and salaries on Saturday morning. I am not sure that these difficulties and the unfailing ingenuity and cheerfulness with which they were met do not make the best reading in the book. I cannot recommend it, I fear, to members of the Anti-Gambling League; but the rest of us will welcome an interesting record of a charming personality. Mr. SOMERSET MAUGHAM edits the book, and is responsible for putting the last few chapters into their present shape from the author's notes.

So far as there is any story in *The Voyage* (CONSTABLE) it is soon told. A group of Chelsea idealists—a journalist, two schoolmasters and a young lady of independent means and character—propose to start an ideal bookshop which

shall be something of a club, a rallying point for their friendship, a theatre for their protracted discussions. It might even, one gathers, though this seems unlikely, sell books. A fifth of the group brings back from Italy a beautiful wife, and it is this dark snake that brings ruin into the ecstatically planned paradise, deliberately detaching the hypersensitive and discouraged Gerry Wickham from the attractive *Anne Ferguson* and breaking up the fellowship so that the "voyage" is not even begun. You can't help feeling that three of the young men need more exercise and less



HUMANE GENTLEMAN (MEMBER OF S.P.C.N.) SUPPLYING THROAT PASTILLES TO OVERWORKED NIGHTINGALES.

talk. They are all a little bloodless, but under Mr. MIDDLETON MURRY's sensitive hand they do come alive. *Emilia*'s wanton wrecking cruelty seems fantastically motiveless at first, but I am bound to say her method is developed and explained with such skill as to make it plausible. *Wickham*'s temperamental difficulties, his despairing weakness and lack of belief in himself, allied to his sensitive pride, give a conviction of reality. But I am not at all reconciled to the fact that, in the interests of an artistically unhappy ending, *Anne*, loving him so much and in so wide-eyed a manner, should have let a misunderstanding make a permanent barrier between them. I am sure she would at least have had it out (as one does in real life when one cares so much) instead of just fading away.

Somehow or other it has never been easy to reproduce the atmosphere of a studio. Myself I can only remember two English books which have about them the right authentic sense of the north light—*Trilby* and *Lady Burne-Jones's* Life of her husband. And in the former, of course, the setting is French. In *The Art of Michael Haslett* (HODDER) Miss F. E. MILLS YOUNG essays a studio-setting to a rather irrational romance; and I should be inclined to deal more tenderly with the defects of the setting if I did not feel that



Scotch Gentleman (up for the Exhibition). "WHAT WOULD YE BE CHARGIN' FOR A CHAIR?"

Chair Attendant. "TUPPENCE FOR FOUR HOURS."

Scotch Gentleman. "NA, NA, LADDIE. THAT'S OWER LANG TO HAE TO SIT."

it only existed to palliate the perversities of the romance. Why, you might ask, does *Haslett* listen day after day to *Ismay Ellis's* confidences about the cruel husband she has married for his money, and still propose to keep her at arm's length? Why does he allow the unsophisticated *Jennie* (fiancée-designate of his friend *Henderson*) to "curl up on the sofa in his studio" and watch him painting? Why does he elope with *Jennie* when he has promised to hold himself in readiness to quit the country with *Ismay*? Why does it need two extraordinarily lucky accidents to rescue one of his ladyloves and rehabilitate the other? Well, you know, the artistic temperament. . . . But that is just the trouble. One doesn't know it like that. Artists who paint thatched cottages and openly exult in having them hung at

Burlington House (I am glad Miss *MILLS YOUNG* has sought to perpetuate this quaint old type) were usually as normal and God-fearing as their neighbours. And in making *Haslett* a sophisticated cad (*Ismay* belongs to the "Passionate Friend" type and *Jennie* is a mere conscienceless little animal) she has wedded latter-day character with old-fashioned craft in a manner I cannot regard as convincing. Her book contains much subsidiary good work, but obviously the theme does not suit her. And it is largely in the hope of winning her back for the South Africa she knows so well that I have forbore to lavish even such eulogy as I might on this new departure.

In *The Cricket Match* (CAPE) MR. HUGH DE SELINCOURT gives a delightful account of a perfect day. Tillingford, a

Sussex village, is playing at home against its rival, Raveley. It is a great day—the greatest of his life—for *John McLeod*, secretary of the Tillingford club, who, though old and bald, fat and short of neck and compelled by his wife to wear an undervest, carries his bat through the innings. It is perhaps difficult for outsiders to believe that an account of a village match can be made supremely exciting, but I defy anyone who has ever played that type of cricket to read of this game without emotion. All the Tillingford players and several of their rivals are drawn with so nice a skill that one seems to know them not only on the cricket-field but also in their daily life. I congratulate Mr. HUGH DE SELINCOURT warmly, and with the more pleasure because I have not always been able to admire his previous work without reservations.

When an author produces a work of fiction in which, while the semblance of a story is retained, the accepted rules of construction are disregarded, he chooses to incur a certain risk. I naturally assume that, as CHARLES DICKENS observed in reply to an aspirant, the purpose of writing is to be read. Mr. ROBERT NATHAN, in *The Puppet-Master* (JOHN LANE), presents not a story but a fantasy strung upon various broken threads of narrative. Fragments of dubious philosophy are mingled with word-painting, episodes of the nursery alternate

with incidents verging upon impropriety, interspersed with disconnected dialogue. The effect of the whole may be described in a word. That word—not a very nice word—is jazz, which again may be defined as the result of attempting to produce a work of art without any art. Thus, it would seem, has Mr. NATHAN treated a theme which in itself is alluring to the romantic mind. The old maker of puppet-shows, his creatures and his friends are picturesque enough. Mr. NATHAN does indeed suggest their charm, and then their interest begins to evaporate. Puppets have no choice but to play their allotted parts on the stage; but to represent these

toys of wood and wire as behaving in private life with—what shall I say?—some indelicacy, is surely rather gratuitous.

The Title-Page of The First Folio of Shakespeare's Plays (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS) is the name given to a little volume which Mr. M. H. SPIELMANN has put together for the Shakespeare Association in celebration of the First Folio Tercentenary. He modestly describes it as just a comparative study of the Droeshout Portrait and the Stratford

Monument, but in reality it is a great deal more, including as it does a very fascinating collection of old portrait-prints of the poet, admirably reproduced and pleasantly interpreted by the author in their varying degrees of authenticity. His argument, as he is quite willing to admit, may sometimes hinge on subtleties, such for instance as the relative effects on a particular plate of a more generous inking or a retouching with the graver's tool, which, though matters of life and death to the collector and connoisseur, may seem a little trivial to mere ordinary SHAKESPEARE lovers unlearned in prints, proofs and folios; but all the same everyone who wants to know what the portrait really should be like will be grateful to Mr. SPIELMANN for his exposition.

From the report of a burglary:—

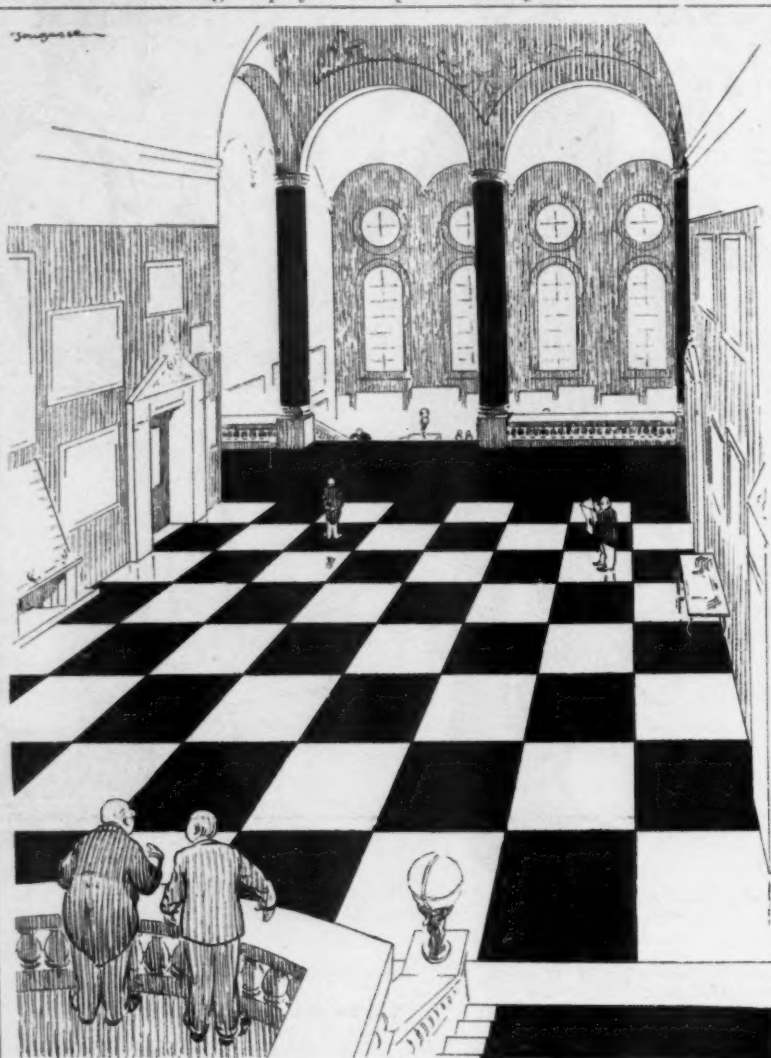
"In one of the sandwiches teeth marks have been left, which

are believed to have been made by the police, either by a boy or perhaps by a woman."—*Welsh Paper*.

It must have been a boy. We cannot believe that any of our women police would do such a thing.

"But we ought to bear with one another, comfort one another, help, instruct and advise one another."—*Thomas A. Kempis*.
West Indian Paper.

We hope to hear more of this Mr. Thomas A. Kempis (presumably an American writer), whose name, unlike his sentiments, is new to us.



Chess-Player (being shown the sights of famous Club). "AND WHICH DID YOU SAY WAS LORD BOVERELL—THE ONE ON QB7 OR THE ONE ON KKt6?"

CHARIVARIA.

A PIGEON with a gold ring on each leg has been found in an old barn at Ingatstone. A bigamist, we presume.

Thanet farmers are offering a challenge cup to the champion sparrow-catcher of the district. It is felt that Thanet ought to offer some counter-attraction to the Rodeo.

A gentleman who has just celebrated his hundred-and-second birthday says that he does not attribute his longevity to anything. The general opinion in Fleet Street is that he ought to be disqualified.

It is said that when women of twenty-one are given the vote the number of electors will be increased by four million. But this does not include those elderly spinsters who will then claim the vote for the first time.

Fire broke out the other day at a telephone exchange in Co. Durham. Local subscribers think it was caused by the fusing of two wrong numbers.

We hear talk of an enterprising company that is arranging to insure workmen against wet weather during their annual strike.

According to a contemporary, long moustaches are going to be worn. It has for some time been felt that such things are better out of the system.

Twenty thousand Ford cars are being sent to Germany. We would remind America that even M. POINCARÉ did not go quite so far as that.

More than eighteen thousand persons visited the Houses of Parliament on a recent Saturday. Morbid, we call it.

MR. RICHARD MARSH, who has discovered a new race of men in the jungles of Darien, Eastern Panama, is bringing two members of the tribe back with him to civilisation. It is not known what harm they have done him.

The latest silk stockings in Paris have poems in Chinese embroidered on them. This must be very convenient. A reclaimed ladder might look exactly like the second verse.

Sir ARTHUR WOODWARD points out

that the Piltown skull, which is reputed to be two hundred thousand years old, is that of a young woman who belonged to a type midway between a human being and an ape. Flappers don't change much, do they?

Fashionable handbags are made of fur to represent animals. Our sympathy goes out to the shortsighted lady whose Pekingese recently came home from a shopping expedition stuffed full of bus tickets and coppers.

Miss E. R. BROWN recently exhibited

fathers, owing to the increased fees, are considerably shorter.

Excavations have revealed the presence of sea-water under the sands of the Sahara at a depth of two hundred feet. There seems to be hope for South-end yet.

Dresses with geometrical designs on them are the latest rage. More eternal triangles?

Commenting on the number of women who asked for private tickets for the steer-roping, a writer asks if women are more cruel than men. Well, look at the way they rush to see a wedding.

Hardly any two persons, according to Mr. GARVIN, are capable of making an equally good use of the same sum of money. Of course we can't all back the favourite.

MR. JOHN MASEFIELD has expressed the opinion that recited poetry ought to be as exciting as a football match or a prize-fight. But, from what we have heard of football matches and prize-fights, we thought it was.

A man charged with drunkenness at Tottenham pleaded that it came on to rain and he took refuge in a public-house. His beverage was not specified, but it may have been a case of any port in a storm.

At the Third Congress of the International Trades - Unions, held in Vienna, Mr. BEN TILLET is reported to have sat in his shirt-sleeves with a short pipe in his mouth. Some of these Labour-leaders seem determined

at least to look the part.

An effort is being made this year to revive the Highland Games. There is some talk of engaging a Scots matador to enter the Haggis Ring armed only with the bagpipes.

The millionaires' hotel at Pourville has chutes which lead down from the bedrooms to the sea. Very handy for disposing of old safety-razor blades.

Baby's Place.

"It is scandalous to see these Society women going about with a poodle dog on the end of a string where a baby would be more fitting."

New Zealand Paper.



EASILY SATISFIED.

Street Singer (on the fifth fine day of the year). "GOOD-BYE, SUMMER—GOOD-BYE!"

at a lecture some model rooms on a scale of two inches to a foot. Anytime she wants any others we shall be glad to lend her our flat.

Two ladies came first and second in the Anthropological Tripos at Cambridge. We always thought the proper study of womankind was man.

One of the conveniences of shingled hair is that when a girl refuses an offer of marriage she can always promise to be a brother to the young man.

Schoolboys between eight and nine are half-an-inch taller than those of twenty years ago. On the other hand,

JUNE—A TWO-ACT FANTASY.

(Review of Act I.)

WHEN I was young 'twas fair to see
How skies of June bent blue,
Dear month of hay and strawberry
And roses dark with dew;
Upon the green the pitch was keen
And willow stood to leather,
When I was young and you were young
And we were young together.

Then silver Thames serenely sped
Through locks in which to loll;
And, Oxenford to Maidenhead,
'Twas punt and parasol;
'Twas reach undimmed where swallows
skimmed,
'Twas blade upon the feather,
When I was young and you were young
And we were young together.

The pitch is mud, our Thames is flood
To-day and, drip and drop,
The grey rains fall in sheet and pall,
'Twould seem they 'll never stop;
Doth Summer change her wonted
range?

Or, much I wonder whether,
Do I grow old and you grow old
Who once were young together?

THE HICHER SALESMANSHIP.

A LITTLE book has recently been published on Salesmanship. It is an arresting work, of great value to anyone who has anything to sell, I am sure, and of interest even to those who have not. One can see clearly enough, when it is pointed out, that the "I suppose you don't want any nailing machines? No? Good morning" method will not lead very far along the road to mass production. But the examples given, especially those under the heading "Retail Salesmanship," do not seem adequate. We are exhorted to use imagination, to interest the "prospect" in how the article is made, and why it is so much better than the other man's article. (By the way, the "prospect" is the prospective buyer, you or I. Perhaps you didn't know that.) But the salesman is not sufficiently encouraged to give his imagination full rein or to introduce that individuality which is essential to the highest success in any walk in life. It is with the object of supplying this deficiency that I give the following dialogues, which might with advantage be incorporated in future editions of the work:—

I.—SILK SOCKS.

Prospect, having bought a collar-stud, is about to leave.

Salesman. Excuse me, Sir, but have you seen these black silk socks?

Prospect. I am not wanting any.

S. This is something absolutely new.

P. Very likely. I never buy second-hand socks.

S. Ha! Ha! Ha! (Laughs very heartily. Study the way in which Counsel laugh at even the feeblest jokes of Judges.) The very latest thing is what I meant, of course. (Displaying socks.) Spun by our own black silk-worm.

P. (interested in spite of himself). Only one silkworm?

S. (impressively). There is only one silkworm in the world who can spin silk socks like these. She is such a darling.

P. I had no idea—

S. No. Very few people have. She is in our garden on the Riviera. Do you know Monte Carlo, Sir? Quite near there. Just below La Turbie. A perfect darling, as I say. To see her at work is an education in itself. Such art! Such industry! There she sits all day upon her mulberry-tree, spinning the very finest black silk socks. All the other black socks offered for sale are merely dyed. She is, we believe, the only really black silkworm living. Eyes like jet, with soft raven locks. It takes her a month to spin a pair. Her mate sits on a mimosa bough hard by, singing to her as she works.

P. Indeed? I did not know—

S. You wouldn't. On a lower branch sits a dear little red-haired silkworm, adding these beautiful scarlet clocks.

P. Are you sure?

S. I have seen it with my own eyes. It is the tradition of our House that the salesman shall understand how everything he sells is made.

P. So you get a free trip to the Riviera?

S. Yes. But (showing signs of emotion) there is an element of tragedy. Little Victorine—that is her name—is ill. (Speaking huskily and producing his pocket-handkerchief) I shall never see her again.

P. Cheer up.

S. We try to. But it is a most serious thing for our House. We have only these two pairs of hers left. If she dies—

P. I will have them.

II.—FUR COATS.

Saleswoman. You must see our new seal-coney coats, Modom. They are wonderful. They arrived only to-day from the school.

Prospect. School?

S. Yes, we have started a school. Have you not heard? Of course our seal-coney coats have always been famous all over the world, but the Management felt that there was yet

room for improvement. So we started a school.

P. I do not quite understand.

S. A school where the conies learn to imitate the seals. It has been a most difficult matter—seals and conies belonging to different elements—but we have succeeded at last. We have some wonderful seals as teachers. The whole course takes about six months. No, not a correspondence course. Personal tuition. At the end of six months the more intelligent rabbits have become— Well, see for yourself. Could you tell this from real seal, Modom?

[Prospect, slightly dazed, buys coat.]

"LIFE" LINES.

(Written after reading Sir ARTHUR SHIPLEY'S exhilarating treatise.)

Most pundits of science,
Who seek to illumine
Our Philistine darkness,
Contribute fresh gloom
By their dismal predictions
Of death and of doom.

Then hail to good SHIPLEY,
That gay polymath,
Who aims at instructing
The dwellers in Gath
By the delicate use of
The harlequin's lath.

His theme is momentous—
Its title is *Life*—
With the struggles and horrors
Of animal strife,
Yet his apt illustrations
With humour are rife.

For he seasons his learning
With topical quips;
From ants to archbishops
He cheerfully skips,
But his mood never into
Vulgarity slips.

He looks upon science
With humanist eyes;
He gives us the boon of
Refreshing surprise;
In fine he is witty
And merry and wise.

Cruel Treatment of a Waiter.

"The poetess volunteered a few facts, brief but most illuminating, about the bitters and sweets of the poetess's life, of early struggles when mamma would throw her verse down the dumb-waiter as 'copied trash.'"

Liverpool Paper.

From a lawn-tennis report:—

"In the fourth game with 3-1 against her Miss Wills served a double-baulk, and altogether was making quite a lot of mistakes for a player of her reputation."—Evening Paper.

If she was under the impression she was playing billiards, that would, of course, account for them.



THE MAN WHO PLAYED CRICKET.

JOHN BULL (to General SMUTS). "WELL, SIR, YOU PUT UP A GREAT GAME; AND THERE ARE PLENTY OF OTHER TESTS TO COME."



"I BELIEVE YOU WON'T COME TO MY PARTY BECAUSE YOU THINK IT WILL BE RATHER——"
 "NOT AT ALL, MY DEAR; I REALLY HAVE AN ENGAGEMENT. I'M NOT IN THE LEAST BIT SQUEAMISH."

THE RETURN OF BAMBOROUGH.

A LARGE crowd of friends and admirers assembled at Waterloo Station last Friday afternoon to greet Sir Angus Bam borough (*né* Bamberger) on his return to England after his protracted world-tour, the longest, most hazardous and arduous ever undertaken by any musician ancient or modern. Mr. Punch's representative was of course there; was graciously invited by the great *virtuoso* to accompany him to his hotel; and was accorded a special interview, which may be regarded as an official and authoritative statement of his experiences and plans, the proofs having been submitted to and approved of by Sir Angus himself.

To recount all his adventures would be impossible in the space at our disposal. It must suffice to state that Sir Angus Bam borough spent three months amongst the dwarfs of the Aruwihimi forest; that he was entertained by the Ban of Bohotl; invested with the Order of the Blue Elephant by the King of SIAM; that he served for a short time on the staff of General Gnai Bong-Ping at Canton; visited the Molucca, the Malacca, the Mazurka, the Felucca and the Polacca islands, off

the last of which his motor-boat collided with a gigantic Javanese gamelan, and was only rescued by the intervention of a friendly dugong; and was marooned for three weeks on a volcanic island in the Sargasso Sea, where the anthropophagous land-crabs were with difficulty kept off by the piercing strains of his violin. Most interesting of all was Sir Angus's sojourn on the Galapagos Islands, where he conducted a series of experiments on the giant iguanas, who are peculiarly susceptible to music, and even accompany it, in excellent tune, in a strange crooning falsetto somewhat similar to that of the seals in the Outer Hebrides.

Sir Angus Bam borough, who wore an American sack suit of blue, and a pink four-in-hand tie with tiny white polka dots, seemed in the best of health and spirits. "I am glad," he said, "to get back to dear old England, and start to-morrow to revisit the ancestral halls of my family, Bam borough Castle. The call of the blood is strong, and it was long my dearest ambition—which I have not altogether abandoned—to purchase and settle down in that noble Border keep. But the time has not yet come. Other duties, domestic and artistic, claim more immediate atten-

tion. Most of my children are already started in the world. My eldest son, Bolossy, is established prosperously as the head of a great clothing corporation at Sartoria, Oklahoma. Paganini, the youngest, lives on his ostrich farm in Cape Colony. My elder daughter, Appoggiatura, is married to a millionaire ranch-owner in the Kamerun. Tessitura, the younger, is engaged to Nikola Babchin, the Hollywood film magnate. Lady Bam borough, who, I rejoice to say, is in the enjoyment of robust health, is tarpon-fishing in Florida. The happiness of our children is refreshing to their parents' hearts, but the loss of their companionship impels me to devote myself all the more earnestly to the cause of my art."

"Have you any plans for the future?"

"Yes. It is my intention to found and direct a new Conservatoire of Music, on the enlightened lines suggested by the accumulated observations gleaned during my Periplus of the globe. The course of studies will embrace a variety of activities hitherto sadly neglected in musical academies. What I aim at is a co-ordination of all the Arts, dimly prefigured by WAGNER, but now fully synthesized on the basis of my experience amongst civilised races, primitive

tribes and the greater Simians. For example, the art of voice production will be illustrated by the records which I have taken of the upper register of the gorilla, which is capable of a far more electrifying *ut de poitrine* than any 'moulded by the lips of man.'

"For obvious reasons my conservatoire cannot be situated in London, but I am in negotiation with several owners of derelict castles which, with the necessary reconstruction, would meet the requirements of such an institution. I am glad to say that a number of influential people have consented to act as patrons, amongst whom I may mention the Earl of Dundudelsack, Lord Wafflehead, Sir Thymol Tabb-Lloyd, Sir Amos Squinchler the famous psychodietist, Mr. Chavender Chubb, F.R.S., and Mrs. Boughey Orpington.

"These names are, I think, an adequate guarantee for the comprehensive nature of the curriculum I have designed for the pupils of the Bamborian Institute. Instruction in every branch of the art will be provided by first-rate professors. It is enough to mention the names of my old friend Quantoek de Banville, who will direct the composition classes; of Ernald Brax, Julian Saxe-Horner and Hulkmead Hawke.

"My aim, however, is not merely to produce first-rate executants, but men and women able to hold their own against cannibals or cobras; to ride turtles; to throw the boomerang—who in short will be equal to all the contingencies of the career of the travelling virtuoso. There will be courses in desert-island dietetics, in poultry-keeping, judo, millinery and hairdressing.

"Finally, above all I intend to lay stress on the need of self-expression. My pupils will learn not to shun but to court publicity. My father-in-law, Sir Pompey Boldero, G.C.M.G., is very strong on this point and has kindly undertaken to superintend the classes designed to eliminate the inhibitions of diffidence from bashful students; to foster a noble thirst for recognition, applause and testimonials; and to enlighten them as to the means by which a constant supply of these invigorating encouragements and encomiums can best be secured at a minimum outlay. I admit that the British temperament has in the past been averse from such methods, but the present generation shows a disposition to recognise their paramount importance. Genius which ignores these aids is doomed to pine in obscurity, instead of flourishing in the stimulating and luminous atmosphere of acclamation. That is what Sir Pompey says, and I cordially agree with him. The world should know *everything* about its greatest men. I have done what I could to



New Member (on Medal Day). "DID YOU HAVE A GOOD ROUND, SIR?"

Scratch Player. "IT WOULD HAVE BEEN GOOD, BUT I TOOK SIX AT THAT INFERNAL FIFTH."

New Member. "THAT'S CURIOUS. I DID MUCH THE SAME THING—A SIXTEEN AT THAT CURSED FIFTEENTH."

remedy its ignorance in my own case, and it would be an act of treason to my past if I abstained, while still in the plenitude of my powers, from helping others to profit by my example."

Our Cynical Organists.

From a Church notice:—

"7.30 p.m. 'THE WET CAMPAIGN'

(The Beer Issue Defined)—Pastor.

Anthem—"O Taste and See."

Canadian Paper.

"There is a humorist in the British delegation. The Bolsheviks are told twice that there is no chance of a British Government guarantee for such a loan. But the Bolsheviks are promised the precious sympathy of the British Government."—*Morning Paper.* There appears to be a humourist also in our contemporary's printing-office.

Another Impending Apology.

From a description of a new hospital:

"Nothing has been or will be neglected that will detract from its sphere of usefulness."

Local Paper.

"Stephen called again the next day and stayed to tea, and insisted on making it, and produced a huge basket of big golden gooseberries from one capacious pocket and a jug of cream from the other."—*Weekly Paper.*

Our tailor never allows us to have pockets like these.

"In European Parliaments Deputies usually stand when the leader of the house comes in, and they shout heartily for him, in England they sing, 'He is a jolly good fellow.'"

Egyptian Paper.

Mr. Punch cannot understand why his Parliamentary correspondent has omitted to describe this incident.

PIONEERS OF EMPIRE.

XVII.—THE WILD WILD WEST.

I DID not go to the Stadium on the opening day of the Rodeo with any axe to grind. I had no previous convictions about steer-roping, nor do I belong to the Society for the Prevention



"TEX."

of Cruelty to Mr. C. B. COCHRAN. I was only an ordinary spectator, driven blindly into one of the Stadium corrals. But I may say at once that I felt sorry for the steers. Let me however make myself perfectly plain. I felt equally sorry for the steers when they were being thrown by a lasso, dragged along the ground and hog-tied, and when they were jumped upon by a cowboy at the gallop, caught by the horns and wrestled with till their heads were turned so far over that they tumbled on their backs.

It is all very well to tell me that steer-roping, which has been cut out of the rodeo programme, is unnecessary cruelty and that steer-wrestling, which remains in the programme, is a fine manly pastime with more danger for the cowboy than for the beast. But what I want to find out is, Does the steer know about this? Has it ever been told? I am always sorry for steers—when I have time to think about them. Their life from the cradle to the grave, amongst carnivorous peoples, seems to be one long round of unpleasantness.

All the same I eat beef; and vegetarians squash flies. There are no logical humanitarians except in the East.

My main impression of the Rodeo was that the cowboys' and cowgirls' idea of recreation was just the quaintest ever. I suppose that when two eminent K.C.s take a holiday they go off and play some game, or lie in a hammock, or bathe, or pursue some animal, bird or fish, which can be kindly and amicably captured without the use of a lasso. They do not say, "I know a nice little place down in Norfolk; let us both go off there and hold a sham law-suit together."

And I should have thought that it would be the same with the cowboys. If I had had to construct in imagination a pastoral scene at the log hut or estancia, or wherever it is that cowboys or cowgirls dwell, I should have pictured it somewhat as follows:—

Nowater Jake (idly twirling a noose in his hand). I am fed up with this life, absolutely fed.

Prairie Pete (also flirting with a lasso). Ay, it's a monotonous life; little better than the films.

(*Prairie Pete*, you see, is partly a Mexican, or an Uruguayan, or an Argentine, and that is why he talks like that.)

Nowater Jake. Nothing but one dreary monotonous round, week in, week out. No excitement anywhere. Nothing but sitting about. If one is not sitting on a wild horse one is sitting on a wild bullock, and, if one is not sitting on a wild bullock, one is sitting on the wild plains.

Prairie Pete. Don't you mean the wild pampas, Jake?

Nowater Jake. Perhaps I do. Anyhow, I am just longing for a holiday, away from all this weary drudgery. Only fancy going to Europe and doing something on one's feet. Imagine the thrill of a round of golf!

Prairie Pete. Ah! bueno, bueno! What an adventure!

Nowater Jake. Or croquet.

Prairie Pete. Magnificent.

Nowater Jake. Or table-tennis.

Prairie Pete. Ah! the excitement.

[Enter *Mamie Schultz*, the cowgirl queen. She wears a red jockey cap, red silk blouse, white breeches and red boots. Both men are in love with her.]

Jake (casually roping her in). Hello, little girl, have you come to say which of us you mean to marry?

Mamie. Quit fooling, Jake. No, I've not come for that.

Jake. It's time you made up your mind. Don't you know that I never wrestle with a wild steer and turn its head this way and that but what I keep saying at every tug, "She loves me. She loves me not," till I have it thrown?

Pete (quietly noosing her also). And don't you know that I never lasso one and hog-tie it but what I think, "Ah, if a poor vaquero could only capture his señorita's heart like this?"

Mamie. I know, I know. And often enough, when we're all out busting bronchos together, I say to myself at every buck, "Now I must say 'Yes' or 'No' to one of those two bone-heads. But I can't decide which." (*She extricates herself from the cords.*) But I've not come for that, boys. I've come to give you the glad news. *TEX AUSTIN*'s going to take us all off for a trip to little old England.

[The others spring up with shining eyes.]

Jake. And shall I be able to take a nice long walk with you, little girl, amongst the buttercups and pick wild roses with you and pat the cows?

Pete. And will you let me take you to a teatro, señorita, in a taxi-caballo?

Mamie. Not on your life! Mr. COCHRAN's asked us all over to do a Rodeo at



THE WILD AND WOOLLY—LATEST PATTERN.

Wembley, and we're going to pay our own expenses.

Pete and Jake (groaning together). Another busman's holiday!

Mamie. And, when we come home again, perhaps—perhaps I shall make up my mind.

Jake. Well, come along, Pete. It's time to brand them steers. Here's your rope.

[They mount their ponies and exeunt]



THE BULL-DOGGING BREED.

at the *trotcito*. Mamie Schultz hesitates a moment and canters after them. Her method of riding is peculiar. She pensively puts one foot in the stirrup, bends backward till her head nearly touches the ground and points the other leg in the air. Apparently she finds it more comfortable to ride like this. Or perhaps she is questioning her heart. The pampas continue to swelter beneath the noonday sun.

That is, I say, what I should have imagined. But apparently it is not the way that cowboys and cowgirls feel. They are always ready to make a pleasure or a competitive game of their business for the public's sake, and one is bound to say that the public scores. Anything more beautiful than the riders' seats, anything more charming than the parade of ponies of all colours,

shapes and actions, at the Wembley Stadium, I have seldom seen. I thought that I had seen spotted and piebald ponies before, but I now find that one lives and learns. Some of the ponies at the Wembley stadium look as if they had been in a comic film and had custard pies flung all over them; and, when a gentleman in an orange jersey with a black stripe round leaves his saddle in mid gallop, crawls round under his pony's barrel and comes up again into the saddle on the other side, one begins to wonder seriously whether it will be worth while going to see a cowboy film again.

Nor did I ever on the film see a man riding on a buck-jumping steer. It has to be seen to be believed. There is a faint suspicion of duty about some of the bucking bronks; but nothing but sheer *elan* and devilish *abandon* about the jumping steers. Any temptation

I have ever felt, and I own it has been irresistible at times, to ride on an English bullock, has now passed away. Mr. Tex Austin has removed this great temptation from my life. EVOE.

Another Impending Apology.

"SOUTH AFRICANS ALL OUT FOR 30.

R.S.P.C.A. TAKES ACTION."

Consecutive Headlines in Evening Paper.

"SURPRISES AT ASCOT.

ICEBERG WINS FROM A HOT FAVOURITE."

Evening Paper.

Which shows the advantage of keeping cool on one of our few warm days.

"It is quite an exceptional thing to see any bathroom dancers who can dance."

Australian Paper.

In our unhappy experience it is equally exceptional to hear the bathroom singer who can sing.

WHAT TOMMY SAW AT BRIGHTON.

VIII.—SEEING LIFE (AT LAST).

AT an early date this year the zealous authorities of our Metropolis, conscious of the approach of many million Wemblers from over the seas, began their glorious campaign to make London clean for the Colonials. To-day there is scarce a night-club in the town which can call its soul its own. Let them be never so cunning and discreet, some gallant constable will climb through a skylight in the ladies' cloak-room and vindicate the law at last. That scum, the gay and cultured middle-classes, are harried ruthlessly from haunt to haunt. And now, if a man would break the law with impunity, he must either drink with the nobility at the aristocratic night-club or bet with the unemployed at public boxing hells. For only the very rich and the very poor are safe.

"Small wonder, after all," I thought, as we entered the Night-jar, "that London flocks to Brighton." The Night-jar is the equivalent of Nero's, and my heart leapt at the sight of it. Here at last was life and gaiety. Here were half the population of the Cosmopole—but how changed! There was the elderly grey-haired man we had seen at dinner with the vision in green. Old and feeble he had looked at dinner, as if every course might

be his last; but now, erect and sprightly, he stepped it like a two-year-old. There too were Belle Heather and her handsome swain, but dancing now as if they enjoyed it. There too were the hearty man and the funniest man in Brighton. The band played not delicately, as at the Cosmopole, but wildly, with abandon, and out of time; and now and then one of the musicians would rise in his place and yell. The scene was positively Continental in its gaiety; and, so far as I could judge, there was not a policeman present.

George and I sat down at one of the tables and watched. There seemed to be no dancing partners. We were surplus males again.

Presently Mr. Wiggs and his three friends of the American Bar came in, sat down at the next table and began talking about bronchitis, but now with a definitely cheerful note. Mr. Wiggs said something to a waiter and four

coffee-cups were brought them. Mr. Wiggs took a sip or two and almost immediately betrayed signs of violent intoxication, like men who drink on the stage. He talked in a loud voice and thumped continually on the table with his fist so that the cups rattled and all the dancers laughed with sympathetic joy. I am nothing if not Bohemian, and, standing up, I peered over Mr. Wiggs's shoulder into his coffee-cup. The liquid in it was golden in colour, and it was bubbly. I judged that it was champagne.

While I was still wondering at this extraordinary thing, Mr. Wiggs rose up shakily and said loudly and petulantly, "You can say what you like, Mr. Farrell, but this is *my* shout." He then

said. "And this is Miss G-r-r-r-r. Miss B-r-r-r-r—Mr. Haddock. Mr. Haddock—Miss G-r-r-r-r."

They were young and childish, lacking in refinement, but very innocent, I judged. I wondered where George had met them. I danced with Miss B-r-r-r-r, and while we danced we talked; but the conversation soon languished, for, whatever I said, she replied, "You silly man." I discovered, however, that her name was Ruby. But when I danced with Miss G-r-r-r-r, whose name was Pearl, she could only say, "Clever, aren't you?" or "Think you're clever, I suppose?" And to this day I do not know whether I was clever, silly, neither or both.

After the second dance George said

he was thirsty and summoned a waiter. The aged waiter looked at him doubtfully, said, "Very sorry, Sir," and whispered something. George took out a visiting-card and scribbled something on the back of it. The waiter took the card away and said something to a large man at the end of the room. The large man examined us suspiciously and said something to the waiter. The waiter came back and said, "Step this way, Sir." But Ruby said, "Don't bother, Tom; we'll look after them."

Wondering a little, we were led upstairs. Pearl knocked thrice, in a mysterious manner

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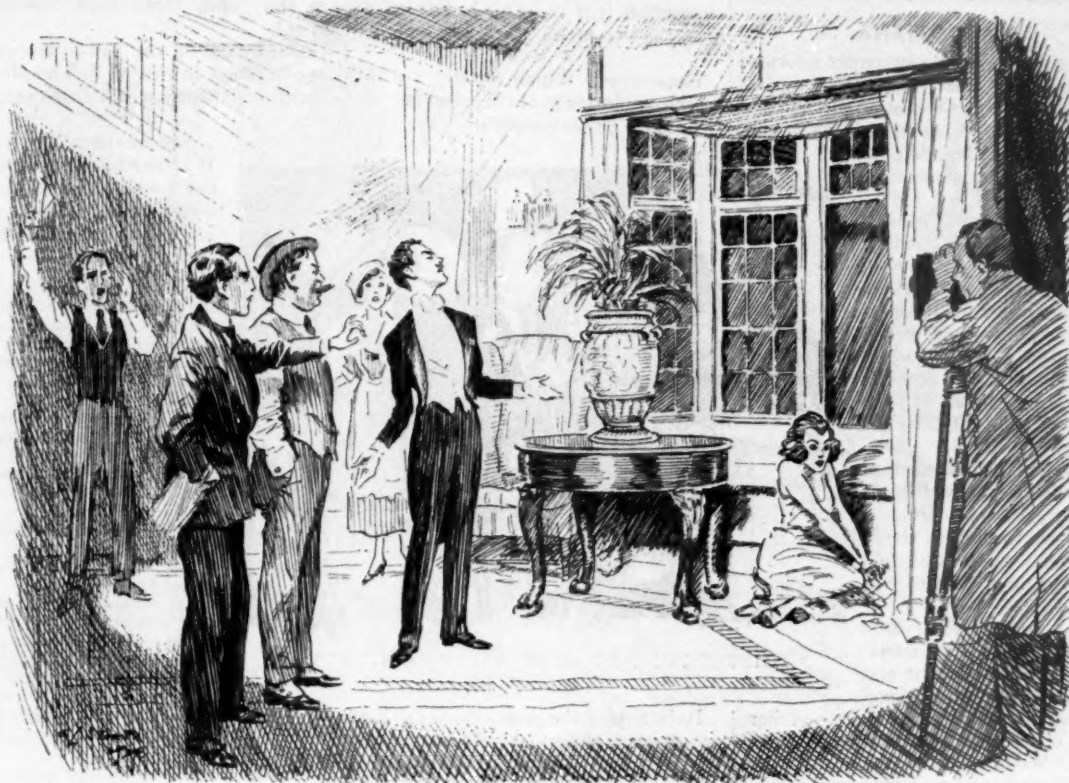
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"Quite right, old boy," said George placidly. "I'm going to look for a partner."

"Don't leave me, old man," I said nervously; but he had gone.

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"This is Miss B-r-r-r-r, old boy," he



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Suddenly a bell rang, a whistle was blown, there was a cry of "Police!" Every face was blanched. The utmost excitement and satisfaction prevailed. Everyone, it seemed, knew what to do. A sliding panel was drawn back in the wall. The bottles and jugs were whisked away into a secret cupboard, and the glasses, tea-cups, flower-vases and christening-mugs were emptied into a secret sink. From the same cupboard two Halma-boards and a set of Ludo were produced, and the company, with outward calm, began a number of round games. George and I played "Snakes and Ladders."

After a little while the man in charge of the room tiptoed out of the door.

When he returned his face was all smiles. "False, alarm, boys!" he cried; and there were cheers.

But "What a shame!" said Ruby. And that, I felt, was the general opinion. I have seldom been so disappointed.

"We were in luck, old boy," said George as we went home. "It isn't everyone they have a raid-night for."

"What d' you mean?" I said.

"All done for your benefit, old boy."

"Explain, George," I said huffily.

George explained.

The Night-jar, it seems, began respectably. It had a licence. It has still a licence. It provided good plain dancing partners, with modest uniforms and labelled, in a pen. It provided quiet revelry and modest refreshment. It did not pay. People did not care to take their friends to a place where there was not the smallest chance of a police-raid. Not merely did the butterflies of London cease to come to Brighton, but the young Brightoners took to going to London for the week-end. The proprietors of the Night-jar determined to

become disreputable. Every obstacle was put in their way. They begged the magistrates to cancel their licence. The magistrates refused. Desperate, the proprietors put it about that the licence was cancelled. The whole place was "Prohibitionised." Legal refreshment was invested with all the delicious trappings of illegality and stealth. The label "Dancing Partners" was removed. Ruby and Pearl were taken out of their uniforms, dressed in evening dress and became exciting. At reasonable intervals bogus police-raids were provided; and special raid-nights were arranged ahead for distinguished parties. Meanwhile men were hired to throw china about and simulate intoxication. The place was now as popular as a sweepstake and the proprietors as wealthy as bookmakers.

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A. P. H.

WHAT TOMMY SAW AT BRIGHTON.

VIII.—SEEING LIFE (AT LAST).

AT an early date this year the zealous authorities of our Metropolis, conscious of the approach of many million Wemblers from over the seas, began their glorious campaign to make London clean for the Colonials. To-day there is scarce a night-club in the town which can call its soul its own. Let them be never so cunning and discreet, some gallant constable will climb through a skylight in the ladies' cloak-room and vindicate the law at last. That scum, the gay and cultured middle-classes, are harried ruthlessly from haunt to haunt. And now, if a man would break the law with impunity, he must either drink with the nobility at the aristocratic night-club or bet with the unemployed at public boxing-hells. For only the very rich and the very poor are safe.

"Small wonder, after all," I thought, as we entered the Night-jar, "that London flocks to Brighton." The Night-jar is the equivalent of Nero's, and my heart leapt at the sight of it. Here at last was life and gaiety. Here were half the population of the Cosmopole—but how changed! There was the elderly grey-haired man we had seen at dinner with the vision in green. Old and feeble he had looked at dinner, as if every course might

be his last; but now, erect and sprightly, he stepped it like a two-year-old. There too were Belle Heather and her handsome swain, but dancing now as if they enjoyed it. There too were the hearty man and the funniest man in Brighton. The band played not delicately, as at the Cosmopole, but wildly, with abandon, and out of time; and now and then one of the musicians would rise in his place and yell. The scene was positively Continental in its gaiety; and, so far as I could judge, there was not a policeman present.

George and I sat down at one of the tables and watched. There seemed to be no dancing partners. We were surplus males again.

Presently Mr. Wiggs and his three friends of the American Bar came in, sat down at the next table and began talking about bronchitis, but now with a definitely cheerful note. Mr. Wiggs said something to a waiter and four

coffee-cups were brought them. Mr. Wiggs took a sip or two and almost immediately betrayed signs of violent intoxication, like men who drink on the stage. He talked in a loud voice and thumped continually on the table with his fist so that the cups rattled and all the dancers laughed with sympathetic joy. I am nothing if not Bohemian, and, standing up, I peered over Mr. Wiggs's shoulder into his coffee-cup. The liquid in it was golden in colour, and it was bubbly. I judged that it was champagne.

While I was still wondering at this extraordinary thing, Mr. Wiggs rose up shakily and said loudly and petulantly, "You can say what you like, Mr. Farrell, but this is *my* shout." He then

said, "And this is Miss G-r-r-r-r. Miss B-r-r-r-r—Mr. Haddock. Mr. Haddock—Miss G-r-r-r-r."

They were young and childish, lacking in refinement, but very innocent, I judged. I wondered where George had met them. I danced with Miss B-r-r-r-r, and while we danced we talked; but the conversation soon languished, for, whatever I said, she replied, "You silly man." I discovered, however, that her name was Ruby. But when I danced with Miss G-r-r-r-r, whose name was Pearl, she could only say, "Clever, aren't you?" or "Think you're clever, I suppose?" And to this day I do not know whether I was clever, silly, neither or both.

After the second dance George said

he was thirsty and summoned a waiter. The aged waiter looked at him doubtfully, said, "Very sorry, Sir," and whispered something. George took out a visiting-card and scribbled something on the back of it. The waiter took the card away and said something to a large man at the end of the room. The large man examined us suspiciously and said something to the waiter. The waiter came back and said, "Step this way, Sir." But Ruby said, "Don't bother, Tom; we'll look after them."

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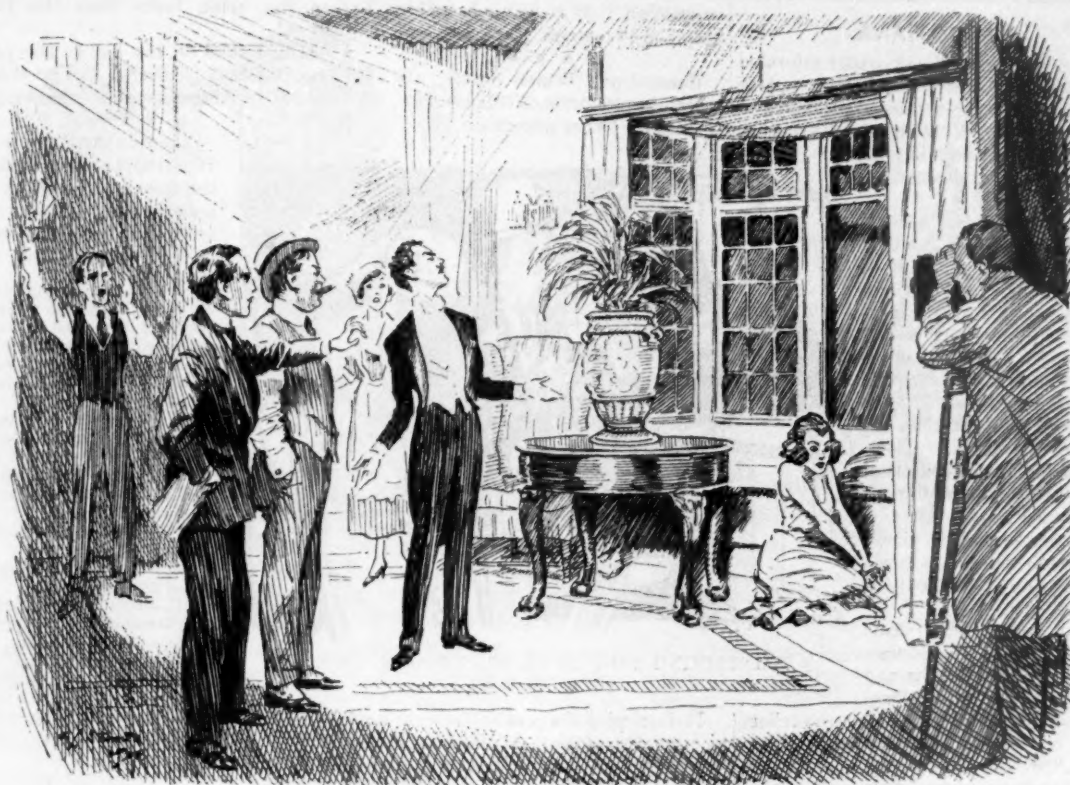
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A. P. H.

ASCOTIANA.

An "advanced" newspaper informed me that at Ascot I should find a place devoted to "the senseless pleasures of the idle rich." What amazed me was the multitude of the idle poor who were also present.

I can confirm the general report that in the Paddock there are regiments of lovely ladies, and on them dresses of a costly, senseless, shimmering, seductive and homicidal character, for which there is nothing in the world to be said except that they are rather beautiful. There are also many men so clean and trim and well-complexioned that it is a pleasure to look at them, although they are rich. Everyone has noticed this.

But only fifty yards away, across the Course, there are beer-booths and orange-peel and gipsy women and orange-peel, fortune-tellers and orange-peel, tipsters and orange-peel, "fevers" and orange-peel, concertinas and orange-peel, touts and orange-peel, banjos and orange-peel, banana-skins and orange-peel, and the idle poor and orange-peel—a great part of the trappings, in fact, of the People's Derby. (This is exclusive to *Punch*.)

Nowhere do these two worlds come so close together as they do at Ascot. Across the narrow strip of turf, if I may adopt the polite language of the "advanced" paper, parasite and parasite are spiritually united, drawn together by a common passion for the horse which runs between. The same paper gave its readers detailed advice concerning the investment of their surplus funds at Ascot, and a full report of the proceedings on the following day, so that it would not, apparently, see the senseless Meeting abolished altogether, but reformed.

But in what direction? Would they have the senseless pretty frocks on both sides of the course? Or the senseless orange-peel? Presumably the former. But nobody would guess it.

Meanwhile I venture the

suggestion that it is no bad thing to keep the two apart.

Conundrum. Which exactly are the senseless pleasures of this world?

Answer. Other people's.

are the noble lords than the noble ladies!

Still, I take off my hat to the parasites in pretty frocks. I feel no obligation to the parasites who ate the oranges.

Ascot is very hard work. It is the hardest work in the world. Here is an extract from the diary of a lovely lady, escorted by a racing enthusiast:—

1.0.—Walked through tunnel 100 yards long to the Paddock.
1.5—1.25.—Walked round and round Paddock. Very hot.
1.25.—Rushed back through tunnel 150 yards long to Grand Stand for 1.30 race.
1.27.—Climbed up ninety-seven stairs. Stood in a crowd.
1.35.—Walked through tunnel 200 yards long to Paddock.
1.40—2.25.—Walked round Paddock fifty times.
2.25.—Became absorbed in a horse.
2.30.—Ran very fast through tunnel 250 yards long.
2.31.—Ran up 110 steps to see 2.30 race. Stood in a crowd.
2.40.—Tattered down 110 steps and walked through tunnel to Paddock. Legs giving way.

2.40—2.55.—Tattered several times round Paddock. Conversation giving out. Feet blistered.

2.55.—Fought our way through tunnel 300 yards long.

2.59.—Crawled up 150 steps to see three o'clock race. Stood in a mob.

3.10—3.28.—Walked to the Paddock overland. Pleasing variation. Took twenty minutes. Felt fresher.

3.28.—Left Paddock and galloped back through tunnel quarter of a mile long. Algy said important race.

3.30.—Algy pushed me up 150 steps. Leaned against a crowd.

3.40.—Walked through tunnel to Paddock.

3.45—3.55.—Walked round Paddock.

3.55.—Ran back through tunnel 500 yards long. Nerve gone. Face paralysed.

4.0.—Was carried unconscious up 180 steps. Toe trodden on. Came to.

4.10.—Fell down 180 steps.

4.11.—Retired to Ladies' Cloak Room and had a good cry.

4.20.—Emergent radiant. Algy asked if I would like to sit down. Said I had forgotten how.

4.21.—Walked through tunnel to Paddock.

And so on. Yet there are people who go through this for four days in succession. Why?

There is an Ascot Tired Face. It begins about half-past three—a drawing up of the upper-lip, a stiffening of the facial muscles, a glazing of the eyes. It might be interpreted



MAINTAINING THE ASCOT EXPRESSION UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

It is a pity the pretty faces are not as numerous as the pretty frocks. Goodness, how few they are! A man might walk in the Paddock for ten minutes and never fall in love at all. And how much more beautiful, as a rule,



DECORATIONS WILL BE WORN.



IF YOU ARE THE IDLE RICH YOU
CAN SEE THE RACES LIKE THIS—

as an arrogant "Don't-look-at-me—I-hate-you." It is not. It means: "Don't-speak-to-me-or-I-shall-scream. I-want-to-lie-down. I-want-to-lie-down. Oh, I-do-so-want-to-lie-down!"

Behind the Grand Stand is a pretty green lawn, with pretty flowers, where a band plays. And here, in the shade of great trees, sit many ladies, fanning themselves, remote from the races, pretending no longer.

In one corner of this lawn is a large tent, with many comfortable dames behind a counter. And before the tent is blazoned hugely the marvellous legend—

CHAMPAGNE ONLY.

Across the Course is a large tent. And before it is written largely the legend—

BEER.

A parasite approaches me. "The winner of the next race for tuppence," he says. "Never lay yer money in the dark, Sir," he says. "The winner of the next race for tuppence." I give him twopence and receive a screw of paper on which is written—

PURPLE SHADE.

Never heard of the horse. I throw aside the paper with a smile of incredulity. A lady in the Paddock has whispered in my ear that Sunart must inevitably win this race.

I will watch this race among the idle poor. We are exactly opposite the

Royal Box. Between me and the rails are seven rows of people tightly packed. The bookies roar behind us. Between the races we stand contentedly, extremely hot, gazing at THE KING.

"That 'a 'im in the grey 'at."

"'E's standing up now, talking to a feller."

"Wonder what 'e's sayin'."

"Pity 'is 'orse didn't win—I expect—"

"Go on. D'you think 'e cares?"

"Course 'e cares. Same as you would."

"Well, it don't make no difference to 'im. 'E's got plenty of money, ain't 'e?"

"Money isn't everythink, my lad."

"Coo, they must be startin'. 'E's got 'is glasses up."

"Wish I 'ad some glasses to look at 'im."

"What for, Ethel? 'E's no better than us, is 'e?"

"Silly. 'E's the King, ain't 'e?"

"Put a bob on this for me, Bert."

"What's yer fancy, old girl?"

"I dunno. Anythink with a good long price."

"Look, Ethel; 'e's sittin' down again."

Another parasite approaches us. "Sixpence for a view of this race," he says, offering us a tiny camp-stool to stand upon. "Sixpence for a view of this lovely race."

"Push up, Ethel. 'Ere they come."

There is a stir and some confused shouting. I stand on tip-toe. Some



AND IF YOU ARE THE IDLE POOR
YOU GET THEM THIS WAY.

twenty yards away I see a white-and-purple cap flash past between the heads of the people. And I can distinctly hear the sound of horses running. The race is over.

Ethel, poor girl, stands a foot shorter than I. I question if she saw as much of the lovely race as I did. Yet Ethel stands there from twelve o'clock till five. Why?

Number 1 has won the race. Idly I look at my race-card, knowing that Sunart will at least be placed. Number 1 is

PURPLE SHADE.

Sunart is not placed.

At Ascot everyone is labelled. Between the obscene roar of Tattersall's and the stately beauty of the Royal Enclosure is a stout iron fence. Against this fence stand rows of bookies, clinging to the rails like wild beasts in a cage, and in voices almost hushed do business with the noble lords in the next cage. Each bookie wears a label—as "WILL POTTS—WALTHAMSTOW," and each noble lord wears a label—as "The Marquess of Dram." So that a man can tell at a glance whether he is talking to one of the old families or one of the old firms.

In the Paddock the horses also are labelled. We stand and watch them circulate before us, the beautiful creatures, and wonder how it is they walk so much more gracefully than we, though few of them are better bred. And one Lord says to another that Asphodel

looks a little light behind the saddle, and Merrilegs is sweating, and the other says that What-Not is sweating too, and he never backs a sweating horse; and suddenly they like the look of Wig-wag, and off they go and telegraph to distant men in London about Wig-wag.

But I have backed Weathervane, because he was the King's horse.

* * *

Weathervane's jockey, I am sorry to see, is only eight years old—well, nine perhaps. To think that I have entrusted my money to one so young! Two grown-ups have picked him up and are pushing him up the horse's side. I see a horse called Dinkie. A nice-coloured creature. For two pins I would bet on it. But in my judgment it is sweating. I will have none of it.

* * *

Here is "Smiler." "Smiler" is the most original man on the course. He simply comes to me and says, "Will you give me a shilling, Sir?" And I say, "Certainly." "Smiler" is almost restful.

* * *

The day's pleasure is over. The car is still stuck where it was stuck an hour ago. We are surrounded by charabancs and gipsy women with lucky babies who want my money because I have a lucky face. I am very tired. "Spare a bit of silver for the baby, Sir. If you don't speculate, Sir, you'll never cumulate, Sir. You've a lucky face, Sir; you'll have good fortune. Hold out your hand, Lucky Mary, and bring the gentleman good fortune. God bless you, Sir!"

I have now financed thirteen lucky babies in one day. No wonder my fancy, Weathervane, was beaten. Had I but trusted to my better judgment I should have backed Dinkie at 50 to 1.

"No, I will not be photographed, parasite! Well, just a little one, then . . ."

* * *

The sun is sinking. The pretty ladies and the pretty frocks are all gone. But I shall always remember them. Delicious little clouds float across the sky, which is quite blue. The trees are lovely, and the misty hills. A day of senseless pleasure—and I have spent more money than I should. But there—as a greater than I has said, "Money isn't everything, my lad." A. P. H.

"ENGLISH PORTASTERS OF THE AGES
From Geoffrey Chaucer to Rupert Brooke."
Weekly Paper.

Neither inclusive, we hope.

"Maker-up for pre-war German pork trade."
Advt. in Yorkshire Paper.
It sounds an unsavoury business.

AT BURLINGTON HOUSE; OR, A ROUND WITH THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

I WONDER why we are here. We shan't know anybody, shall we? . . . It would be rather nice if we could bring the taxi-man in with us. We've known him for quite twenty minutes now. Rather a scientist, really: look at the way he dealt with the clock.

These Professors are like the Pleiades—I wish I had a star or two.

So many, and so old and so wise! . . . I think I like them best with ribbons close round their necks. It gives a kind of kittenish effect. I am so glad they let us have programmes. The worst of most parties is that there is nothing to read. Let me swot this up a bit.

"Recent and Fossil Echinoids, prepared to show internal and external Test-structures."

That's Professor HAWKINS. I always said he was the boy for preparing echinoids. He's not such a lad as Professor MACBRIDE, though:—

"Post-larval stages in the Development of the common irregular Urchin . . . In the young imago the mouth is situated in the centre of the under surface and is circular or pentagonal in outline."

Nothing about an irregular urchin gets past MACBRIDE . . .

Upstairs. Yes, that's the President, leaning on CHARLES THE SECOND'S mace. How nice of CHARLES II. to give the Royal Society a mace! There ought to be more of that done nowadays. We've got to wait on into one of these side-shows now. Sword-swallowing, I think. No, it isn't; it's Boron. Wait a minute while I look at the book. *Vicia Faba*. I see. If you take the boric acid out of a bean it goes all wonky . . .

Now this really is jolly. "Teeth of Fossil Horses and Asses. The Merychippus." I could understand the Merychippus so much better if those two young women in spectacles, with bobbed hair, wouldn't keep talking about Rodeo all the time. And the Hunt Cup. Good title for a revue, "The Merry Kippers." What? Yes, it is a trifle warm.

Here's another good thing. "Living cells growing *in vitro* under the influence of a hundred milligrammes of Radium Element." The mitochondria, which are particularly clear, may be seen moving and dividing, and the metabolic granules, pigment rods, nucleus and nucleoli are also very distinct. There they go. I spotted them, the little devils! Favourite leads!

This is a bit easier. Fish in a glass tank. Breathing fish. Don't all fish breathe? Through their gills, you know.

These beggars have lungs, and come up to the top to take the air. I wish I could do that. I've been breathing through my gills for fifteen minutes now.

The "Cytology of the Eggs of the Earth-worm." Just notice the mottled appearance of the nucleolus for a moment, would you? and then we really ought to move on.

What I like are these little dark red-curtained recesses. Sitting-out places? I expect CHARLES II. insisted on those. This one is absolutely packed. What in the wide world is an acoustic spectro-scope? Vibrations of light so that you can see music. Frightfully useful for evening At Homes when the conversation is too loud . . . But you'd have to turn the lights out, you know . . . Heavens! I've been talking to somebody else for two minutes. I hope she thought I was a spectrologist.

Hullo, there's Berrington! Then there is somebody I know here. I'm always meeting Berrington suddenly in the heart of unknown reception-rooms like this.

"Dr. Livingstone, I presume?" How is the dear Congo? What a lovely little medal you've got on! . . . Oh, refreshments are on the ground-floor, are they? The perfect *flair* you have for social intrigue! No wonder you get asked everywhere. Let us investigate the phenomena on the ground-floor.

This settles one important point. Scientists *do* eat. . . . Yes, I'll try if you stop exactly where you are. "So saying, he plunged into the heart of the tropical forest." . . . Strange that science has never discovered a way of carrying a round pink ice safely across a crowded room. . . . Phew! I knew it would. It has fallen at the feet of a professor. He has stooped to pick it up. He is rather short-sighted. He thinks it is a culture of pigment cells. Or an echinoid. . . . Notice the mottled appearance of the nucleolus. . . . It has melted from his grasp. I will try and get you another one. Most species of strawberry ice are typically coiled in a right-handed spiral with a segmentally arranged series of coelomic cavities. . . . I'm sorry, this is a vanilla culture. If you don't mind, I will get myself a small drink. . . . There was so much wasted alcohol upstairs. Did you notice the madder-stained preparations illustrating the bone-growth in young pigs? Absolutely pickled they were.

Here's to the Royal Society and KING CHARLES II.!

Oh, there's a cinema, is there? I never knew that. None of these fellows looks like film fans. What are we going to have? Mendelian segregation of ferns or tortricid larvæ? . . . PASSIONATE
DRAMA OF LOVE AND HATE IN THE LIFE



She. "WHAT 'S YOUR OPINION OF THIS 'ERE RADIO TREATMENT OF THE BULLOCKS AT WEMBLEY, MR. GREEN?"

OF A TORTRICID LARVA . . . Oh, no. Slow motion pictures. My favourites, almost—after Felix the Cat.

I say, I do like this lecturer. He is the only man here who seems to have a real sympathy for ignorance. . . . Professor LUCIEN BULL, from Paris . . . Apparently he can take ten thousand pictures in a second with his handy little camera there. Pellets of paper being thrown through soap bubbles . . . What an idyllic life science is to be sure! Just imagine the scene in the laboratory. . . . I wish I had kept up my paper-pellet-throwing a little more. . . . Dragon-flies slowly paddling their

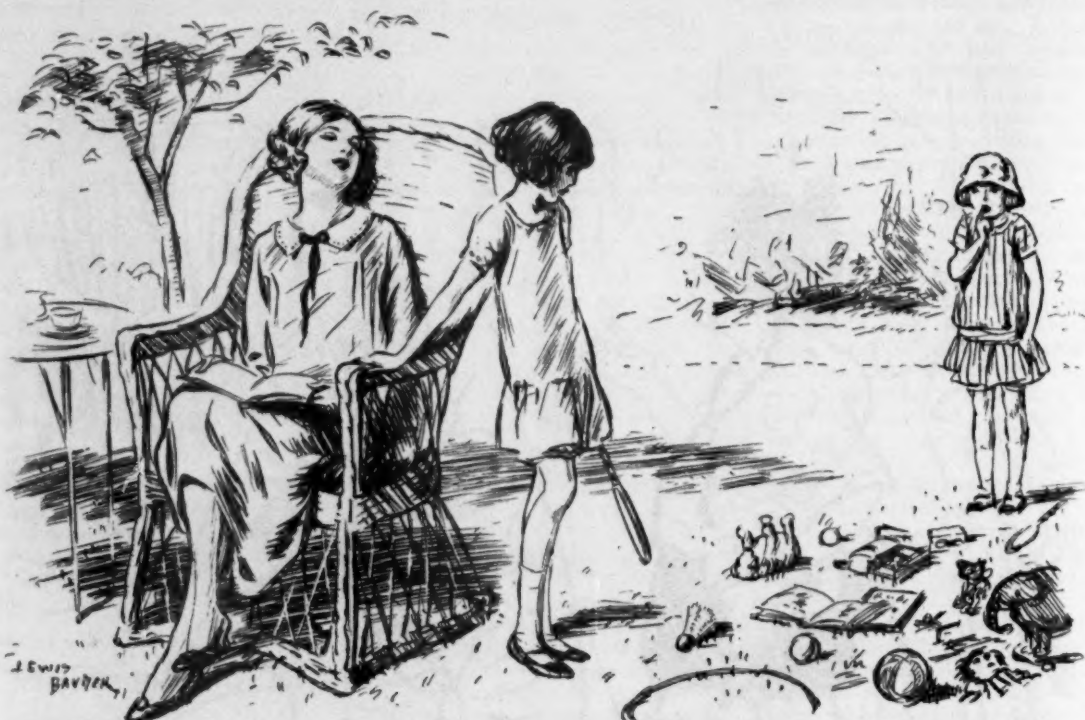
wings. They've got the dragon-fly fastened to a vice, you know. What about Rodeo steers? . . . Pigeons and wild ducks, moving their wings like MAUD ALLAN.

Revolver bullets. Now this is real science. The bullet comes out with little jerks, dips and turns up, and steals softly through a plate of glass, a little tiny puff of powdered glass following behind . . . I should rather like to see a slow-motion picture of a French duel, but I don't think they could fix the instrument up for that. Apparently it's rather a costly instrument. He says it costs as much per second to

take these photographs as the war with Germany did. Yes, but how much nicer! I never knew what a gentle jolly little thing a bullet could be till now. Thank you, Professor BULL.

Hats. Yes, I've got mine all right . . . Help! let me out, let me out! Everything's gone dark . . . Whew! that was an awful moment. I thought I was a Tortricid Larva. I wonder which Professor's hat it can be . . . EVOR.

"A visitor enjoys within this hotel an atmosphere of rent."—*Advt. in Daily Paper.* Just as if he were at home.



Small Girl (to mother, who has taken a country cottage for the summer). "MOTHER, IS THIS A FASHIONABLE COUNTY?"
Mother. "I DON'T KNOW, DEAR. WHY?"
Small Girl. "WELL, WHAT I MEAN IS—WILL I BE EXPECTED TO ENTERTAIN MUCH?"

CRICKET HANDICAPS.

IN order that cricketers should have the same advantages as golfers, billiard-players, race-horses and others, it is time the M.C.C. introduced a system of handicapping. My own case illustrates the need for this reform. I am R. S. M. J. Tortington. I have an unfortunate habit of playing a few seconds too late at the ball; I have never been put on to bowl except as a ninth change, and fielding is my weak point, so that I get no chance of taking part in County cricket. But, if I had a handicap of 96 and a qualification, say, for Merionethshire, I might be invited to play by the committee. A man who knocks up 96 in the pavilion before he goes to the wickets should be an acquisition to any team. With new confidence, induced by the stimulus of my handicap, I should no doubt frequently run into three figures, and the scribes would write of me:—

"R. S. M. J. Tortington managed to scoop the ball over his head to the square leg boundary and thus scored his seventh century this season. In attempting to repeat the stroke he was caught at mid off."

"R. S. M. J. was again unlucky

yesterday. He was within two of his hundred when he was bowled."

"Ronald Tortington naturally became nervous when he had made 99, and a section of the Oval crowd adopted 'barracking' tactics; but this unseemly protest from spectators scarcely justified Tortington in shouting back to the raucous-voiced man on the gasometer."

Hobbs would have a handicap of about minus 200. In the event of my playing against him, I picture the possibility of the following report:—

"When only twenty from his duck, Hobbs, in yawning, removed his left hand from his bat and was bowled by R. S. M. J. Tortington, whom in future he would do well to treat with greater respect."

My fielding handicap would be an allowance of three misses per innings; that is to say, my first three dropped catches would count as catches held. Reporting the return match of my county against Surrey, your paper would perhaps tell you:—

"R. S. M. J. Tortington in the deep field disposed of three consecutive batsmen. In each case he just managed to get his hand to the ball."

The sequel might not be so happy. After referring to my fourteenth dropped catch the report might go on to say:—

"On joining Fender, Hitch looked round the ground and carefully observed the position of Tortington in the long field. Then for twenty minutes he and Fender bombarded him. He just managed to get out of the way of several hot shots which whizzed by his head. Tortington, who appeared much shaken by this experience, was shifted from position to position in the hope that he would escape the notice of batsmen, and he finished up as long-stop."

From a list of the Battle Honours awarded to a London Regiment:—

"Gaza, El Mughar, Nebi Samwil, Jerusalem, Jericho, Jordan, Tell 'Asur, Palestine 1717-18. . . ."

Better late than never. Even the Crusaders may yet have a chance.

"Lost.—Chestnut Stuffed Pony, about 4 ft. high, from British Empire Exhibition."
Daily Paper.

Mr. Punch's waste-paper-basket desires to express its heartfelt sympathy with the pony.



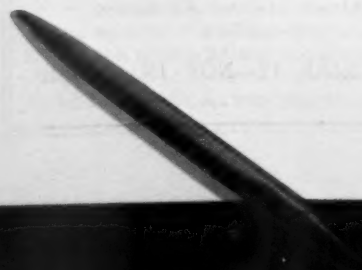
THOMAS CŒUR-DE-LION.

THE COLONIAL SECRETARY. "AH, THAT'S WHAT I FEEL LIKE!"

MR. BALDWIN. "I'M SURE IT IS. BUT YOU'LL NEVER LOOK LIKE IT—NOT IN THOSE TROUSERS."



THE HALL OF EMPIRE



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

Monday, June 16th.—The PRIME MINISTER, home from his holiday among the loons of Lossiemouth, faced the House like a giant refreshed, except that his barber had left him more like SAMSON shorn of his locks. He was glad, no doubt, to observe that Mr. ASQUITH had suffered even more drastically from the ruthless shears.

Members kept on arriving through the afternoon, many of them radiant in new summer suits. The rest gasped in the unexpected summer heat, enviously admiring Sir JOHN SIMON's and Dr. MACNAMARA's Whistlerian nocturnes in silver-grey, Mr. PETHICK LAWRENCE in the palest lavender, and Mr. SEXTON's pink carnation against an opalescent back-ground.

The Rodeo at Wembley provided a lively topic at Question time. Lieut.-Commander KENWORTHY, though he has held the boxing championship in the Navy, would not raise a finger against any brute beast. Colonel JAMES hinted, indeed, that he had a brotherly feeling for all patient oxen. But even Lady TERRINGTON's insistence that cruelty had taken place did not shake Mr. HENDERSON's conviction that a Rodeo steer should accept a broken leg as cheerfully as a Rugby footballer. This suggestion started a score of Members in full cry, until the SPEAKER, feeling they had had rope enough, rounded them all up suddenly with the dexterity of an expert bronco-buster.

According to Mr. T. JOHNSTON the Government "sit supinely by" while millions of pounds-worth of State property at Gretna are "going to rot and rust." Mr. W. GRAHAM denied the imputation, but admitted that he had been unable to find tenants for the houses and bungalows on the estate. Has he invited the co-operation of the local blacksmith? If that worthy could supply homes for the heroes (and heroines) who seek his ministrations his trade would assuredly be doubled.

The House discussed in detail the Lords' amendments to the Prevention of Evictions Bill, and rejected all that were of any moment. Even the proposal that, if an alien and a Briton were in competition for a house, the Briton should have the preference was denounced by Captain WEDGWOOD BENN as "patriotic flapdoodle" and shared the common fate.

The MINISTER OF TRANSPORT resisted a Liberal Amendment to the London Traffic Bill, while at the same time expressing his willingness to leave an almost identical Labour Amendment to the free judgment of the House. Like a young constable at a street-crossing

who waves on one line of vehicles before the other has got clear, he caused a collision, in which the Government car got the worst of it.



Mr. OSWALD MOSLEY (about to sacrifice his moustache). "THIS IS THE ONLY WAY, WITH JACK JONES GETTING JEALOUS."

Tuesday, June 17th.—Judging by the appearance of the House a good many Members had determined to "cut the cackle and get to the 'osses"—at Ascot. Among the faithful few in attendance was Mr. OSWALD MOSLEY, who during



THE SIMONOSAURUS SPENVALLIENSIS. A PRE-WAR SPECIMEN.

the holidays has sacrificed his moustache. I can't think why, unless he was afraid that Mr. JACK JONES was getting jealous.

You would naturally expect SUNLIGHT and SOMERVILLE to see eye to eye. But the former's Bill to increase the size of bricks met with the latter's determined resistance. It was a very near thing between the Big Brickians and the Little Brickians. Mr. SUNLIGHT was fortunate in enlisting Lady TERRINGTON's assistance as co-teller, and, thus aided, obtained the First Reading by a single vote—140 to 139.

Sir P. LLOYD-GREAME proposed the adoption of the Imperial Preference Resolutions with conspicuous moderation; and Mr. J. H. THOMAS, who was wearing horn-rimmed glasses—lest he should take too wide an Imperialist view?—was equally sedate in opposing them. Sir JOHN SIMON did nothing to raise the temperature by what General SEELY described as "a first-class pre-war speech." General SEELY himself, though "an unrepentant Free Trader," announced his intention of voting for the first four resolutions.

The Government began to look a little troubled when Mr. JOHNSTON declined to follow "at the tail-end of an orthodox free-import procession;" and still more so when Dr. HADEN GUEST (until a few days ago Parliamentary Private Secretary to the MINISTER OF HEALTH) told his fellow-Labourites that the Free Trade banner "led to limbo and nothing else," and advised them to vote for the first four resolutions.

By this time the House was getting roused; and Captain WEDGWOOD BENN increased the tension by sarcastic references to the new Tory-Socialist alliance. His suspicions must have been deepened when Colonel WEDGWOOD made a complimentary—if slightly irrelevant—allusion to Mr. BALDWIN's sacrifice of a hundred thousand pounds of War Loan during the War.

Wednesday, June 18th.—The House was pleased to learn from Mr. POXSONBY, *à propos* of the dispute with Mexico, that "the Foreign Office is never supine," and from Mr. WHEATLEY that, in regard to his arrangement with the building trade, "everything is proceeding very smoothly and satisfactorily."

This note of optimism was not quite so marked in the PRIME MINISTER's replies to questions about the Soviet Delegation and the Communist propaganda in which some of its members are said to be indulging. All that Mr. MACDONALD would say was that he had no official information on the subject. But, in view of the accusation made during the Preference debate that the Government had more regard for Russia than the Dominions, it was something to know that they have not considered, and do not propose to consider, the guaranteeing of any Russian obligation.

Mr. BALDWIN, resuming the debate on the Imperial Preference Resolutions, was as sweetly reasonable as ever, and admitted that to reject them would not be a breach of faith with the Dominions, but merely "a stupid action." No orthodox Free Trader, he thought, could object to the first four, which proposed to lower existing duties on Empire products.

Mr. ASQUITH promptly showed that he could and did. Resolutions dealing with dried fruits, apples, honey and so forth appeared to him "an attenuated, emasculated, anæmic and even apocryphal version of the full-blooded gospel of Imperial Preference," but nevertheless he announced his intention of voting against them.

The PRIME MINISTER took the same line, while admitting that he was not altogether happy, because he foresaw that the Government's action would be misrepresented in the Dominions. No such alarms worried Mr. SNOWDEN, who gleefully introduced a sulphurous atmosphere into the close of the debate. He was determined not to be balked of his cherished hopes of further reducing the sugar duty next year, and, greatly daring, borrowed a forgotten plume of Mr. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN'S to deck out his peroration.

That great man's ghost, thus imprudently evoked, took shape without a moment's hesitation in the person of AUSTEN, terrible as his father, with eye-glass complete. Even the clock dared set no limit to the castigation which ensued. Having put the CHANCELLOR in his place as "a Socialist grafted on to the narrowest type of mid-Victorian economic pedant," AUSTEN proceeded with rapid and sweeping gestures to dispel the acrid fumes that Mr. SNOWDEN had left hanging over a densely crowded House, and, having raised the debate to the highest level, sat down amid an ovation such as few Members receive in a lifetime.

This being Waterloo-day it was appropriate that the division on the first Resolution should have been, as the great DUKE said of the battle, "a d—d close-run thing," the Government's majority being down to six. But on the next it rose to thirteen, then to seventeen, and finally to twenty. Thereupon Mr. BALDWIN withdrew the remaining Resolutions.

What should have been the most interesting speech of all was not delivered. Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, under whose auspices, Messrs. CLYNES and HENDERSON consenting, the first Preference Resolutions were introduced in 1917, took no active part in either the debate or division, but gave to Preference (all he had) a "pair."

Thursday, June 19th.—A renewed protest—not confined this time to the "patient oxen"—was made against the treatment of the Wembley steers. The HOME SECRETARY was more sympathetic than on the last occasion, but doubted

the Mexican Government. They were, I fear, a little disappointed to find that they were scrupulously polite and entirely lacking in "pep." Mr. MACDONALD declared that the British Agent would have failed in his duty if he had not remonstrated with the ORREAGON Administration for its "inexcusable behaviour" towards Mrs. EVANS, and rather implied that he might have used language a good deal stronger without infringing diplomatic etiquette.

Mr. SIDNEY WEBB (an inspired voice whispered near me during his speech on the Board of Trade estimates) might become audible if his beard were to drop off. While it remains the House empties in despair of hearing him. The general exodus left Mr. LLOYD GEORGE, whose absence from yesterday's debate made him one of its most conspicuous figures, sitting in solitary state on the Liberal Front Bench, with vacant benches all around. Noticing his unwonted presence in the House, Members began to trickle back again, wondering what it could mean.

Sir JOHN SIMON moved down the empty Bench alongside, and the House forgot Mr. WEBB in amazement at watching the Rivals growing expansive in amiable conversation. Presently Sir P. LLOYD-GREAME crossed the Floor and joined the party. He gave place to Mr. A. M. SAMUEL, and then to Sir ROBERT HORNE. The WIZARD held a regular reception in this way while Mr. WEBB murmured on. The outcome of this new Imperial—if unofficial—Conference was seen in the alarming picture which Mr. LLOYD GEORGE drew of

the future of British trade, with French and German imports flooding our markets. Delivered yesterday, the speech would have had a great effect, and might have turned enough Liberal votes to save Imperial Preference. To-day it was merely an exercise in academic scaremongering.

The New Geography.

"All of Europe is decadent, dying, broken except America."—*American Magazine*.

"M. Litvinoff and M. Rakovski, head of the Soviet Delegation, were entertained at luncheon at the House of Commons yesterday."

M. Litvinoff is leaving London to-day for Germany to undergo a cure."—*Daily Paper*.
An apology is surely due to the Kitchen Committee.



The Gardener (Mr. SNOWDEN). "I NEVER COULD ABIDE THESE PREFERENTIAL BORDERS."

The Ex-Gardener (Mr. LLOYD GEORGE). "THEY DIDN'T TREAT 'EM AS WEEDS WHEN I PLANTED 'EM IN 1917."

if he had power "to apprehend a cowboy." On this Lady TERRINGTON sought to move the adjournment. But the SPEAKER—skilfully evading a legal lasso thrown at him by Sir JOHN SIMON—declined to accept the motion.

Further evidence of the consideration shown towards dumb animals by hon. Members was given by Sir CHARLES YATE, who asked Mr. BUXTON (as the most suitable person he could think of) what steps are being taken to prevent the extermination of whales, seals and walrus in the Arctic and Antarctic regions.

Members pricked up their ears when the PRIME MINISTER announced his intention of reading the "insulting" letters addressed by Mr. CUMMINS to



London Mother. "DON'T PICK ANY MORE, DEAR. YOU 'LL SPOIL THE GENTLEMAN'S PICTURE."

THE FIRST TEST.

ALL of us who went to Birmingham to see the first Test Match of 1924 are likely to remember it as long as we live, because for the first time this year there was not a fleck of cloud in the sky from dawn till eve and, out of the wind, the sun had real warmth in his beams; which is the most remarkable thing that can now happen in an English June.

The cricket was memorable too . . .

Staying as I did in the same hotel as the South Africans, and sitting near enough to be able to watch their form at breakfast and dinner (nothing, for example, could be straighter than the spoon with which Mr. TAYLOR, the captain, stirs his coffee), I am able to say that they are a fine upstanding lot, several of them well over seven feet high—or so it seemed as they rose, replete, and sauntered towards tobacco—but I was distressed to notice that every member of the team had the knuckle of the first finger of his right hand bruised and swollen. Tactful inquiries revealed the reason: the abrasions are due to excessive tapping of the barometer ever since their arrival in England.

If I had to award marks for the first day's play I should give them, among the South Africans, to Mr. PEGLER for his steady length, unaccompanied by any luck; to Mr. CATTERALL and Mr. DEANE for their fielding; to Mr. WARD for his resolute and far from easy wicket-keeping; and to Mr. NOURSE for the catch that sent HENDREN back. A word of praise is due to the out-field (whose name I did not collect) who spent so much time and vigour in shifting the screen according as Mr. BLANCKENBERG bowled over the wicket or round it. As for Mr. PARKER, the new fast bowler, he made me hope that no American spectator was present, for his processes between delivery and delivery, and in the field generally, are so deliberate that whatever chance our national game has with critics from across the Atlantic—a very poor one—would irretrievably vanish.

The best English innings were those of SUTCLIFFE and WOOLLEY, KILNER and TATE, who all went for the bowling. HOBBS played with the languid disdain of a tired Old Master, being more amused to steal runs than make them by force. Indeed, for a long while at the beginning (HOBBS was ever a gar-

dener) he was hitting the pitch with far more vigour than he was hitting the ball. The card told us nothing about the lunch interval or the tea interval, but gave two long lines of information about REDMAN, the ground-man; and for REDMAN, who to the eyes of the ring had done his work so admirably, I felt sorry as the blows of HOBBS's correcting blade resounded and re-echoed.

HOBBS, as I have said, played without much attack, but his innings was invaluable in wearing down the foe and making things easier for those who followed. HENDREN also was disappointing, for he developed a new gift for hitting the ball direct to the fieldmen. I never saw less placing by a Test Match crack. But SUTCLIFFE had been splendid and WOOLLEY was glorious. He brought off that smooth, liquid and irresistible drive of his to long-off half-a-dozen times, and his reach, as it has so often done, broke the bowlers' hearts. It was a moment of intense relief to the weary fieldmen when at last he had to go. What then must have been their dismay, having just got rid of one sample of six-feet-six left-handed peril, to see, in the person of Mr. CHAPMAN, an almost exact replica of it leave

the pavilion and approach the wicket! "What's the good?" they may well have murmured. But for once in the long day the Fates were kind, and the darling of the Cam failed.

Mr. FENDER was presented with more loose balls to leg than anyone would expect in a Test Match (SUTCLIFFE had made a six off one of them earlier in the game), but he let them escape. The pity of it! There we sat, longing and expecting to see them soaring over the heights of Edgbaston, and he slashed at each in vain! TATE, however, who brought a careless element on to the pitch, hit everything, and hit with an upward scoop which one rarely now sees (or indeed wants to see) on the first-class field, but which one could not resent in this engaging creature.

Result of first day's play: England 398 for 7.

Birmingham is so wonderful a place that the price of a taxi is actually less than the amount on the meter, but it does little or nothing for the visitor on the day that comes betwixt the Saturday and Monday. The answer to the question, what to do in Birmingham on Sunday, is, "Go to Stratford-on-Avon," and so I went. I took with me an artist who had never seen SHAKESPEARE's birthplace or tomb or ANNE HATHAWAY's cottage.

"You shall see them," I said; but I had forgotten that this is England and that *Dogberry* still flourishes. It is true you may see SHAKESPEARE's birthplace, but its outside only, for on Sunday no one may enter it. Car after car filled with American and other visitors rolled up as we stood by the locked door, and all had to turn away baffled. You may row on the river; you may flirt beneath the willows; you may, in the many hostelryes, eat, drink (within hours) and be merry; you may rush hooting through the streets and surrounding lanes; but you may not enter the house which gives the town its fame and pre-eminence. Nor is ANNE HATHAWAY's cottage accessible on Sundays either.

I can understand that these should be closed and the custodians given a rest (although special Sunday custodians no doubt could easily be found); I can understand it, even if I do not agree, because the two houses have been commercialised. But what about

Stratford-on-Avon church? Ought that to be firmly shut immediately services are over? We reached that lovely build-



"STARTING THE STUMPS ON A SERIES OF SOMERSAULTS."

ing just before four o'clock and it was barred and bolted. Even had there been no sacred historic relics within—even had we merely been so eccen-

trical tendencies if I assert that any church that is not open on Sunday is neglecting its duty and disregarding a privilege. And how much more so when it contains the ashes of the national poet!

On Monday the sun still shone and everything pointed to a good struggle, for the pitch was now dry. But we had surprises instead. The first surprise was the continuation of the England innings, which I think must have been de-

cided upon by Mr. GILLIGAN in order to let the spectators have their punctual laugh when PARKIN jumps over the pavilion railings with his "Here we are again!" and advances to the wicket by leaps and bounds. Since the circus vanished from English life there has been no such clown. It has long been a tradition that fast bowlers can take the bat lightly; but PARKIN is the only one I can remember who actually makes a red-hot poker of it! Don't think I resent this. Far from it. I admire him and wish he was writing this article instead of me, because he would do it so much better.

What shall I say about the South Africans' fatal first innings (30, all out), which is now a part of cricket sensational history? I should prefer to say nothing. It was the saddest sight I can remember since POUCHER and JACK HEARNE got rid of the Australians at Lord's some thirty years ago for 18! But that was not Test, that was only an M.C.C. match; and POUCHER, who took five of the wickets for no runs, was more and more astonished by each success, whereas Mr. GILLIGAN (6 for 7) and TATE (4 for 12) looked and bowled as though they expected nothing else.

THE LOYAL HEART.
(SOUTH AFRICA 23 FOR 7.)

Man from Oud'ain. "WHY DON'T THEY PUT PARKIN ON?"

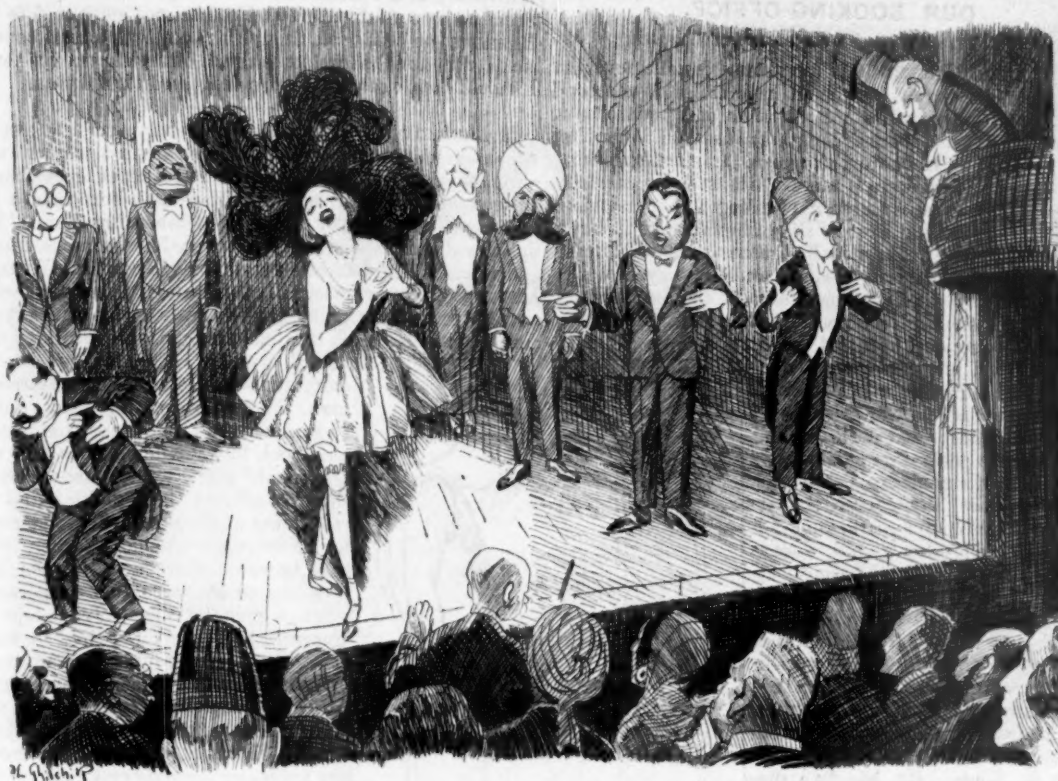
trick as to wish for spiritual consolation—so beautiful a temple might well be open on a Sunday afternoon. But no. I trust I shall not be accused of Bol-

And this reminds me of a piece of advice that I should like to give to young batsmen: "When playing against Mr. GILLIGAN, redouble your defence after he has bowled a no-ball, because he always follows it with a wicket." He did this three times on that Black Monday; and in the second innings he varied the custom by taking a wicket after a wide. Another habit which both he and TATE had developed to an alarming degree was that of starting the stumps on a series of somersaults; the ball, hitting them, brought them magically to life and they sprang away on a new acrobatic existence.

But for an indomitable effort



A CONFIRMED PESSIMIST.
THE EDGBASTON ROLLER HORSE AFTER THE FIRST INNINGS OF THE SOUTH AFRICANS.



COPING WITH BRIGHTEST LONDON.

IN VIEW OF THE EXCEPTIONALLY COSMOPOLITAN NATURE OF LONDON AUDIENCES DURING THE WEMBLEY SEASON, A REALLY ENTERPRISING THEATRE WOULD HAVE ITS CORPS OF INTERPRETERS.

of 3, amassed by the undefeated Mr. COMMAILLE, the South African total would have been only 27, of which 11 were extras. I had not expected them to win; they never had the air of a winning side; there was something lethargic, something of disenchantment, about them that one does not associate with victory; but no one could have anticipated such a disaster, nor could the keenest partisan of England have desired it. The truth of the matter is, I suspect, that our visitors had had such a spell of bad weather—such a series of days in the pavilions bruising their knuckles and watching the ground get more and more sodden—so little of their native sun and sparkle had cheered them—that they were not themselves; and on top of this came Mr. GILLIGAN bowling like a demon and TATE bringing the ball off the pitch with a fizzle that scorched the grass, so that it is almost literally true to say that before they were in they were out!

Their plucky second innings made some amends and gave us the pleasure of watching English fielding at its best: TATE bringing off a left-handed c. and



A FLIER.

MR. A. P. F. CHAPMAN.

b. which few men would have held and Mr. CHAPMAN making a catch in the slips which no one else in the world would have reached. But the South Africans' premier pas had been too costly.

E. V. L.

Small Change.

"The hymn 'When Gold of old came down from Heaven' was sung by the congregation, and a silver collection was taken for the musical purposes of the Cathedral."

Provincial Paper.

"Battalions of brilliantly uninformed troops lined the route."—*Canadian Paper.*

And to think of all the money spent on Army education.

"We sympathise with the XI. on their dawn match with Liverpool C.C."

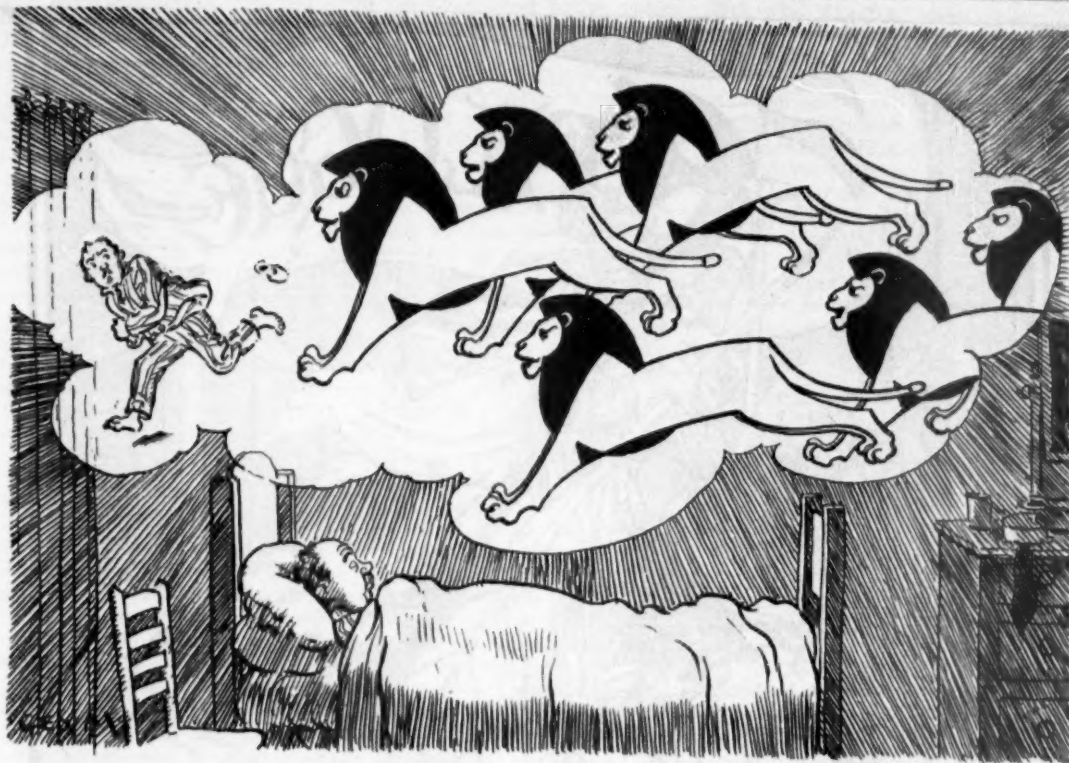
School Magazine.

So do we. Our motto is "Never play cricket before breakfast."

"NOTTS DOING WELL." BOWLING ANALYSIS.

NOTTS.—First Innings: Kennedy 16 for 65, Newman 7 for 75, Boyes 3 for 44, Brown 2 for 52, Bowell 0 for 32."—*Sunday Paper.*

In our opinion Notts, with twenty-nine men, should have done even better.



The Wembley Conscience. "DREAM OF THE MAN WHO WOULD NOT GO TO THE BRITISH EMPIRE EXHIBITION."

afterwards could he be induced to believe in her doctrines. Unhindered by this trifling disability, *Hilary Down* passed his examinations quite comfortably. Despite his profound ignorance, his shocking manners and his infinite capacity for foolishness, he became a highly popular deacon and the pet of tea-parties, only to discover that he ought not to be "priested." After some considerable agony of spirit, he finally decided that his vow to the dying *padre* could only be fulfilled if he stayed outside the Church. And on the doorstep he is left by Mr. RAYMOND.

Mr. THOMAS COBB has a fashion of writing, all his own, which somehow suggests that the story is not created by his imagination but transcribed from something which he knows already. This has the effect of making me feel that it must all be true, but also that it is rather dull. *The One Who Passed By* (STANLEY PAUL) was *Adrian Desmond*—in love, and very honourably and hopelessly in love, with *Ernestine Ruscoe*, his neighbour's wife; and what he passed was the lake into which that neighbour had just fallen in the dark. At least that is how *Adrian* translated the sound of a splash and the finding of *Ruscoe's* stick on the grass. Of course *Adrian*, who was a good swimmer, ought to have rushed to the rescue; but *Ruscoe* was a drunken brute who ill-treated his wife, and, acting on the spur of the moment, *Adrian* decided that he was better drowned and held on his way. Then, when *Ruscoe's* body was found in the lake, remorse forbade him either to make himself and *Ernestine* happy by asking her to marry him or tell her why he didn't. They both went through a sufficiently wretched time before it was satisfactorily proved that he would not have found *Ruscoe* alive however quickly he had plunged in after him. It is quite an easy book to read and likely

to amuse anyone for an hour, but not what I seem to remember as Mr. COBB at his best.

From the start to the finish of *Race* (SECKER) Mr. WILLIAM McFEE kept me in a state of tension, and, although my expectations were not completely realised, there is no doubt that he has the right stuff in him. The trouble is that the runners in his "race" are so numerous that I had to wait a prodigious time before any of them really emerged from the ruck. The scene of the tale is for the most part laid in the Barnet of some thirty years ago, and there we find the *Heaths*, with a quiverful of girls, struggling against poverty. All except Mr. *Heath*, who suffered from a complaint that prevented him from working, though it did not otherwise seriously incommode him. Gradually two of the *Heath* girls, with their young men, extricate themselves from the crowd—so gradually that during the process Mr. McFEE has had time to introduce me to an astounding number of Barnet's inhabitants. I should infer that Mr. McFEE is not devoted to games. One of his young men played "centre-forward" for a "belligerent" Rugby football club, and another (an ex-office-boy) was "heard of at Wormwood Scrubbs, where he often scored centuries for the I. Zingari."

In *The Seventh Hole and Other Verses* (BLACKWELL) I welcome another volume—little but very good—of collected poems by "DUM-DUM" (Major KENDALL). Along with matter that is now published for the first time it contains much that has appeared in these pages. There is no writer of light verse whose work is more finished and fastidious; and the present volume proves that the passing years have not blunted the edge of his cunning or staled that very personal quality of humour which owes nothing to any other writer in this kind.



STRIKES: A RECORD HALF-YEAR.

"To-day is Midsummer Day (bitter laughter)," I said, "and if the Calendar knows what it's talking about this means that Summer has about ten more days to run."

"The Calendar," said the Sage, "was composed long before the creation of the Meteorological Office and has been largely superseded by the pronouncements of that body. I appealed the other day to the sense of humour which I judged to be latent in the latter's Rain Department, and, though they took longer than I had anticipated to see the joke, I had, in the event, a certain measure of success. We were promised a record season, and it was only natural that the official Weather Bureau should want to have a hand in it and, like Wembley, make an unparalleled exhibition of itself. If I have correctly gauged its ambitions it won't be content with a record of cold and wet; it will insist on a further record of heat and drought."

"But, apart from the weather, what would you say has been the most striking feature of the past six months?"

"Strikes," I answered without an instant's hesitation.

"Ah! my prophetic soul!" cried Mr. Punch. "You will recall, no doubt, a cartoon of mine, produced in the early days of the Labour Administration, in which I sketched a programme of the Labours of Mr. Ramsay MacHercules, and every alternate one of them was a strike. I prophesied better than I hoped—or feared."

"And even so," I said, "you underestimated the proportion of strikes to his other labours—labours, that is to say, that have been accomplished. I refer to those two great feats, the extension of unemployment by the repeal of the McKenna duties, and the snub offered to our Dominions by the repudiation of the late Government's scheme of Imperial Preference."

"One would have thought that, having seen its Party admitted to office through the goodwill of Mr. Asquith (not that he loved them so much but that he hated the Unionist Party more), Labour in the country would have been content to leave its cause in the hands of its representatives and keep quiet for a bit. In declining this programme it may have been the agitators' idea that the Leaders who had so loudly undertaken to produce the Millennium under the only possible Management would support them in their attempt to expedite its advent. And they were encouraged in this belief by the POSTMASTER-GENERAL'S neglect to intervene on behalf of HIS MAJESTY'S mails during the Transport Strike. But this guardian of a great public service was pretty sharply shown the error of his ways."

"I admit," said Mr. Punch, "that the organisers of strikes have been disappointed if they expected direct Ministerial assistance; but they get a good deal of the indirect kind through the Government's masterly inactivity. I see that Mr. CLYNES recently told some people at Manchester that in the matter of strikes 'the Government had behaved with a watchful regard to the public interest.' Well, Manchester may have swallowed this state-

ment. Manchester is a long way from the Lot's Road power station. But what London thinks to-day of the Government's 'watchful regard to the public interest' Manchester may think to-morrow, if her turn should come.

"The fact is that the Labour Government, in their terror of seeming to side with Capital, place a very limited interpretation on what constitutes the 'public interest.' So long as famine is not threatened, or a cutting-off of the milk supply, they stand aside, adopting a moral pose of impartiality. The mere misery of the public or the loss of trade entailed by railway strikes—these are incidental trifles of which they can wash their hands. Are they their brothers' keepers? 'No,' says the MINISTER OF LABOUR (making the public's difficulty his opportunity for advertising his Socialistic wares), 'not until you nationalize the railways!'

"And you will note that the demand for Government intervention was made the more imperative by the fact that in several of the recent strikes the quarrel was not between employers and official Trades-Unionism. They were either due, as in the last case, to irresponsible influences which ignored the recognised medium for collective bargaining, or else to jealousy between one Union and another. It is no longer a secret that a member of the present Cabinet objected strongly to the idea of Government intervention in a certain strike, because he wanted to have the personal satisfaction of reducing an old Trades-Union rival to pulp without assistance."

"I am afraid," said I, "that I do not always make the distinction that I ought to make in favour of strikes that are conducted by recognised authority. I hate them all; but I own that I have a sneaking preference for the irregular kind. I have suffered a good deal from the tyranny of official Trades-Unionism, and I derive the same unholy joy from a quarrel between two or more Unions, or a strike in defiance of officialdom, that a schoolboy would register if his masters came to blows with one another. There is always the faint hope that, when masters fall out, honest school-boys will come by their own."

"I speak as a member of the down-trodden public. I am not a Labourer—in the privileged sense of the word; my hours are too long for that, and, besides, I work with my head. And Heaven knows I am not a Capitalist. I am just, as I say, a member of the down-trodden public."

"Well, believe me, Sir, the worm is about to turn. The public is on the eve of rising against its oppressors. It will form a vast organisation of voluntary workers, prepared and equipped to break any wanton attack upon its life. And one of these fine striking days—the morning after the usual midnight which has seen the stoppage or curtailment of some essential service—the professional agitator will wake up to find a Fascist revolution in full being."

"Was not some such development outlined in my pages a few months ago?" asked the Sage modestly.

"It was," I answered frankly. "That is the source from which I draw many of my most intelligent observations. But you yourself admittedly owe this inspiration to Another."

"I do," said Mr. Punch with equal candour; "and I feel it on my chest that I ought to acknowledge the debt. I said hard things about Signor MUSSOLINI over that affair of Corfu; but he has done a great work for his nation. He has enforced the principle, which previous Governments in Italy, like our own to-day, had never enforced—the principle that the vast mass of the public has the right to live in liberty and peace. I say this without forgetting that Fascism has now and again committed grave offences against individual liberty, one of which at this very moment its leader is setting himself to correct with a strong hand."

"Well, I propose to pay him the best tribute in my power. Chequers being unavailable, I shall invite him to invite me to a meeting at one of those delightful spots on the Italian Riviera which have been found so well adapted for Peace Conferences, and there I shall present him with—can you guess what?"

"I haven't the remotest idea," said I, in a spirit of true loyalty.

"Then I will enlighten you," said the Sage. "It is my intention to present him with a copy of my

One Hundred and Sixty-Sixth Volume."

